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THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
LORD BYRON

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LORD BYRON

*From the engraving by Edwards, after the painting by Phillips*

THE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
LORD BYRON



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# CONTENTS

## HOURS OF IDLENESS: A SERIES OF POEMS, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED:

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY,  
COUSIN TO THE AUTHOR, AND  
VERY DEAR TO HIM . . . . . 2

✓ To E — . . . . . 2

✓ To D — . . . . . 2

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND . . . . . 3

A FRAGMENT . . . . . 3

ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD ABBEY . . . . . 3

LINES WRITTEN IN 'LETTERS OF AN  
ITALIAN NUN AND AN ENGLISH  
GENTLEMAN; BY J. J. ROUSSEAU:  
FOUNDED ON FACTS' . . . . . 4

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, AD-  
DRESSED TO MISS — . . . . . 4

ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL  
WHEN DYING . . . . . 4

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS. AD  
LESBIAM . . . . . 4

TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON  
VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS. BY DOMI-  
TIUS MARSUS . . . . . 4

IMITATION OF TIBULLUS. 'SULPICIA  
AD CERINTHUM' . . . . . 4

TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS. 'LU-  
GETE, VENERES, CUPIDINESQUE,'  
&c. . . . . 4

✓ IMITATED FROM CATULLUS. TO  
ELLEN . . . . . 5

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE. 'JUS-  
TUM ET TENACEM,' &c. . . . . 5

FROM ANACREON. 'Θέλω λέγειν  
'Ατρείδας, κ. τ. λ.' . . . . . 5

FROM ANACREON. 'Μεσονυκτίας ποθ'  
ῶρας, κ. τ. λ.' . . . . . 5

FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF  
ÆSCHYLUS. 'Μηδαμ' ὁ πάντα νέμων,  
κ. τ. λ.' . . . . . 6

TO EMMA . . . . . 6

✓ To M. S. G. . . . . 6

✓ To CAROLINE . . . . . 7

TO THE SAME . . . . . 7

✓ To THE SAME . . . . . 7

STANZAS TO A LADY, WITH THE  
POEMS OF CAMOËNS . . . . . 8

THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE . . . . . 8

ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A  
GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL . . . . . 9

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET . . . . . 9

FRAGMENT. WRITTEN SHORTLY  
AFTER THE MARRIAGE OF MISS  
CHAWORTH . . . . . 10

GRANTA. A MEDLEY . . . . . 10

ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE  
AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE  
HILL . . . . . 11

TO M — . . . . . 12

✓ To WOMAN . . . . . 12

TO M. S. G. . . . . 12

✓ To MARY, ON RECEIVING HER PIC-  
TURE . . . . . 13

TO LESBIA . . . . . 13

LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY,  
WHO WAS ALARMED AT THE SOUND  
OF A BULLET HISSING NEAR HER . . . . . 13

LOVE'S LAST ADIEU . . . . . 14

DAMETAS . . . . . 14

TO MARION . . . . . 15

TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED TO THE  
AUTHOR A LOCK OF HAIR BRAIDED  
WITH HIS OWN . . . . . 15

OSCAR OF ALVA. A TALE . . . . . 16

THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYA-  
LUS . . . . . 19

TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF  
EURIPIDES. 'Ἐρωτες ὅνερ μὲν ἀγαν,  
κ τ λ' . . . . . 24

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE  
EXAMINATION . . . . . 24

TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER . . . . . 25

THE CORNELIAN . . . . . 26

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE TO 'THE  
WHEEL OF FORTUNE' . . . . . 26

ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX . . . . . 27

✓ THE TEAR . . . . . 27

REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B.  
PIGOT, ESQ., ON THE CRUELTY OF  
HIS MISTRESS . . . . . 28

TO THE SIGHING STREPHON . . . . . 28

TO ELIZA . . . . . 29

LACHIN Y GAIR . . . . . 29

TO ROMANCE . . . . . 30



## CONTENTS

ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIPTIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN . . . . .	30	WHEN WE TWO PARTED . . . . .	53
ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY . . . . .	31	TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND . . . . .	53
CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS . . . . .	33	LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL . . . . .	54
ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM, EN- TITLED 'THE COMMON LOT' . . . . .	38	WELL! THOU ART HAPPY . . . . .	54
TO A LADY WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES . . . . .	39	INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG . . . . .	54
LINES ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON HIS ADVISING THE AU- THOR TO MIX MORE WITH SOCIETY	39	TO A LADY, ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING ENGLAND IN THE SPRING . . . . .	55
REMEMBRANCE . . . . .	39	REMINDE ME NOT, REMINDE ME NOT . . . . .	55
THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA. AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN . . . . .	40	THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW? . . . . .	55
L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES . . . . .	41	FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN. A SONG . . . . .	56
THE PRAYER OF NATURE . . . . .	42	STANZAS TO A LADY, ON LEAVING ENGLAND . . . . .	56
TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ. . . . .	43	LINES TO MR. HODGSON. WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET . . . . .	57
OH! HAD MY FATE BEEN JOIN'D WITH THINE! . . . . .	44	TO FLORENCE . . . . .	58
I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD . . . . .	44	LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM AT MALTA . . . . .	58
WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGH- LANDER . . . . .	45	STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM . . . . .	58
TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR . . . . .	45	STANZAS WRITTEN IN PASSING THE AMBRACIAN GULF . . . . .	59
TO THE EARL OF CLARE . . . . .	46	THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN! . . . . .	59
LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW . . . . .	47	WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS . . . . .	59
OCCASIONAL PIECES. 1807-1824:		LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS . . . . .	59
THE ADIEU. WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE . . . . .	48	MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART . . . . .	60
TO A VAIN LADY . . . . .	49	TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES . . . . .	60
TO ANNE . . . . .	49	MY EPITAPH . . . . .	60
TO THE SAME . . . . .	49	SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH . . . . .	60
TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET BEGIN- NING "SAD IS MY VERSE," YOU SAY, "AND YET NO TEAR" . . . . .	50	LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE . . . . .	60
ON FINDING A FAN . . . . .	50	TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG, 'Δεῖρε παῖδες' &c. . . . .	60
FAREWELL TO THE MUSE . . . . .	50	TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAN SONG, 'Μνευο μες 'το' πέριβόλι,' &c. . . . .	61
TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD . . . . .	51	ON PARTING . . . . .	61
ON REVISITING HARROW . . . . .	51	EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER . . . . .	61
EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS OF SOUTH- WELL, A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS . . . . .	52	FAREWELL TO MALTA . . . . .	61
TO MY SON . . . . .	52	TO DIVES. A FRAGMENT . . . . .	62
FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL	52	ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA . . . . .	62

## CONTENTS

EPISTLE TO A FRIEND, IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO 'BANISH CARE' . . . . .	62	THE DEVIL'S DRIVE: AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY . . . . .	71
TO THYRZA. 'WITHOUT A STONE,' &c. . . . .	63	WINDSOR POETICS . . . . .	73
AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE! . .	63	ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE . .	73
ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE	64	STANZAS FOR MUSIC. 'I SPEAK NOT, I TRACE NOT,' &c. . . . .	75
EUTHANASIA. 'WHEN TIME,' &c. . .	64	ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RECITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING . .	75
AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR . . . . .	64	FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE . . . . .	76
IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN . . . . .	65	CONDOLATORY ADDRESS TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY, ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE . . . . .	76
LINES FROM THE FRENCH . . . . .	65	ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART. . . . .	77
ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN . . . . .	66	TO BELSHAZZAR . . . . .	77
LINES TO A LADY WEeping . . . . .	66	HEBREW MELODIES:	
THE CHAIN I GAVE, &c. FROM THE TURKISH . . . . .	66	✓ SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY . . . . .	77
LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF 'THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY' . . .	66	THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT . . . . .	78
ADDRESS, SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY LANE THEATRE, OCTO- BER 10, 1812 . . . . .	66	IF THAT HIGH WORLD . . . . .	78
PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS. BY DR. PLAGIARY . . . . .	67	THE WILD GAZELLE . . . . .	78
VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN . . . . .	68	OH! WEEP FOR THOSE . . . . .	78
REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!	68	ON JORDAN'S BANKS . . . . .	79
TO TIME . . . . .	68	✓ JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	79
TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG . . . . .	69	✓ OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM . . . . .	79
THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE . . . . .	69	MY SOUL IS DARK . . . . .	79
ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE 'ORIGIN OF LOVE' . . . . .	69	I SAW THEE WEEP . . . . .	79
REMEMBER HIM WHOM PASSION'S POWER . . . . .	69	THY DAYS ARE DONE . . . . .	80
ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS . . . .	70	SAUL . . . . .	80
TO LORD THURLOW . . . . .	70	SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE . . . . .	80
TO THOMAS MOORE. WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN HORSEMONGER LANE GAOL . . . . .	70	'ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACH- ER' . . . . .	80
IMPROMPTU. 'WHEN, FROM THE HEART WHERE SORROW SITS' . . . .	71	WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUF- FERING CLAY . . . . .	81
SONNET, TO GENEVRA . . . . .	71	VISION OF BELSHAZZAR . . . . .	81
SONNET, TO THE SAME . . . . .	71	SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS! . . . . .	81
FROM THE PORTUGUESE. 'TU MI CHAMAS' . . . . .	71	WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE . . . . .	82
ANOTHER VERSION . . . . .	71	HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE . .	82
		ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS . . . . .	82
		BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT . . . . .	83
		THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB .	83
		A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME. FROM JOB . . . . .	83

# CONTENTS

STANZAS FOR MUSIC. 'THERE BE NONE OF BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS' . . .	83	TO MR. MURRAY. 'TO HOOK THE READER' . . .	102
STANZAS FOR MUSIC. 'THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE,' &C. . .	84	TO THOMAS MOORE. 'MY BOAT IS ON THE SHORE' . . .	102
ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA . . .	84	EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI . . .	102
ODE FROM THE FRENCH. 'WE DO NOT CURSE THEE, WATERLOO!' . . .	84	EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY. 'MY DEAR MR. MURRAY,' &C. . .	103
FROM THE FRENCH. 'MUST THOU GO, MY GLORIOUS CHIEF?' . . .	85	TO MR. MURRAY. 'STRAHAN, TONSON,' &C. . . . .	103
ON THE STAR OF 'THE LEGION OF HONOUR.' FROM THE FRENCH . . .	85	ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER . . . . .	103
NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL. FROM THE FRENCH . . . . .	86	ODE ON VENICE . . . . .	103
DOMESTIC PIECES. 1816:		STANZAS TO THE PO . . . . .	105
FARE THEE WELL . . . . .	86	SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH, ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE . . .	106
A SKETCH . . . . .	87	EPIGRAM. FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES . . . . .	106
ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION. IN THE APRIL OF 1816 . . .	88	STANZAS. 'COULD LOVE FOR EVER,' &C. . . . .	106
STANZAS TO AUGUSTA. 'WHEN ALL AFOUND GREW DREAM AND DARK' . . .	88	ON MY WEDDING-DAY . . . . .	107
STANZAS TO AUGUSTA. 'THOUGH THE DAY OF MY DESTINY'S OVER' . . .	89	EPIGRAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT . . . . .	107
EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA. 'MY SISTER! MY SWEET SISTER! IF A NAME' . . .	90	EPIGRAM. 'IN DIGGING UP YOUR BONES, TOM PAINE,' &C. . . . .	107
THE DREAM . . . . .	91	STANZAS. 'WHEN A MAN HATH NO FREEDOM TO FIGHT FOR AT HOME,' &C. . . . .	107
LINES ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL . . . . .	94	EPIGRAM. 'THE WORLD IS A BUNDLE OF HAY' . . . . .	108
DARKNESS . . . . .	95	THE CHARITY BALL . . . . .	108
MONODY ON THE DEATH OF SHERIDAN . . . . .	96	EPIGRAM ON THE BRAZIER'S COMPANY . . . . .	108
CHURCHILL'S GRAVE . . . . .	97	EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING-DAY . . .	108
PROMETHEUS . . . . .	98	ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY . . .	108
A FRAGMENT. 'COULD I REMOUNT,' &C. . . . .	98	MARTIAL, LIB. I., EPIG. I. . . . .	108
SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN . . . . .	99	BOWLES AND CAMPBELL . . . . .	108
STANZAS FOR MUSIC. 'BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL!' . . .	99	EPIGRAMS ON LORD CASTLEREAGH . . .	108
A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA . . .	99	EPIGRAPH ON LORD CASTLEREAGH . . .	108
STANZAS FOR MUSIC. 'THEY SAY THAT HOPE IS HAPPINESS' . . .	100	JOHN KEATS . . . . .	108
TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI. ON A NUN . . . . .	101	THE CONQUEST. A FRAGMENT . . .	108
ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA . . .	101	TO MR. MURRAY. 'FOR ORFORD AND FOR WALDEGRAVE,' &C. . .	109
SONG FOR THE LUDDITES . . . . .	101	THE IRISH AVATAR . . . . .	109
VERSICLES . . . . .	101	STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA . . .	111
SO, WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING . . .	101	STANZAS TO A HINDOO AIR . . . . .	111
TO THOMAS MOORE. 'WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW?' . . . . .	101	IMPROMPTU. 'BENEATH BLESSINGTON'S EYES' . . . . .	112
		TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON . . .	112

# CONTENTS

STANZAS INSCRIBED—'ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR' . . . . .	112	THE PRISONER OF CHILLON . . . . .	336*
SATIRES:		SONNET ON CHILLON . . . . .	336
ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS . . . . .	113	MAZEPPA . . . . .	341
HINTS FROM HORACE; BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE 'AD PISONES, DE ARTE POETICA' . . . . .	128	THE ISLAND; OR, CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES . . . . .	349
THE CURSE OF MINERVA . . . . .	142	THE LAMENT OF TASSO . . . . .	367
THE WALTZ . . . . .	146	THE PROPHECY OF DANTE . . . . .	370
THE BLUES: A LITERARY EC- LOGUE . . . . .	150	THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE OF PULCI . . . . .	379
THE VISION OF JUDGMENT. 156	156	FRANCESCA OF RIMINI . . . . .	389
THE AGE OF BRONZE; OR, CAR- MEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS . . . . .	169	DRAMAS:	
CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIM- AGE . . . . .	179	MANFRED: A DRAMATIC POEM . . . . .	390
TALES:		MARINO FALIERO: AN HISTORI- CAL TRAGEDY . . . . .	407
THE GIAOUR: A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE . . . . .	252	SARDANAPALUS: A TRAGEDY . . . . .	453
THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS: A TURKISH TALE . . . . .	264	THE TWO FOSCARI. AN HIS- TORICAL TRAGEDY . . . . .	492
THE CORSAIR: A TALE . . . . .	277	CAIN: A MYSTERY . . . . .	520
LARA . . . . .	303	HEAVEN AND EARTH: A Mys- TERY . . . . .	545
THE SIEGE OF CORINTH . . . . .	320	WERNER; OR, THE INHERITANCE: A TRAGEDY . . . . .	560
PARISINA . . . . .	330	THE DEFORMED TRANS- FORMED: A DRAMA . . . . .	605
		BEPPPO: A VENETIAN STORY . . . . .	624
		DON JUAN . . . . .	635
		NOTES . . . . .	858
		INDEX . . . . .	919



# HOURS OF IDLENESS

## A SERIES OF POEMS ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED

[First published in 1807]

'*Virginibus puerisque canto.*'—HORACE, lib. iii, Ode 1.

'*Μῆτι' ἄρ' με μάλ' ὀλβει, μήτε τι νείκει.*'—HOMER, *Iliad*, x. 249.

'He whistled as he went, for want of thought.'—DRYDEN.

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

In submitting to the public eye the following collection, I have not only to combat the difficulties that writers of verse generally encounter, but may incur the charge of presumption for obtruding myself on the world, when, without doubt, I might be, at my age, more usefully employed.

These productions are the fruits of the lighter hours of a young man who has lately completed his nineteenth year. As they bear the internal evidence of a boyish mind, this is, perhaps, unnecessary information. Some few were written during the disadvantages of illness and depression of spirits: under the former influence, 'CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS,' in particular, were composed. This consideration, though it cannot excite the voice of praise, may at least arrest the arm of censure. A considerable portion of these poems has been privately printed, at the request and for the perusal of my friends. I am sensible that the partial and frequently injudicious admiration of a social circle is not the criterion by which poetical genius is to be estimated, yet 'to do greatly' we must 'dare greatly'; and I have hazarded my reputation and feelings in publishing this volume. I have 'passed the Rubicon,' and must stand or fall by the 'cast of the die.' In the latter event I shall submit without a murmur; for, though not without solicitude for the fate of these effusions, my expectations are by no means sanguine. It is probable that I may have dared much and done little; for, in the words of Cowper, 'it is one thing to write what may please our friends, who, because they are such, are apt to be a little biassed in our favour, and another to write what may please everybody; because they who have no connexion, or even knowledge of the author, will be sure to find fault if they can.' To the truth of this, however, I do not wholly subscribe; on the contrary, I feel convinced that these trifles will not be treated with injustice. Their merit, if they possess any, will be liberally allowed; their numerous faults, on the other hand, cannot expect that favour which has been denied to others of maturer years, decided character, and far greater ability.

I have not aimed at exclusive originality, still less have I studied any particular model for imitation; some translations are given, of which many are paraphrastic. In the original pieces there may appear a casual coincidence with authors whose works I have been accustomed to read; but I have not been guilty of intentional plagiarism. To produce anything entirely new, in an age so fertile in rhyme, would be a Herculean task, as every subject has already been treated to its utmost extent. Poetry, however, is not my primary vocation; to divert the dull moments of indisposition, or the monotony of a vacant hour, urged me 'to this sin': little can be expected from so unpromising a muse. My wretched, scanty as it must be, is all I shall derive from these productions; and I shall never attempt to replace its fading leaves, or pluck a single additional sprig from groves where I am, at best, an intruder. Though accustomed, in my younger days, to rove a careless mountaineer on the Highlands of Scotland, I have not, of late years, had the benefit of such pure air, or so elevated a residence, as might enable me to enter the lists with genuine bards, who have enjoyed both these advantages. But they derive considerable fame, and a few not less profit, from their productions; while I shall expiate my rashness as an interloper, certainly without the latter, and in all probability with a very slight share of the former. I leave to others '*virtum volitare per ora.*' I look to the few who will bear with patience, '*dulce est desipere in loco.*' To the former worthies I resign, without repining, the hope of immortality, and content myself with the not very magnificent prospect of ranking amongst 'the mob of gentlemen who write';—my readers must determine whether I dare say 'with ease,' or the honour of a posthumous page in 'The Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,'—a work to which the Peerage is under infinite obligations, inasmuch as many names of considerable length, sound, and antiquity, are thereby rescued from the obscurity which unluckily overshadows several voluminous productions of their illustrious bearers.

With slight hopes, and some fears, I publish this first and last attempt. To the dictates of young ambition may be ascribed many actions more criminal and equally absurd. To a few of my own age the contents may afford amusement; I trust they will, at least, be found harmless. It is highly

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

improbable, from my situation and pursuits hereafter, that I should ever obtrude myself a second time on the public; nor even, in the very doubtful event of present indulgence, shall I be tempted to commit a future trespass of the same nature. The opinion of Dr. Johnson on the poems of a noble relation of mine\*, 'That when a man of rank appeared in the character of an author, he deserved to have his merit handsomely allowed,' can have little weight with verbal, and still less with periodical, censors; but were it otherwise, I should be loth to avail myself of the privilege, and would rather incur the bitterest censure of anonymous criticism, than triumph in honours granted solely to a title.

\* The Earl of Carlisle, whose works have long received the meed of public applause, to which, by their intrinsic worth, they were well entitled.

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FREDERICK, EARL OF CARLISLE,

KNIGHT OF THE GARTER, ETC., ETC.,

THE SECOND EDITION OF THESE POEMS IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED WARD AND AFFECTIONATE KINSMAN,

THE AUTHOR.

### ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY

Cousin to the Author, and very dear to him.

HUSH'd are the winds, and still the even-

ing gloom,

Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the  
grove,

Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's  
tomb,

And scatter flowers on the dust I love.

Within this narrow cell reclines her clay,  
That clay, where once such animation  
beam'd;

The King of Terrors seized her as his  
prey,

Not worth nor beauty have her life re-  
deem'd.

Oh! could that King of Terrors pity feel,  
Or Heaven reverse the dread decrees  
of fate,

Not here the mourner would his grief re-  
veal,

Not here the muse her virtues would  
relate.

But wherefore weep? Her matchless  
spirit soars

Beyond where splendid shines the orb  
of day;

And weeping angels lead her to those  
bowers

Where endless pleasures virtue's deeds  
repay.

And shall presumptuous mortals Heaven  
arraign,

And, madly, godlike Providence ac-  
cuse?

Ah! no, far fly from me attempts so  
vain;—

I'll ne'er submission to my God  
refuse.

Yet is remembrance of those virtues dear,  
Yet fresh the memory of that beauteous  
face;

Still they call forth my warm affection's  
tear,

Still in my heart retain their wonted  
place.

1802.

TO E—

LET Folly smile, to view the names  
Of thee and me in friendship twined;  
Yet Virtue will have greater claims  
To love, than rank with vice combined.

And though unequal is thy fate,  
Since title deck'd my higher birth!

Yet envy not this gaudy state;  
Thine is the pride of modest worth.

Our souls at least congenial meet,  
Nor can thy lot my rank disgrace;

Our intercourse is not less sweet,  
Since worth of rank supplies the  
place.

November 1802.

TO D—

IN thee I fondly hoped to clasp  
A friend whom death alone could sever;  
Till envy, with malignant grasp,  
Detach'd thee from my breast for ever.

True, she has forced thee from my  
breast,

Yet in my heart thou keep'st thy seat;  
There, there thine image still must rest,  
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

And when the grave restores her dead,  
When life again to dust is given,

On thy dear breast I'll lay my head—  
Without thee where would be my  
heaven?

February 1803.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

### EPITAPH ON A FRIEND

*Ἀσθὴρ πρὸς μὲν ἑταίρους ἐν ζωοῖσιν ἔφθος.*

LAERT.

OH, Friend! for ever loved, for ever dear!  
What fruitless tears have bathed thy  
honour'd bier!

What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,  
Whilst thou wast struggling in the pangs  
of death!

Could tears retard the tyrant in his  
course;

Could sighs avert his dart's relentless  
force;

Could youth and virtue claim a short  
delay,

Or beauty charm the spectre from his  
prey;

Thou still hadst lived to bless my aching  
sight,

Thy comrade's honour and thy friend's  
delight.

If yet thy gentle spirit hover nigh  
The spot where now thy mouldering  
ashes lie,

Here wilt thou read, recorded on my  
heart,

A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.  
No marble marks thy couch of lowly  
sleep,

But living statues there are seen to weep;  
Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy  
tomb,

Affliction's self deplores thy youthful  
doom.

What though thy sire lament his failing  
line,

A father's sorrows cannot equal mine!  
Though none, like thee, his dying hour  
will cheer,

Yet other offspring soothe his anguish  
here:

But who with me shall hold thy former  
place?

Thine image what new friendship can  
efface?

Ah, none!—a father's tears will cease to  
flow,

Time will assuage an infant brother's woe;  
To all, save one, is consolation known,  
While solitary friendship sighs alone.

1803.

### A FRAGMENT

WHEN, to their airy hall, my fathers' voice  
Shall call my spirit, joyful in their choice;

When, poised upon the gale, my form  
shall ride,

Or, dark in mist, descend the mountain's  
side;

Oh! may my shade behold no sculptured  
urns,

To mark the spot where earth to earth  
returns!

No lengthen'd scroll, no praise-encum-  
ber'd stone;

My epitaph shall be my name alone;  
If *that* with honour fail to crown my clay,

Oh! may no other fame my deeds repay!  
*That*, only *that*, shall single out the spot;

By that remember'd, or with that forgot.  
1803.

### ON LEAVING NEWSTEAD

#### ABBEY

'Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged  
days? Thou lookest from thy tower to-day: yet  
a few years, and the blast of the desert comes, it  
howls in thy empty court.'—OSSIAN.

THROUGH thy battlements, Newstead,  
the hollow winds whistle;

Thou, the hall of my fathers, art gone  
to decay;

In thy once smiling garden, the hemlock  
and thistle

Have choked up the rose which late  
bloom'd in the way.

Of the mail-cover'd Barons, who proudly  
to battle

Led their vassals from Europe to  
Palestine's plain,

The escutcheon and shield, which with  
every blast rattle,

Are the only sad vestiges now that remain.

No more doth old Robert, with harp-  
stringing numbers,

Raise a flame in the breast for the war-  
laurell'd wreath;

Near Askalon's towers, John of Horistan  
slumbers,

Unnerved is the hand of his minstrel by  
death.

Paul and Hubert, too, sleep in the valley  
of Cressy;

For the safety of Edward and England  
they fell:

My fathers! the tears of your country re-  
dress ye;

How you fought, how you died, still her  
annals can tell.

On Marston, with Rupert, 'gainst traitors  
contending,

Four brothers enrich'd with their blood  
the bleak field;

For the rights of a monarch their country  
defending,

Till death their attachment to royalty  
seal'd.

Shades of heroes, farewell! your descen-  
dant, departing

From the seat of his ancestors, bids you  
adieu!



## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Abroad, or at home, your remembrance  
imparting  
New courage, he'll think upon glory  
and you.

Though a tear dim his eye at this sad  
separation,<sup>25</sup>  
'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his  
regret;  
Far distant he goes, with the same emula-  
tion,  
The fame of his fathers he ne'er can  
forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he  
cherish;  
He vows that he ne'er will disgrace  
your renown:<sup>30</sup>  
Like you will he live, or like you will he  
perish;  
When decay'd, may he mingle his dust  
with your own!

1803.

### LINES

WRITTEN IN 'LETTERS OF AN ITALIAN NUN  
AND AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN: BY J. J.  
ROUSSEAU: FOUNDED ON FACTS.'

'AWAY, away, your flattering arts  
May now betray some simpler hearts;  
And you will smile at their believing,  
And they shall weep at your deceiving.'

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING, ADDRESSED TO  
MISS —.

Dear, simple girl, those flattering arts,  
From which thou'dst guard frail female  
hearts,  
Exist but in imagination,—  
Mere phantoms of thine own creation;  
For he who views that witching grace, 5  
That perfect form, that lovely face,  
With eyes admiring, oh! believe me,  
He never wishes to deceive thee:  
Once in thy polish'd mirror glance,  
Thou'lt there descry that elegance 10  
Which from our sex demands such praises,  
But envy in the other raises:  
Then he who tells thee of thy beauty,  
Believe me, only does his duty:  
Ah! fly not from the candid youth; 15  
It is not flattery,—'tis truth.

July 1804.

### ADRIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL WHEN DYING

[ANIMULA! vagula, blandula,  
Hospes comesque corporis,  
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—  
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,  
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?]

Ah! gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite,  
Friend and associate of this clay!  
To what unknown region borne,

Wilt thou now wing thy distant flight?  
No more with wonted humour gay, 5  
But pallid, cheerless, and forlorn.

### TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

AD LESBIAM

EQUAL to Jove that youth must be—  
Greater than Jove he seems to me—  
Who, free from Jealousy's alarms,  
Securely views thy matchless charms.  
That cheek, which ever dimpling glows, 5  
That mouth, from whence such music  
flows,

To him, alike, are always known,  
Reserved for him, and him alone.  
Ah! Lesbia! though 'tis death to me,  
I cannot choose but look on thee; 10  
But, at the sight, my senses fly;  
I needs must gaze, but, gazing, die;  
Whilst trembling with a thousand fears,  
Parch'd to the throat my tongue adheres,  
My pulse beats quick, my breath heaves  
short, 15

My limbs deny their slight support,  
Cold dews my pallid face o'erspread,  
With deadly languor droops my head,  
My ears with tingling echoes ring,  
And life itself is on the wing; 20  
My eyes refuse the cheering light,  
Their orbs are veil'd in starless night:  
Such pangs my nature sinks beneath,  
And feels a temporary death.

### TRANSLATION OF THE EPITAPH ON VIRGIL AND TIBULLUS

BY DOMITTIUS MARSUS

HE who sublime in epic numbers roll'd,  
And he who struck the softer lyre of  
love,  
By Death's unequal hand alike controll'd,  
Fit comrades in Elysian regions move!

### IMITATION OF TIBULLUS

'Sulpicia ad Cerinthus.'—*Lib. iv.*

CRUEL Cerinthus! does the fell disease  
Which racks my breast your fickle bosom  
please?

Alas! I wish'd but to o'ercome the pain,  
That I might live for love and you again;  
But now I scarcely shall bewail my fate:  
By death alone I can avoid your hate.

### TRANSLATION FROM CATULLUS

[Lugete, Veneres, Cupidinesque, &c.]

YE Cupids, droop each little head,  
Nor let your wings with joy be spread;  
My Lesbia's favourite bird is dead,  
Whom dearer than her eyes she loved:

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

For he was gentle, and so true, 5  
Obedient to her call he flew,  
No fear, no wild alarm he knew,  
But lightly o'er her bosom moved:

And softly fluttering here and there,  
He never sought to cleave the air, 10  
But chirrup'd oft, and, free from care,  
Tuned to her ear his grateful strain.  
Now having pass'd the gloomy bourne  
From whence he never can return,  
His death and Lesbia's grief I mourn, 15  
Who sighs, alas! but sighs in vain.

Oh! curst be thou, devouring grave!  
Whose jaws eternal victims crave,  
From whom no earthly power can save,  
For thou hast ta'en the bird away: 20  
From thee my Lesbia's eyes o'erflow,  
Her swollen cheeks with weeping glow;  
Thou art the cause of all her woe,  
Receptacle of life's decay.

### IMITATED FROM CATULLUS

TO ELLEN

Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire,  
A million scarce would quench desire:  
Still would I steep my lips in bliss,  
And dwell an age on every kiss:  
Nor then my soul should sated be; 5  
Still would I kiss and cling to thee:  
Nought should my kiss from thine dis-  
sever;  
Still would we kiss and kiss for ever;  
E'en though the numbers did exceed  
The yellow harvest's countless seed. 10  
To part would be a vain endeavour:  
Could I desist?—ah! never—never!

### TRANSLATION FROM HORACE

[Iustum et tenacem propositi virum, &c.]

THE man of firm and noble soul  
No factious clamours can control;  
No threat'ning tyrant's darkling brow  
Can swerve him from his just intent:  
Gales the warring waves which plough,  
By Auster on the billows spent, 6  
To curb the Adriatic main,  
Would awe his fix'd, determined mind in  
vain.

Ay, and the red right arm of Jove,  
Hurling his lightnings from above, 10  
With all his terrors there unfur'd,  
He would unmoved, unawed, behold.  
The flames of an expiring world,  
Again in crashing chaos roll'd,  
In vast promiscuous ruin hurl'd, 15  
Might light his glorious funeral pile:  
Still dauntless 'midst the wreck of earth  
he'd smile.

### FROM ANACREON

[Θέλω λέγειν Ἀντρείδας, κ. τ. λ.]

I wish to tune my quivering lyre  
To deeds of fame and notes of fire;  
To echo, from its rising swell,  
How heroes fought and nations fell,  
When Atreus' sons advanced to war, 6  
Or Tyrian Cadmus roved afar;  
But still, to martial strains unknown,  
My lyre recurs to love alone.  
Fired with the hope of future fame,  
I seek some nobler hero's name; 10  
The dying chords are strung anew,  
To war, to war, my harp is due:  
With glowing strings, the epic strain  
To Jove's great son I raise again;  
Alcides and his glorious deeds, 15  
Beneath whose arm the Hydra bleeds.  
All, all in vain; my wayward lyre  
Wakes silver notes of soft desire.  
Adieu, ye chiefs renown'd in arms!  
Adieu the clang of war's alarms! 20  
To other deeds my soul is strung,  
And sweeter notes shall now be sung;  
My harp shall all its powers reveal,  
To tell the tale my heart must feel;  
Love, love alone, my lyre shall claim,  
In songs of bliss and sighs of flame. 26

### FROM ANACREON

[Μεσονυκτίος ποθ' ὥραυς, κ. τ. λ.]

'Twas now the hour when Night had  
driven  
Her car half round yon sable heaven;  
Boötes, only, seem'd to roll  
His arctic charge around the pole;  
While mortals, lost in gentle sleep, 5  
Forgot to smile, or ceased to weep:  
At this lone hour the Paphian boy,  
Descending from the realms of joy,  
Quick to my gate directs his course,  
And knocks with all his little force. 10  
My visions fled, alarm'd I rose,—  
'What stranger breaks my blest repose?'  
'Alas!' replies the wily child,  
In faltering accents sweetly mild,  
'A hapless infant here I roam, 15  
Far from my dear maternal home.  
Oh! shield me from the wintry blast!  
The nightly storm is pouring fast.  
No prowling robber lingers here.  
A wandering baby who can fear?' 20  
I heard his seeming artless tale,  
I heard his sighs upon the gale:  
My breast was never pity's foe,  
But felt for all the baby's woe.  
I drew the bar, and by the light 25  
Young Love, the infant, met my sight;  
His bow across his shoulders flung,  
And thence his fatal quiver hung  
(Ah! little did I think the dart  
Would rankle soon within my heart). 30

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

With care I tend my weary guest,  
His little fingers chill my breast;  
His glossy curls, his azure wing,  
Which droop with nightly showers,  
I wring; 34  
His shivering limbs the embers warm;  
And now reviving from the storm,  
Scarce had he felt his wonted glow,  
Than swift he seized his slender bow:—  
'I fain would know, my gentle host,'  
He cried, 'if this its strength has lost; 40  
I fear, relax'd with midnight dews,  
The strings their former aid refuse.'  
With poison tipped, his arrow flies,  
Deep in my tortured heart it lies; 44  
Then loud the joyous urchin laugh'd:—  
'My bow can still impel the shaft:  
'Tis firmly fix'd, thy sighs reveal it;  
Say, courteous host, canst thou not feel  
it?'

## FROM THE PROMETHEUS VINCTUS OF ÆSCHYLUS

[Μηδδμ' ὁ πάντα νέμειν, κ. τ. λ.]

GREAT Jove, to whose almighty throne  
Both gods and mortals homage pay,  
Ne'er may my soul thy power disown,  
Thy dread behests ne'er disobey. 5  
Oft shall the sacred victim fall  
In sea-girt Ocean's mossy hall;  
My voice shall raise no impious strain  
'Gainst him who rules the sky and azure  
main.

How different now thy joyless fate,  
Since first Hesione thy bride, 10  
When placed aloft in godlike state,  
The blushing beauty by thy side,  
Thou sat'st, while reverend Ocean  
smiled,  
And mirthful strains the hours beguiled;  
The Nymphs and Tritons danced  
around, 15  
Nor yet thy doom was fix'd, nor Jove  
relentless frown'd.

HARROW, Dec. 1, 1804.

## TO EMMA

SINCE now the hour is come at last,  
When you must quit your anxious  
lover;  
Since now our dream of bliss is past,  
One pang, my girl, and all is over.

Alas! that pang will be severe, 5  
Which bids us part to meet no more;  
Which tears me far from one so dear,  
Departing for a distant shore.

Well! we have pass'd some happy hours,  
And joy will mingle with our tears; 10  
When thinking on these ancient towers,  
The shelter of our infant years;

Where from this Gothic casement's  
height,  
We view'd the lake, the park, the dell,  
And still, though tears obstruct our sight,  
We lingering look a last farewell, 16

O'er fields through which we used to run,  
And spend the hours in childish play;  
O'er shades where, when our race was  
done,  
Reposing on my breast you lay; 20  
Whilst I, admiring, too remiss,  
Forgot to scare the hovering flies,  
Yet envied every fly the kiss  
It dared to give your slumbering eyes:

See still the little painted bark, 25  
In which I row'd you o'er the lake;  
See there, high waving o'er the park,  
The elm I clamber'd for your sake.

These times are past—our joys are gone,  
You leave me, leave this happy vale;  
These scenes I must retrace alone: 31  
Without thee what will they avail?

Who can conceive, who has not proved,  
The anguish of a last embrace?  
When, torn from all you fondly loved,  
You bid a long adieu to peace. 36

This is the deepest of our woes,  
For this these tears our cheeks bedew;  
This is of love the final close,  
Oh, God! the fondest, last adieu! 40

## N TO M. S. G.

WHENE'ER I view those lips of thine,  
Their hue invites my fervent kiss;  
Yet I forego that bliss divine,  
Alas! it were unhallow'd bliss.

Whene'er I dream of that pure breast, 5  
How could I dwell upon its snows!  
Yet is the daring wish repress'd,  
For that—would banish its repose.

A glance from thy soul-searching eye  
Can raise with hope, depress with fear;  
Yet I conceal my love,—and why? 11  
I would not force a painful tear.

I ne'er have told my love, yet thou  
Hast seen my ardent flame too well;  
And shall I plead my passion now, 15  
To make thy bosom's heaven a hell?

No! for thou never canst be mine,  
United by the priest's decree:  
By any ties but those divine,  
Mine, my beloved, thou ne'er shalt be.

Then let the secret fire consume, 21  
Let it consume, thou shalt not know:  
With joy I court a certain doom,  
Rather than spread its guilty glow.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

I will not ease my tortured heart 25  
By driving dove-eyed peace from thine;  
Rather than such a sting impart,  
Each thought presumptuous I resign.

Yes! yield those lips, for which I'd brave  
More than I here shall dare to tell; 30  
Thy innocence and mine to save,—  
I bid thee now a last farewell.

Yes! yield that breast, to seek despair,  
And hope no more thy soft embrace;  
Which to obtain my soul would dare 35  
All, all reproach, but thy disgrace.

At least from guilt shalt thou be free,  
No matron shall thy shame reprove;  
Though cureless pangs may prey on me,  
No martyr shalt thou be to love. 40

### TO CAROLINE

THINK'ST thou I saw thy beauteous eyes,  
Suffused in tears, implore to stay;  
And heard unmoved thy plenteous sighs,  
Which said far more than words can say?

Though keen the grief thy tears exprest, 5  
When love and hope lay both o'er-  
thrown,

Yet still, my girl, this bleeding breast  
Throbb'd with deep sorrow as thine  
own.

But when our cheeks with anguish glow'd,  
When thy sweet lips were join'd to mine,  
The tears that from my eyelids flow'd 11  
Were lost in those which fell from thine.

Thou couldst not feel my burning cheek,  
Thy gushing tears had quench'd its  
flame;

And as thy tongue essay'd to speak, 15  
In signs alone it breathed my name.

And yet, my girl, we weep in vain,  
In vain our fate in sighs deplore;  
Remembrance only can remain,—  
But that will make us weep the more.

Again, thou best beloved, adieu! 21  
Ah! if thou canst, o'ercome regret;  
Nor let thy mind past joys review,—  
Our only hope is to forget!

### TO CAROLINE

WHEN I hear you express an affection so  
warm,  
Ne'er think, my beloved, that I do not  
believe;  
For your lip would the soul of suspicion  
disarm,  
And your eye beams a ray which can  
never deceive.

Yet still this fond bosom regrets, while  
adoring, 5  
That love, like the leaf, must fall into  
the sere;  
That age will come on, when remem-  
brance, deploring,  
Contemplates the scenes of her youth  
with a tear;

That the time must arrive, when, no  
longer retaining  
Their auburn, those locks must wave  
thin to the breeze, 10  
When a few silver hairs of those tresses  
remaining,  
Prove nature a prey to decay and  
disease.

'Tis this, my beloved, which spreads  
gloom o'er my features,  
Though I ne'er shall presume to  
arraign the decree  
Which God has proclaim'd as the fate of  
his creatures, 15  
In the death which one day will deprive  
you of me.

Mistake not, sweet sceptic, the cause of  
emotion,  
No doubt can the mind of your lover  
invade;  
He worships each look with such faithful  
devotion,  
A smile can enchant, or a tear can dis-  
suade. 20

But as death, my beloved, soon or late  
shall o'ertake us,  
And our breasts, which alive with such  
sympathy glow,  
Will sleep in the grave till the blast shall  
awake us,  
When calling the dead, in earth's  
bosom laid low,—

Oh! then let us drain, while we may,  
draughts of pleasure, 25  
Which from passion like ours may un-  
ceasingly flow;  
Let us pass round the cup of love's bliss  
in full measure,  
And quaff the contents as our nectar  
below.

1805.

### TO CAROLINE

OH! when shall the grave hide for ever my  
sorrow?  
Oh! when shall my soul wing her flight  
from this clay?  
The present is hell, and the coming to-  
morrow  
But brings, with new torture, the curse  
of to-day.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

From my eye flows no tear, from my lips  
flow no curses,  
I blast not the fiends who have hurl'd<sup>5</sup>  
me from bliss;

For poor is the soul which bewailing re-  
hearses  
Its querulous grief, when in anguish  
like this.

Was my eye, 'stead of tears, with red fury  
flakes bright'ning,  
Would my lips breathe a flame which  
no stream could assuage,<sup>10</sup>

On our foes should my glance launch in  
vengeance its lightning,  
With transport my tongue give a loose  
to its rage.

But now tears and curses, alike unavailing,  
Would add to the souls of our tyrants  
delight;

Could they view us our sad separation be-  
wailing,<sup>15</sup>  
Their merciless hearts would rejoice at  
the sight.

Yet still, though we bend with a feign'd  
resignation,  
Life beams not for us with one ray that  
can cheer;

Love and hope upon earth bring no more  
consolation;  
In the grave is our hope, for in life is  
our fear.<sup>20</sup>

Oh! when, my adored, in the tomb will  
they place me,  
Since, in life, love and friendship for  
ever are fled?

If again in the mansion of death I  
embrace thee,  
Perhaps they will leave unmolested the  
dead.

1805.

## STANZAS TO A LADY, WITH THE POEMS OF CAMOËNS

This votive pledge of fond esteem,  
Perhaps, dear girl! for me thou'lt prize;  
It sings of Love's enchanting dream,  
A theme we never can despise.

Who blames it but the envious fool,<sup>5</sup>  
The old and disappointed maid;  
Or pupil of the prudish school,  
In single sorrow doom'd to fade?

Then read, dear girl! with feeling read,  
For thou wilt ne'er be one of those;  
To thee in vain I shall not plead<sup>11</sup>  
In pity for the poet's woes.

He was in sooth a genuine bard;  
His was no faint, fictitious flame.  
Like his, may love be thy reward,<sup>15</sup>  
But not thy hapless fate the same.

## THE FIRST KISS OF LOVE

✓ Ἄ βράβευτος δὲ χοροβαίς  
Ἐπὶ τὰ μολὼν ἔχει. — ANACREON.

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy  
romance;

Those tissues of falsehood which folly  
has wove!

Give me the mild beam of the soul-  
breathing glance,  
Or the rapture which dwells on the  
first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy  
glow,<sup>5</sup>  
Whose pastoral passions are made for  
the grove;

From what blest inspiration your sonnets  
would flow,  
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss  
of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance re-  
fuse,

Or the Nine be disposed from your  
service to rove,<sup>10</sup>

Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the  
muse,  
And try the effect of the first kiss of  
love.

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art!  
Though prudes may condemn me, and  
bigots reprove,

I court the effusions that spring from the  
heart,<sup>15</sup>  
Which throbs with delight to the first  
kiss of love.

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fan-  
tastical themes,

Perhaps may amuse, yet they never can  
move:

Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:  
What are visions like these to the first  
kiss of love?<sup>20</sup>

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his  
birth,

From Adam till now, has with wretched-  
ness strove,

Some portion of paradise still is on earth,  
And Eden revives in the first kiss of  
love.

When age chills the blood, when our plea-  
sures are past—<sup>25</sup>

For years fleet away with the wings of  
the dove—

The dearest remembrance will still be the  
last,

Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of  
love.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

### ON A CHANGE OF MASTERS AT A GREAT PUBLIC SCHOOL

WHERE are those honours, Ida! once your  
own,  
When Probus fill'd your magisterial  
throne?

As ancient Rome, fast falling to disgrace,  
Hail'd a barbarian in her Caesar's place,  
So you, degenerate, share as hard a fate,  
And seat Pomposus where your Probus  
sate. 6

Of narrow brain, yet of a narrower soul,  
Pomposus holds you in his harsh control;  
Pomposus, by no social virtue sway'd,  
With florid jargon, and with vain parade;  
With noisy nonsense, and new-fangled  
rules, 11  
Such as were ne'er before enforced in  
schools.

Mistaking pedantry for learning's laws,  
He governs, sanction'd but by self-applause;  
With him the same dire fate attending  
Rome, 15  
Ill-fated Ida! soon must stamp your doom;  
Like her o'erthrown, for ever lost to fame,  
No trace of science left you, but the name.

July 1805.

### TO THE DUKE OF DORSET

DORSET! whose early steps with mine  
have stray'd,

Exploring every path of Ida's glade;  
Whom still affection taught me to defend,  
And made me less a tyrant than a friend,  
Though the harsh custom of our youth-  
ful band 5

Bade thee obey, and gave me to command;  
Thee, on whose head a few short years  
will shower

The gift of riches and the pride of power;  
E'en now a name illustrious is thine own,  
Renown'd in rank, nor far beneath the  
throne. 10

Yet, Dorset, let not this seduce thy soul  
To shun fair science, or evade control,  
Though passive tutors, fearful to dispraise  
The titled child, whose future breath may  
raise, 14

View ducal errors with indulgent eyes,  
And wink at faults they tremble to  
chastise.

When youthful parasites, who bend the  
knee  
To wealth, their golden idol, not to thee,—  
And even in simple boyhood's opening dawn  
Some slaves are found to flatter and to  
fawn,— 20

When these declare, 'that pomp alone  
should wait

On one by birth predestined to be great;  
That books were only meant for drudging  
fools,

That gallant spirits scorn the common  
rules;

Believe them not;—they point the path to  
shame, 25

And seek to blast the honours of thy  
name.

Turn to the few in Ida's early throng,  
Whose souls disdain not to condemn the  
wrong;

Or if, amidst the comrades of thy youth,  
None dare to raise the sterner voice of  
truth, 30

Ask thine own heart; 'twill bid thee, boy,  
forbear;

For well I know that virtue lingers there.  
Yes! I have mark'd thee many a passing  
day,

But now new scenes invite me far away;  
Yes! I have mark'd within that generous  
mind 35

A soul, if well matured, to bless mankind.  
Ah! though myself by nature haughty,  
wild,

Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite  
child;

Though every error stamps me for her  
own,

And dooms my fall, I fain would fall  
alone; 40

Though my proud heart no precept now  
can tame,

I love the virtues which I cannot claim.  
'Tis not enough, with other sons of  
power, 45

To gleam the lambent meteor of an hour;  
To swell some peerage page in feeble  
pride, 45

With long-drawn names that grace no  
page beside;

Then share with titled crowds the com-  
mon lot—

In life just gazed at, in the grave forgot;  
While nought divides thee from the vulgar  
dead,

Except the dull cold stone that hides thy  
head, 50

The mouldering 'scutcheon, or the  
herald's roll,

That well-embazon'd but neglected scroll,  
Where lords, unhonour'd, in the tomb  
may find

One spot, to leave a worthless name  
behind.

There sleep, unnoticed as the gloomy  
vaults 55

That veil their dust, their follies, and their  
faults,

A race, with old armorial lists o'erspread,  
In records destined never to be read.

Fain would I view thee, with prophetic  
eyes,

Exalted more among the good and wise,  
A glorious and a long career pursue, 61  
As first in rank, the first in talent too:

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Spurn every vice, each little meanness  
shun;

Not Fortune's minion, but her noblest son.

Turn to the annals of a former day; 65  
Bright are the deeds thine earlier sires display.

One, though a courtier, lived a man of worth,

And call'd, proud boast! the British drama forth.

Another view, not less renown'd for wit;  
Alike for courts, and camps, or senates fit; 70

Bold in the field, and favour'd by the Nine;

In every splendid part ordain'd to shine;  
Far, far distinguish'd from the glittering throng,

The pride of princes, and the boast of song.  
Such were thy fathers; thus preserve their name; 75

Not heir to titles only, but to fame.  
The hour draws nigh, a few brief days will close,

To me, this little scene of joys and woes;  
Each knell of Time now warns me to resign

Shades where Hope, Peace, and Friendship all were mine: 80

Hope, that could vary like the rainbow's hue,

And gild their pinions as the moments flew;  
Peace, that reflection never frown'd away,  
By dreams of ill to cloud some future day;  
Friendship, whose truth let childhood only tell; 85

Alas! they love not long, who love so well.  
To these adieu! nor let me linger o'er  
Scenes hail'd, as exiles hail their native shore,

Receding slowly through the dark-blue deep,  
Beheld by eyes that mourn, yet cannot weep. 90

Dorset, farewell! I will not ask one part  
Of sad remembrance in so young a heart;  
The coming morrow from thy youthful mind

Will sweep my name, nor leave a trace behind.

And yet, perhaps, in some maturer year,  
Since chance has thrown us in the self-same sphere, 96

Since the same senate, nay, the same debate,

May one day claim our suffrage for the state,

We hence may meet, and pass each other by,

With faint regard, or cold and distant eye. 100

For me, in future, neither friend nor foe,  
A stranger to thyself, thy weal or woe,  
With thee no more again I hope to trace

The recollection of our early race;  
No more, as once, in social hours rejoice,  
Or hear, unless in crowds, thy well-known voice: 106

Still, if the wishes of a heart untaught  
To veil those feelings which perchance it ought,

If these—but let me cease the lengthen'd strain,—

Oh! if these wishes are not breathed in vain, 110

The guardian seraph who directs thy fate  
Will leave thee glorious, as he found thee great.

1805.

## FRAGMENT

WRITTEN SHORTLY AFTER THE  
MARRIAGE OF MISS CHAWORTH

HILLS of Annesley, bleak and barren,  
Where my thoughtless childhood stray'd,  
How the northern tempests, warring,  
Howl above thy tufted shade!

Now no more, the hours beguiling, 5  
Former favourite haunts I see;  
Now no more my Mary smiling  
Makes ye seem a heaven to me.

1805.

## GRANTA

A MEDLEY

*Ἀργυρέας λόγχοις μάχου καὶ πάντα κρατήσας.*

Oh! could Le Sage's demon's gift  
Be realized at my desire,  
This night my trembling form he'd lift  
To place it on St. Mary's spire.

Then would, unroof'd, old Granta's halls  
Pedantic inmates full display; 6  
Fellows who dream on lawn or stalls,  
The price of venal votes to pay.

Then would I view each rival wight, 10  
Petty and Palmerston survey;  
Who canvass there with all their might,  
Against the next elective day.

Lo! candidates and voters lie  
All hull'd in sleep, a goodly number;  
A race renown'd for piety, 15  
Whose conscience won't disturb their slumber.

Lord H——, indeed, may not demur:  
Fellows are sage, reflecting men:  
They know preferment can occur  
But very seldom,—now and then. 20

They know the Chancellor has got  
Some pretty livings in disposal:  
Each hopes that one may be his lot,  
And therefore smiles on his proposal.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

- Now from the soporific scene 25  
 I'll turn mine eye, as night grows later,  
 To view, unheeded and unseen,  
 The studious sons of Alma Mater.
- There, in apartments small and damp,  
 The candidate for college prizes 30  
 Sits poring by the midnight lamp;  
 Goes late to bed, yet early rises.
- He surely well deserves to gain them,  
 With all the honours of his college,  
 Who, striving hardly to obtain them, 35  
 Thus seeks unprofitable knowledge:
- Who sacrifices hours of rest  
 To scan precisely metres Attic;  
 Or agitates his anxious breast  
 In solving problems mathematic: 40
- Who reads false quantities in Seale,  
 Or puzzles o'er the deep triangle;  
 Deprived of many a wholesome meal;  
 In barbarous Latin doom'd to wrangle: 45
- Renouncing every pleasing page  
 From authors of historic use; 45  
 Preferring to the letter'd sage  
 The square of the hypotenuse.
- Still, harmless are these occupations,  
 That hurt none but the hapless student,  
 Compared with other recreations, 51  
 Which bring together the imprudent;
- Whose daring revels shock the sight,  
 When vice and infamy combine,  
 When drunkenness and dice invite, 55  
 As every sense is steep'd in wine.
- Not so the methodistic crew,  
 Who plans of reformation lay:  
 In humble attitude they sue,  
 And for the sins of others pray: 60
- Forgetting that their pride of spirit,  
 Their exultation in their trial,  
 Detracts most largely from the merit  
 Of all their boasted self-denial. 64
- 'Tis morn:—from these I turn my sight.  
 What scene is this which meets the eye?  
 A numerous crowd, array'd in white,  
 Across the green in numbers fly.
- Loud rings in air the chapel bell;  
 'Tis hush'd:—what sounds are these I 70  
 hear?
- The organ's soft celestial swell  
 Rolls deeply on the list'ning ear.
- To this is join'd the sacred song,  
 The royal minstrel's hallow'd strain;  
 Though he who hears the music long 75  
 Will never wish to hear again.
- Our choir would scarcely be excused,  
 Even as a band of raw beginners;  
 All mercy now must be refused  
 To such a set of croaking sinners. 80
- If David, when his toils were ended,  
 Had heard these blockheads sing  
 before him,  
 To us his psalms had ne'er descended,—  
 In furious mood he would have tore 'em.
- The luckless Israelites, when taken 85  
 By some inhuman tyrant's order,  
 Were ask'd to sing, by joy forsaken,  
 On Babylonian river's border.
- Oh! had they sung in notes like these,  
 Inspired by stratagem or fear, 90  
 They might have set their hearts at ease,  
 The devil a soul had stay'd to hear.
- But if I scribble longer now,  
 The deuce a soul will stay to read;  
 My pen is blunt, my ink is low; 95  
 'Tis almost time to stop, indeed.
- Therefore, farewell, old Granta's spires!  
 No more, like Cleofas, I fly;  
 No more thy theme my muse inspires;  
 The reader's tired, and so am I. 100  
 1806.

## ON A DISTANT VIEW OF THE VILLAGE AND SCHOOL OF HARROW ON THE HILL

Oh! mihi præteritos referat si Jupiter annos.—  
 VIRGIL.

- YE scenes of my childhood, whose loved  
 recollection  
 Embitters the present, compared with  
 the past;  
 Where science first dawn'd on the powers  
 of reflection,  
 And friendships were form'd, too  
 romantic to last;
- Where fancy yet joys to trace the resem-  
 blance 5  
 Of comrades, in friendship and mischief  
 allied;  
 How welcome to me your ne'er fading re-  
 membrance,  
 Which rests in the bosom, though  
 hope is denied!
- Again I revisit the hills where we sported,  
 The streams where we swam, and the  
 fields where we fought; 10  
 The school where, loud warn'd by the  
 bell, we resorted,  
 To pore o'er the precepts by pedagogues  
 taught.



## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Again I behold where for hours I have  
ponder'd,  
As reclining, at eve, on yon tombstone  
I lay;

Or round the steep brow of the church-  
yard I wander'd,  
To catch the last gleam of the sun's  
setting ray.

I once more view the room, with spec-  
tators surrounded,  
Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo  
o'erthrown;

While, to swell my young pride, such ap-  
plauses resounded,  
I fancied that Mossop himself was out-  
shone:

Or, as Lear, I pour'd forth the deep impre-  
cation,

By my daughters of kingdom and  
reason deprived;

Till, fired by loud plaudits and self-adula-  
tion,

I regarded myself as a Garrick revived.

Ye dreams of my boyhood, how much I  
regret you!

Unfaded your memory dwells in my  
breast;

Though sad and deserted, I ne'er can  
forget you:

Your pleasures may still be in fancy  
possest.

To Ida full oft may remembrance restore  
me,

While fate shall the shades of the future  
unroll!

Since darkness o'er shadows the prospect  
before me,

More dear is the beam of the past to my  
soul!

But if, through the course of the years  
which await me,

Some new scene of pleasure should  
open to view,

I will say, while with rapture the thought  
shall elate me,

'Oh! such were the days which my  
infancy knew.'

1806.

### TO M—

Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire,  
With bright but mild affection shine,  
Though they might kindle less desire,  
Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art form'd so heavenly fair,  
How'er those orbs may wildly beam,

We must admire, but still despair;  
That fatal glare forbids esteem.

When Nature stamp'd thy beauteous birth,  
So much perfection in thee shone,  
She fear'd that, too divine for earth,  
The skies might claim thee for their own:

Therefore, to guard her dearest work,  
Lest angels might dispute the prize,  
She bade a secret lightning lurk  
Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,  
When gleaming with meridian blaze;  
Thy beauty must enrapture all;  
But who can dare thine ardent gaze?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair  
In stars adorns the vault of heaven;  
But they would ne'er permit thee there,  
Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,  
Thy sister-lights would scarce appear:  
E'en suns, which systems now control,  
Would twinkle dimly through their  
sphere.

1806.

### TO WOMAN

WOMAN! experience might have told me  
That all must love thee who behold thee:  
Surely experience might have taught  
Thy firmest promises are nought;  
But, placed in all thy charms before me,  
All I forget, but to adore thee.  
Oh memory! thou choicest blessing  
When join'd with hope, when still possess-  
ing;

But how much cursed by every lover  
When hope is fled and passion's over.  
Woman, that fair and fond deceiver,  
How prompt are striplings to believe her!  
How throbs the pulse when first we view  
The eye that rolls in glossy blue,  
Or sparkles black, or mildly throws  
A beam from under hazel brows!  
How quick we credit every oath,  
And hear her plight the willing troth!  
Fondly we hope 'twill last for aye,  
When, lo! she changes in a day.  
This record will for ever stand,  
'Woman, thy vows are traced in sand.'

### TO M. S. G.

WHEN I dream that you love me, you'll  
surely forgive;

Extend not your anger to sleep;

For in visions alone your affection can  
live,—

I rise, and it leaves me to weep.

Then, Morpheus! envelope my faculties  
fast,

Shed o'er me your languor benign;  
Should the dream of to-night but re-  
semble the last,

What rapture celestial is mine!

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

They tell us that slumber, the sister of  
death,  
Mortality's emblem is given; 10  
To fate how I long to resign my frail breath  
If this be a foretaste of heaven!

Ah! frown not, sweet lady, unbend your  
soft brow,  
Nor deem me too happy in this; 14  
If I sin in my dream, I atone for it now,  
Thus doom'd but to gaze upon bliss.  
Though in visions, sweet lady, perhaps  
you may smile,  
Oh! think not my penance deficient!  
When dreams of your presence my  
slumbers beguile,  
To awake will be torture sufficient. 20

### TO MARY

#### ON RECEIVING HER PICTURE

THIS faint resemblance of thy charms,  
Though strong as mortal art could give,  
My constant heart of fear disarms,  
Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here I can trace the locks of gold 5  
Which round thy snowy forehead wave,  
The cheeks which sprung from beauty's  
mould,  
The lips which made me beauty's slave.

Here I can trace—ah, no! that eye,  
Whose azure floats in liquid fire, 10  
Must all the painter's art defy,  
And bid him from the task retire.

Here I behold its beauteous hue;  
But where 's the beam so sweetly stray-  
ing,  
Which gave a lustre to its blue, 15  
Like Luna o'er the ocean playing?

Sweet copy! far more dear to me,  
Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art,  
Than all the living forms could be,  
Save her who placed thee next my heart.

She placed it, sad, with needless fear, 21  
Lest time might shake my wavering  
soul,  
Unconscious that her image there  
Held every sense in fast control.

Through hours, through years, through  
time, 'twill cheer; 25  
My hope, in gloomy moments, raise;  
In life's last conflict 'twill appear,  
And meet my fond expiring gaze.

### TO LESBIA

LESBIA! since far from you I've ranged,  
Our souls with fond affection glow not;  
You say 'tis I, not you, have changed.  
I'd tell you why,—but yet I know not.

Your polish'd brow no cares have crost;  
And, Lesbia! we are not much older  
Since, trembling, first my heart I lost,  
Or told my love, with hope grown  
bolder.

Sixteen was then our utmost age,  
Two years have lingering pass'd away,  
love! 10  
And now new thoughts our minds engage,  
At least I feel disposed to stray, love!

'Tis I that am alone to blame,  
I, that am guilty of love's treason;  
Since your sweet breast is still the same, 15  
Caprice must be my only reason.

I do not, love! suspect your truth,  
With jealous doubt my bosom heaves  
not;  
Warm was the passion of my youth,  
One trace of dark deceit it leaves not.

No, no, my flame was not pretended; 21  
For, oh! I loved you most sincerely;  
And—though our dream at last is  
ended—  
My bosom still esteems you dearly.

No more we meet in yonder bowers; 25  
Absence has made me prone to roving;  
But older, firmer hearts than ours,  
Have found monotony in loving.

Your cheek's soft bloom is unimpaired,  
New beauties still are daily bright'ning,  
Your eye for conquest beams prepared,  
The forge of love's resistless lightning.

Arm'd thus, to make their bosoms bleed,  
Many will throng to sigh like me, love!  
More constant they may prove, indeed;  
Fonder, alas! they ne'er can be, love!

### LINES ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY

[As the author was discharging his pistols in  
a garden, two ladies passing near the spot were  
alarmed by the sound of a bullet hissing near  
them, to one of whom the following stanzas were  
addressed the next morning.]

DOUBTLESS, sweet girl! the hissing lead,  
Wafting destruction o'er thy charms,  
And hurtling o'er thy lovely head,  
Has fill'd that breast with fond alarms.

Surely some envious demon's force, 5  
Vex'd to behold such beauty here,  
Impell'd the bullet's viewless course,  
Diverted from its first career.

Yes! in that nearly fatal hour 9  
The ball obey'd some hell-born guide;  
But Heaven, with interposing power,  
In pity turn'd the death aside.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Yet, as perchance one trembling tear  
Upon that thrilling bosom fell;  
Which I, th' unconscious cause of fear, 15  
Extracted from its glistening cell:

Say, what dire penance can atone  
For such an outrage done to thee?  
Arraign'd before thy beauty's throne,  
What punishment wilt thou decree?

Might I perform the judge's part, 21  
The sentence I should scarce deplore;  
It only would restore a heart  
Which but belong'd to thee before.

The least atonement I can make 25  
Is to become no longer free;  
Henceforth I breathe but for thy sake,  
Thou shalt be all in all to me.

But thou, perhaps, may'st now reject  
Such expiation of my guilt;  
Come then, some other mode elect; 30  
Let it be death, or what thou wilt.

Choose then, relentless! and I swear  
Nought shall thy dread decree prevent;

Yet hold—one little word forbear! 35  
Let it be aught but banishment.

### LOVE'S LAST ADIEU

*'Aei ô' del me phéyete — ANACREON.*

THE roses of love glad the garden of life,  
Though nurtured 'mid weeds dropping  
pestilent dew,  
Till time crops the leaves with unmerciful  
knife,  
Or prunes them for ever, in love's last  
adieu!

In vain with endearments we soothe the  
sad heart, 5  
In vain do we vow for an age to be true;  
The chance of an hour may command us  
to part,  
Or death disunite us in love's last adieu!

Still Hope, breathing peace through the  
grief-swollen breast,  
Will whisper, 'Our meeting we yet may  
renew.' 10  
With this dream of deceit half our  
sorrow's repress,  
Nor taste the poison of love's last adieu!

Oh! mark you yon pair: in the sunshine  
of youth

Love twined round their childhood his  
flowers as they grew; 14  
They flourish awhile in the season of truth,  
Till chill'd by the winter of love's last  
adieu!

Sweet lady! why thus doth a tear steal its  
way

Down a cheek which outrivals thy  
bosom in hue?

Yet why do I ask?—to distraction a prey,  
Thy reason has perish'd with love's last  
adieu! 20

Oh! who is yon misanthrope, shunning  
mankind?

From cities to caves of the forest he flew:  
There, raving, he howls his complaint to  
the wind;  
The mountains reverberate love's last  
adieu!

Now hate rules a heart which in love's  
easy chains 25  
Once passion's tumultuous blandish-  
ments knew;

Despair now inflames the dark tide of his  
veins; 30  
He ponders in frenzy on love's last  
adieu!

How he envies the wretch with a soul  
wrapt in steel!

His pleasures are scarce, yet his  
troubles are few, 30

Who laughs at the pang which he never  
can feel,  
And dreads not the anguish of love's  
last adieu!

Youth flies, life decays, even hope is  
o'ercast;

No more with love's former devotion  
we sue:

He spreads his young wing, he retires  
with the blast; 35

The shroud of affection is love's last  
adieu!

In this life of probation for rapture divine,  
Astrea declares that some penance is  
due;

From him who has worshipp'd at love's  
gentle shrine,

The atonement is ample in love's last  
adieu! 40

Who kneels to the god, on his altar of  
light

Must myrtle and cypress alternately  
strew:

His myrtle, an emblem of purest delight;  
His cypress, the garland of love's last  
adieu!

### DAMÆTAS

In law an infant, and in years a boy,  
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;

From every sense of shame and virtue  
wean'd;

In lies an adept, in deceit a fiend;

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child; 5  
 Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;  
 Woman his dupe, his heedless friend a  
 tool;  
 Old in the world, though scarcely broke  
 from school;  
 Dametas ran through all the maze of sin,  
 And found the goal when others just  
 begin: 10  
 Even still conflicting passions shake his  
 soul,  
 And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's  
 bowl;  
 But, pall'd with vice, he breaks his former  
 chain,  
 And what was once his bliss appears his  
 bane.

### TO MARION

MARION! why that pensive brow?  
 What disgust to life hast thou?  
 Change that discontented air;  
 Frowns become not one so fair.  
 'Tis not love disturbs thy rest;  
 Love's a stranger to thy breast;  
 He in dimpling smiles appears,  
 Or mourns in sweetly timid tears,  
 Or bends the languid eyelid down,  
 But shuns the cold forbidding frown. 10  
 Then resume thy former fire,  
 Some will love, and all admire;  
 While that icy aspect chills us,  
 Nought but cool indifference thrills us.  
 Wouldst thou wandering hearts beguile,  
 Smile at least, or seem to smile. 16  
 Eyes like thine were never meant  
 To hide their orbs in dark restraint.  
 Spite of all thou fain wouldst say,  
 Still in truant beams they play. 20  
 Thy lips—but here my modest Muse  
 Her impulse chaste must needs refuse:  
 She blushes, curt'sies, frowns,—in short  
 she  
 Dreads lest the subject should transport  
 me;  
 And flying off in search of reason, 25  
 Brings prudence back in proper season.  
 All I shall therefore say (what'er  
 I think, is neither here nor there)  
 Is, that such lips, of looks endearing,  
 Were form'd for better things than sneer-  
 ing: 30  
 Of soothing compliments divested,  
 Advice at least 's disinterested;  
 Such is my artless song to thee,  
 From all the flow of flattery free;  
 Counsel like mine is like a brother's, 35  
 My heart is given to some others;  
 That is to say, unskill'd to cozen,  
 It shares itself among a dozen.

Marion, adieu! oh, pr'ythee slight not  
 This warning, though it may delight not;

And, lest my precepts be displeasing 41  
 To those who think remonstrance teasing:  
 At once I'll tell thee our opinion  
 Concerning woman's soft dominion:  
 Howe'er we gaze with admiration 45  
 On eyes of blue or lips carnation,  
 Howe'er the flowing locks attract us,  
 Howe'er those beauties may distract us,  
 Still fickle, we are prone to rove,  
 These cannot fix our souls to love; 50  
 It is not too severe a stricture  
 To say they form a pretty picture;  
 But wouldst thou see the secret chain  
 Which binds us in your humble train,  
 To hail you queens of all creation, 55  
 Know, in a word, 'tis ANIMATION.

### TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED TO THE AUTHOR A LOCK  
 OF HAIR BRAIDED WITH HIS OWN, AND  
 APPOINTED A NIGHT IN DECEMBER TO  
 MEET HIM IN THE GARDEN

THESE locks, which fondly thus entwine,  
 In firmer chains our hearts confine,  
 Than all th' unmeaning protestations,  
 Which swell with nonsense love orations.  
 Our love is fix'd, I think we've proved it;  
 Nor time, nor place, nor art have moved it;  
 Then wherefore should we sigh and whine,  
 With groundless jealousy repine,  
 With silly whims and fancies frantic, 10  
 Merely to make our love romantic? 10  
 Why should you weep like Lydia Lan-  
 guish,  
 And fret with self-created anguish?  
 Or doom the lover you have chosen,  
 On winter nights to sigh half frozen;  
 In leafless shades to sue for pardon, 15  
 Only because the scene's a garden? 15  
 For gardens seem, by one consent,  
 Since Shakspeare set the precedent,  
 Since Juliet first declared her passion,  
 To form the place of assignation. 20  
 Oh! would some modern muse inspire,  
 And seat her by a sea-coal fire;  
 Or had the bard at Christmas written,  
 And laid the scene of love in Britain,  
 He surely, in commiseration, 25  
 Had changed the place of declaration.  
 In Italy I've no objection;  
 Warm nights are proper for reflection;  
 But here our climate is so rigid,  
 That love itself is rather frigid: 30  
 Think on our chilly situation,  
 And curb this rage for imitation;  
 Then let us meet, as oft we've done,  
 Beneath the influence of the sun;  
 Or, if at midnight I must meet you, 35  
 Within your mansion let me greet you:  
 There we can love for hours together,  
 Much better, in such snowy weather,  
 Than placed in all th' Arcadian groves  
 That ever witness'd rural loves; 40

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Then, if my passion fail to please,  
Next night I'll be content to freeze;  
No more I'll give a loose to laughter  
But curse my fate for ever after.

### OSCAR OF ALVA

#### A TALE

How sweetly shines through azure skies,  
The lamp of heaven on Lora's shore;  
Where Alva's hoary turrets rise,  
And hear the din of arms no more!

But often has yon rolling moon 5  
On Alva's casques of silver play'd;  
And view'd, at midnight's silent noon,  
Her chiefs in gleaming mail array'd:

And on the crimson'd rocks beneath,  
Which scowl o'er ocean's sullen flow,  
Pale in the scatter'd ranks of death, 11  
She saw the gasping warrior low;

While many an eye which ne'er again  
Could mark the rising orb of day,  
Turn'd feebly from the gory plain, 15  
Beheld in death her fading ray.

Once to those eyes the lamp of Love,  
They blest her dear propitious light;  
But now she glimmer'd from above,  
A sad, funereal torch of night. 20

Faded is Alva's noble race,  
And gray her towers are seen afar;  
No more her heroes urge the chase,  
Or roll the crimson tide of war.

But who was last of Alva's clan? 25  
Why grows the moss on Alva's stone?  
Her towers resound no steps of man,  
They echo to the gale alone.

And when that gale is fierce and high,  
A sound is heard in yonder hall; 30  
It rises hoarsely through the sky,  
And vibrates o'er the mould'ring wall.

Yes, when the eddying tempest sighs,  
It shakes the shield of Oscar brave;  
But there no more his banners rise, 35  
No more his plumes of sable wave.

Fair shone the sun on Oscar's birth,  
When Angus hail'd his eldest born;  
The vassals round their chieftain's hearth  
Crowd to applaud the happy morn. 40

They feast upon the mountain deer,  
The pibroch raised its piercing note;  
To gladden more their highland cheer,  
The strains in martial numbers float:

And they who heard the war-notes wild  
Hoped that one day the pibroch's strain  
Should play before the hero's child  
While he should lead the tartan train.

Another year is quickly past,  
And Angus hails another son; 50  
His natal day is like the last,  
Nor soon the jocund feast was done.

Taught by their sire to bend the bow,  
On Alva's dusky hills of wind, 54  
The boys in childhood chased the roe,  
And left their hounds in speed behind.

But ere their years of youth are o'er,  
They mingle in the ranks of war;  
They lightly wheel the bright claymore,  
And send the whistling arrow far. 60

Dark was the flow of Oscar's hair,  
Wildly it stream'd along the gale;  
But Allan's locks were bright and fair,  
And pensive seem'd his cheek, and pale.

But Oscar own'd a hero's soul, 65  
His dark eye shone through beams of  
truth;

Allan had early learn'd control,  
And smooth his words had been from  
youth.

Both, both were brave; the Saxon spear  
Was shiver'd oft beneath their steel; 70  
And Oscar's bosom scorn'd to fear,  
But Oscar's bosom knew to feel;

While Allan's soul belied his form,  
Unworthy with such charms to dwell:  
Keen as the lightning of the storm, 75  
On foes his deadly vengeance fell.

From high Southannon's distant tower  
Arrived a young and noble dame;  
With Kenneth's lands to form her dower,  
Glenalvon's blue-eyed daughter came;

And Oscar claim'd the beauteous bride,  
And Angus on his Oscar smiled: 82  
It soothed the father's feudal pride  
Thus to obtain Glenalvon's child.

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note! 85  
Hark to the swelling nuptial song!  
In joyous strains the voices float,  
And still the choral peal prolong.

See how the heroes' blood-red plumes  
Assembled wave in Alva's hall; 90  
Each youth his varied plaid assumes,  
Attending on their chieftain's call.

It is not war their aid demands,  
The pibroch plays the song of peace;  
To Oscar's nuptials throng the bands, 95  
Nor yet the sounds of pleasure cease.

But where is Oscar? sure 'tis late:  
Is this a bridegroom's ardent flame?  
While thronging guests and ladies wait,  
Nor Oscar nor his brother came. 100

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

At length young Allan join'd the bride;  
 'Why comes not Oscar?' Angus said:  
 'Is he not here?' the youth replied;  
 'With me he roved not o'er the glade:

'Perchance, forgetful of the day, 105  
 'Tis his to chase the bounding roe;  
 Or ocean's waves prolong his stay;  
 Yet Oscar's bark is seldom slow.'

'Oh, no!' the anguish'd sire rejoin'd,  
 'Nor chase, nor wave, my boy delay;  
 Would he to Mora seem unkind? 111  
 Would aught to her impede his way?

'Oh, search, ye chiefs! oh, search around!  
 Allan, with these through Alva fly;  
 Till Oscar, till my son is found, 115  
 Haste, haste, nor dare attempt reply.'

All is confusion—through the vale  
 The name of Oscar hoarsely rings,  
 It rises on the murmuring gale,  
 Till night expands her dusky wings;

It breaks the stillness of the night, 121  
 But echoes through her shades in vain;  
 It sounds through morning's misty light,  
 But Oscar comes not o'er the plain.

Three days, three sleepless nights, the  
 Chief 125  
 For Oscar search'd each mountain cave:  
 Then hope is lost; in boundless grief,  
 His locks in gray-torn ringlets wave.

'Oscar! my son!—thou God of heaven,  
 Restore the prop of sinking age! 130  
 Or if that hope no more is given,  
 Yield his assassin to my rage.

'Yes, on some desert rocky shore  
 My Oscar's whiten'd bones must lie;  
 Then grant, thou God! I ask no more,  
 With him his frantic sire may die! 136

'Yet he may live,—away, despair!  
 Be calm, my soul! he yet may live;  
 T' arraign my fate, my voice forbear!  
 O God! my impious prayer forgive.

'What, if he live for me no more, 141  
 I sink forgotten in the dust,  
 The hope of Alva's age is o'er:  
 Alas! can pangs like these be just?'

Thus did the hapless parent mourn, 145  
 Till Time, which soothes severest woe,  
 Had bade serenity return  
 And made the tear-drop cease to flow.

For still some latent hope survived 149  
 That Oscar might once more appear;  
 His hope now droop'd and now revived,  
 Till Time had told a tedious year.

Days roll'd along, the orb of light  
 Again had run his destined race;  
 No Oscar bless'd his father's sight, 155  
 And sorrow left a fainter trace.

For youthful Allan still remain'd,  
 And now his father's only joy:  
 And Mora's heart was quickly gain'd,  
 For beauty crown'd the fair-hair'd boy.

She thought that Oscar low was laid,  
 And Allan's face was wondrous fair;  
 If Oscar lived, some other maid  
 Had claim'd his faithless bosom's care.

And Angus said, if one year more 165  
 In fruitless hope was pass'd away,  
 His fondest scruples should be o'er,  
 And he would name their nuptial day.

Slow roll'd the moons, but blest at last  
 Arrived the dearly destined morn: 170  
 The year of anxious trembling past,  
 What smiles the lovers' cheeks adorn!

Hark to the pibroch's pleasing note!  
 Hark to the swelling nuptial song!  
 In joyous strains the voices float, 175  
 And still the choral peal prolong.

Again the clan, in festive crowd,  
 Throng through the gate of Alva's hall;  
 The sounds of mirth re-echo loud,  
 And all their former joy recall. 180

But who is he, whose darken'd brow  
 Grooms in the midst of general mirth?  
 Before his eyes' far fiercer glow  
 The blue flames curdle o'er the hearth.

Dark is the robe which wraps his form,  
 And tall his plume of gory red; 186  
 His voice is like the rising storm,  
 But light and trackless is his tread.

'Tis noon of night, the pledge goes round,  
 The bridegroom's health is deeply  
 quaff'd; 190  
 With shouts the vaulted roofs resound,  
 And all combine to hail the draught.

Sudden the stranger-chief arose,  
 And all the clamorous crowd are  
 hush'd; 194  
 And Angus' cheek with wonder glows,  
 And Mora's tender bosom blush'd.

'Old man!' he cried, 'this pledge is done;  
 Thou saw'st 'twas duly drank by me;  
 It hail'd the nuptials of thy son:  
 Now will I claim a pledge from thee.

'While all around is mirth and joy, 201  
 To bless thy Allan's happy lot,  
 Say, hadst thou ne'er another boy?  
 Say, why should Oscar be forgot?'

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

'Alas!' the hapless sire replied,  
The big tear starting as he spoke,  
'When Oscar left my hall, or died,  
This aged heart was almost broke.

'Thrice has the earth revolved her course  
Since Oscar's form has bless'd my  
sight;  
And Allan is my last resource,  
Since martial Oscar's death or flight.'

'Tis well,' replied the stranger stern,  
And fiercely flash'd his rolling eye;  
'Thy Oscar's fate I fain would learn;  
Perhaps the hero did not die.

'Perchance, if those whom most he  
loved  
Would call, thy Oscar might return;  
Perchance the chief has only roved;  
For him thy beltane yet may burn.

'Fill high the bowl the table round,  
We will not claim the pledge by stealth;  
With wine let every cup be crown'd;  
Pledge me departed Oscar's health.'

'With all my soul,' old Angus said,  
And fill'd his goblet to the brim:  
'Here's to my boy! alive or dead,  
I ne'er shall find a son like him.'

'Bravely, old man, this health has sped;  
But why does Allan trembling stand?  
Come, drink remembrance of the dead,  
And raise thy cup with firmer hand.'

The crimson glow of Allan's face  
Was turn'd at once to ghastly hue;  
The drops of death each other chase  
Adown in agonizing dew.

Thrice did he raise the goblet high,  
And thrice his lips refused to taste;  
For thrice he caught the stranger's eye  
On his with deadly fury placed.

'And is it thus a brother hails  
A brother's fond remembrance here?  
If thus affection's strength prevails,  
What might we not expect from fear?'

Roused by the sneer, he raised the bowl,  
'Would Oscar now could share our  
mirth!'  
Internal fear appall'd his soul;  
He said, and dash'd the cup to earth.

'Tis he! I hear my murderer's voice!  
Loud shrieks a darkly gleaming form.  
'A murderer's voice!' the roof replies,  
And deeply swells the bursting storm.

The tapers wink, the chieftains shrink,  
The stranger's gone,—amidst the crew,  
A form was seen in tartan green,  
And tall the shade terrific grew.

His waist was bound with a broad belt  
round,  
His plume of sable stream'd on high;  
But his breast was bare, with the red  
wounds there,  
And fix'd was the glare of his glassy eye.

And thrice he smiled, with his eye so wild,  
On Angus bending low the knee;  
And thrice he frown'd on a chief on the  
ground,  
Whom shivering crowds with horror see.

The bolts loud roll from pole to pole,  
The thunders through the welkin ring,  
And the gleaming form, through the mist  
of the storm,  
Was borne on high by the whirlwind's  
wing.

Cold was the feast, the revel ceased.  
Who lies upon the stony floor?  
Oblivion press'd old Angus' breast,  
At length his life-pulse throbs once  
more.

'Away, away! let the leech essay  
To pour the light on Allan's eyes.'  
His sand is done,—his race is run,—  
Oh! never more shall Allan rise!

But Oscar's breast is cold as clay,  
His locks are lifted by the gale;  
And Allan's barbed arrow lay  
With him in dark Glentanar's vale.

And whence the dreadful stranger came,  
Or who, no mortal might can tell;  
But no one doubts the form of flame,  
For Alva's sons knew Oscar well.

Ambition nerved young Allan's hand,  
Exulting demons wing'd his dart;  
While Envy waved her burning brand,  
And pour'd her venom round his heart.

Swift is the shaft from Allan's bow;  
Whose streaming life-blood stains his  
side?  
Dark Oscar's sable crest is low,  
The dart has drunk his vital tide.

And Mora's eye could Allan move,  
She bade his wounded pride rebel:  
Alas! that eyes which beam'd with love  
Should urge the soul to deeds of hell.

Lo! seest thou not a lonely tomb  
Which rises o'er a warrior dead?  
It glimmers through the twilight gloom;  
Oh! that is Allan's nuptial bed.

Far, distant far, the noble grave  
Which held his clan's great ashes stood;  
And o'er his corse no banners wave,  
For they were stain'd with kindred blood.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

What minstrel gray, what hoary bard,  
Shall Allan's deeds on harp-strings  
raise?

The song is glory's chief reward,  
But who can strike a murderer's praise?

Unstrung, untouch'd, the harp must  
stand,

No minstrel dare the theme awake;  
Guilt would benumb his palsied hand,  
His harp in shuddering chords would  
break.

No lyre of fame, no hallow'd verse,  
Shall sound his glories high in air:

A dying father's bitter curse, 315  
A brother's death-groan echoes there.

### THE EPISODE OF NISUS AND EURYALUS

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE *ÆNEID*, LIB. IX

NISUS, the guardian of the portal, stood,  
Eager to gild his arms with hostile blood;  
Well skill'd in fight the quivering lance  
to wield,

Or pour his arrows through th' embattled  
field:

From Ida torn, he left his sylvan cave, 5  
And sought a foreign home, a distant  
grave.

To watch the movements of the Daunian  
host,

With him Euryalus sustains the post;  
No lovelier mien adorn'd the ranks of  
Troy,

And beardless bloom yet graced the gal-  
lant boy; 10

Though few the seasons of his youthful  
life,

As yet a novice in the martial strife,  
'Twas his, with beauty, valour's gifts to  
share—

A soul heroic, as his form was fair:  
These burn with one pure flame of gen-  
erous love; 15

In peace, in war, united still they move;  
Friendship and glory form their joint  
reward;

And now combined they hold their  
nightly guard.

'What god,' exclaim'd the first,  
'instils this fire?

Or, in itself a god, what great desire? 20  
My labouring soul, with anxious thought  
oppress'd,

Abhors this station of inglorious rest;  
The love of fame with this can ill accord,  
Be't mine to seek for glory with my sword.  
Seest thou yon camp, with torches twink-  
ling dim, 25

Where drunken slumbers wrap each lazy  
limb?

Where confidence and ease the watch dis-  
dain,

And drowsy Silence holds her sable reign?  
Then hear my thought:—In deep and  
sullen grief

Our troops and leaders mourn their  
absent chief: 30

Now could the gifts and promised prize  
be thine

(The deed, the danger, and the fame be  
mine),

Were this decreed, beneath yon rising  
mound,

Methinks, an easy path perchance were  
found;

Which past, I speed my way to Pallas'  
walls, 35

And lead Æneas from Evander's halls.'

With equal ardour fired, and warlike joy,  
His glowing friend address'd the Dardan  
boy:—

'These deeds, my Nisus, shalt thou dare  
alone?

Must all the fame, the peril, be thine  
own? 40

Am I by thee despised, and left afar,  
As one unfit to share the toils of war?

Not thus his son the great Opheltes  
taught;

Not thus my sire in Argive combats  
fought;

Not thus, when Ilion fell by heavenly hate,  
I track'd Æneas through the walks of  
fate: 46

Thou know'st my deeds, my breast devoid  
of fear,

And hostile life-drops dim my gory spear.  
Here is a soul with hope immortal burns,

And life, ignoble life, for *glory* spurns.  
Fame, fame is cheaply earn'd by fleeting  
breath: 51

The price of honour is the sleep of  
death.'

Then Nisus:—'Calm thy bosom's  
fond alarms:

Thy heart beats fiercely to the din of arms.  
More dear thy worth and valour than my  
own, 55

I swear by him who fills Olympus' throne!  
So may I triumph, as I speak the truth,

And clasp again the comrade of my youth!  
But should I fall,—and he who dares  
advance 60

Through hostile legions must abide by  
chance,—

If some Rutulian arm, with adverse blow,  
Should lay the friend, who ever loved thee,  
low,

Live thou, such beauties I would fain pre-  
serve,

Thy budding years a lengthen'd term  
deserve.



## HOURS OF IDLENESS

When humbled in the dust, let some one  
 be, <sup>65</sup>  
 Whose gentle eyes will shed one tear for  
 me;  
 Whose manly arm may snatch me back  
 by force,  
 Or wealth redeem from foes my captive corse;  
 Or, if my destiny these last deny,  
 If in the spoiler's power my ashes lie, <sup>70</sup>  
 Thy pious care may raise a simple tomb,  
 To mark thy love, and signalize my doom.  
 Why should thy doting wretched mother  
 weep  
 Her only boy, reclined in endless sleep?  
 Who, for thy sake, the tempest's fury  
 dared, <sup>75</sup>  
 Who, for thy sake, war's deadly peril shared;  
 Who braved what woman never braved  
 before,  
 And left her native for the Latian shore.'

'In vain you damp the ardour of my  
 soul,'  
 Replied Euryalus; 'it scorns control! <sup>80</sup>  
 Hence, let us haste!'—their brother  
 guards arose,  
 Roused by their call, nor court again  
 repose;  
 The pair, buoy'd up on Hope's exulting  
 wing,  
 Their stations leave, and speed to seek the  
 king.

Now o'er the earth a solemn stillness ran,  
 And lull'd alike the cares of brute and  
 man; <sup>86</sup>  
 Save where the Dardan leaders nightly  
 hold  
 Alternate converse, and their plans un-  
 fold.  
 On one great point the council are agreed,  
 An instant message to their prince de-  
 creed; <sup>90</sup>  
 Each lean'd upon the lance he well could  
 wield,  
 And poised with easy arm his ancient  
 shield;  
 When Nisus and his friend their leave  
 request  
 To offer something to their high behest.  
 With anxious tremors, yet unawed by  
 fear, <sup>95</sup>  
 The faithful pair before the throne appear:  
 Iulus greets them; at his kind command,  
 The elder first address'd the hoary band.

'With patience' (thus Hyrtacides began)  
 'Attend, nor judge from youth our humble  
 plan. <sup>100</sup>  
 Where yonder beacons half expiring beam,  
 Our slumbering foes of future conquest  
 dream,  
 Nor heed that we a secret path have  
 traced,  
 Between the ocean and the portal placed;

Beneath the covert of the blackening  
 smoke, <sup>105</sup>  
 Whose shade securely our design will  
 cloak!  
 If you, ye chiefs, and fortune will allow,  
 We'll bend our course to yonder moun-  
 tain's brow,  
 Where Pallas' walls at distance meet the  
 sight,  
 Seen o'er the glade, when not obscured by  
 night: <sup>110</sup>  
 Then shall Æneas in his pride return,  
 When hostile matrons raise their off-  
 spring's urn;  
 And Latian spoils and purpled heaps of  
 dead  
 Shall mark the havoc of our hero's tread.  
 Such is our purpose, not unknown the  
 way; <sup>115</sup>  
 Where yonder torrent's devious waters  
 stray,  
 Oft have we seen, when hunting by the  
 stream,  
 The distant spires above the valleys  
 gleam.'

Mature in years, for sober wisdom  
 famed,  
 Moved by the speech, Alethes here ex-  
 claim'd,— <sup>120</sup>  
 'Ye parent gods! who rule the fate of  
 Troy,  
 Still dwells the Dardan spirit in the boy;  
 When minds like these in striplings thus ye  
 raise,  
 Yours is the godlike act, be yours the  
 praise;  
 In gallant youth, my fainting hopes  
 revive, <sup>125</sup>  
 And Ilion's wonted glories still survive.'  
 Then in his warm embrace the boys he  
 press'd,  
 And, quivering, strain'd them to his aged  
 breast;  
 With tears the burning cheek of each be-  
 dew'd,  
 And, sobbing, thus his first discourse re-  
 new'd: <sup>130</sup>  
 'What gift, my countrymen, what martial  
 prize,  
 Can we bestow, which you may not de-  
 spise?  
 Our deities the first best boon have  
 given—  
 Internal virtues are the gift of Heaven.  
 What poor rewards can bless your deeds  
 on earth, <sup>135</sup>  
 Doubtless await such young, exalted  
 worth.  
 Æneas and Ascanius shall combine  
 To yield applause far, far surpassing mine.'

Iulus then:—'By all the powers above!  
 By those Penates who my country love!

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

By hoary Vesta's sacred fane, I swear, <sup>141</sup>  
 My hopes are all in you, ye generous pair!  
 Restore my father to my grateful sight,  
 And all my sorrows yield to one delight.  
 Nisus! two silver goblets are thine own,  
 Saved from Arisba's stately domes o'er-  
 thrown! <sup>146</sup>

My sire secured them on that fatal day,  
 Nor left such bowls an Argive robber's  
 prey;

Two massy tripods, also, shall be thine;  
 Two talents polish'd from the glittering  
 mine; <sup>150</sup>

An ancient cup, which Tyrian Dido gave,  
 While yet our vessels press'd the Punic  
 wave;

But when the hostile chiefs at length bow  
 down,

When great Æneas wears Hesperia's  
 crown,

The casque, the buckler, and the fiery steed  
 Which Turnus guides with more than  
 mortal speed, <sup>156</sup>

Are thine; no envious lot shall then be  
 cast,

I pledge my word, irrevocably past:  
 Nay more, twelve slaves, and twice six  
 captive dames,

To soothe thy softer hours with amorous  
 flames, <sup>160</sup>

And all the realms which now the Latins  
 sway,

The labours of to-night shall well repay.  
 But thou, my generous youth, whose  
 tender years

Are near my own, whose worth my heart  
 reveres,

Henceforth affection, sweetly thus begun,  
 Shall join our bosoms and our souls in  
 one; <sup>166</sup>

Without thy aid, no glory shall be mine;  
 Without thy dear advice, no great design;

Alike through life esteem'd, thou godlike  
 boy,

In war my bulwark, and in peace my joy.'

To him Euryalus:—'No day shall  
 shame <sup>171</sup>

The rising glories which from this I claim.  
 Fortune may favour, or the skies may  
 frown,

But valour, spite of fate, obtains renown.  
 Yet, ere from hence our eager steps de-  
 part, <sup>175</sup>

One boon I beg, the nearest to my heart:  
 My mother, sprung from Priam's royal  
 line,

Like thine ennobled, hardly less divine,  
 Nor Troy nor king's 'cestes' realms re-  
 strain <sup>179</sup>

Her feeble age from dangers of the main:  
 Alone she cannot selfish fears above,  
 A bright example of maternal love.

Unknown the secret enterprise I brave,

Lest grief should bend my parent to the  
 grave;

From this alone no fond adieus I seek,  
 No fainting mother's lips have press'd my  
 cheek; <sup>186</sup>

By gloomy night and thy right hand I vow  
 Her parting tears would shake my pur-  
 pose now;

Do thou, my prince, her failing age sustain,  
 In thee her much-loved child may live  
 again; <sup>190</sup>

Her dying hours with pious conduct bless,  
 Assist her wants, relieve her fond distress:  
 So dear a hope must all my soul inflame,

To rise in glory, or to fall in fame.'

Struck with a filial care so deeply felt, <sup>195</sup>  
 In tears at once the Trojan warriors melt;  
 Faster than all, Iulus' eyes o'erflow!

Such love was his, and such had been his  
 woe.

'All thou hast ask'd, 'receive,' the prince  
 replied;

'Nor this alone, but many a gift beside.  
 To cheer thy mother's years shall be my  
 aim, <sup>201</sup>

Creusa's style but wanting to the dame.  
 Fortune an adverse wayward course may  
 run,

But bless'd thy mother in so dear a son.  
 Now, by my life!—my sire's most sacred  
 oath— <sup>205</sup>

To thee I pledge my full, my firmest troth,  
 All the rewards which once to thee were  
 vow'd,

If thou shouldst fall, on her shall be be-  
 stow'd.'

Thus spoke the weeping prince, then forth  
 to view

A gleaming falchion from the sheath he  
 drew; <sup>210</sup>

Lycaon's utmost skill had graced the steel,  
 For friends to envy and for foes to feel:

A tawny hide, the Moorish lion's spoil,  
 Slain 'midst the forest, in the hunter's toil,

Mnestheus to guard the elder youth be-  
 stows, <sup>215</sup>

And old Ælethes' casque defends his  
 brows.

Arm'd, thence they go, while all th' as-  
 sembled train,

To aid their cause, implore the gods in vain.  
 More than a boy, in wisdom and in grace,

Iulus holds amidst the chiefs his place:  
 His prayer he sends; but what can prayers  
 avail, <sup>221</sup>

Lost in the murmurs of the sighing gale?

The trench is pass'd, and, favour'd by  
 the night,

Through sleeping foes they wheel their  
 wary flight.

When shall the sleep of many a foe be o'er?  
 Alas! some slumber who shall wake no  
 more! <sup>226</sup>

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Chariots and bridles, mix'd with arms, are  
seen;

And flowing flasks, and scatter'd troops  
between:

Bacchus and Mars to rule the camp com-  
bine;

A mingled chaos this of war and wine.

'Now,' cries the first, 'for deeds of blood  
prepare,

With me the conquest and the labour share:  
Here lies our path; lest any hand arise,  
Watch thou, while many a dreaming  
chieftain dies:

I'll carve our passage through the heed-  
less foe,

And clear thy road with many a deadly  
blow.'

His whispering accents then the youth re-  
press'd,

And pierced proud Rhamnes through his  
panting breast:

Stretch'd at his ease, th' incautious king  
reposed;

Debauch, and not fatigue, his eyes had  
closed:

To Turnus dear, a prophet and a prince,  
His omens more than augur's skill evince;  
But he, who thus foretold the fate of all,  
Could not avert his own untimely fall.

Next Remus' armour-bearer, hapless, fell,  
And three unhappy slaves the carnage  
swell;

The charioteer along his courser's sides  
Expires, the steel his sever'd neck divides;  
And, last, his lord is number'd with the  
dead:

Bounding convulsive, flies the gasping  
head;

From the swoll'n veins the blackening tor-  
rents pour;

Stain'd is the couch and earth with clot-  
ting gore.

Young Lamyus and Lamus next expire,  
And gay Serranus, fill'd with youthful fire;  
Half the long night in childish games was  
pass'd;

Lull'd by the potent grape, he slept at last:  
Ah! happier far had he the morn survey'd,  
And till Aurora's dawn his skill display'd.

In slaughter'd fold, the keepers lost in  
sleep,

His hungry fangs a lion thus may steep;  
'Mid the sad flock, at dead of night he  
prowls,

With murder glutted, and in carnage  
rolls:

Insatiate still, through teeming herds he  
roams;

In seas of gore the lordly tyrant foams.

Nor less the other's deadly vengeance  
came,

But falls on feeble crowds without a name;

His wound unconscious Fadus scarce can  
feel,

Yet wakeful Rhæsus sees the threatening  
steel;

His coward breast behind a jar he hides,  
And vainly in the weak defence confides;  
Full in his heart, the falchion search'd his  
veins,

The reeking weapon bears alternate stains;  
Through wine and blood, commingling as  
they flow,

One feeble spirit seeks the shades below.  
Now where Messapus dwelt they bend  
their way,

Whose fires emit a faint and trembling  
ray;

There, unconfined, behold each grazing  
steed,

Unwatch'd, unheeded, on the herbage  
feed:

Brave Nisus here arrests his comrade's  
arm,

Too flush'd with carnage, and with  
conquest warm:

'Hence let us haste, the dangerous path  
is pass'd;

Full foes enough to-night have breathed  
their last:

Soon will the day those eastern clouds  
adorn;

Now let us speed, nor tempt the rising  
morn.'

What silver arms, with various art em-  
boss'd,

What bowls and mantles in confusion  
toss'd,

They leave regardless! yet one glittering  
prize

Attracts the younger hero's wandering  
eyes;

The gilded harness Rhamnes' coursers  
felt,

The gems which stud the monarch's  
golden belt:

This from the pallid corse was quickly  
torn,

Once by a line of former chieftains worn.  
Th' exulting boy the studded girdle wears,

Messapus' helm his head in triumph  
bears;

Then from the tents their cautious steps  
they bend,

To seek the vale where safer paths extend.

Just at this hour, a band of Latian  
horse

To Turnus' camp pursue their destined  
course:

While the slow foot their tardy march de-  
lay,

The knights, impatient, spur along the  
way:

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Three hundred mail-clad men, by Volscens  
 led,  
 To Turnus with their master's promise  
 sped:  
 Now they approach the trench, and view  
 the walls,  
 When, on the left, a light reflection falls;  
 The plunder'd helmet, through the  
 waning night, 305  
 Sheds forth a silver radiance, glancing  
 bright.  
 Volscens with question loud the pair  
 alarms:—  
 'Stand, stragglers! stand! why early thus  
 in arms?  
 From whence! to whom?'—He meets  
 with no reply;  
 Trusting the covert of the night, they fly:  
 The thickest depth with hurried pace  
 they tread, 311  
 While round the wood the hostile squad-  
 ron spread.

With brakes entangled, scarce a path  
 between,  
 Dreary and dark appears the sylvan  
 scene:  
 Euryalus his heavy spoils impede, 315  
 The boughs and winding turns his steps  
 mislead;  
 But Nisus scours along the forest's maze  
 In what Latinus' steeds in safety graze,  
 Then backward o'er the plain his eyes  
 extend, 319  
 On every side they seek his absent friend.  
 'O God! my boy,' he cries, 'of me bereft,  
 In what impending perils art thou left!'  
 Listening he runs—above the waving trees,  
 Tumultuous voices swell the passing  
 breeze;  
 The war-cry rises, thundering hoofs  
 around 325  
 Wake the dark echoes of the trembling  
 ground.  
 Again he turns, of footsteps hears the  
 noise;  
 The sound elates, the sight his hope de-  
 stroys:  
 The hapless boy a ruffian train surround,  
 While lengthening shades his weary way  
 confound; 330  
 Him with loud shouts the furious knights  
 pursue,  
 Struggling in vain, a captive to the crew.  
 What can his friend 'gainst thronging  
 numbers dare?  
 Ah! must he rush his comrade's fate to  
 share?  
 What force, what aid, what stratagem  
 essay, 335  
 Back to redeem the Latian spoiler's prey?  
 His life a votive ransom nobly give,  
 Or die with him for whom he wish'd to  
 live?

Poising with strength his lifted lance on  
 high,  
 On Luna's orb he cast his frenzied eye:—  
 'Goddess serene, transcending every star!  
 Queen of the sky, whose beams are seen  
 afar! 342  
 By night heaven owns thy sway, by day  
 the grove,  
 When, as chaste Dian, here thou deign'st  
 to rove;  
 If e'er myself, or sire, have sought to  
 grace 345  
 Thine altars with the produce of the chase,  
 Speed, speed my dart to pierce yon vaunt-  
 ing crowd,  
 To free my friend, and scatter far the  
 proud,'  
 Thus having said, the hissing dart he  
 flung;  
 Through parted shades the hurtling  
 weapon sung; 350  
 The thirsty point in Sulmo's entrails lay,  
 Transfix'd his heart, and stretch'd him on  
 the clay:  
 He sobs, he dies,—the troop in wild  
 amaze,  
 Unconscious whence the death, with  
 horror gaze.  
 While pale they stare, through Tagus'  
 temples riven, 355  
 A second shaft with equal force is driven:  
 Fierce Volscens rolls around his lowering  
 eyes;  
 Veil'd by the night, secure the Trojan  
 lies.  
 Burning with wrath, he view'd his soldiers  
 fall.  
 'Thou youth accurst, thy life shall pay for  
 all! 360  
 Quick from the sheath his flaming glaive  
 he drew,  
 And, raging, on the boy defenceless flew.  
 Nisus no more the blackening shade con-  
 ceals,  
 Forth, forth he starts, and all his love  
 reveals;  
 Aghast, confused, his fears to madness  
 rise, 365  
 And pour these accents, shrieking as he  
 flies:  
 'Me, me,—your vengeance hurl on me  
 alone;  
 Here sheathe the steel, my blood is all  
 your own,  
 Ye starry spheres! thou conscious Heaven!  
 attest!  
 He could not—durst not—lo! the guile  
 confest! 370  
 All, all was mine,—his early fate suspend;  
 He only loved too well his hapless friend:  
 Spare, spare, ye chiefs! from him your  
 rage remove;  
 His fault was friendship, all his crime was  
 love.'

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

He pray'd in vain; the dark assassin's  
 sword <sup>375</sup>  
 Pierced the fair side, the snowy bosom  
 gored;  
 Lowly to earth inclines his plume-clad  
 crest,  
 And sanguine torrents mantle o'er his  
 breast:  
 As some young rose, whose blossom  
 scents the air,  
 Languid in death, expires beneath the  
 share; <sup>380</sup>  
 Or crimson poppy, sinking with the shower,  
 Declining gently, falls a fading flower;  
 Thus, sweetly drooping, bends his lovely  
 head,  
 And lingering beauty hovers round the  
 dead.

But fiery Nisus stems the battle's tide,  
 Revenge his leader, and despair his guide;  
 Volscens he seeks amidst the gathering  
 host, <sup>387</sup>  
 Volscens must soon appease his comrade's  
 ghost;  
 Steel, flashing, pours on steel, foe crowds  
 on foe;  
 Rage nerves his arm, fate gleams in every  
 blow; <sup>390</sup>  
 In vain beneath unnumber'd wounds he  
 bleeds,  
 Nor wounds, nor death, distracted Nisus  
 heeds;  
 In viewless circles wheel'd, his falchion flies,  
 Nor quits the hero's grasp till Volscens  
 dies;  
 Deep in his throat its end the weapon found,  
 The tyrant's soul fled groaning through  
 the wound. <sup>396</sup>  
 Thus Nisus all his fond affection proved—  
 Dying, revenged the fate of him he loved;  
 Then on his bosom sought his wonted  
 place,  
 And death was heavenly in his friend's  
 embrace! <sup>400</sup>

Celestial pair! if aught my verse can  
 claim,  
 Wafted on Time's broad pinion, yours is  
 fame!  
 Ages on ages shall your fate admire,  
 No future day shall see your names  
 expire,  
 While stands the Capitol, immortal dome!  
 And vanquish'd millions hail their em-  
 press, Rome! <sup>406</sup>

## TRANSLATION FROM THE MEDEA OF EURIPIDES

[*Ἐρωτες ὁμιλῶ μὲν ἄνθρωποι, κ. τ. λ.*]

WHEN fierce conflicting passions urge  
 The breast where love is wont to glow,  
 What mind can stem the stormy surge  
 Which rolls the tide of human woe?

The hope of praise, the dread of shame,  
 Can rouse the tortured breast no more;  
 The wild desire, the guilty flame,  
 Absorbs each wish it felt before.

But if affection gently thrills  
 The soul by purer dreams possess'd, <sup>10</sup>  
 The pleasing balm of mortal ills  
 In love can soothe the aching breast:  
 If thus thou comest in disguise,  
 Fair Venus! from thy native heaven,  
 What heart unfeeling would despise <sup>15</sup>  
 The sweetest boon the gods have given?

But never from thy golden bow  
 May I beneath the shaft expire!  
 Whose creeping venom, sure and slow,  
 Awakes an all-consuming fire: <sup>20</sup>  
 Ye racking doubts! ye jealous fears!  
 With others wage internal war;  
 Repentance, source of future tears,  
 From me be ever distant far!

May no distracting thoughts destroy <sup>25</sup>  
 The holy calm of sacred love!  
 May all the hours be wing'd with joy,  
 Which hover faithful hearts above!  
 Fair Venus! on thy myrtle shrine  
 May I with some fond lover sigh, <sup>30</sup>  
 Whose heart may mingle pure with mine—  
 With me to live, with me to die!

My native soil! beloved before,  
 Now dearer as my peaceful home,  
 Ne'er may I quit thy rocky shore, <sup>35</sup>  
 A hapless banish'd wretch to roam!  
 This very day, this very hour,  
 May I resign this fleeting breath!  
 Nor quit my silent humble bower; <sup>39</sup>  
 A doom to me far worse than death.

Have I not heard the exile's sigh,  
 And seen the exile's silent tear,  
 Through distant climes condemn'd to fly,  
 A pensive weary wanderer here?  
 Ah! hapless dame! no sire bewails, <sup>45</sup>  
 No friend thy wretched fate deplores,  
 No kindred voice with rapture hails  
 Thy steps within a stranger's doors.

Perish the fiend whose iron heart,  
 To fair affection's truth unknown, <sup>50</sup>  
 Bids her he fondly loved depart,  
 Unpitied, helpless, and alone;  
 Who ne'er unlocks with silver key  
 The milder treasures of his soul,—  
 May such a friend be far from me, <sup>55</sup>  
 And ocean's storms between us roll!

## THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY A COLLEGE EXAMINATION

HIGH in the midst, surrounded by his  
 peers,  
 MAGNUS his ample front sublime up-  
 rears:

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Placed on his chair of state, he seems a god,  
While Sophs and Freshmen tremble at  
his nod.

As all around sit wrapt in speechless gloom,  
His voice in thunder shakes the sounding  
dome;

Denouncing dire reproach to luckless  
fools,

Unskill'd to plod in mathematic rules.

Happy the youth in Euclid's axioms  
tried,

Though little versed in any art beside; 10  
Who, scarcely skill'd an English line to  
pen,

Scans Attic metres with a critic's ken.

What, though he knows not how his  
fathers bled,

When civil discord piled the fields with  
dead,

When Edward bade his conquering bands  
advance, 15

Or Henry trampled on the crest of France,  
Though marvelling at the name of  
Magna Charta,

Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;  
Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,

While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected  
laid; 20

Of Grecian dramas vaunts the deathless  
fame,

Of Avon's bard remembering scarce the  
name.

Such is the youth whose scientific pate  
Class-honours, medals, fellowships, await;  
Or even, perhaps, the declamation prize,  
If to such glorious height he lifts his  
eyes. 26

But lo! no common orator can hope  
The envied silver cup within his scope.

Not that our heads much eloquence  
require,

Th' ATHENIAN's glowing style, or Tully's  
fire. 30

A manner clear or warm is useless, since  
We do not try by speaking to convince.

Be other orators of pleasing proud,—  
We speak to please ourselves, not move  
the crowd:

Our gravity prefers the muttering tone,  
A proper mixture of the squeak and  
groan; 36

No borrow'd grace of action must be seen;  
The slightest motion would displease the  
Dean;

Whilst every staring graduate would  
prate

Against what he could never imitate. 40

The man who hopes t' obtain the pro-  
mised cup

Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look  
up;

Nor stop, but rattle over every word—  
No matter what, so it can *not* be heard.

Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest:  
Who speaks the fastest 's sure to speak the  
best; 46

Who utters most within the shortest space  
May safely hope to win the wordy race.

The sons of science these, who, thus  
repaid,

Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;  
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they  
lie, 51

Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept-for  
die:

Dull as the pictures which adorn their  
halls,

They think all learning fix'd within their  
walls:

In manners rude, in foolish forms pre-  
cise, 55

All modern arts affecting to despise;  
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Por-  
son's note,

More than the verse on which the critic  
wrote:

Vain as their honours, heavy as their  
ale,

Sad as their wit, and tedious as their  
tale; 60

To friendship dead, though not untaught  
to feel

When Self and Church demand a bigot  
zeal.

With eager haste they court the lord of  
power,

Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour;  
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend  
the head, 65

While distant mitres to their eyes are  
spread.

But should a storm o'erwhelm him with  
disgrace,

They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his  
place.

Such are the men who learning's treasures  
guard!

Such is their practice, such is their reward!  
This much, at least, we may presume to  
say— 71

The premium can't exceed the price they  
pay.

1806.

## TO A BEAUTIFUL QUAKER

SWEET girl! though only once we met,  
That meeting I shall ne'er forget;

And though we ne'er may meet again,  
Remembrance will thy form retain.

I would not say, 'I love,' but still 5  
My senses struggle with my will:

In vain, to drive thee from my breast,  
My thoughts are more and more repress;

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

In vain I check the rising sighs,  
Another to the last replies:  
Perhaps this is not love, but yet  
Our meeting I can ne'er forget.

What though we never silence broke,  
Our eyes a sweeter language spoke;  
The tongue in flattering falsehood deals,  
And tells a tale it never feels:  
Deceit the guilty lips impart,  
And hush the mandates of the heart;  
But soul's interpreters, the eyes,  
Spurn such restraint, and scorn disguise.  
As thus our glances oft conversed,  
And all our bosoms felt rehearsed,  
'No spirit, from within, reproved us,  
Say rather, 'twas the spirit moved us.'  
Though what they utter'd I repress,  
Yet I conceive thou'lt partly guess;  
For as on thee my memory ponders,  
Perchance to me thine also wanders.  
This for myself, at least, I'll say,  
Thy form appears through night, through  
day;  
Awake, with it my fancy teems;  
In sleep, it smiles in fleeting dreams;  
The vision charms the hours away,  
And bids me curse Aurora's ray  
For breaking slumbers of delight  
Which make me wish for endless night.  
Since, oh! whate'er my future fate,  
Shall joy or woe my steps await,  
Tempted by love, by storms beset,  
Thine image I can ne'er forget.

Alas! again no more we meet,  
No more our former looks repeat;  
Then let me breathe this parting prayer,  
The dictate of my bosom's care:  
'May Heaven so guard my lovely quaker,  
That anguish never can o'ertake her;  
That peace and virtue ne'er forsake her,  
But bliss be aye her heart's partaker!  
Oh! may the happy mortal, fated  
To be, by dearest ties, related,  
For her each hour new joys discover,  
And lose the husband in the lover!  
May that fair bosom never know  
What 'tis to feel the restless woe  
Which stings the soul, with vain regret,  
Of him who never can forget!'

## THE CORNELIAN

No specious splendour of this stone  
Endears it to my memory ever;  
With lustre only once it shone,  
And blushes modest as the giver.  
Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,  
Have, for my weakness, oft reproved  
me;  
Yet still the simple gift I prize,  
For I am sure the giver loved me.

He offer'd it with downcast look,  
As fearful that I might refuse it;  
I told him, when the gift I took,  
My only fear should be to lose it.

This pledge attentively I view'd,  
And sparkling as I held it near,  
Methought one drop the stone bedew'd,  
And ever since I've loved a tear.

Still, to adorn his humble youth,  
Nor wealth nor birth their treasures  
yield;  
But he who seeks the flowers of truth  
Must quit the garden for the field.

'Tis not the plant uprear'd in sloth,  
Which beauty shows, and sheds per-  
fume;  
The flowers which yield the most of both  
In Nature's wild luxuriance bloom.

Had Fortune aided Nature's care,  
For once forgetting to be blind,  
His would have been an ample share,  
If well proportion'd to his mind.

But had the goddess clearly seen,  
His form had fix'd her fickle breast;  
Her countless hoards would his have been,  
And none remain'd to give the rest.

## AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE

DELIVERED PREVIOUS TO THE PERFOR-  
MANCE OF 'THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE' AT  
A PRIVATE THEATRE

SINCE the refinement of this polish'd age  
Has swept immortal raillery from the stage;  
Since taste has now expunged licentious  
wit,

Which stamp'd disgrace on all an author  
writ;

Since now to please with purer scenes we  
seek,

Nor dare to call the blush from Beauty's  
cheek;

Oh! let the modest Muse some pity claim,  
And meet indulgence, though she find not  
fame.

Still, not for her alone we wish respect,  
Others appear more conscious of defect;  
To-night no veteran Roscioli you behold,  
In all the arts of scenic action old;

No Cooke, no Kemble, can salute you  
here,

No Siddons draw the sympathetic tear;  
To-night you throng to witness the *début*

Of embryo actors, to the Drama new:  
Here, then, our almost unfledged wings we  
try;

Clip not our pinions ere the birds can fly:  
Failing in this our first attempt to soar,  
Drooping, alas! we fall to rise no more.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Not one poor trembler only fear betrays  
 Who hopes, yet almost dreads, to meet  
 your praise,  
 But all our dramatis personæ wait  
 In fond suspense this crisis of their fate.  
 No venal views our progress can retard, 25  
 Your generous plaudits are our sole reward.  
 For these, each Hero all his power displays,  
 Each timid Heroine shrinks before your gaze.  
 Surely the last will some protection find;  
 None to the softer sex can prove unkind:  
 While Youth and Beauty form the female shield, 31  
 The sternest censor to the fair must yield.  
 Yet, should our feeble efforts nought avail,  
 Should, after all, our best endeavours fail,  
 Still let some mercy in your bosoms live,  
 And, if you can't applaud, at least forgive.

### ON THE DEATH OF MR. FOX

THE FOLLOWING ILLIBERAL IMPROMPTU  
 APPEARED IN A MORNING PAPER

'OUR nation's foes lament on Fox's death,  
 But bless the hour when PITT resign'd his breath:  
 These feelings wide, let sense and truth  
 unclue,  
 We give the palm where Justice points its  
 due.'

TO WHICH THE AUTHOR OF THESE PIECES  
 SENT THE FOLLOWING REPLY

OH factious viper! whose envenom'd  
 tooth  
 Would mangle still the dead, perverting  
 truth;  
 What though our 'nation's foes' lament  
 the fate,  
 With generous feeling, of the good and great,  
 Shall dastard tongues essay to blast the  
 name 5  
 Of him whose meed exists in endless fame?  
 When PITT expired in plenitude of power,  
 Though ill success obscured his dying hour,  
 Pity her dewy wings before him spread,  
 For noble spirits 'war not with the dead.'  
 His friends, in tears, a last sad requiem  
 gave, 11  
 As all his errors slumber'd in the grave;  
 He sunk, an Atlas bending 'neath the  
 weight  
 Of cares o'erwhelming our conflicting  
 state:  
 When, lo! a Hercules in Fox appear'd, 15  
 Who for a time the ruin'd fabric rear'd:  
 He, too, is fall'n, who Britain's loss  
 supplied,  
 With him our fast reviving hopes have  
 died;  
 Not one great people only raise his urn,  
 All Europe's far-extended regions mourn.

'These feelings wide, let sense and truth  
 unclue, 21  
 To give the palm where Justice points its  
 due;'  
 Yet let not canker'd Calumny assail,  
 Or round our statesman wind her gloomy  
 veil.  
 Fox! o'er whose corse a mourning world  
 must weep, 25  
 Whose dear remains in honour'd marble  
 sleep;  
 For whom, at last, e'en hostile nations  
 groan,  
 While friends and foes alike his talents own;  
 Fox shall in Britain's future annals shine,  
 Nor e'en to PITT the patriot's palm resign;  
 Which Envy, wearing Candour's sacred  
 mask, 31  
 For PITT, and PITT alone, has dared to  
 ask.

### THE TEAR

'O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
 Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater  
 Felix! in imo qui scateniem  
 Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensis.'—GRAY.

WHEN Friendship or Love our sympathies  
 move,  
 When Truth in a glance should appear,  
 The lips may beguile with a dimple or  
 smile,  
 But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile but the hypocrite's wile,  
 To mask detestation or fear; 6  
 Give me the soft sigh, whilst the soul-  
 telling eye  
 Is dimm'd for a time with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow, to us mortals below,  
 Shows the soul from barbarity clear; 10  
 Compassion will melt where this virtue is  
 felt,  
 And its dew is diffused in a Tear.

The man doom'd to sail with the blast of  
 the gale,  
 Through billows Atlantic to steer,  
 As he bends o'er the wave which may  
 soon be his grave, 15  
 The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The soldier braves death for a fanciful  
 wreath  
 In Glory's romantic career;  
 But he raises the foe when in battle laid  
 low,  
 And bathes every wound with a Tear.

If with high-bounding pride he return to  
 his bride, 21  
 Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear,  
 All his toils are repaid when, embracing  
 the maid,  
 From her eyelid he kisses the Tear.



## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Sweet scene of my youth! seat of Friend-  
ship and Truth,<sup>25</sup>  
Where love chased each fast-fleeting  
year,  
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd, for a last  
look I turn'd,  
But thy spire was scarce seen through a  
Tear.

Though my vows I can pour to my Mary  
no more,  
My Mary to Love once so dear,<sup>30</sup>  
In the shade of her bower I remember the  
hour  
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possess, may she live ever blest!  
Her name still my heart must revere:  
With a sigh I resign what I once thought  
was mine,<sup>35</sup>  
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart, ere from you I de-  
part,  
This hope to my breast is most near:  
If again we shall meet in this rural retreat,  
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight to the  
regions of night,<sup>41</sup>  
And my corse shall recline on its bier,  
As ye pass by the tomb where my ashes  
consume,  
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow the splendour of  
woe<sup>45</sup>  
Which the children of vanity rear;  
No fiction of fame shall blazon my name.  
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear.

*October 26, 1806.*

## REPLY TO SOME VERSES OF J. M. B. PIGOT, ESQ., ON THE CRUELTY OF HIS MISTRESS

WHY, Pigot, complain of this damsel's dis-  
dain,  
Why thus in despair do you fret?  
For months you may try, yet, believe me,  
a sigh  
Will never obtain a coquette.

Would you teach her to love? for a time  
seem to rove;<sup>5</sup>  
At first she may frown in a pet;  
But leave her awhile, she shortly will  
smile,  
And then you may kiss your coquette.

For such are the airs of these fanciful  
fairs,  
They think all our homage a debt:<sup>10</sup>  
Yet a partial neglect soon takes an effect,  
And humbles the proudest coquette.

Dissemble your pain, and lengthen your  
chain,  
And seem her hauteur to regret;  
If again you shall sigh, she no more will  
deny,<sup>15</sup>  
That yours is the rosy coquette.

If still, from false pride, your pangs she  
deride,  
This whimsical virgin forget;  
Some other admire, who will melt with  
your fire,  
And laugh at the little coquette.<sup>20</sup>

For me, I adore some twenty or more,  
And love them most dearly; but yet,  
Though my heart they enthral, I'd aban-  
don them all,  
Did they act like your blooming  
coquette.

No longer repine, adopt this design,<sup>25</sup>  
And break through her slight-woven  
net;  
Away with despair, no longer forbear  
To fly from the captious coquette.

Then quit her, my friend! your bosom defend,  
Ere quite with her snares you're beset;  
Lest your deep-wounded heart, when in-  
censed by the smart,<sup>31</sup>  
Should lead you to curse the coquette.

*October 27, 1806.*

## TO THE SIGHING STREPHON

YOUR pardon, my friend, if my rhymes  
did offend;  
Your pardon, a thousand times o'er:  
From friendship I strove your pangs to  
remove,  
But, I swear, I will do so no more.

Since your beautiful maid your flame has  
repaid,<sup>5</sup>  
No more I your folly regret;  
She's now most divine, and I bow at the  
shrine  
Of this quickly reformed coquette.

Yet still, I must own, I should never have  
known  
From your verses what else she de-  
served;<sup>10</sup>  
Your pain seem'd so great, I pitied your  
fate,  
As your fair was so devilish reserved.

Since the balm-breathing kiss of this  
magical miss  
Can such wonderful transports produce;  
Since the 'world you forget, when your  
lips once have met,'<sup>15</sup>  
My counsel will get but abuse.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

### LACHIN Y GAIR

You say, when 'I rove, I know nothing  
of love;

'Tis true, I am given to range;  
If I rightly remember, I've loved a good  
number,

Yet there's pleasure, at least, in a change.

I will not advance, by the rules of ro-  
mance, <sup>21</sup>

To humour a whimsical fair;  
Though a smile may delight, yet a frown  
won't affright,

Or drive me to dreadful despair.

While my blood is thus warm I ne'er shall  
reform, <sup>25</sup>

To mix in the Platonists' school;  
Of this I am sure, was my passion so pure,  
Thy mistress would think me a fool.

And if I should shun every woman for one,  
Whose image must fill my whole  
breast— <sup>30</sup>

Whom I must prefer, and sigh but for  
her—

What an insult 'twould be to the rest!

Now, Strephon, good bye, I cannot deny  
Your passion appears most absurd;

Such love as you plead is pure love in-  
deed, <sup>35</sup>

For it only consists in the word.

### TO ELIZA

ELIZA, what fools are the Mussulman sect,  
Who to woman deny the soul's future  
existence!

Could they see thee, Eliza, they'd own  
their defect,

And this doctrine would meet with a  
general resistance.

Had their prophet possess'd half an atom  
of sense, <sup>5</sup>

He ne'er would have women from para-  
dise driven;

Instead of his houris, a flimsy pretence,  
With women alone he had peopled his  
heaven.

Yet still, to increase your calamities more,  
Not content with depriving your bodies  
of spirit, <sup>10</sup>

He allots one poor husband to share  
amongst four!—

With souls you'd dispense; but this  
last, who could bear it?

His religion to please neither party is  
made;

On husbands 'tis hard, to the wives  
most uncivil;

Still I can't contradict, what so oft has  
been said, <sup>15</sup>

'Though women are angels, yet wed-  
lock's the devil.'

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of  
roses!

In you let the minions of luxury rove;  
Restore me the rocks, where the snow-  
flake reposes,

Though still they are sacred to freedom  
and love:

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy moun-  
tains, <sup>5</sup>

Round their white summits though  
elements war;

Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-  
flowing fountains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy  
wander'd;

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was  
the plaid; <sup>10</sup>

On chieftains long perish'd my memory  
ponder'd,

As daily I strode through the pine-  
cover'd glade;

I sought not my home till the day's dying  
glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright  
polar star;

For fancy was cheer'd by traditional  
story, <sup>15</sup>

Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch  
na Garr.

'Shades of the dead! have I not heard  
your voices

Rise on the night-rolling breath of the  
gale?' <sup>20</sup>

Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,  
And rides on the wind, o'er his own  
Highland vale.

Round Loch na Garr while the stormy  
mist gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car:

Clouds there encircle the forms of my  
fathers;

They dwell in the tempests of dark  
Loch na Garr.

'Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions  
foreboding <sup>25</sup>

Tell you that fate had forsaken your  
cause?'

Ah! were you destined to die at Cullo-  
den,

Victory crown'd not your fall with ap-  
plause:

Still were you happy in death's earthly  
slumber,

You rest with your clan in the caves of  
Braemar; <sup>30</sup>

The pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud  
number,

Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch  
na Garr.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Years have roll'd on, Loch na Garr,  
 since I left you,  
 Years must elapse ere I tread you again :  
 Nature of verdure and flow'rs has bereft  
 you, 35  
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's  
 plain.  
 England! thy beauties are tame and  
 domestic  
 To one who has roved o'er the mountains  
 afar:  
 Oh for the crags that are wild and  
 majestic!  
 The steep frowning glories of dark  
 Loch na Garr. 40

## TO ROMANCE

PARENT of golden dreams, Romance!  
 Auspicious queen of childish joys,  
 Who lead'st along, in airy dance,  
 Thy votive train of girls and boys;  
 At length, in spells no longer bound, 5  
 I break the fetters of my youth;  
 No more I tread thy mystic round,  
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet 'tis hard to quit the dreams  
 Which haunt the unsuspicious soul, 10  
 Where every nymph a goddess seems,  
 Whose eyes through rays immortal roll;  
 While Fancy holds her boundless reign,  
 And all assume a varied hue;  
 When virgins seem no longer vain, 15  
 And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,  
 And from thy hall of clouds descend?  
 Nor find a sylph in every dame,  
 A Pylades in every friend? 20  
 But leave at once thy realms of air  
 To mingling bands of fairy elves;  
 Confess that woman's false as fair,  
 And friends have feeling for—their-  
 selves!

With shame I own I've felt thy sway; 25  
 Repentant, now thy reign is o'er;  
 No more thy precepts I obey,  
 No more on fancied pinions soar.  
 Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,  
 And think that eye to truth was dear;  
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh, 31  
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear!

Romance! disgusted with deceit,  
 Far from thy motley court I fly,  
 Where Affectation holds her seat,  
 And sickly Sensibility; 35  
 Whose silly tears can never flow  
 For any pangs excepting thine;  
 Who turns aside from real woe,  
 To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine. 40

Now join with sable Sympathy,  
 With cypress crown'd, array'd in weeds,  
 Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,  
 Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;  
 And call thy sylvan female choir, 45  
 To mourn a swain for ever gone,  
 Who once could glow with equal fire,  
 But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs, whose ready tears  
 On all occasions swiftly flow; 50  
 Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,  
 With fancied flames and phrensy glow;  
 Say, will you mourn my absent name,  
 Apostate from your gentle train?  
 An infant bard at least may claim 55  
 From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu, fond race! a long adieu!  
 The hour of fate is hovering nigh,  
 E'en now the gulf appears in view,  
 Where unlamented you must lie: 60  
 Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,  
 Convulsed by gales you cannot weather;  
 Where you, and eke your gentle queen,  
 Alas! must perish altogether.

## ANSWER TO SOME ELEGANT VERSES SENT BY A FRIEND TO THE AUTHOR, COMPLAINING THAT ONE OF HIS DESCRIP- TIONS WAS RATHER TOO WARMLY DRAWN

'But if any old lady, knight, priest, or physician,  
 Should condemn me for printing a second edi-  
 tion;  
 If good Madam Squintum my work should abuse,  
 May I venture to give her a smack of my muse?'  
*New Bath Guide.*

CANDOUR compels me, BECHER! to com-  
 mend  
 The verse which blends the censor with  
 the friend.  
 Your strong yet just reproof extorts ap-  
 plause  
 From me, the heedless and imprudent  
 cause.  
 For this wild error which pervades my  
 strain, 5  
 I sue for pardon,—must I sue in vain?  
 The wise sometimes from Wisdom's ways  
 depart:  
 Can youth then hush the dictates of the  
 heart?  
 Precepts of prudence curb, but can't  
 control,  
 The fierce emotions of the flowing soul. 10  
 When Love's delirium haunts the glowing  
 mind,  
 Limping Decorum lingers far behind:  
 Vainly the dotard mends her prudish pace,  
 Outstript and vanquish'd in the mental  
 chase.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

The young, the old, have worn the chains  
of love; <sup>15</sup>  
Let those they ne'er confined my lay re-  
prove:  
Let those whose souls condemn the pleas-  
ing power  
Their censures on the hapless victim  
shower.  
Oh! how I hate the nerveless, frigid song,  
The ceaseless echo of the rhyming throng,  
Whose labour'd lines in chilling numbers  
flow, <sup>21</sup>  
To paint a pang the author ne'er can  
know!  
The artless Helicon I boast is youth;—  
My lyre, the heart; my muse, the simple  
truth.  
Far be 't from me the 'virgin's mind' to  
'taint': <sup>25</sup>  
Seduction's dread is here no slight re-  
straint.  
The maid whose virgin breast is void of  
guile,  
Whose wishes dimple in a modest smile,  
Whose downcast eye disdains the wanton  
leer,  
Firm in her virtue's strength, yet not  
severe— <sup>30</sup>  
She whom a conscious grace shall thus  
refine  
Will ne'er be 'tainted' by a strain of  
mine.  
But for the nymph whose premature  
desires  
Torment her bosom with unholy fires,  
No net to snare her willing heart is  
spread; <sup>35</sup>  
She would have fallen, though she ne'er  
had read.  
For me, I fain would please the chosen  
few,  
Whose souls, to feeling and to nature true,  
Will spare the childish verse, and not de-  
stroy  
The light effusions of a heedless boy. <sup>40</sup>  
I seek not glory from the senseless crowd;  
Of fancied laurels I shall ne'er be proud;  
Their warmest plaudits I would scarcely  
prize,  
Their sneers or censures I alike despise.  
*November 26, 1806.*

### ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY

'It is the voice of years that are gone! they roll  
before me with all their deeds.'—OSSIAN.

NEWSTEAD! fast-falling, once-resplendent  
dome!  
Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY'S  
pride!  
Of warriors, monks, and dames the clois-  
ter'd tomb,  
Whose pensive shades around thy  
ruins glide,

Hail to thy pile! more honour'd in thy  
fall <sup>5</sup>  
Than modern mansions in their pillar'd  
state;  
Proudly majestic frowns thy vaulted hall,  
Scowling defiance on the blasts of fate.

No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord,  
In grim array the crimson cross de-  
mand; <sup>10</sup>  
Or gay assemble round the festive board  
Their chief's retainers, an immortal  
band:

Else might inspiring Fancy's magic eye  
Retrace their progress through the  
lapse of time,  
Marking each ardent youth, ordain'd to  
die, <sup>15</sup>  
A votive pilgrim in Judea's clime.

But not from thee, dark pile! departs the  
chief;  
His feudal realm in other regions lay:  
In thee the wounded conscience courts  
relief,  
Retiring from the garish blaze of day.

Yes! in thy gloomy cells and shades pro-  
found <sup>21</sup>  
The monk abjured a world he ne'er  
could view;  
Or blood-stain'd guilt repenting solace  
found,  
Or innocence from stern oppression flew.

A monarch bade thee from that wild  
arise, <sup>25</sup>  
Where Sherwood's outlaws once were  
wont to prowl;  
And Superstition's crimes, of various  
dyes,  
Sought shelter in the priest's protecting  
cowl.

Where now the grass exhales a murky  
dew,  
The humid pall of life-extinguish'd  
clay, <sup>30</sup>  
In sainted fame the sacred fathers grew,  
Nor raised their pious voices but to pray.

Where now the bats their wavering wings  
extend  
Soon as the gloaming spreads her  
waning shade,  
The choir did oft their mingling vespers  
blend, <sup>35</sup>  
Or matin orisons to Mary paid.

Years roll on years; to ages, ages yield;  
Abbots to abbots, in a line, succeed;  
Religion's charter their protecting shield,  
Till royal sacrilege their doom decreed.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

One holy HENRY rear'd the Gothic walls,  
And bade the pious inmates rest in  
peace; 42

Another HENRY the kind gift recalls,  
And bids devotion's hallow'd echoes  
cease.

Vain is each threat or supplicating prayer;  
He drives them exiles from their blest  
abode, 46

To roam a dreary world in deep despair—  
No friend, no home, no refuge, but  
their God.

Hark how the hall, resounding to the  
strain,  
Shakes with the martial music's novel  
din! 50

The heralds of a warrior's haughty reign,  
High crested banners wave thy walls  
within.

Of changing sentinels the distant hum,  
The mirth of feasts, the clang of  
burnish'd arms,  
The braying trumpet and the hoarser  
drum, 55  
Unite in concert with increased alarms.

An abbey once, a regal fortress now,  
Encircled by insulting rebel powers,  
War's dread machines o'erhang thy  
threat'ning brow,  
And dart destruction in sulphureous  
showers. 60

Ah vain defence! the hostile traitor's siege,  
Though oft repulsed, by guile o'er-  
comes the brave;  
His thronging foes oppress the faithful  
liege,  
Rebellion's reeking standards o'er him  
wave. 64

Not unavenged the raging baron yields;  
The blood of traitors smears the purple  
plain;  
Unconquer'd still, his falchion there he  
wields,  
And days of glory yet for him remain.

Still in that hour the warrior wish'd to  
strew  
Self-gather'd laurels on a self-sought  
grave; 70  
But Charles' protecting genius hither flew,  
The monarch's friend, the monarch's  
hope, to save.

Trembling, she snatch'd him from th'  
unequal strife,  
In other fields the torrent to repel;  
For nobler combats, here, reserved his life,  
To lead the band where godlike FALK-  
LAND fell. 76

From thee, poor pile! to lawless plunder  
given,

While dying groans their painful re-  
quiem sound,  
Far different incense now ascends to  
heaven,  
Such victims wallow on the gory  
ground. 80

There many a pale and ruthless robber's  
corse,  
Noisome and ghastr, defiles thy sacred  
sod;  
O'er mingling man, and horse commix'd  
with horse,  
Corruption's heap, the savage spoilers  
trod.

Graves, long with rank and sighing weeds  
o'erspread, 85  
Ransack'd, resign perforce their mortal  
mould:  
From ruffian fangs escape not e'en the  
dead,  
Raked from repose in search of buried  
gold.

Hush'd is the harp, unstrung the warlike  
lyre,  
The minstrel's palsied hand reclines in  
death; 90  
No more he strikes the quivering chords  
with fire,  
Or sings the glories of the martial  
wreath.

At length the sated murderers, gorged  
with prey,  
Retire: the clamour of the fight is o'er;  
Silence again resumes her awful sway, 95  
And sable Horror guards the massy  
door.

Here Desolation holds her dreary court:  
What satellites declare her dismal reign!  
Shrieking their dirge, ill-omen'd birds  
resort, 99  
To flit their vigils in the hoary fane.

Soon a new morn's restoring beams dispel  
The clouds of anarchy from Britain's  
skies;  
The fierce usurper seeks his native hell,  
And Nature triumphs as the tyrant dies.

With storms she welcomes his expiring  
groans; 105  
Whirlwinds, responsive, greet his  
labouring breath;  
Earth shudders as her caves receive his  
bones,  
Loathing the offering of so dark a  
death.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

The legal ruler now resumes the helm,  
He guides through gentle seas the prow  
of state; <sup>110</sup>

Hope cheers, with wonted smiles, the  
peaceful realm,  
And heals the bleeding wounds of  
wearied hate.

The gloomy tenants, Newstead! of thy  
cells,  
Howling, resign their violated nest;  
Again the master on his tenure dwells,  
Enjoy'd, from absence, with enraptured  
zest. <sup>116</sup>

Vassals, within thy hospitable pale,  
Loudly carousing, bless their lord's  
return;  
Culture again adorns the gladdening vale,  
And matrons, once lamenting, cease to  
mourn. <sup>120</sup>

A thousand songs on tuneful echo float,  
Unwonted foliage mantles o'er the  
trees;  
And hark! the horns proclaim a mellow  
note,  
The hunters' cry hangs lengthening on  
the breeze.

Beneath their coursers' hoofs the valleys  
shake: <sup>125</sup>  
What fears, what anxious hopes, attend  
the chase!  
The dying stag seeks refuge in the lake;  
Exulting shouts announce the finish'd  
race.

Ah happy days! too happy to endure!  
Such simple sports our plain forefathers  
knew: <sup>130</sup>  
No splendid vices glitter'd to allure;  
Their joys were many, as their cares  
were few.

From these descending, sons to sires  
succeed;  
Time steals along, and Death uprears  
his dart;  
Another chief impels the foaming steed,  
Another crowd pursue the panting  
hart. <sup>136</sup>

Newstead! what saddening change of  
scene is thine!  
Thy yawning arch betokens slow decay;  
The last and youngest of a noble line  
Now holds thy mouldering turrets in  
his sway. <sup>140</sup>

Deserted now, he scans thy gray worn  
towers;  
Thy vaults, where dead of feudal ages  
sleep;

Thy cloisters, pervious to the wintry  
showers;  
These, these he views, and views them  
but to weep.

Yet are his tears no emblem of regret:  
Cherish'd affection only bids them  
flow. <sup>146</sup>  
Pride, hope, and love forbid him to forget,  
But warm his bosom with impassion'd  
glow.

Yet he prefers thee to the gilded domes  
Or gewgaw grottos of the vainly great,  
Yet lingers 'mid thy damp and mossy  
tombs, <sup>151</sup>  
Nor breathes a murmur 'gainst the will  
of fate.

Haply thy sun, emerging, yet may shine,  
Thee to irradiate with meridian ray;  
Hours splendid as the past may still be  
thine, <sup>155</sup>  
And bless thy future as thy former day.

## CHILDISH RECOLLECTIONS

'I cannot but remember such things were,  
And were most dear to me.'

WHEN slow Disease, with all her host of  
pains,  
Chills the warm tide which flows along  
the veins;  
When Health, affrighted, spreads her rosy  
wing,  
And flies with every changing gale of  
spring; <sup>4</sup>  
Not to the aching frame alone confined,  
Unyielding pangs assail the drooping  
mind:  
What grisly forms, the spectre-train of woe,  
Bid shuddering Nature shrink beneath  
the blow,  
With Resignation wage relentless strife,  
While Hope retires appall'd, and clings to  
life! <sup>10</sup>  
Yet less the pang when, through the  
tedious hour,  
Remembrance sheds around her genial  
power,  
Calls back the vanish'd days to rapture  
given,  
When love was bliss, and Beauty form'd  
our heaven;  
Or, dear to youth, portrays each childish  
scene, <sup>15</sup>  
Those fairy bowers, where all in turn have  
been.  
As when through clouds that pour the  
summer storm  
The orb of day unveils his distant form,  
Gilds with faint beams the crystal dews of  
rain,  
And dimly twinkles o'er the watery plain;

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Thus, while the future dark and cheerless gleams, 21  
 The sun of memory, glowing through my dreams,  
 Though sunk the radiance of his former blaze,  
 To scenes far distant points his paler rays;  
 Still rules my senses with unbounded sway,  
 The past confounding with the present day.

Oft does my heart indulge the rising thought, 27  
 Which still recurs, unlook'd for and unsought;  
 My soul to Fancy's fond suggestion yields,  
 And roams romantic o'er her airy fields.  
 Scenes of my youth, developed, crowd to view, 31  
 To which I long have bade a last adieu!  
 Seats of delight, inspiring youthful themes;  
 Friends lost to me for aye, except in dreams; 34  
 Some who in marble prematurely sleep,  
 Whose forms I now remember but to weep;  
 Some who yet urge the same scholastic course  
 Of early science, future fame the source;  
 Who, still contending in the studious race,  
 In quick rotation fill the senior place. 40  
 These with a thousand visions now unite,  
 To dazzle, though they please, my aching sight.

IDA! blest spot, where Science holds her reign,  
 How joyous once I join'd thy youthful train!

Bright in idea gleams thy lofty spire, 45  
 Again I mingle with thy playful quire;  
 Our tricks of mischief, every childish game,  
 Unchanged by time or distance, seem the same;  
 Through winding paths along the glade, I trace  
 The social smile of every welcome face; 50  
 My wonted haunts, my scenes of joy and woe,  
 Each early boyish friend, or youthful foe,  
 Our feuds dissolved, but not my friendship past,—  
 I bless the former, and forgive the last.  
 Hours of my youth! when, nurtured in my breast, 55  
 To love a stranger, friendship made me blest,—  
 Friendship, the dear peculiar bond of youth,  
 When every artless bosom throbs with truth;  
 Untaught by worldly wisdom how to feign,  
 And check each impulse with prudential rein; 60  
 When all we feel, our honest souls disclose—  
 In love to friends, in open hate to toes;

No varnish'd tales the lips of youth repeat,  
 No dear-bought knowledge purchased by deceit,  
 Hypocrisy, the gift of lengthen'd years, 65  
 Matured by age, the garb of prudence wears.  
 When now the boy is ripen'd into man,  
 His careful sire chalks forth some wary plan;  
 Instructs his son from candour's path to shrink,  
 Smoothly to speak, and cautiously to think;  
 Still to assent, and never to deny— 71  
 A patron's praise can well reward the lie:  
 And who, when Fortune's warning voice is heard,  
 Would lose his opening prospects for a word,  
 Although against that word his heart rebel,  
 And truth indignant all his bosom swell.

Away with themes like this! not mine the task 77  
 From flattering friends to tear the hateful mask;  
 Let keener bards delight in satire's sting;  
 My fancy soars not on Detraction's wing:  
 Once, and but once, she aim'd a deadly blow, 81  
 To hurl defiance on a secret foe;  
 But when that foe, from feeling or from shame,  
 The cause unknown, yet still to me the same,  
 Warn'd by some friendly hint, perchance, 85  
 Retired,  
 With this submission all her rage expired.  
 From dreaded pangs that feeble foe to save,  
 She hush'd her young resentment, and forgave;  
 Or, if my muse a pedant's portrait drew,  
 POMPOSUS' virtues are but known to few:  
 I never fear'd the young usurper's nod,  
 And he who wields must sometimes feel the rod. 92  
 If since on Granta's failings, known to all  
 Who share the converse of a college hall,  
 She sometimes trifled in a lighter strain,  
 'Tis past, and thus she will not sin again;  
 Soon must her early song for ever cease,  
 And all may rail when I shall rest in peace.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,  
 Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command; 100  
 Who join'd with me in every boyish sport—  
 Their first adviser, and their last resort;  
 Nor shrunk beneath the upstart pedant's frown,  
 Or all the sable glories of his gown;  
 Who, thus transplanted from his father's school— 105  
 Unfit to govern, ignorant of rule—

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Succeeded him, whom all unite to praise,  
 The dear preceptor of my early days!  
 PROBUS, the pride of science, and the boast,  
 To IDA now, alas! for ever lost, 110  
 With him, for years, we search'd the classic  
 page,  
 And fear'd the master, though we loved  
 the sage:  
 Retired at last, his small yet peaceful seat  
 From learning's labour is the blest retreat.  
 POMPOSUS fills his magisterial chair; 115  
 POMPOSUS governs,—but, my muse, for-  
 bear:  
 Contempt, in silence, be the pedant's lot;  
 His name and precepts be alike forgot;  
 No more his mention shall my verse de-  
 grade,—  
 To him my tribute is already paid. 120

High through those elms, with hoary  
 branches crown'd,  
 Fair IDA's bower adorns the landscape  
 round;  
 There Science, from her favour'd seat,  
 surveys  
 The vale where rural Nature claims her  
 praise;  
 To her awhile resigns her youthful train,  
 Who move in joy, and dance along the  
 plain; 126  
 In scatter'd groups each favour'd haunt  
 pursue,  
 Repeat old pastimes, and discover new;  
 Flush'd with his rays, beneath the noon-  
 tide sun,  
 In rival bands, between the wickets run,  
 Drive o'er the sward the ball with active  
 force, 131  
 Or chase with nimble feet its rapid course.  
 But these with slower steps direct their way,  
 Where Brent's cool ways in limpid cur-  
 rents stray;  
 While yonder few search out some green  
 retreat 135  
 And arbours shade them from the summer  
 heat:  
 Others, again, a pert and lively crew,  
 Some rough and thoughtless stranger  
 placed in view,  
 With frolic quaint their antic jests expose,  
 And tease the grumbling rustic as he goes;  
 Nor rest with this, but many a passing fray  
 Tradition treasures for a future day: 142  
 'Twas here the gather'd swains for  
 vengeance fought,  
 And here we earn'd the conquest dearly  
 bought;  
 Here have we fled before superior might,  
 And here renew'd the wild tumultuous  
 fight. 146  
 While thus our souls with early passions  
 swell,  
 In lingering tones resounds the distant  
 bell,

Th' allotted hour of daily sport is o'er,  
 And Learning beckons from her temple's  
 door. 150  
 No splendid tablets grace her simple hall,  
 But ruder records fill the dusky wall;  
 There, deeply carved, behold! each tyro's  
 name  
 Secures its owner's academic fame;  
 Here mingling view the names of sire and  
 son— 155  
 The one long graved, the other just begun:  
 These shall survive alike when son and sire  
 Beneath one common stroke of fate expire;  
 Perhaps their last memorial these alone,  
 Denied in death a monumental stone, 160  
 Whilst to the gale in mournful cadence  
 wave  
 The sighing weeds that hide their nameless  
 grave.  
 And here my name, and many an early  
 friend's,  
 Along the wall in lengthen'd line extends.  
 Though still our deeds amuse the youthful  
 race, 165  
 Who tread our steps, and fill our former  
 place,  
 Who young obey'd their lords in silent  
 awe,  
 Whose nod commanded, and whose voice  
 was law;  
 And now, in turn, possess the reins of  
 power,  
 To rule the little tyrants of an hour; 170  
 Though sometimes, with the tales of  
 ancient day,  
 They pass the dreary winter's eve away—  
 'And thus our former rulers stemm'd the  
 tide,  
 And thus they dealt the combat side by  
 side;  
 Just in this place the mouldering walls  
 they scaled, 175  
 Nor bolts nor bars against their strength  
 avail'd;  
 Here PROBUS came, the rising fray to  
 quell,  
 And here he falter'd forth his last fare-  
 well;  
 And here one night abroad they dared to  
 roam,  
 While bold POMPOSUS bravely stay'd at  
 home; 180  
 While thus they speak, the hour must soon  
 arrive,  
 When names of these, like ours, alone  
 survive:  
 Yet a few years, one general wreck will  
 overwhelm  
 The faint remembrance of our fairy realm.  
 Dear honest race! though now we meet  
 no more, 185  
 One last long look on what we were  
 before—



## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Our first kind greetings, and our last  
adieu—

Drew tears from eyes unused to weep with  
you.

Through splendid circles, fashion's gaudy  
world,

Where folly's glaring standard waves un-  
furl'd, <sup>190</sup>

I plunged to drown in noise my fond regret,  
And all I sought or hoped was to forget.  
Vain wish! if chance some well-remember'd  
face,

Some old companion of my early race,  
Advanced to claim his friend with honest  
joy, <sup>195</sup>

My eyes, my heart, proclaim'd me still a  
boy;

The glittering scene, the fluttering groups  
around,

Were quite forgotten when my friend was  
found;

The smiles of beauty—(for, alas! I've  
known

What 'tis to bend before Love's mighty  
throne)— <sup>200</sup>

The smiles of beauty, though those smiles  
were dear,

Could hardly charm me, when that friend  
was near;

My thoughts bewilder'd in the fond sur-  
prise,

The woods of IDA danced before my eyes;  
I saw the sprightly wand'ers pour along,  
I saw and join'd again the joyous throng;  
Panting, again I traced her lofty grove,  
And friendship's feelings triumph'd over  
love. <sup>208</sup>

Yet why should I alone with such de-  
light

Retrace the circuit of my former flight?  
Is there no cause beyond the common claim

Endear'd to all in childhood's very name?  
Ah! sure some stronger impulse vibrates  
here,

Which whispers friendship will be doubly  
dear

To one who thus for kindred hearts must  
room, <sup>215</sup>

And seek abroad the love denied at home.  
Those hearts, dear IDA, have I found in  
thee—

A home, a world, a paradise to me.  
Stern Death forbade my orphan youth to  
share <sup>219</sup>

The tender guidance of a father's care.  
Can rank, or e'en a guardian's name supply

The love which glistens in a father's eye?  
For this can wealth or title's sound atone,

Made, by a parent's early loss, my own?  
What brother springs a brother's love to  
seek? <sup>225</sup>

What sister's gentle kiss has prest my  
cheek?

For me how dull the vacant moments rise,  
To no fond bosom link'd by kindred ties!  
Oft in the progress of some fleeting dream  
Fraternal smiles collected round me seem;  
While still the visions to my heart are  
prest, <sup>231</sup>

The voice of love will murmur in my rest:  
I hear—I wake—and in the sound rejoice;  
I hear again,—but, ah! no brother's voice.  
A hermit, 'midst of crowds, I fain must  
stray <sup>235</sup>

Alone, though thousand pilgrims fill the  
way;

While these a thousand kindred wreaths  
entwine,

I cannot call one single blossom mine:  
What then remains? in solitude to groan,

To mix in friendship, or to sigh alone.  
Thus must I cling to some endearing hand,

And none more dear than IDA's social  
band.

Alonzo! best and dearest of my friends,  
Thy name ennobles him who thus com-  
mends;

From this fond tribute thou canst gain no  
praise; <sup>245</sup>

The praise is his who now that tribute pays.  
Oh! in the promise of thy early youth,

If hope anticipate the words of truth,  
Some loftier bard shall sing thy glorious  
name, <sup>249</sup>

To build his own upon thy deathless fame.  
Friend of my heart, and foremost of the list

Of those with whom I lived supremely  
blest,

Oft have we drain'd the font of ancient  
lore;

Though drinking deeply, thirsting still the  
more.

Yet, when confinement's lingering hour  
was done, <sup>255</sup>

Our sports, our studies, and our souls were  
one:

Together we impell'd the flying ball;  
Together waited in our tutor's hall;

Together join'd in cricket's manly toil,  
Or shared the produce of the river's spoil;

Or, plunging from the green declining  
shore, <sup>261</sup>

Our pliant limbs the buoyant billows bore;  
In every element, unchanged, the same,

All, all that brothers should be, but the  
name.

Nor yet are you forgot, my jocund boy!  
DAVUS, the harbinger of childish joy;

For ever foremost in the ranks of fun,  
The laughing herald of the harmless pun;

Yet with a breast of such materials made—  
Anxious to please, of pleasing half afraid;

Candid and liberal, with a heart of steel  
In danger's path, though not untaught to  
feel.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Still I remember, in the factious strife,  
The rustic's musket aim'd against my life:  
High pois'd in air the massy weapon  
hung, 275

A cry of horror burst from every tongue;  
Whilst I, in combat with another foe,  
Fought on, unconscious of th' impending  
blow;

Your arm, brave boy, arrested his career—  
Forward you sprung, insensible to fear;  
Disarm'd and baffled by your conquering  
hand, 281

The grovelling savage roll'd upon the sand:  
An act like this, can simple thanks repay?  
Or all the labours of a grateful lay? 284  
Oh no! when'er my breast forgets the deed,  
That instant, DAVUS, it deserves to bleed.

LYCUS! on me thy claims are justly great:  
Thy milder virtues could my muse relate,  
To thee alone, unrivall'd, would belong  
The feeble efforts of my lengthen'd song.  
Well canst thou boast, to lead in senates  
fit, 291

A Spartan firmness with Athenian wit:  
Thou yet in embryo these perfections  
shine,

LYCUS! thy father's fame will soon be  
thine.

Where learning nurtures the superior  
mind, 295

What may we hope from genius thus re-  
fin'd!

When time at length matures thy growing  
years,

How wilt thou tower above thy fellow  
peers!

Prudence and sense, a spirit bold and free,  
With honour's soul, united beam in thee.

Shall fair EURYALUS pass by unsung?  
From ancient lineage, not unworthy  
sprung;

What though one sad dissension bade us  
part?

That name is yet embalm'd within my heart;  
Yet at the mention does that heart re-  
bound, 305

And palpitate, responsive to the sound.  
Envy dissolved our ties, and not our will:  
We once were friends,—I'll think we are  
so still.

A form unmatch'd in nature's partial  
mould,

A heart untainted, we in thee behold:  
Yet not the senate's thunder thou shalt  
wield, 311

Nor seek for glory in the tented field;  
To minds of ruder texture these be given—  
Thy soul shall nearer soar its native  
heaven.

Haply, in polish'd courts might be thy seat,  
But that thy tongue could never forge  
deceit: 316

The courtier's supple bow and sneering  
smile,

The flow of compliment, the slippery  
wile,

Would make that breast with indignation  
burn,

And all the glittering snares to tempt thee  
spurn. 320

Domestic happiness will stamp thy fate;  
Sacred to love, unclouded e'er by hate;

The world admire thee, and thy friends  
adore;

Ambition's slave alone would toil for  
more. 324

Now last, but nearest of the social band,  
See honest, open, generous CLEON stand;  
With scarce one speck to cloud the pleas-  
ing scene,

No vice degrades that purest soul serene.  
On the same day our studious race begun,

On the same day our studious race was  
run; 330

Thus side by side we pass'd our first career,  
Thus side by side we strove for many a  
year;

At last concluded our scholastic life,  
We neither conquer'd in the classic strife:

As speakers each supports an equal name,  
And crowds allow to both a partial fame:

To soothe a youthful rival's early pride,  
Though Cleon's candour would the palm  
divide,

Yet candour's self compels me now to own  
Justice awards it to my friend alone. 340

Oh! friends regretted, scenes for ever  
dear,

Remembrance hails you with her warmest  
tear!

Drooping, she bends o'er pensive Fancy's  
urn,

To trace the hours which never can return;  
Yet with the retrospection loves to dwell,

And soothe the sorrows of her last fare-  
well! 346

Yet greets the triumph of my boyish mind,  
As infant laurels round my head were  
twined,

When PROBUS' praise repaid my lyric song,  
Or placed me higher in the studious  
throng; 350

Or when my first harangue received  
applause,

His sage instruction the primeval cause,  
What gratitude to him my soul possess,

While hope of dawning honours fill'd my  
breast!

For all my humble fame, to him alone  
The praise is due, who made that fame my  
own. 356

Oh! could I soar above these feeble lays,  
These young effusions of my early days,

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

To him my muse her noblest strain would give:

The song might perish, but the theme might live. 360

Yet why for him the needless verse essay?  
His honour'd name requires no vain display:

By every son of grateful IDA blest,  
It finds an echo in each youthful breast;  
A fame beyond the glories of the proud,  
Or all the plaudits of the venal crowd.

IDA! not yet exhausted is the theme,  
Nor closed the progress of my youthful dream.

How many a friend deserves the grateful strain!

What scenes of childhood still unsung remain! 370

Yet let me hush this echo of the past,  
This parting song, the dearest and the last;  
And brood in secret o'er those hours of joy,

To me a silent and a sweet employ, 374  
While future hope and fear alike unknown,  
I think with pleasure on the past alone;  
Yes, to the past alone my heart confine,  
And chase the phantom of what once was mine.

IDA! still o'er thy hills in joy preside,  
And proudly steer through time's eventful tide; 380

Still may thy blooming sons thy name revere,

Smile in thy bower, but quit thee with a tear,—

That tear, perhaps, the fondest which will flow,

O'er their last scene of happiness below. 384

Tell me, ye hoary few, who glide along,  
The feeble veterans of some former throng,  
Whose friends, like autumn leaves by tempests whir'd,

Are swept for ever from this busy world;  
Revolve the fleeting moments of your youth,

While Care has yet withheld her venom'd tooth; 390

Say if remembrance days like these endears  
Beyond the rapture of succeeding years?  
Say, can ambition's fever'd dream bestow  
So sweet a balm to soothe your hours of woe?

Can treasures, hoarded for some thankless son, 395

Can royal smiles, or wreaths by slaughter won,

Can stars or ermine, man's maturer toys  
(For glittering baubles are not left to boys),  
Recall one scene so much beloved to view,  
As those where Youth her garland twined for you? 400

Ah, no! amidst the gloomy calm of age  
You turn with faltering hand life's varied page;

Peruse the record of your days on earth,  
Unsullied only where it marks your birth;  
Still lingering pause above each chequer'd leaf, 405

And blot with tears the sable lines of grief;  
Where Passion o'er the theme her mantle threw,

Or weeping Virtue sigh'd a faint adieu;  
But bless the scroll which fairer words adorn,

Traced by the rosy finger of the morn;  
When Friendship bow'd before the shrine of Truth, 411

And Love, without his pinion, smiled on Youth.

## ANSWER TO A BEAUTIFUL POEM

ENTITLED 'THE COMMON LOT'

MONTGOMERY! true, the common lot  
Of mortals lies in Lethe's wave;  
Yet some shall never be forgot,  
Some shall exist beyond the grave.

'Unknown the region of his birth,' 5  
The hero rolls the tide of war;  
Yet not unknown his martial worth,  
Which glares a meteor from afar.

His joy or grief, his weal or woe,  
Perchance may 'scape the page of fame;  
Yet nations now unborn will know 11  
The record of his deathless name.

The patriot's and the poet's frame  
Must share the common tomb of all:  
Their glory will not sleep the same; 15  
That will arise, though empires fall.

The lustre of a beauty's eye  
Assumes the ghastly stare of death;  
The fair, the brave, the good must die,  
And sink the yawning grave beneath.

Once more the speaking eye revives, 21  
Still beaming through the lover's strain;  
For Petrarch's Laura still survives:  
She died, but ne'er will die again.

The rolling seasons pass away, 25  
And Time, untiring, waves his wing;  
Whilst honour's laurels ne'er decay,  
But bloom in fresh, unfading spring.

All, all must sleep in grim repose,  
Collected in the silent tomb; 30  
The old and young, with friends and foes,  
Fest'ring alike in shrouds, consume.

The mouldering marble lasts its day,  
Yet falls at length an useless fane;  
To ruin's ruthless fangs a prey, 35  
The wrecks of pillar'd pride remain.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

What, though the sculpture be destroy'd,  
From dark oblivion meant to guard;  
A bright renown shall be enjoy'd  
By those whose virtues claim reward.

Then do not say the common lot 41  
Of all lies deep in Lethe's wave;  
Some few who ne'er will be forgot  
Shall burst the bondage of the grave.  
1806.

### TO A LADY

WHO PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH THE  
VELVET BAND WHICH BOUND HER TRESSES

THIS Band, which bound thy yellow hair,  
Is mine, sweet girl! thy pledge of love;  
It claims my warmest, dearest care,  
Like relics left of saints above.

Oh! I will wear it next my heart; 5  
'Twill bind my soul in bonds to thee:  
From me again 'twill ne'er depart,  
But mingle in the grave with me.

The dew I gather from thy lip  
Is not so dear to me as this; 10  
That I but for a moment sip,  
And banquet on a transient bliss:

THIS will recall each youthful scene,  
E'en when our lives are on the wane;  
The leaves of Love will still be green 15  
When Memory bids them bud again.

Oh! little lock of golden hue,  
In gently waving ringlet curl'd,  
By the dear head on which you grew,  
I would not lose you for a world. 20

Not though a thousand more adorn  
The polish'd brow where once you shone,  
Like rays which gild a cloudless morn,  
Beneath Columbia's fervid zone.

1806. [First published, 1832.]

### LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE REV. J. T. BECHER, ON  
HIS ADVISING THE AUTHOR TO MIX MORE  
WITH SOCIETY

DEAR Becher, you tell me to mix with man-  
kind;

I cannot deny such a precept is wise;  
But retirement accords with the tone of my  
mind:

I will not descend to a world I despise.

Did the senate or camp my exertions re-  
quire, 5  
Ambition might prompt me, at once, to  
go forth;

When infancy's years of probation expire,  
Perchance I may strive to distinguish  
my birth.

The fire in the cavern of Etna conceal'd  
Still mantles unseen in its secret recess;  
At length, in a volume terrific reveal'd,  
No torrent can quench it, no bounds  
can repress. 12

Oh! thus, the desire in my bosom for fame  
Bids me live but to hope for posterity's  
praise.

Could I soar with the phoenix on pinions  
of flame, 15  
With him I would wish to expire in the  
blaze.

For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the  
death,

What censure, what danger, what woe  
would I brave!

Their lives did not end when they yielded  
their breath;

Their glory illumines the gloom of  
their grave. 20

Yet why should I mingle in Fashion's full  
herd?

Why crouch to her leaders, or cringe to  
her rules?

Why bend to the proud, or applaud the  
absurd?

Why search for delight in the friendship  
of fools?

I have tasted the sweets and the bitters of  
love; 25

In friendship I early was taught to  
believe;

My passion the matrons of prudence reprove;  
I have found that a friend may profess,  
yet deceive.

To me what is wealth?—it may pass in an  
hour,

If tyrants prevail, or if Fortune should  
frown: 30

To me what is title?—the phantom of  
power;

To me what is fashion?—I seek but re-  
nown.

Deceit is a stranger as yet to my soul:  
I still am unpractised to varnish the  
truth:

Then why should I live in a hateful con-  
trol? 35

Why waste upon folly the days of my  
youth? 1806.

### REMEMBRANCE

'Tis done!—I saw it in my dreams;  
No more with Hope the future beams;

My days of happiness are few:  
Chill'd by misfortune's wintry blast,

My dawn of life is overcast; 5  
Love, Hope, and Joy, alike adieu!

Would I could add Remembrance too?  
1806. [First published, 1832.]

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

### THE DEATH OF CALMAR AND ORLA

AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN

DEAR are the days of youth! Age dwells on their remembrance through the mist of time. In the twilight he recalls the sunny hours of morn. He lifts his spear with trembling hand. 'Not thus feebly did I raise the steel before my fathers!' Past is the race of heroes. But their fame rises on the harp; their souls ride on the wings of the wind; they hear the sound through the sighs of the storm, and rejoice in their hall of clouds! Such is Calmar. The gray stone marks his narrow house. He looks down from eddying tempests: he rolls his form in the whirlwind, and hovers on the blast of the mountain.

In Morven dwelt the chief; a beam of war to Fingal. His steps in the field were marked in blood. Lochlin's sons had fled before his angry spear; but mild was the eye of Calmar; soft was the flow of his yellow locks: they streamed like the meteor of the night. No maid was the sigh of his soul: his thoughts were given to friendship,—to dark-haired Orla, destroyer of heroes! Equal were their swords in battle; but fierce was the pride of Orla:—gentle alone to Calmar. Together they dwelt in the cave of Oithona.

From Lochlin, Swaran bounded o'er the blue waves. Erin's sons fell beneath his might. Fingal roused his chiefs to combat. Their ships cover the ocean. Their hosts throng on the green hills. They come to the aid of Erin.

Night rose in clouds. Darkness veils the armies; but the blazing oaks gleam through the valley. The sons of Lochlin slept: their dreams were of blood. They lift the spear in thought, and Fingal flies. Not so the host of Morven. To watch was the post of Orla. Calmar stood by his side. Their spears were in their hands. Fingal called his chiefs: they stood around. The king was in the midst. Gray were his locks, but strong was the arm of the king. Age withered not his powers. 'Sons of Morven,' said the hero, 'to-morrow we meet the foe. But where is Cuthullin, the shield of Erin? He rests in the halls of Tura; he knows not of our coming. Who will speed through Lochlin to the hero, and call the chief to arms? The path is by the swords of foes; but many are my heroes. They are thunderbolts of war. Speak, ye chiefs! Who will arise?'

'Son of Trenmor! mine be the deed,' said dark-haired Orla, 'and mine alone. What is death to me? I love the sleep of the mighty, but little is the danger. The sons of Lochlin dream. I will seek car-

borne Cuthullin. If I fall, raise the song of bards; and lay me by the stream of Lubar.' —'And shalt thou fall alone?' said fair-haired Calmar. 'Wilt thou leave thy friend afar? Chief of Oithona! not feeble is my arm in fight. Could I see thee die, and not lift the spear? No, Orla! ours has been the chase of the roebuck, and the feast of shells; ours be the path of danger; ours has been the cave of Oithona; ours be the narrow dwelling on the banks of Lubar.' 'Calmar,' said the chief of Oithona, 'why should thy yellow locks be darkened in the dust of Erin? Let me fall alone. My father dwells in his hall of air: he will rejoice in his boy; but the blue-eyed Mora spreads the feast for her son in Morven. She listens to the steps of the hunter on the heath, and thinks it is the tread of Calmar. Let her not say, "Calmar has fallen by the steel of Lochlin: he died with gloomy Orla, the chief of the dark brow." Why should tears dim the azure eye of Mora? Why should her voice curse Orla, the destroyer of Calmar? Live, Calmar! Live to raise my stone of moss; live to revenge me in the blood of Lochlin. Join the song of bards above my grave. Sweet will be the song of death to Orla, from the voice of Calmar. My ghost shall smile on the notes of praise.' 'Orla,' said the son of Mora, 'could I raise the song of death to my friend? Could I give his fame to the winds? No, my heart would speak in sighs: faint and broken are the sounds of sorrow. Orla! our souls shall hear the song together. One cloud shall be ours on high: the bards will mingle the names of Orla and Calmar.'

They quit the circle of the chiefs. Their steps are to the host of Lochlin. The dying blaze of oak dim twinkles through the night. The northern star points the path to Tura. Swaran, the king, rests on his lonely hill. Here the troops are mixed: they frown in sleep; their shields beneath their heads. Their swords gleam at distance in heaps. The fires are faint; their embers fail in smoke. All is hushed; but the gale sighs on the rocks above. Lightly wheel the heroes through the slumbering band. Half the journey is past, when Mathon, resting on his shield, meets the eye of Orla. It rolls in flame, and glistens through the shade. His spear is raised on high. 'Why dost thou bend thy brow, chief of Oithona?' said fair-haired Calmar: 'we are in the midst of foes. Is this a time for delay?' 'It is a time for vengeance,' said Orla of the gloomy brow. 'Mathon of Lochlin sleeps: seest thou his spear? Its point is dim with the gore of my father. The blood of Mathon shall reek on mine; but shall I slay him sleeping, son of Mora?

No! he shall feel his wound: my fame shall not soar on the blood of slumber. Rise, Mathon, rise! The son of Conna calls; thy life is his; rise to combat.' Mathon starts from sleep; but did he rise alone? No; the gathering chiefs bound on the plain. 'Fly! Calmar, fly!' said dark-haired Orla. 'Mathon is mine. I shall die in joy; but Lochlin crowds around. Fly through the shade of night.' Orla turns. The helm of Mathon is cleft; his shield falls from his arm: he shudders in his blood. He rolls by the side of the blazing oak. Strumon sees him fall: his wrath rises: his weapon glitters on the head of Orla: but a spear pierced his eye. His brain gushes through the wound, and foams on the spear of Calmar. As roll the waves of the Ocean on two mighty barks of the north, so pour the men of Lochlin on the chiefs. As, breaking the surge in foam, proudly steer the barks of the north, so rise the chiefs of Morven on the scattered crests of Lochlin. The din of arms came to the ear of Fingal. He strikes his shield; his sons throng around; the people pour along the heath. Ryno bounds in joy. Ossian stalks in his arms. Oscar shakes the spear. The eagle wing of Fillan floats on the wind. Dreadful is the clang of death! many are the widows of Lochlin! Morven prevails in its strength.

Morn glimmers on the hills: no living foe is seen; but the sleepers are many; grim they lie on Erin. The breeze of ocean lifts their locks; yet they do not awake. The hawks scream above their prey.

Whose yellow locks wave o'er the breast of a chief? Bright as the gold of the stranger, they mingle with the dark hair of his friend. 'Tis Calmar: he lies on the bosom of Orla. Theirs is one stream of blood. Fierce is the look of the gloomy Orla. He breathes not; but his eye is still a flame. It glares in death unclosed. His hand is grasped in Calmar's; but Calmar lives! he lives, though low. 'Rise,' said the king, 'rise, son of Mora: 'tis mine to heal the wounds of heroes. Calmar may yet bound on the hills of Morven.'

'Never more shall Calmar chase the deer of Morven with Orla,' said the hero. 'What were the chase to me alone? Who should share the spoils of battle with Calmar? Orla is at rest! Rough was thy soul, Orla! yet soft to me as the dew of morn. It glared on others in lightning: to me a silver beam of night. Bear my sword to blue-eyed Mora; let it hang in my empty hall. It is not pure from blood: but it could not save Orla. Lay me with my friend. Raise the song when I am dark!'

They are laid by the stream of Lubar. Four gray stones mark the dwelling of Orla

and Calmar. When Swaran was bound, our sails rose on the blue waves. The winds gave our barks to Morven:—the bards raised the song.

'What form rises on the roar of clouds? Whose dark ghost gleams on the red streams of tempests? His voice rolls on the thunder. 'Tis Orla, the brown chief of Oithona. He was unmatched in war. Peace to thy soul, Orla! thy fame will not perish. Nor thine, Calmar! Lovely wast thou, son of blue-eyed Mora; but not harmless was thy sword. It hangs in thy cave. The ghosts of Lochlin shriek around its steel. Hear thy praise, Calmar! It dwells on the voice of the mighty. Thy name shakes on the echoes of Morven. Then raise thy fair locks, son of Mora. Spread them on the arch of the rainbow; and smile through the tears of the storm.'

### L'AMITIÉ EST L'AMOUR SANS AILES

WHY should my anxious breast repine,  
Because my youth is fled?  
Days of delight may still be mine;  
Affection is not dead.

In tracing back the years of youth, 5  
One firm record, one lasting truth,  
Celestial consolation brings;  
Bear it, ye breezes, to the seat,  
Where first my heart responsive beat,—  
'Friendship is Love without his wings!'

Through few, but deeply chequer'd years,  
What moments have been mine! 12  
Now half obscured by clouds of tears,  
Now bright in rays divine;  
Howe'er my future doom be cast, 15  
My soul, enraptured with the past,  
To one idea fondly clings;  
Friendship! that thought is all thine own,  
Worth worlds of bliss, that thought alone—  
'Friendship is Love without his wings!'

Where yonder yew-trees lightly wave 21  
Their branches on the gale,  
Unheeded heaves a simple grave,  
Which tells the common tale;  
Round this unconscious schoolboys stray,  
Till the dull knell of childish play 26  
From yonder studious mansion rings;  
But here where'er my footsteps move,  
My silent tears too plainly prove  
'Friendship is Love without his wings!'

Oh, Love! before thy glowing shrine 31  
My early vows were paid;  
My hopes, my dreams, my heart was thine,  
But these are now decay'd;  
For thine are pinions like the wind, 35  
No trace of thee remains behind,

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Except, alas! thy jealous stings.  
Away, away! delusive power,  
Thou shalt not haunt my coming hour;  
Unless, indeed, without thy wings. 40

Seat of my youth! thy distant spire  
Recalls each scene of joy;  
My bosom glows with former fire,—  
In mind again a boy.  
Thy grove of elms, thy verdant hill, 45  
Thy every path delights me still,  
Each flower a double fragrance flings;  
Again, as once, in converse gay,  
Each dear associate seems to say,  
'Friendship is Love without his wings!'

My Lycus! wherefore dost thou weep?  
Thy falling tears restrain; 52  
Affection for a time may sleep,  
But, oh, 'twill wake again.  
Think, think, my friend, when next we  
meet, 55  
Our long-wish'd interview, how sweet!  
From this my hope of rapture springs;  
While youthful hearts thus fondly swell,  
Absence, my friend, can only tell,  
'Friendship is Love without his wings!'

In one, and one alone deceived, 61  
Did I my error mourn?  
No—from oppressive bosoms relieved,  
I left the wretch to scorn.  
I turn'd to those my childhood knew,  
With feelings warm, with bosoms true,  
Twined with my heart's according  
strings;  
And till those vital chords shall break,  
For none but these my breast shall wake  
Friendship, the power deprived of  
wings! 70

Ye few! my soul, my life is yours,  
My memory and my hope;  
Your worth a lasting love insures,  
Unfetter'd in its scope; 74  
From smooth deceit and terror sprung  
With aspect fair and honey'd tongue,  
Let Adulation wait on kings;  
With joy elate, by snares beset,  
We, we, my friends, can ne'er forget  
'Friendship is Love without his wings!'

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard 81  
Who rolls the epic song;  
Friendship and truth be my reward—  
To me no bays belong;  
If laurel'd Fame but dwells with lies, 85  
Me the enchantress ever flies,  
Whose heart and not whose fancy sings;  
Simple and young, I dare not feign;  
Mine be the rude yet heartfelt strain, 89  
'Friendship is Love without his wings!'

December 1806.  
[First published, 1832.]

## THE PRAYER OF NATURE

FATHER of Light! great God of Heaven!  
Hear'st thou the accents of despair?  
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?  
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

Father of Light, on thee I call! 5  
Thou seest my soul is dark within;  
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
Avert from me the death of sin.

No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;  
Oh, point to me the path of truth! 10  
Thy dread omnipotence I own;  
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,  
Let superstition hail the pile, 14  
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,  
With tales of mystic rites beguile.

Shall man confine his Maker's sway  
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?  
Thy temple is the face of day;  
Earth, ocean, heaven, thy boundless  
throne. 20

Shall man condemn his race to hell,  
Unless they bend in pompous form?  
Tell us that all, for one who fell,  
Must perish in the mingling storm?

Shall each pretend to reach the skies, 25  
Yet doom his brother to expire,  
Whose soul a different hope supplies,  
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

Shall these, by creeds they can't expound,  
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe? 30  
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,  
Their great Creator's purpose know?

Shall those, who live for self alone,  
Whose years float on in daily crime—  
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone, 35  
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

Father! no prophet's laws I seek,—  
Thy laws in Nature's works appear;—  
I own myself corrupt and weak,  
Yet will I pray, for thou wilt hear! 40

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star  
Through trackless realms of æther's  
space;  
Who calm'st the elemental war,  
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:

Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,  
Who, when thou wilt, canst take me  
hence, 46

Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,  
Extend to me thy wide defence.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

To Thee, my God, to thee I call!

Whatever weal or woe betide,  
By thy command I rise or fall,  
In thy protection I confide.

If, when this dust to dust's restored,  
My soul shall float on airy wing,  
How shall thy glorious name adored  
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

But, if this fleeting spirit share  
With clay the grave's eternal bed,  
While life yet throbs I raise my prayer,  
Though doom'd no more to quit the  
dead.

To Thee I breathe my humble strain,  
Grateful for all thy mercies past,  
And hope, my God, to thee again  
This erring life may fly at last.

December 29, 1806.  
[First published, 1830.]

### TO EDWARD NOEL LONG, ESQ.

'Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.'—HOR.

DEAR LONG, in this sequester'd scene,  
While all around in slumber lie,  
The joyous days which ours have been  
Come rolling fresh on Fancy's eye;  
Thus if amidst the gathering storm,  
While clouds the darken'd noon deform,  
Yon heaven assumes a varied glow,  
I hail the sky's celestial bow,  
Which spreads the sign of future peace,  
And bids the war of tempests cease.  
Ah! though the present brings but pain  
I think those days may come again;  
Or if, in melancholy mood,  
Some lurking envious fear intrude,  
To check my bosom's fondest thought,  
And interrupt the golden dream,  
I crush the fiend with malice fraught,  
And still indulge my wonted theme.  
Although we ne'er again can trace,  
In Granta's vale, the pedant's lore;  
Nor through the groves of Ida chase  
Our raptured visions as before,  
Though Youth has flown on rosy pinion,  
And Manhood claims his stern dominion,  
Age will not every hope destroy,  
But yield some hours of sober joy.

Yes, I will hope that Time's broad wing  
Will shed around some dews of spring:  
But if his scythe the must sweep the flowers  
Which bloom among the fairy bowers,  
Where smiling youth delights to dwell,  
And hearts with early rapture swell;  
If frowning Age, with cold control,  
Confines the current of the soul,  
Congeals the tear of Pity's eye,  
Or checks the sympathetic sigh,  
Or hears unmoved misfortune's groan,  
And bids me feel for self alone;

Oh! may my bosom never learn  
To soothe its wonted heedless flow,  
Still, still despise the censor stern,  
But ne'er forget another's woe.  
Yes, as you knew me in the days  
O'er which Remembrance yet delays,  
Still may I rove, untutor'd, wild,  
And even in age at heart a child.

Though now on airy visions borne,  
To you my soul is still the same.  
Oft has it been my fate to mourn,  
And all my former joys are tame.  
But, hence! ye hours of sable hue!  
Your frowns are gone, my sorrows o'er:  
By every bliss my childhood knew,  
I'll think upon your shade no more.  
Thus, when the whirlwind's rage is past,  
And caves their sullen roar enclose,  
We heed no more the wintry blast,  
When lull'd by zephyr to repose.

Full often has my infant Muse  
Attuned to love her languid lyre;  
But now, without a theme to choose,  
The strains in stolen sighs expire.  
My youthful nymphs, alas! are flown;  
E—— is a wife, and C—— a mother,  
And Carolina sighs alone,  
And Mary's given to another;  
And Cora's eye, which roll'd on me,  
Can now no more my love recall:  
In truth, dear LONG, 'twas time to flee;  
For Cora's eye will shine on all.

And though the sun, with genial rays,  
His beams alike to all displays,  
And every lady's eye's a sun,  
These last should be confined to one.  
The soul's meridian don't become her,  
Whose sun displays a general summer!  
Thus faint is every former flame,  
And passion's self is now a name.  
As, when the ebbing flames are low,  
The aid which once improved their  
light,  
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,  
Now quenches all their sparks in night;  
Thus has it been with passion's fires,  
As many a boy and girl remembers,  
While all the force of love expires,  
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

But now, dear LONG, 'tis midnight's  
noon,  
And clouds obscure the watery moon,  
Whose beauties I shall not rehearse,  
Described in every stripling's verse;  
For why should I the path go o'er,  
Which every bard has trod before?  
Yet ere yon silver lamp of night  
Has thrice perform'd her stated round,  
Has thrice retraced her path of light,  
And chased away the gloom profound,



## HOURS OF IDLENESS

I trust that we, my gentle friend,  
 Shall see her rolling orbit wend  
 Above the dear-loved peaceful seat,  
 Which once contain'd our youth's re-  
     treat; 100  
 And then with those our childhood knew  
 We'll mingle in the festive crew;  
 While many a tale of former day  
 Shall wing the laughing hours away;  
 And all the flow of souls shall pour 105  
 The sacred intellectual shower,  
 Nor cease till Luna's waning horn  
 Scarce glimmers through the mist of  
     morn.

### TO A LADY

OH! had my fate been join'd with thine,  
 As once this pledge appear'd a token,  
 These follies had not then been mine,  
 For then my peace had not been broken.

To thee these early faults I owe, 5  
 To thee, the wise and old reproving:  
 They know my sins, but do not know  
 'Twas thine to break the bonds of  
     loving.

For once my soul, like thine, was pure,  
 And all its rising fires could smother;  
 But now thy vows no more endure, 11  
 Bestow'd by thee upon another;

Perhaps his peace I could destroy,  
 And spoil the blisses that await him;  
 Yet let my rival smile in joy, 15  
 For thy dear sake I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,  
 My heart no more can rest with any;  
 But what it sought in thee alone,  
 Attempts, alas! to find in many. 20

Then fare thee well, deceitful maid!  
 'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;  
 Nor hope nor memory yield their aid,  
 But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years, 25  
 This tiresome round of palling pleasures;  
 These varied loves, these matron's fears,  
 These thoughtless strains to passion's  
     measures—

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd:—  
 This cheek, now pale from early riot,  
 With passion's hectic ne'er had flushed,  
 But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.

Yes, once the rural scene was sweet, 33  
 For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;  
 And once my breast abhor'd deceit,—  
 For then it beat but to adore thee.

But now I seek for other joys: 37  
 To think would drive my soul to mad-  
     ness;  
 In thoughtless throngs and empty noise  
 I conquer half my bosom's sadness.

Yet, even in these a thought will steal  
 In spite of every vain endeavour,—  
 And fiends might pity what I feel,—  
 To know that thou art lost for ever.

### I WOULD I WERE A CARELESS CHILD

I WOULD I were a careless child,  
 Still dwelling in my Highland cave,  
 Or roaming through the dusky wild,  
 Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave;  
 The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride 5  
 Accords not with the freeborn soul,  
 Which loves the mountain's craggy side,  
 And seeks the rocks where billows  
     roll.

Fortune! take back these cultured lands,  
 Take back this name of splendid sound!  
 I hate the touch of servile hands, 11  
 I hate the slaves that cringe around.  
 Place me among the rocks I love,  
 Which sound to Ocean's wildest roar;  
 I ask but this—again to rove 15  
 Through scenes my youth hath known  
     before.

Few are my years, and yet I feel  
 The world was ne'er design'd for me:  
 Ah! why do dark'ning shades conceal  
 The hour when man must cease to be?  
 Once I beheld a splendid dream, 21  
 A visionary scene of bliss:  
 Truth!—wherefore did thy hated beam  
 Awake me to a world like this?

I loved—but those I loved are gone; 25  
 Had friends—my early friends are fled:  
 How cheerless feels the heart alone,  
 When all its former hopes are dead!  
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill; 30  
 Though pleasure stirs the maddening soul,  
 The heart—the heart—is lonely still.

How dull! to hear the voice of those  
 Whom rank or chance, whom wealth or  
     power,  
 Have made, though neither friends nor  
     foes, 35  
 Associates of the festive hour.  
 Give me again a faithful few,  
 In years and feelings still the same,  
 And I will fly the midnight crew, 39  
 Where boist'rous joy is but a name.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

And woman, lovely woman! thou,  
 My hope, my comforter, my all!  
 How cold must be my bosom now,  
 When e'en thy smiles begin to pall!  
 Without a sigh would I resign 45  
 This busy scene of splendid woe,  
 To make that calm contentment mine,  
 Which virtue knows, or seems to  
 know.

Fain would I fly the haunts of men—  
 I seek to shun, not hate mankind; 50  
 My breast requires the sullen glen,  
 Whose gloom may suit a darken'd  
 mind.

Oh! that to me the wings were given  
 Which bear the turtle to her nest!  
 Then would I cleave the vault of 55  
 heaven,  
 To flee away, and be at rest.

### WHEN I ROVED A YOUNG HIGHLANDER

WHEN I roved a young Highlander o'er  
 the dark heath,  
 And climb'd thy steep summit, oh  
 Morven of snow!  
 To gaze on the torrent that thunder'd  
 beneath,  
 Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd  
 below, 4  
 Untutor'd by science, a stranger to fear,  
 And rude as the rocks where my in-  
 fancy grew,  
 No feeling, save one, to my bosom was  
 dear;  
 Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas  
 centred in you?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not  
 the name,—  
 What passion can dwell in the heart of  
 a child? 10  
 But still I perceive an emotion the same  
 As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-  
 cover'd wild:  
 One image alone on my bosom impress'd,  
 I loved my bleak regions, nor panted  
 for new;  
 And few were my wants, for my wishes  
 were bless'd; 15  
 And pure were my thoughts, for my  
 soul was with you.

I arose with the dawn; with my dog as my  
 guide,  
 From mountain to mountain I bounded  
 along;  
 I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing  
 tide,  
 And heard at a distance the High-  
 lander's song: 20

At eve, on my heath-cover'd couch of re-  
 pose,  
 No dreams, save of Mary, were spread  
 to my view;  
 And warm to the skies my devotions arose,  
 For the first of my prayers was a bless-  
 ing on you.

I left my bleak home, and my visions are  
 gone; 25  
 The mountains are vanish'd, my youth  
 is no more;  
 As the last of my race, I must wither alone,  
 And delight but in days I have wit-  
 ness'd before:  
 Ah! splendour has raised but embitter'd  
 my lot;  
 More dear were the scenes which my  
 infancy knew: 30  
 Though my hopes may have fail'd, yet  
 they are not forgot;  
 Though cold is my heart, still it lingers  
 with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest  
 to the sky,  
 I think of the rocks that o'ershadow  
 Colbleen;  
 When I see the soft blue of a love-speaking  
 eye, 35  
 I think of those eyes that endear'd the  
 rude scene;  
 When, haply, some light-waving locks I  
 behold,  
 That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,  
 I think on the long, flowing ringlets of  
 gold,  
 The locks that were sacred to beauty,  
 and you. 40

Yet the day may arrive when the moun-  
 tains once more  
 Shall rise to my sight in their mantles of  
 snow:  
 But while these soar above me, unchanged  
 as before,  
 Will Mary be there to receive me?—ah,  
 no!  
 Adieu, then, ye hills, where my childhood  
 was bred! 45  
 Thou sweet flowing Dee, to thy waters  
 adieu!  
 No home in the forest shall shelter my  
 head,—  
 Ah! Mary, what home could be mine but  
 with you?

### TO GEORGE, EARL DELAWARR

Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each  
 other;  
 The friendships of childhood, though  
 fleeting, are true;  
 The love which you felt was the love of a  
 brother,  
 Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

But Friendship can vary her gentle dominion;

The attachment of years in a moment expires:

Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving pinion,

But glows not, like Love, with unquenchable fires.

Full oft have we wander'd through Ida together,

And blest were the scenes of our youth, I allow:

In the spring of our life, how serene is the weather!

But winter's rude tempests are gathering now.

No more with affection shall memory blending,

The wonted delights of our childhood retrace:

When pride steels the bosom, the heart is unbending,

And what would be justice appears a disgrace.

However, dear George, for I still must esteem you;

The few whom I love I can never upbraid:

The chance which has lost may in future redeem you,

Repentance will cancel the vow you have made.

I will not complain, and though chill'd is affection,

With me no corroding resentment shall live:

My bosom is calm'd by the simple reflection,

That both may be wrong, and that both should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,

If danger demanded, were wholly your own;

You knew me unalter'd by years or by distance,

Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

You knew,—but away with the vain retrospection!

The bond of affection no longer endures; Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,

And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours.

For the present, we part,—I will hope not for ever;

For time and regret will restore you at last:

To forget our dissension we both should endeavour,

I ask no atonement, but days like the past.

## TO THE EARL OF CLARE

*"Tu semper amoris  
Sis memor, et cari comitis ne abscedat imago."*  
VAL FLAC.

FRIEND of my youth! when young we roved,

Like striplings, mutually beloved, With friendship's purest glow,

The bliss which wing'd those rosy hours Was such as pleasure seldom showers

On mortals here below.

The recollection seems alone Dearer than all the joys I've known,

When distant far from you;

Though pain, 'tis still a pleasing pain, To trace those days and hours again,

And sigh again, adieu!

My pensive memory lingers o'er Those scenes to be enjoy'd no more,

Those scenes regretted ever;

The measure of our youth is full, Life's evening dream is dark and dull,

And we may meet—ah! never!

As when one parent spring supplies Two streams which from one fountain

rise,

Together join'd in vain; How soon, diverging from their source,

Each, murmuring, seeks another course, Till mingled in the main!

Our vital streams of weal or woe, Though near, alas! distinctly flow,

Nor mingle as before:

Now swift or slow, now black or clear, Till death's unfathom'd gulf appear,

And both shall quit the shore.

Our souls, my friend! which once supplied One wish, nor breathed a thought beside,

Now flow in different channels:

Disdaining humbler rural sports, 'Tis yours to mix in polish'd courts,

And shine in fashion's annals;

'Tis mine to waste on love my time, Or vent my reveries in rhyme,

Without the aid of reason;

For sense and reason (critics know it) Have quitted every amorous poet,

Nor left a thought to seize on.

Poor LITTLE! sweet, melodious bard! Of late esteem'd it monstrous hard

That he, who sang before all,—

He who the lore of love expanded,— By dire reviewers should be branded

As void of wit and moral.

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

And yet, while Beauty's praise is thine,  
Harmonious favourite of the Nine! 50  
Repine not at thy lot.

Thy soothing lays may still be read,  
When Persecution's arm is dead,  
And critics are forgot.

Still I must yield those worthies merit, 55  
Who chasten, with unsparing spirit,  
Bad rhymes, and those who write them;  
And though myself may be the next  
By criticism to be vexed,  
I really will not fight them. 60

Perhaps they would do quite as well  
To break the rudely sounding shell  
Of such a young beginner:  
He who offends at pert nineteen,  
Ere thirty may become, I ween,  
A very harden'd sinner.

Now, Clare, I must return to you;  
And, sure, apologies are due:  
Accept, then, my concession.  
In truth, dear Clare, in fancy's flight  
I soar along from left to right;  
My muse admires digression. 70

I think I said 'twould be your fate  
To add one star to royal state;—  
May regal smiles attend you!  
And should a noble monarch reign,  
You will not seek his smiles in vain,  
If worth can recommend you.

Yet since in danger courts abound,  
Where specious rivals glitter round, 80  
From snares may saints preserve you;  
And grant your love or friendship ne'er  
From any claim a kindred care,  
But those who best deserve you!

Not for a moment may you stray  
From truth's secure, unerring way!  
May no delights decoy!  
O'er roses may your footsteps move,  
Your smiles be ever smiles of love,  
Your tears be tears of joy!

Oh! if you wish that happiness  
Your coming days and years may bless,  
And virtues crown your brow;  
Be still as you were wont to be,  
Spotless as you've been known to me,—  
Be still as you are now. 96

And though some trifling share of praise,  
To cheer my last declining days,  
To me were doubly dear;  
Whilst blessing your beloved name 100  
I'd waive at once a poet's fame,  
To prove a prophet here.

## LINES WRITTEN BENEATH AN ELM IN THE CHURCHYARD OF HARROW

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches  
sigh,  
Swept by the breeze that fans thy cloud-  
less sky;  
Where now alone I muse, who oft have trod,  
With those I loved, thy soft and verdant sod;  
With those who, scatter'd far, perchance  
deplore, 5  
Like me, the happy scenes they knew be-  
fore:

Oh! as I trace again thy winding hill,  
Mine eyes admire, my heart adores thee  
still,

Thou drooping Elm! beneath whose  
boughs I lay, 65

And frequent mused the twilight hours  
away; 70

Where, as they once were wont, my limbs  
recline,

But, ah! without the thoughts which then  
were mine:

How do thy branches, moaning to the blast,  
Invite the bosom to recall the past,  
And seem to whisper, as they gently swell,  
'Take, while thou canst, a lingering, last  
farewell!' 76

When fate shall chill, at length, this  
fever'd breast,  
And calm its cares and passions into rest,  
Oft have I thought, 'twould soothe my  
dying hour,—

If aught may soothe when life resigns her  
power,— 80

To know some humble grave, some nar-  
row cell,

Would hide my bosom where it loved to  
dwell;

With this fond dream, methinks 'twere  
sweet to die—

And here it linger'd, here my heart might  
lie;

Here might I sleep where all my hopes  
arose, 85

Scene of my youth, and couch of my re-  
pose;

For ever stretch'd beneath this mantling  
shade,

Press'd by the turf where once my child-  
hood play'd;

Wrapt by the soil that veils the spot I loved,  
Mix'd with the earth o'er which my foot-  
steps moved; 90

Blest by the tongues that charm'd my  
youthful ear,

Mourn'd by the few my soul acknow-  
ledged here;

Deplored by those in early days allied,  
And unremember'd by the world beside.

September 2, 1807.

# OCCASIONAL PIECES

1807—1824

## THE ADIEU

WRITTEN UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT THE  
AUTHOR WOULD SOON DIE

- ADIEU, thou Hill! where early joy  
Spread roses o'er my brow;  
Where Science seeks each loitering boy  
With knowledge to endow.  
Adieu, my youthful friends or foes, 5  
Partners of former bliss or woes;  
No more through Ida's paths we stray;  
Soon must I share the gloomy cell,  
Whose ever-slumbering inmates dwell  
Unconscious of the day. 10
- Adieu, ye hoary Regal Fanes,  
Ye spires of Granta's vale,  
Where Learning robed in sable reigns,  
And Melancholy pale.  
Ye comrades of the jovial hour, 15  
Ye tenants of the classic bower,  
On Cama's verdant margin placed,  
Adieu! while memory still is mine,  
For, offerings on Oblivion's shrine,  
These scenes must be effaced. 20
- Adieu, ye mountains of the clime  
Where grew my youthful years;  
Where Loch na Garr in snows sublime  
His giant summit rears.  
Why did my childhood wander forth 25  
From you, ye regions of the North,  
With sons of pride to roam?  
Why did I quit my Highland cave,  
Mar's dusky heath, and Dee's clear wave,  
To seek a Sotheron home! 30
- Hall of my Sires! a long farewell—  
Yet why to thee adieu?  
Thy vaults will echo back my knell,  
Thy towers my tomb will view:  
The faltering tongue which sung thy fall,  
And former glories of thy Hall, 36  
Forgets its wonted simple note—  
But yet the Lyre retains the strings,  
And sometimes, on Æolian wings,  
In dying strains may float. 40
- Fields, which surround yon rustic cot,  
While yet I linger here,  
Adieu! you are not now forgot,  
To retrospection dear. 44  
Streamlet! along whose rippling surge  
My youthful limbs were wont to urge,  
At noontide heat, their pliant course;  
Plunging with ardour from the shore,  
Thy springs will lave these limbs no more,  
Deprived of active force. 50
- And shall I here forget the scene,  
Still nearest to my breast?  
Rocks rise and rivers roll between  
The spot which passion blest;  
Yet, Mary, all thy beauties seem 55  
Fresh as in Love's bewitching dream,  
To me in smiles display'd;  
Till slow disease resigns his prey  
To Death, the parent of decay,  
Thine image cannot fade. 60
- And thou, my Friend! whose gentle love  
Yet thrills my bosom's chords,  
How much thy friendship was above  
Description's power of words!  
Still near my breast thy gift I wear 65  
Which sparkled once with Feeling's tear,  
Of Love the pure, the sacred gem;  
Our souls were equal, and our lot  
In that dear moment quite forgot;  
Let Pride alone condemn! 70
- All, all is dark and cheerless now!  
No smile of Love's deceit  
Can warm my veins with wonted glow,  
Can bid Life's pulses beat:  
Not e'en the hope of future fame 75  
Can wake my faint, exhausted frame,  
Or crown with fancied wreaths my  
head.  
Mine is a short inglorious race,—  
To humble in the dust my face,  
And mingle with the dead. 80
- Oh Fame! thou goddess of my heart;  
On him who gains thy praise,  
Pointless must fall the Spectre's dart,  
Consumed in Glory's blaze;  
But me she beckons from the earth, 85  
My name obscure, unmark'd my birth,  
My life a short and vulgar dream:  
Lost in the dull, ignoble crowd,  
My hopes recline within a shroud,  
My fate is Lethe's stream. 90
- When I repose beneath the sod,  
Unheeded in the clay,  
Where once my playful footsteps trod,  
Where now my head must lay,  
The meed of Pity will be shed 95  
In dew-drops o'er my narrow bed,  
By nightly skies, and storms alone;  
No mortal eye will deign to steep  
With tears the dark sepulchral deep  
Which hides a name unknown. 100

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Forget this world, my restless sprite,  
 Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heaven:  
 There must thou soon direct thy flight,  
 If errors are forgiven.

To bigots and to sects unknown, 105  
 Bow down beneath the Almighty's Throne;

To Him address thy trembling prayer:  
 He, who is merciful and just,  
 Will not reject a child of dust,  
 Although his meanest care. 110

Father of Light! to Thee I call;  
 My soul is dark within:  
 Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,  
 Avert the death of sin.

Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,  
 Who calm'st the elemental war, 116  
 Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,  
 My thoughts, my words, my crimes for-  
 give:

And, since I soon must cease to live, 120  
 Instruct me how to die.  
 1807. [First published, 1832.]

### TO A VAIN LADY

Ah! heedless girl! why thus disclose  
 What ne'er was meant for other ears:  
 Why thus destroy thine own repose  
 And dig the source of future tears?

Oh, thou wilt weep, imprudent maid, 5  
 While lurking envious foes will smile,  
 For all the follies thou hast said  
 Of those who spoke but to beguile.

Vain girl! thy ling'ring woes are nigh,  
 If thou believ'st what striplings say:  
 Oh, from the deep temptation fly, 11  
 Nor fall the specious spoiler's prey.

Dost thou repeat, in childish boast,  
 The words man utters to deceive?  
 Thy peace, thy hope, thy all is lost, 15  
 If thou canst venture to believe.

While now amongst thy female peers  
 Thou tell'st again the soothing tale,  
 Canst thou not mark the rising sneers  
 Duplicity in vain would veil? 20

These tales in secret silence hush,  
 Nor make thyself the public gaze:  
 What modest maid without a blush  
 Recounts a flattering coxcomb's praise?

Will not the laughing boy despise 25  
 Her who relates each fond conceit—  
 Who, thinking Heaven is in her eyes,  
 Yet cannot see the slight deceit?

For she who takes a soft delight  
 These amorous nothings in revealing,  
 Must credit all we say or write, 31  
 While vanity prevents concealing.

Cease, if you prize your beauty's reign!  
 No jealousy bids me reprove:  
 One, who is thus from nature vain, 35  
 I pity, but I cannot love.

January 15, 1807.  
 [First published, 1832.]

### TO ANNE

Oh, Anne, your offences to me have been  
 grievous:  
 I thought from my wrath no atonement  
 could save you:

But woman is made to command and de-  
 ceive us—  
 I look'd in your face, and I almost for-  
 gave you.

I vow'd I could ne'er for a moment re-  
 spect you, 5  
 Yet thought that a day's separation was  
 long;

When we met, I determined again to sus-  
 pect you—  
 Your smile soon convinced me suspi-  
 cion was wrong.

I swore, in a transport of young indigna-  
 tion,  
 With fervent contempt evermore to dis-  
 dain you: 10

I saw you—my anger became admiration;  
 And now, all my wish, all my hope's to  
 regain you.

With beauty like yours, oh, how vain the  
 contention!  
 Thus lowly I sue for forgiveness before  
 you;

At once to conclude such a fruitless dis-  
 sension, 15  
 Be false, my sweet Anne, when I cease  
 to adore you!

January 16, 1807.  
 [First published, 1832.]

### TO THE SAME

Oh, say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates  
 have decreed  
 The heart which adores you should  
 wish to disserve;

Such Fates were to me most unkind ones  
 indeed,—  
 To bear me from love and from beauty  
 for ever.

Your frowns, lovely girl, are the Fates  
 which alone 5  
 Could bid me from fond admiration  
 refrain;

By these, every hope, every wish were  
 o'erthrown,  
 Till smiles should restore me to rapture  
 again.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

As the ivy and oak, in the forest entwined,  
The rage of the tempest united must  
weather;  
My love and my life were by nature design'd  
To flourish alike, or to perish together.

Then say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates  
have decreed  
Your lover should bid you a lasting  
adieu;  
Till Fate can ordain that his bosom shall  
bleed,  
His soul, his existence, are centred in  
you.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

## TO THE AUTHOR OF A SONNET

BEGINNING "SAD IS MY VERSE," YOU SAY,  
"AND YET NO TEAR"

THY verse is 'sad' enough, no doubt:  
A devilish deal more sad than witty!  
Why we should weep I can't find out,  
Unless for *thee* we weep in pity.

Yet there is one I pity more;  
And much, alas! I think he needs it;  
For he, I'm sure, will suffer sore,  
Who, to his own misfortune, reads it.

Thy rhymes, without the aid of magic,  
May *once* be read—but never after:  
Yet their effect's by no means tragic,  
Although by far too dull for laughter.

But would you make our bosoms bleed,  
And of no common pang complain—  
If you would make us weep indeed,  
Tell us, you'll read them o'er again.

March 8, 1807.  
[First published, 1832.]

## ON FINDING A FAN

In one who felt as once he felt,  
This might, perhaps, have fann'd the  
flame;  
But now his heart no more will melt,  
Because that heart is not the same.

As when the ebbing flames are low,  
The aid which once improved their  
light,  
And bade them burn with fiercer glow,  
Now quenches all their blaze in night.

Thus has it been with passion's fires—  
As many a boy and girl remembers—  
While every hope of love expires,  
Extinguish'd with the dying embers.

The *first*, though *not* a spark survive,  
Some careful hand may teach to burn;  
The *last*, alas! can ne'er survive;  
No touch can bid its warmth return.

Or, if it chance to wake again,  
Not always doom'd its heat to smother,  
It sheds (so wayward fates ordain)  
Its former warmth around another.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

## FAREWELL TO THE MUSE

THOU Power! who hast ruled me through  
infancy's days,  
Young offspring of fancy, 'tis time we  
should part;  
Then rise on the gale this the last of my  
lays,  
The coldest effusion which springs from  
my heart.

This bosom, responsive to rapture no  
more,  
Shall hush thy wild notes, nor implore  
thee to sing;  
The feelings of childhood, which taught  
thee to soar,  
Are wafted far distant on Apathy's  
wing.

Though simple the themes of my rude  
flowing Lyre,  
Yet even these themes are departed for  
ever;  
No more beam the eyes which my dream  
could inspire,  
My visions are flown, to return,—alas!  
never.

When drain'd is the nectar which gladdens  
the bowl,  
How vain is the effort delight to pro-  
long!  
When cold is the beauty which dwelt in  
my soul,  
What magic of Fancy can lengthen my  
song?

Can the lips sing of Love in the desert  
alone,  
Of kisses and smiles which they now  
must resign?  
Or dwell with delight on the hours that  
are flown?  
Ah, no! for those hours can no longer  
be mine.

Can they speak of the friends that I lived  
but to love?  
Ah, surely affection ennobles the strain!  
But how can my numbers in sympathy  
move,  
When I scarcely can hope to behold  
them again?

Can I sing of the deeds which my Fathers  
have done,  
And raise my loud harp to the fame of  
my Sires?

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

For glories, like theirs, oh, how faint is my  
tone!  
For Heroes' exploits how unequal my  
fires!

Untouch'd, then, my Lyre shall reply to  
the blast—  
'Tis hush'd; and my feeble endeavours  
are o'er;  
And those who have heard it will pardon  
the past,  
When they know that its murmurs shall  
vibrate no more.

And soon shall its wild erring notes be  
forgot,  
Since early affection and love are o'er-  
cast:  
Oh! blest had my fate been, and happy  
my lot,  
Had the first strain of love been the  
dearest, the last.

Farewell, my young Muse! since we now  
can ne'er meet;  
If our songs have been languid, they  
surely are few;  
Let us hope that the present at least will  
be sweet—  
The present—which seals our eternal  
Adieu.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

### TO AN OAK AT NEWSTEAD

YOUNG Oak! when I planted thee deep in  
the ground,  
I hoped that thy days would be longer  
than mine;  
That thy dark-waving branches would  
flourish around,  
And ivy thy trunk with its mantle en-  
twine.

Such, such was my hope, when in infancy's  
years,  
On the land of my fathers I rear'd thee  
with pride;  
They are past, and I water thy stem with  
my tears,—  
Thy decay not the weeds that surround  
thee can hide.

I left thee, my Oak, and, since that fatal  
hour,  
A stranger has dwelt in the hall of my  
sire;  
Till manhood shall crown me, not mine is  
the power,  
But his, whose neglect may have bade  
thee expire.

Oh! hardy thou wert—even now little care  
Might revive thy young head, and thy  
wounds gently heal:

But thou wert not fated affection to  
share—  
For who could suppose that a stranger  
would feel!

Ah, droop not, my Oak! lift thy head for  
a while;  
Ere twice round yon Glory this planet  
shall run,  
The hand of thy Master will teach thee to  
smile,  
When Infancy's years of probation are  
done.

Oh, live then, my Oak! tow'r aloft from  
the weeds,  
That clog thy young growth, and assist  
thy decay,  
For still in thy bosom are life's early seeds,  
And still may thy branches their beauty  
display.

Oh! yet, if maturity's years may be thine,  
Though I shall lie low in the cavern of  
death,  
On thy leaves yet the day-beam of ages  
may shine,  
Uninjured by time, or the rude winter's  
breath.

For centuries still may thy boughs lightly  
wave  
O'er the corse of thy lord in thy canopy  
laid;  
While the branches thus gratefully shelter  
his grave,  
The chief who survives may recline in  
thy shade.

And as he, with his boys, shall revisit this  
spot,  
He will tell them in whispers more softly  
to tread.  
Oh! surely, by these I shall ne'er be for-  
got;  
Remembrance still hallows the dust of  
the dead.

And here, will they say, when in life's  
glowing prime,  
Perhaps he has pour'd forth his young  
simple lay,  
And here must he sleep, till the moments  
of time  
Are lost in the hours of Eternity's day.

1807. [First published, 1832.]

### ON REVISITING HARROW

HERE once engaged the stranger's view  
Young Friendship's record simply  
traced;  
Few were her words,—but yet, though  
few,  
Resentment's hand the line defaced.



## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Deeply she cut—but not erased, 5  
The characters were still so plain,  
That Friendship once return'd, and  
gazed,—  
Till Memory hail'd the words again.

Repentance placed them as before; 9  
Forgiveness join'd her gentle name;  
So fair the inscription seem'd once more,  
That Friendship thought it still the  
same.

Thus might the Record now have been;  
But, ah, in spite of Hope's endeavour,  
Or Friendship's tears, Pride rush'd be-  
tween, 15  
And blotted out the line for ever.

September 1807.

### EPITAPH ON JOHN ADAMS, OF SOUTHWELL

A CARRIER, WHO DIED OF DRUNKENNESS  
JOHN ADAMS lies here, of the parish of  
Southwell,  
A *Carrier* who *carried* his can to his mouth  
well:  
He *carried* so much, and he *carried* so fast,  
He could *carry* no more—so was *carried*  
at last;  
For, the liquor he drank, being too much  
for one, 5  
He could not *carry* off,—so he's now  
*carri-on*.

September 1807.

### TO MY SON

THOSE flaxen locks, those eyes of blue,  
Bright as thy mother's in their hue;  
Those rosy lips, whose dimples play  
And smile to steal the heart away,  
Recall a scene of former joy, 5  
And touch thy father's heart, my Boy!

And thou canst lisp a father's name—  
Ah, William, were thine own the same,—  
No self-reproach—but, let me cease—  
My care for thee shall purchase peace; 10  
Thy mother's shade shall smile in joy,  
And pardon all the past, my Boy!

Her lowly grave the turf has prest,  
And thou hast known a stranger's breast;  
Derision sneers upon thy birth, 15  
And yields thee scarce a name on earth;  
Yet shall not these one hope destroy,—  
A Father's heart is thine, my Boy!

Why, let the world unfeeling frown,  
Must I fond Nature's claim disown? 20  
Ah, no—though moralists reprove,  
I hail thee, dearest child of love,  
Fair cherub, pledge of youth and joy—  
A Father guards thy birth, my Boy!

Oh, 'twill be sweet in thee to trace, 25  
Ere age has wrinkled o'er my face,  
Ere half my glass of life is run,  
At once a brother and a son;  
And all my wane of years employ  
In justice done to thee, my Boy! 30

Although so young thy heedless sire,  
Youth will not damp parental fire;  
And, wert thou still less dear to me,  
While Helen's form revives in thee,  
The breast which beat to former joy, 35  
Will ne'er desert its pledge, my Boy!

1807. [First published, 1830.]

### FAREWELL! IF EVER FONDEST PRAYER

FAREWELL! if ever fondest prayer  
For other's weal avail'd on high,  
Mine will not all be lost in air,  
But waft thy name beyond the sky. 4  
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:  
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,  
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,  
Are in that word—Farewell!—Fare-  
well!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;  
But in my breast and in my brain, 10  
Awake the pangs that pass not by,  
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.  
My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,  
Though grief and passion there rebel;  
I only know we loved in vain— 15  
I only feel—Farewell!—Farewell!

1808.

### BRIGHT BE THE PLACE OF THY SOUL

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!  
No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine. 5

On earth thou wert all but divine, 5  
As thy soul shall immortally be;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine,  
When we know that thy God is with  
thee.

Light be the turf of thy tomb!  
May its verdure like emeralds be: 10  
There should not be the shadow of gloom  
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
May spring from the spot of thy rest:  
But nor cypress nor yew let us see; 15  
For why should we mourn for the blest!

1808.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### WHEN WE TWO PARTED

WHEN we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow—  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame:  
I hear thy name spoken,  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee,  
Who knew thee too well:—  
Long, long shall I rue thee,  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—  
In silence I grieve,  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?  
With silence and tears.

### TO A YOUTHFUL FRIEND

Few years have pass'd since thou and I  
Were firmest friends, at least in name,  
And childhood's gay sincerity  
Preserved our feelings long the same.

But now, like me, too well thou know'st  
What trifles oft the heart recall; 6  
And those who once have loved the most  
Too soon forget they loved at all.

And such the change the heart displays,  
So frail is early friendship's reign, 10  
A month's brief lapse, perhaps a day's,  
Will view thy mind estranged again.

If so, it never shall be mine  
To mourn the loss of such a heart; 14  
The fault was Nature's fault, not thine,  
Which made thee fickle as thou art.

As rolls the ocean's changing tide,  
So human feelings ebb and flow;  
And who would in a breast confide  
Where stormy passions ever glow? 20

It boots not that, together bred,  
Our childish days were days of joy:  
My spring of life has quickly fled;  
Thou, too, hast ceased to be a boy.

And when we bid adieu to youth, 25  
Slaves to the specious world's control,  
We sigh a long farewell to truth;  
That world corrupts the noblest soul.

Ah, joyous season! when the mind  
Dares all things boldly but to lie; 30  
When thought ere spoke is unconfined,  
And sparkles in the placid eye.

Not so in Man's maturer years,  
When Man himself is but a tool; 34  
When interest sways our hopes and fears,  
And all must love and hate by rule.

With fools in kindred vice the same,  
We learn at length our faults to blend;  
And those, and those alone, may claim  
The prostituted name of friend. 40

Such is the common lot of man:  
Can we then 'scape from folly free?  
Can we reverse the general plan,  
Nor be what all in turn must be? 25

No; for myself, so dark my fate 45  
Through every turn of life hath been;  
Man and the world so much I hate,  
I care not when I quit the scene. 30

But thou, with spirit frail and light,  
Wilt shine awhile, and pass away; 50  
As glow-worms sparkle through the night,  
But dare not stand the test of day.

Alas! whenever folly calls  
Where parasites and princes meet  
(For cherish'd first in royal halls, 55  
The welcome vices kindly greet),

Ev'n now thou'rt nightly seen to add  
One insect to the fluttering crowd;  
And still thy trifling heart is glad 59  
To join the vain and court the proud.

There dost thou glide from fair to fair,  
Still smirking on with eager haste,  
As flies along the gay parterre  
That taint the flowers they scarcely taste.

But say, what nymph will prize the flame  
Which seems, as marshy vapours move,  
To flit along from dame to dame, 67  
An ignis-fatuus gleam of love?

What friend for thee, howe'er inclined,  
Will deign to own a kindred care? 70  
Who will debase his manly mind,  
For friendship every fool may share?

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

In time forbear; amidst the throng  
No more so base a thing be seen;  
No more so idly pass along; 75  
Be something, anything, but—mean.  
1808.

### LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL

START not—nor deem my spirit fled;  
In me behold the only skull,  
From which, unlike a living head,  
Whatever flows is never dull.  
I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee: 5  
I died: let earth my bones resign;  
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;  
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,  
Than nurse the earth-worm's slimy 10  
brood;  
And circle in the goblet's shape  
The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,  
In aid of others' let me shine;  
And when, alas! our brains are gone, 15  
What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,  
When thou and thine, like me, are sped,  
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,  
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day  
Our heads such sad effects produce;  
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,  
This chance is theirs, to be of use.  
Newstead Abbey, 1808.

### WELL! THOU ART HAPPY

WELL! thou art happy, and I feel  
That I should thus be happy too;  
For still my heart regards thy weal  
Warmly, as it was wont to do. 4

Thy husband's blest—and 'twill impart  
Some pangs to view his happier lot:  
But let them pass—Oh! how my heart  
Would hate him if he loved thee not!

When late I saw thy favourite child, 9  
I thought my jealous heart would break;  
But when the unconscious infant smiled,  
I kiss'd it for its mother's sake. 12

I kiss'd it,—and repress'd my sighs  
Its father in its face to see;  
But then it had its mother's eyes, 15  
And they were all to love and me.

Mary, adieu! I must away:  
While thou art blest I'll not repine;  
But near thee I can never stay; 19  
My heart would soon again be thine.

I deem'd that time, I deem'd that pride,  
Had quench'd at length my boyish  
flame;  
Nor knew, till seated by thy side,  
My heart in all,—save hope,—the same.

Yet was I calm: I knew the time 25  
My breast would thrill before thy look;  
But now to tremble were a crime—  
We met,—and not a nerve was shook.

I saw thee gaze upon my face,  
Yet meet with no confusion there: 30  
One only feeling could'st thou trace;  
The sullen calmness of despair.

Away! away! my early dream  
Remembrance never must awake:  
Oh! where is Lethe's fabled stream? 35  
My foolish heart, be still, or break.  
November 2, 1808.

### INSCRIPTION ON THE MONU- MENT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG

WHEN some proud son of man returns to  
earth,  
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,  
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of  
woe,

And storied urns record who rest below:  
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,  
Not what he was, but what he should  
have been: 6

But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's  
own,

Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for  
him alone, 10

Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,  
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth,  
While man, vain insect! hopes to be for-  
given,

And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.  
Oh man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,  
Debased by slavery, or corrupt by power,  
Who knows thee well must quit thee with  
disgust, 17

Degraded mass of animated dust!  
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,  
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!  
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,  
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush  
for shame.

Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,  
Pass on—it honours none you wish to  
mourn:

To mark a friend's remains these stones  
arise; 25

I never knew but one,—and here he lies.  
Newstead Abbey, November 30, 1808.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### TO A LADY

ON BEING ASKED MY REASON FOR QUITTING  
ENGLAND IN THE SPRING

WHEN Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers,  
A moment linger'd near the gate,  
Each scene recall'd the vanish'd hours,  
And bade him curse his future fate.

But, wandering on through distant climes,  
He learnt to bear his load of grief; 6  
Just gave a sigh to other times,  
And found in busier scenes relief.

Thus, lady! will it be with me,  
And I must view thy charms no more;  
For, while I linger near to thee, 11  
I sigh for all I knew before.

In flight I shall be surely wise,  
Escaping from temptation's snare;  
I cannot view my paradise 15  
Without the wish of dwelling there.

*December 2, 1808.*

### REMIND ME NOT, REMIND ME NOT

REMIND me not, remind me not,  
Of those beloved, those vanish'd hours,  
When all my soul was given to thee;  
Hours that may never be forgot,  
Till time unnerves our vital powers, 5  
And thou and I shall cease to be.

Can I forget—canst thou forget,  
When playing with thy golden hair,  
How quick thy fluttering heart did  
move?

Oh! by my soul, I see thee yet, 10  
With eyes so languid, breast so fair,  
And lips, though silent, breathing  
love.

When thus reclining on my breast,  
Those eyes threw back a glance so sweet,  
As half reproach'd yet raised desire,  
And still we near and nearer prest, 16  
And still our glowing lips would meet,  
As if in kisses to expire.

And then those pensive eyes would close,  
And bid their lids each other seek, 20  
Veiling the azure orbs below;  
While their long lashes' darken'd gloss  
Seem'd stealing o'er thy brilliant cheek,  
Like raven's plumage smooth'd on  
snow.

I dreamt last night our love return'd, 25  
And, sooth to say, that very dream  
Was sweeter in its phantasy,  
Than if for other hearts I burn'd,  
For eyes that ne'er like thine could  
beam  
In rapture's wild reality. 30

Then tell me not, remind me not,  
Of hours which, though for ever gone,  
Can still a pleasing dream restore,  
Till thou and I shall be forgot, 34  
And senseless, as the mouldering stone  
Which tells that we shall be no more.

### THERE WAS A TIME, I NEED NOT NAME

THERE was a time, I need not name,  
Since it will ne'er forgotten be,  
When all our feelings were the same  
As still my soul hath been to thee.

And from that hour when first thy tongue  
Confess'd a love which equally mine,  
Though many a grief my heart hath  
wrung, 7  
Unknown, and thus unfelt, by thine,

None, none hath sunk so deep as this—  
To think how all that love hath flown;  
Transient as every faithless kiss, 11  
But transient in thy breast alone.

And yet my heart some solace knew,  
When late I heard thy lips declare, 15  
In accents once imagined true,  
Remembrance of the days that were.

Yes! my adored, yet most unkind!  
Though thou wilt never love again,  
To me 'tis doubly sweet to find  
Remembrance of that love remain. 20

Yes! 'tis a glorious thought to me,  
Nor longer shall my soul repine,  
Whate'er thou art or e'er shalt be,  
Thou hast been dearly, solely mine.

### AND WILT THOU WEEP WHEN I AM LOW?

AND wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—  
I would not give that bosom pain.

My heart is sad, my hopes are gone, 5  
My blood runs coldly through my  
breast;  
And when I perish, thou alone  
Wilt sigh above my place of rest.

And yet, methinks, a gleam of peace  
Doth through my cloud of anguish  
shine: 10  
And for a while my sorrows cease,  
To know thy heart hath felt for mine.

Oh lady! blessed be that tear—  
It falls for one who cannot weep;  
Such precious drops are doubly dear 15  
To those whose eyes no tear may steep.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Sweet lady! once my heart was warm  
With every feeling soft as thine;  
But beauty's self hath ceased to charm  
A wretch created to repine. 20

Yet wilt thou weep when I am low?  
Sweet lady! speak those words again:  
Yet if they grieve thee, say not so—  
I would not give that bosom pain.

### FILL THE GOBLET AGAIN

#### A SONG

FILL the goblet again! for I never before  
Felt the glow which now gladdens my  
heart to its core;  
Let us drink!—who would not?—since,  
through life's varied round,  
In the goblet alone no deception is found.

I have tried in its turn all that life can  
supply; 5  
I have bask'd in the beam of a dark rolling  
eye;  
I have loved!—who has not?—but what  
heart can declare  
That pleasure existed while passion was  
there?

In the days of my youth, when the heart's  
in its spring,  
And dreams that affection can never take  
wing, 10  
I had friends!—who has not?—but what  
tongue will avow,  
That friends, rosy wine! are so faithful as  
thou?

The heart of a mistress some boy may  
estrangle,  
Friendship shifts with the sunbeam—thou  
never canst change;  
Thou grow'st old—who does not?—but  
on earth what appears, 15  
Whose virtues, like thine, still increase  
with its years?

Yet if blest to the utmost that love can  
bestow,  
Should a rival bow down to our idol  
below,  
We are jealous!—who's not?—thou hast  
no such alloy;  
For the more that enjoy thee, the more  
we enjoy. 20

Then the season of youth and its vanities  
past,  
For refuge we fly to the goblet at last;  
There we find—do we not?—in the flow  
of the soul,  
That truth, as of yore, is confined to the  
bowl.

When the box of Pandora was opened on  
earth, 25  
And Misery's triumph commenced over  
Mirth,  
Hope was left,—was she not?—but the  
goblet we kiss,  
And care not for Hope, who are certain  
of bliss.

Long life to the grape! for when summer  
is flown,  
The age of our nectar shall gladden our  
own: 30  
We must die—who shall not?—May our  
sins be forgiven,  
And Hebe shall never be idle in heaven.

### STANZAS TO A LADY, ON LEAVING ENGLAND

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale  
The bark unfurls her snowy sail;  
And whistling o'er the bending mast,  
Loud sings on high the fresh'ning blast;  
And I must from this land be gone, 5  
Because I cannot love but one.

But could I be what I have been,  
And could I see what I have seen—  
Could I repose upon the breast—  
Which once my warmest wishes blest—  
I should not seek another zone 11  
Because I cannot love but one.

'Tis long since I beheld that eye  
Which gave me bliss or misery;  
And I have striven, but in vain, 15  
Never to think of it again:  
For though I fly from Albion,  
I still can only love but one.

As some lone bird, without a mate,  
My weary heart is desolate; 20  
I look around, and cannot trace  
One friendly smile or welcome face,  
And ev'n in crowds am still alone,  
Because I cannot love but one.

And I will cross the whitening foam, 25  
And I will seek a foreign home;  
Till I forget a false fair face,  
I ne'er shall find a resting-place;  
My own dark thoughts I cannot shun,  
But ever love, and love but one. 30

The poorest, veriest wretch on earth  
Still finds some hospitable hearth,  
Where friendship's or love's softer glow  
May smile in joy or soothe in woe;  
But friend or leman I have none, 35  
Because I cannot love but one.

# OCCASIONAL PIECES

I go—but wheresoe'er I flee  
There's not an eye will weep for me;  
There's not a kind congenial heart;  
Where I can claim the meanest part; 40  
Nor thou, who hast my hopes undone,  
Wilt sigh, although I love but one.

To think of every early scene,  
Of what we are, and what we've been,  
Would whelm some softer hearts with  
woe— 45

But mine, alas! has stood the blow:  
Yet still beats on as it begun,  
And never truly loves but one.

And who that dear loved one may be,  
Is not for vulgar eyes to see; 50  
And why that early love was cross'd,  
Thou know'st the best, I feel the most:  
But few that dwell beneath the sun  
Have loved so long, and loved but one.

I've tried another's fetters too, 55  
With charms perchance as fair to view;  
And I would fain have loved as well,  
But some unconquerable spell  
Forbade my bleeding breast to own  
A kindred care for aught but one. 60

'Twould soothe to take one lingering view,  
And bless thee in my last adieu;  
Yet wish I not those eyes to weep  
For him that wanders o'er the deep; 64  
His home, his hope, his youth are gone,  
Yet still he loves, and loves but one.

1809.

## LINES TO MR. HODGSON

WRITTEN ON BOARD THE LISBON PACKET

HUZZA! Hodgson, we are going,  
Our embargo's off at last;  
Favourable breezes blowing  
Bend the canvas o'er the mast.  
From aloft the signal's streaming, 5  
Hark! the farewell gun is fired;  
Women screeching, tars blaspheming,  
Tell us that our time's expired.  
Here's a rascal  
Come to task all, 10  
Prying from the custom-house,  
Trunks unpacking,  
Cases cracking,  
Not a corner for a mouse  
'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket, 15  
Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,  
And all hands must ply the oar;  
Baggage from the quay is lowering,  
We're impatient, push from shore. 20  
'Have a care! that case holds liquor—  
Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord!'

'Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker  
Ere you've been an hour on board.'

Thus are screaming 25

Men and women,  
Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks;  
Here entangling,

All are wrangling,  
Stuck together close as wax.— 30  
Such the general noise and racket,  
Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo! the captain,  
Gallant Kidd, commands the crew;  
Passengers their berths are clapt in, 35

Some to grumble, some to spew.  
'Heyday! call you that a cabin?  
Why 'tis hardly three feet square:

Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—  
Who the deuce can harbour there?' 40

'Who, sir? plenty—

Nobles twenty

Did at once my vessel fill.'—

'Did they? Jesus,

How you squeeze us! 45

Would to God they did so still:  
Then I'd scape the heat and racket  
Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.'

Fletcher! Murray! Bob! where are you?

Stretch'd along the deck like logs—  
Bear a hand, you jolly tar, you! 51

Here's a rope's end for the dogs,  
Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,  
As the hatchway down he rolls,

Now his breakfast, now his verses, 55  
Vomits forth—and damns our souls.

'Here's a stanza

On Braganza—

Help!—'A couplet?'—'No, a cup  
Of warm water—' 60

'What's the matter?'

'Zounds! my liver's coming up:  
I shall not survive the racket  
Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.'

Now at length we're off for Turkey, 65  
Lord knows when we shall come back!  
Breezes foul and tempests murky  
May unship us in a crack.

But, since life at most a jest is, 70  
As philosophers allow,  
Still to laugh by far the best is,  
Then laugh on—as I do now.

Laugh at all things,  
Great and small things,

Sick or well, at sea or shore; 75  
While we're quaffing,

Let's have laughing—

Who the devil cares for more?—

Some good wine! and who would lack it,  
Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet? 80

Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.  
[First published, 1830.]

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### TO FLORENCE

OH Lady! when I left the shore,  
The distant shore which gave me birth,  
I hardly thought to grieve once more  
To quit another spot on earth:

Yet here, amidst this barren isle, <sup>5</sup>  
Where panting Nature droops the head,  
Where only thou art seen to smile,  
I view my parting hour with dread.

Though far from Albin's craggy shore,  
Divided by the dark-blue main; <sup>10</sup>  
A few, brief, rolling seasons o'er,  
Perchance I view her cliffs again:

But wheresoe'er I now may roam,  
Through scorching clime, and varied <sup>14</sup>  
sea,  
Though Time restore me to my home,  
I ne'er shall bend mine eyes on thee:

On thee, in whom at once conspire  
All charms which heedless hearts can <sup>19</sup>  
move,  
Whom but to see is to admire,  
And, oh! forgive the word—to love.

Forgive the word, in one who ne'er  
With such a word can more offend;  
And since thy heart I cannot share,  
Believe me, what I am, thy friend.

And who so cold as look on thee, <sup>25</sup>  
Thou lovely wand'rer, and be less?  
Nor be, what man should ever be,  
The friend of Beauty in distress?

Ah! who would think that form had past  
Through Danger's most destructive <sup>30</sup>  
path,  
Had braved the death-wing'd tempest's  
blast,  
And 'scaped a tyrant's fiercer wrath?

Lady! when I shall view the walls  
Where free Byzantium once arose,  
And Stamboul's Oriental halls <sup>35</sup>  
The Turkish tyrants now enclose;

Though mightiest in the lists of fame,  
That glorious city still shall be;  
On me 'twill hold a dearer claim,  
As spot of thy nativity: <sup>40</sup>

And though I bid thee now farewell,  
When I behold that wondrous scene,  
Since where thou art I may not dwell,  
'Twill soothe to be where thou hast <sup>45</sup>  
been.

September 1809.

### LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM, AT MALTA

As o'er the cold sepulchral stone  
Some name arrests the passer-by;  
Thus, when thou view'st this page alone,  
May mine attract thy pensive eye!

And when by thee that name is read, <sup>5</sup>  
Perchance in some succeeding year,  
Reflect on me as on the dead,  
And think my heart is buried here.

September 14, 1809.

### STANZAS COMPOSED DURING A THUNDER-STORM

CHILL and mirk is the nightly blast,  
Where Pindus' mountains rise,  
And angry clouds are pouring fast  
The vengeance of the skies.

Our guides are gone, our hope is lost, <sup>5</sup>  
And lightnings, as they play,  
But show where rocks our path have crost,  
Or gild the torrent's spray.

Is yon a cot I saw, though low?  
When lightning broke the gloom— <sup>10</sup>  
How welcome were its shade!—ah, no!  
'Tis but a Turkish tomb.

Through sounds of foaming waterfalls,  
I hear a voice exclaim—  
My way-worn countryman, who calls <sup>15</sup>  
On distant England's name.

A shot is fired—by foe or friend?  
Another—'tis to tell  
The mountain-peasants to descend,  
And lead us where they dwell. <sup>20</sup>

Oh! who in such a night will dare  
To tempt the wilderness?  
And who 'mid thunder-peals can hear  
Our signal of distress?

And who that heard our shouts would <sup>25</sup>  
rise  
To try the dubious road?  
Nor rather deem from nightly cries  
That outlaws were abroad.

Clouds burst, skies flash, oh, dreadful <sup>30</sup>  
hour!  
More fiercely pours the storm!  
Yet here one thought has still the power  
To keep my bosom warm.

While wandering through each broken <sup>35</sup>  
path,  
O'er brake and craggy brow;  
While elements exhaust their wrath,  
Sweet Florence, where art thou?

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Not on the sea, not on the sea,  
Thy bark hath long been gone:  
Oh, may the storm that pours on me  
Bow down my head alone!

Full swiftly blew the swift Siroc,  
When last I press'd thy lip;  
And long ere now, with foaming shock  
Impell'd thy gallant ship.

Now thou art safe; nay, long ere now  
Hast trod the shore of Spain;  
'Twere hard if aught so fair as thou  
Should linger on the main.

And since I now remember thee  
In darkness and in dread,  
As in those hours of revelry  
Which mirth and music sped;

Do thou, amid the fair white walls,  
If Cadiz yet be free,  
At times from out her latticed halls  
Look o'er the dark blue sea;

Then think upon Calypso's isles,  
Endear'd by days gone by;  
To others give a thousand smiles,  
To me a single sigh.

And when the admiring circle mark  
The paleness of thy face,  
A half-form'd tear, a transient spark  
Of melancholy grace,

Again thou'lt smile, and blushing shun  
Some coxcomb's rillery;  
Nor own for once thou thought'st on one,  
Who ever thinks on thee.

Though smile and sigh alike are vain,  
When sever'd hearts repine,  
My spirit flies o'er mount and main,  
And mourns in search of thine.

### STANZAS WRITTEN IN PASSING 'THE AMBRACIAN GULF

THROUGH cloudless skies, in silvery sheen,  
Full beams the moon on Actium's  
coast:

And on these waves, for Egypt's queen,  
The ancient world was won and lost.

And now upon the scene I look,  
The azure grave of many a Roman;  
Where stern Ambition once forsook  
His wavering crown to follow woman.

Flarest! whom I will love as well  
As ever yet was said or sung  
(Since Orpheus sang his spouse from hell),  
Whilst thou art fair and I am young;

Sweet Florence! those were pleasant times,  
When worlds were staked for ladies'  
eyes:

Had bards as many realms as rhymes,  
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

Though Fate forbids such things to be,  
Yet, by thine eyes and ringlets curl'd!  
I cannot lose a world for thee,  
But would not lose thee for a world.

Nov. 14, 1809.

### THE SPELL IS BROKE, THE CHARM IS FLOWN!

WRITTEN AT ATHENS, JANUARY 16, 1810

THE spell is broke, the charm is flown!  
Thus is it with life's fitful fever:  
We madly smile when we should groan:  
Delirium is our best deceiver.

Each lucid interval of thought  
Recalls the woes of Nature's charter;  
And he that acts as wise men ought,  
But lives, as saints have died, a martyr.

### WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS

If, in the month of dark December,  
Leander, who was nightly wont  
(What maid will not the tale remember?)  
To cross thy stream, broad Hellespont!

If, when the wintry tempest roar'd,  
He sped to Hero, nothing loth,  
And thus of old thy current pour'd,  
Fair Venus! how I pity both!

For me, degenerate modern wretch,  
Though in the genial month of May,  
My dripping limbs I faintly stretch,  
And think I've done a feat to-day.

But since he cross'd the rapid tide,  
According to the doubtful story,  
To woo,—and—Lord knows what be-  
side,  
And swam for Love, as I for Glory;

'Twere hard to say who fared the best:  
Sad mortals! thus the gods still plague  
you!

He lost his labour, I my jest;  
For he was drown'd, and I've the ague.  
May 9, 1810.

### LINES IN THE TRAVELLERS' BOOK AT ORCHOMENUS

IN THIS BOOK A TRAVELLER HAD  
WRITTEN:—

'FAIR Albion, smiling, sees her son depart  
To trace the birth and nursery of art;  
Noble his object, glorious is his aim;  
He comes to Athens, and he writes his  
name.'



## OCCASIONAL PIECES

BENEATH WHICH LORD BYRON INSERTED  
THE FOLLOWING:—

THE modest bard, like many a bard unknown,  
Rhymes on our names, but wisely hides his own;  
But yet, whoe'er he be, to say no worse,  
His name would bring more credit than his verse.

1810.

### MAID OF ATHENS, ERE WE PART

*Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ*

MAID of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh give me back my heart!  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
*Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Ægean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
*Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-encircled waist;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
*Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Maid of Athens! I am gone:  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istambol,  
Athens holds my heart and soul:  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
*Ζωή μου, σὰς ἀγαπῶ.*

Athens, 1810.

### TRANSLATION OF THE NURSE'S DOLE IN THE MEDEA OF EURI- PIDES

OH how I wish that an embargo  
Had kept in port the good ship Argo!  
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,  
Had never pass'd the Azure rocks;  
But now I fear her trip will be a  
Damn'd voyage for my Miss Medea,  
&c. &c.

June 1810.

### MY EPITAPH

YOUTH, Nature, and relenting Jove,  
To keep my lamp in strongly strove;  
But Romanelli was so stout,  
He beat all three—and blew it out.

Oct. 1810.

### SUBSTITUTE FOR AN EPITAPH

KIND Reader! take your choice to cry or  
laugh;  
Here HAROLD lies—but where's his Epi-  
taph?  
If such you seek, try Westminster, and  
view  
Ten thousand just as fit for him as you.

Athens.

### LINES WRITTEN BENEATH A PICTURE

DEAR object of defeated care!  
Though now of Love and thee bereft,  
To reconcile me with despair,  
Thine image and my tears are left.

'Tis said with Sorrow Time can cope; 5  
But this I feel can ne'er be true:  
For by the death-blow of my Hope  
My Memory immortal grew.

Athens, January 1811.

### TRANSLATION OF THE FAMOUS GREEK WAR SONG

*Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων*

SONS of the Greeks, arise!  
The glorious hour's gone forth,  
And, worthy of such ties,  
Display who gave us birth.

#### CHORUS.

Sons of Greeks! let us go 5  
In arms against the foe,  
Till their hated blood shall flow  
In a river past our feet.

Then manfully despising  
The Turkish tyrant's yoke, 10  
Let your country see you rising,  
And all her chains are broke.  
Brave shades of chiefs and sages,  
Behold the coming strife!  
Hellènes of past ages, 15  
Oh, start again to life!  
At the sound of my trumpet, breaking  
Your sleep, oh, join with me!  
And the seven-hill'd city seeking,  
Fight, conquer, till we're free. 20  
Sons of Greeks, &c.

Sparta, Sparta, why in slumbers  
Lethargic dost thou lie?  
Awake, and join thy numbers  
With Athens, old ally!  
Leonidas recalling, 25  
That chief of ancient song,  
Who saved ye once from falling,  
The terrible! the strong!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Who made that bold diversion  
In old Thermopylae,  
And warring with the Persian  
To keep his country free;  
With his three hundred waging  
The battle, long he stood,  
And like a lion raging,  
Expired in seas of blood.

Sons of Greeks, &c.

### TRANSLATION OF THE ROMAIC SONG

"Μπένω μες' τὸ περιβόλι  
Ὡρασιόστη Χαϊδέη," κ.τ.λ.

I ENTER thy garden of roses,  
Beloved and fair Haidée,  
Each morning where Flora reposes,  
For surely I see her in thee.  
Oh, Lovely! thus low I implore thee, 5  
Receive this fond truth from my  
tongue,  
Which utters its song to adore thee,  
Yet trembles for what it has sung;  
As the branch, at the bidding of Nature,  
Adds fragrance and fruit to the tree,  
Through her eyes, through her every  
feature, 11  
Shines the soul of the young Haidée.

But the loveliest garden grows hateful  
When Love has abandon'd the bowers;  
Bring me hemlock—since mine is un-  
grateful, 15  
That herb is more fragrant than flowers.  
The poison, when pour'd from the chalice,  
Will deeply embitter the bowl;  
But when drunk to escape from thy malice,  
The draught shall be sweet to my soul.  
Too cruel! in vain I implore thee 21  
My heart from these horrors to save:  
Will nought to my bosom restore thee?  
Then open the gates of the grave.

As the chief who to combat advances 25  
Secure of his conquest before,  
Thou, with those eyes for thy lances,  
Hast pierced through my heart to its  
core.  
Ah, tell me, my soul! must I perish  
By pangs which a smile would dispel?  
Would the hope, which thou once bad'st  
me cherish, 31  
For torture repay me too well?  
Now sad is the garden of roses,  
Beloved but false Haidée!  
There Flora all wither'd reposes, 35  
And mourns o'er thine absence with me.  
1811.

### ON PARTING

THE kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left  
Shall never part from mine,  
Till happier hours restore the gift  
Untainted back to thine.

Thy parting glance, which fondly beams,  
An equal love may see: 6  
The tear that from thine eyelid streams  
Can weep no change in me.

I ask no pledge to make me blest  
In gazing when alone; 10  
Nor one memorial for a breast,  
Whose thoughts are all thine own.  
Nor need I write—to tell the tale  
My pen were doubly weak:  
Oh! what can idle words avail, 15  
Unless the heart could speak?

By day or night, in weal or woe,  
That heart, no longer free,  
Must bear the love it cannot show,  
And silent ache for thee. 20  
March 1811.

### EPITAPH FOR JOSEPH BLACKETT, LATE POET AND SHOEMAKER

STRANGER! behold, interr'd together,  
The souls of learning and of leather.  
Poor Joe is gone, but left his all:  
You'll find his relics in a stall.  
His works were neat, and often found 5  
Well stitch'd, and with morocco bound.  
Tread lightly—where the bard is laid  
He cannot mend the shoe he made;  
Yet is he happy in his hole,  
With verse immortal as his sole. 10  
But still to business he held fast,  
And stuck to Phœbus to the last.  
Then who shall say so good a fellow  
Was only 'leather and prunella?'  
For character—he did not lack it; 15  
And if he did, 'twere shame to 'Black it.'  
Malta, May 16, 1811.

### FAREWELL TO MALTA

ADIEU, ye joys of La Valette!  
Adieu, sirocco, sun, and sweat!  
Adieu, thou palace rarely enter'd!  
Adieu, ye mansions where—I've ventured!  
Adieu, ye cursed streets of stairs! 5  
(How surely he who mounts you swears!)  
Adieu, ye merchants often failing!  
Adieu, thou mob for ever railing!  
Adieu, ye packets—without letters!  
Adieu, ye fools—who ape you better!  
Adieu, thou damndest quarantine, 11  
That gave me fever, and the spleen!  
Adieu, that stage which makes us yawn,  
Sirs,  
Adieu, his Excellency's danciers!  
Adieu to Peter—whom no fault's in, 15  
But could not teach a colonel waltzing;  
Adieu, ye females fraught with graces!  
Adieu, red coats, and redder faces!  
Adieu, the supercilious air  
Of all that strut 'en militaire!' 20

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

I go—but God knows when, or why,  
To smoky towns and cloudy sky,  
To things (the honest truth to say)  
As bad—but in a different way.

Farewell to these, but not adieu, 25  
Triumphant sons of truest blue!  
While either Adriatic shore,  
And fallen chiefs, and fleets no more,  
And nightly smiles, and daily dinners,  
Proclaim you war and woman's winners.  
Pardon my Muse, who apt to prate is,  
And take my rhyme—because 'tis 'gratis.'

And now I've got to Mrs. Fraser,  
Perhaps you think I mean to praise her—  
And were I vain enough to think 35  
My praise was worth this drop of ink,  
A line—or two—were no hard matter,  
As here, indeed, I need not flatter:  
But she must be content to shine  
In better praises than in mine, 40  
With lively air, and open heart,  
And fashion's ease, without its art;  
Her hours can gaily glide along,  
Nor ask the aid of idle song.

And now, O Malta! since thou'st got us,  
Thou little military hothouse! 46  
I'll not offend with words uncivil,  
And wish thee rudely at the Devil,  
But only stare from out my casement,  
And ask, for what is such a place meant?  
Then, in my solitary nook, 51  
Return to scribbling, or a book,  
Or take my physic while I'm able  
(Two spoonfuls hourly by the label),  
Prefer my nightcap to my beaver, 55  
And bless the gods I've got a fever.

May 26, 1811.  
[First published, 1832.]

## TO DIVES

### A FRAGMENT

UNHAPPY DIVES! in an evil hour  
'Gainst Nature's voice seduced to deeds  
accurst!  
Once Fortune's minion, now thou feel'st  
her power;  
Wrath's vial on thy lofty head hath  
burst. 4  
In Wit, in Genius, as in Wealth the first,  
How wondrous bright thy blooming morn  
arose!  
But thou wert smitten with th' unhallow'd  
thirst  
Of crime un-named, and thy sad noon  
must close  
In scorn, and solitude unsought, the worst  
of woes.

1811. [First published, 1832.]

## ON MOORE'S LAST OPERATIC FARCE, OR FARCICAL OPERA

Good plays are scarce,  
So Moore writes farce:  
The poet's fame grows brittle—  
We knew before  
That *Little's* Moore, 5  
But now 'tis *Moore* that's little.

September 14, 1811.  
[First published, 1830.]

## EPISTLE TO A FRIEND

IN ANSWER TO SOME LINES EXHORTING THE  
AUTHOR TO BE CHEERFUL, AND TO 'BAN-  
ISH CARE'

'OH! banish care'—such ever be  
The motto of *thy* revelry!  
Perchance of *mine*, when wassail nights  
Renew those riotous delights,  
Wherewith the children of Despair 5  
Lull the lone heart, and 'banish care.' 5  
But not in morn's reflecting hour,  
When present, past, and future lower,  
When all I loved is changed or gone, 9  
Mock with such taunts the woes of one,  
Whose every thought—but let them pass—  
Thou know'st I am not what I was.  
But, above all, if thou wouldst hold  
Place in a heart that ne'er was cold,  
By all the powers that men revere, 15  
By all unto thy bosom dear,  
Thy joys below, thy hopes above,  
Speak—speak of anything but love.

'Twere long to tell, and vain to hear,  
The tale of one who scorns a tear; 20  
And there is little in that tale  
Which better bosoms would bewail.  
But mine has suffer'd more than well  
'Twould suit philosophy to tell.  
I've seen my bride another's bride,— 25  
Have seen her seated by his side,—  
Have seen the infant, which she bore,  
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,  
When she and I in youth have smiled,  
As fond and faultless as her child; 30  
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,  
Ask if I felt no secret pain;  
And I have acted well my part,  
And made my cheek belie my heart,  
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,  
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave;—  
Have kiss'd, as if without design,  
The babe which ought to have been mine,  
And show'd, alas! in each caress  
Time had not made me love the less. 40

But let this pass—I'll whine no more,  
Nor seek again an eastern shore;  
The world befits a busy brain,—  
I'll hie me to its haunts again.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

But if, in some succeeding year, 45  
When Britain's 'May is in the sere,'  
Thou hear'st of one whose deepening  
crimes

Suit with the sablest of the times,  
Of one, whom love nor pity sways,  
Nor hope of fame, nor good men's praise;  
One, who in stern ambition's pride, 51  
Perchance not blood shall turn aside;  
One rank'd in some recording page  
With the worst anarchs of the age,  
Him wilt thou *know*—and *knowing* pause,  
Nor with the *effect* forget the cause. 56

Newstead Abbey, Oct. 11, 1811.  
[First published, 1830.]

### TO THYRZA

WITHOUT a stone to mark the spot,  
And say, what Truth might well have  
said,  
By all, save one, perchance forgot,  
Ah! wherefore art thou lowly laid?

By many a shore and many a sea 5  
Divided, yet beloved in vain;  
The past, the future fled to thee,  
To bid us meet—no—ne'er again!

Could this have been—a word, a look,  
That softly said, 'We part in peace,'  
Had taught my bosom how to brook, 11  
With fainter sighs, thy soul's release.

And didst thou not, since Death for thee  
Prepared a light and pangless dart,  
Once long for him thou ne'er shalt see,  
Who held, and holds thee in his heart?

Oh! who like him had watch'd thee here?  
Or sadly mark'd thy glazing eye,  
In that dread hour ere death appear, 20  
When silent sorrow fears to sigh,

Till all was past? But when no more  
'Twas thine to reck of human woe,  
Affection's heart-drops, gushing o'er,  
Had flow'd as fast—as now they flow.

Shall they not flow, when many a day  
In these, to me, deserted towers, 26  
Ere call'd but for a time away,  
Affection's mingling tears were ours?

Ours too the glance none saw beside;  
The smile none else might understand;  
The whisper'd thought of hearts allied,  
The pressure of the thrilling hand; 32

The kiss, so guiltless and refined,  
That Love each warmer wish forbore;  
Those eyes proclaim'd so pure a mind,  
Even Passion blush'd to plead for more.

The tone, that taught me to rejoice,  
When prone, unlike thee, to repine;  
The song, celestial from thy voice,  
But sweet to me from none but thine;

The pledge we wore—I wear it still, 41  
But where is thine?—Ah! where art  
thou?

Of have I borne the weight of ill,  
But never bent beneath till now!

Well hast thou left in life's best bloom  
The cup of woe for me to drain. 46  
If rest alone be in the tomb,  
I would not wish thee here again.

But if in worlds more blest than this  
Thy virtues seek a fitter sphere, 50  
Impart some portion of thy bliss,  
To wean me from mine anguish here.

Teach me—too early taught by thee!  
To bear, forgiving and forgiven:  
On earth thy love was such to me; 55  
It fain would form my hope in heaven!

October 11, 1811.

### AWAY, AWAY, YE NOTES OF WOE!

AWAY, away, ye notes of woe!  
Be silent, thou once soothing strain,  
Or I must flee from hence—for, oh!  
I dare not trust those sounds again.  
To me they speak of brighter days— 5  
But lull the chords, for now, alas!  
I must not think, I may not gaze,  
On what I am—on what I was.

The voice that made those sounds more  
sweet

Is hush'd, and all their charms are fled  
And now their softest notes repeat 11  
A dirge, an anthem o'er the dead!  
Yes, Thyrza! yes, they breathe of thee,  
Beloved dust! since dust thou art;  
And all that once was harmony 15  
Is worse than discord to my heart!

'Tis silent all!—but on my ear  
The well remember'd echoes thrill;  
I hear a voice I would not hear, 19  
A voice that now might well be still:  
Yet oft my doubting soul 'twill shake;  
Even slumber owns its gentle tone,  
Till consciousness will vainly wake  
To listen, though the dream be flown.

Sweet Thyrza! waking as in sleep, 25  
Thou art but now a lovely dream;  
A star that trembled o'er the deep,  
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam.  
But he who through life's dreary way  
Must pass, when heaven is veil'd in  
wrath, 30

Will long lament the vanish'd ray  
That scatter'd gladness o'er his path.

December 6, 1811.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### ONE STRUGGLE MORE, AND I AM FREE

ONE struggle more, and I am free  
 From pangs that rend my heart in twain;  
 One last long sigh to love and thee,  
 Then back to busy life again.  
 It suits me well to mingle now 5  
 With things that never pleased before!  
 Though every joy is fled below,  
 What future grief can touch me more?

Then bring me wine, the banquet bring;  
 Man was not form'd to live alone: 10  
 I'll be that light, unmeaning thing  
 That smiles with all, and weeps with none.

It was not thus in days more dear,  
 It never would have been, but thou  
 Hast fled, and left me lonely here; 15  
 Thou'rt nothing—all are nothing now.

In vain my lyre would lightly breathe!  
 The smile that sorrow fain would wear  
 But mocks the woe that lurks beneath,  
 Like roses o'er a sepulchre. 20  
 Though gay companions o'er the bowl  
 Dispel awhile the sense of ill:  
 Though pleasure fires the maddening soul,  
 The heart,—the heart is lonely still!

On many a lone and lovely night 25  
 It sooth'd to gaze upon the sky;  
 For then I deem'd the heavenly light  
 Shone sweetly on thy pensive eye:  
 And oft I thought at Cynthia's noon,  
 When sailing o'er the Ægean wave,  
 'Now Thyrsa gazes on that moon'—  
 Alas, it gleam'd upon her grave! 32

When stretch'd on fever's sleepless bed,  
 And sickness shrunk my throbbing  
 veins,  
 'Tis comfort still, I faintly said, 35  
 'That Thyrsa cannot know my pains:'  
 Like freedom to the time-worn slave,  
 A boon 'tis idle then to give,  
 Relenting Nature vainly gave  
 My life, when Thyrsa ceased to live! 40

My Thyrsa's pledge in better days, 41  
 When love and life alike were new!  
 How different now thou meet'st my gaze!  
 How tinged by time with sorrow's hue!  
 The heart that gave itself with thee 45  
 Is silent—ah, were mine as still!  
 Though cold as e'en the dead can be,  
 It feels, it sickens with the chill.

Thou bitter pledge! thou mournful token!  
 Though painful, welcome to my breast!  
 Still, still preserve that love unbroken,  
 Or break the heart to which thou'rt  
 press'd.

Time tempers love, but not removes,  
 More hallow'd when its hope is fled:  
 Oh! what are thousand living loves 55  
 To that which cannot quit the dead?

### EUTHANASIA

WHEN Time, or soon or late, shall bring  
 The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead,  
 Oblivion! may thy languid wing  
 Wave gently o'er my dying bed!

No band of friends or heirs be there, 5  
 To weep, or wish, the coming blow:  
 No maiden, with dishevelled hair,  
 To feel, or feign, decorous woe.

But silent let me sink to earth,  
 With no officious mourners near: 10  
 I would not mar one hour of mirth,  
 Nor startle friendship with a tear.

Yet Love, if Love in such an hour  
 Could nobly check its useless sighs,  
 Might then exert its latest power 15  
 In her who lives, and him who dies.

'Twere sweet, my Psyche! to the last  
 Thy features still serene to see:  
 Forgetful of its struggles past,  
 E'en Pain itself should smile on thee.

But vain the wish—for Beauty still 21  
 Will shrink, as shrinks the ebbing  
 breath;  
 And women's tears, produced at will,  
 Deceive in life, unman in death.

Then lonely be my latest hour, 25  
 Without regret, without a groan;  
 For thousands Death hath ceas'd to lower,  
 And pain been transient or unknown.

'Ay, but to die, and go,' alas!  
 Where all have gone, and all must go!  
 To be the nothing that I was 31  
 Ere born to life and living woe!

Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
 Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
 And know, whatever thou hast been, 35  
 'Tis something better not to be.

### AND THOU ART DEAD, AS YOUNG AND FAIR

'Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari  
 quam tui meminisse!'

AND thou art dead, as young and fair  
 As aught of mortal birth;  
 And form so soft, and charms so rare,  
 Too soon return'd to Earth!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Though Earth received them in her bed 5  
 And o'er the spot the crowd may tread  
   In carelessness or mirth,  
 There is an eye which could not brook  
 A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low, 10  
   Nor gaze upon the spot;  
 There flowers or weeds at will may grow,  
   So I behold them not:  
 It is enough for me to prove  
 That what I loved, and long must love,  
   Like common earth can rot; 16  
 To me there needs no stone to tell,  
 'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

*February 1812.*

### IF SOMETIMES IN THE HAUNTS OF MEN

Yet did I love thee to the last  
   As fervently as thou, 20  
 Who didst not change through all the past,  
   And canst not alter now.  
 The love where Death has set his seal,  
 Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,  
   Nor falsehood disavow: 25  
 And, what were worse, thou canst not see  
 Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours;  
   The worst can be but mine:  
 The sun that cheers, the storm that lowers,  
   Shall never more be thine. 31  
 The silence of that dreamless sleep  
 I envy now too much to weep;  
   Nor need I to repine,  
 That all those charms have pass'd away;  
 I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd  
   Must fall the earliest prey;  
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,  
   The leaves must drop away: 40  
 And yet it were a greater grief  
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
   Than see it pluck'd to-day;  
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd  
   Must fall the earliest prey;  
 Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,  
   The leaves must drop away: 40  
 And yet it were a greater grief  
 To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,  
   Than see it pluck'd to-day;  
 Since earthly eye but ill can bear  
 To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne 46  
   To see thy beauties fade;  
 The night that follow'd such a morn  
   Had worn a deeper shade:  
 Thy day without a cloud hath pass'd, 50  
 And thou wert lovely to the last;  
   Extinguish'd, not decay'd;  
 As stars that shoot along the sky  
 Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep, 55  
   My tears might well be shed,  
 To think I was not near to keep  
   One vigil o'er thy bed;  
 To gaze, how fondly! on thy face,  
 To fold thee in a faint embrace,  
   Uphold thy drooping head;  
 And show that love, however vain,  
 Nor thou nor I can feel again.

*March 14, 1812.*

### FROM THE FRENCH

60 ÆGLE, beauty and poet, has two little  
   crimes;  
 She makes her own face, and does not  
   make her rhymes.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### ON A CORNELIAN HEART WHICH WAS BROKEN

ILL-FATED Heart! and can it be,  
That thou should'st thus be rent in  
twain?

Have years of care for thine and thee  
Alike been all employ'd in vain?

Yet precious seems each shatter'd part,  
And every fragment dearer grown, 6  
Since he who wears thee feels thou art  
A fitter emblem of *his own*.

March 16, 1812.

### LINES TO A LADY WEEPING

WEEP, daughter of a royal line,  
A Sire's disgrace, a realm's decay;  
Ah! happy if each tear of thine  
Could wash a father's fault away!

Weep—for thy tears are Virtue's tears—  
Auspicious to these suffering isles; 6  
And be each drop in future years  
Repaid thee by thy people's smiles!

March 1812.

### THE CHAIN I GAVE

FROM THE TURKISH

THE chain I gave was fair to view,  
The lute I added sweet in sound;  
The heart that offer'd both was true,  
And ill deserved the fate it found.

These gifts were charm'd by secret spell,  
Thy truth in absence to divine; 6  
And they have done their duty well,—  
Alas! they could not teach thee thine.

That chain was firm in every link,  
But not to bear a stranger's touch; 10  
That lute was sweet—till thou could'st  
think

In other hands its notes were such.

Let him who from thy neck unbound  
The chain which shiver'd in his grasp,  
Who saw that lute refuse to sound, 15  
Restraining the chords, renew the clasp.

When thou wert changed, they alter'd too;  
The chain is broke, the music mute.  
'Tis past—to them and thee adieu—  
False heart, frail chain, and silent lute.

### LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF 'THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY'

ABSENT or present, still to thee,  
My friend, what magic spells belong!  
As all can tell, who share, like me,  
In turn thy converse and thy song. 4

But when the dreaded hour shall come  
By Friendship ever deem'd too nigh,  
And 'MEMORY' o'er her Druid's tomb  
Shall weep that aught of thee can die,

How fondly will she then repay  
Thy homage offer'd at her shrine, 10  
And blend, while ages roll away,  
Her name immortally with *thine*!

April 19, 1812.

### ADDRESS, SPOKEN AT THE OPENING OF DRURY-LANE THEATRE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1812

IN one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd,  
Bow'd to the dust, the Drama's tower of  
pride;  
In one short hour beheld the blazing fane,  
Apollo sink, and Shakspeare cease to  
reign.

Ye who beheld, (oh! sight admired and  
mourn'd,  
Whose radiance mock'd the ruin it  
adorn'd!) 5

Through clouds of fire the massy frag-  
ments riven,  
Like Israel's pillar, chase the night from  
heaven;

Saw the long column of revolving flames  
Shake its red shadow o'er the startled  
Thames, 10

While thousands, throng'd around the  
burning dome,  
Shrank back appall'd, and trembled for  
their home,

As glared the volumed blaze, and ghastly  
shone

The skies, with lightnings awful as their  
own, 14

Till blackening ashes and the lonely wall  
Usurp'd the Muse's realm, and mark'd  
her fall;

Say—shall this new, nor less aspiring pile,  
Rear'd where once rose the mightiest in  
our isle,

Know the same favour which the former  
knew,

A shrine for Shakspeare—worthy him  
and *you*? 20

Yes—it shall be—the magic of that  
name  
Defies the scythe of time, the torch of  
flame;

On the same spot still consecrates the  
scene,

And bids the Drama *be* where she hath  
been:

This fabric's birth attests the potent  
spell— 25

Indulge our honest pride, and say, *How*  
*well*!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

As soars this fane to emulate the last,  
 Oh! might we draw our omens from the  
     past,  
 Some hour propitious to our prayers may  
     boast  
 Names such as hallow still the dome we  
     lost. 30  
 On Drury first your Siddons' thrilling art  
 O'erwhelm'd the gentlest, storm'd the  
     sternest heart.  
 On Drury, Garrick's latest laurels grew;  
 Here your last tears retiring Roscius drew,  
 Sigh'd his last thanks, and wept his last  
     adieu: 35  
 But still for living wit the wreaths may  
     bloom,  
 That only waste their odours o'er the  
     tomb.  
 Such Drury claim'd and claims—nor you  
     refuse  
 One tribute to revive his slumbering  
     muse;  
 With garlands deck your own Menander's  
     head, 40  
 Nor hoard your honours idly for the dead.  
 Dear are the days which made our annals  
     bright,  
 Ere Garrick fled, or Brinsley ceased to  
     write.  
 Heirs to their labours, like all high-born  
     heirs,  
 Vain of our ancestry as they of *theirs*;  
 While thus Remembrance borrows Ban-  
     quo's glass 46  
 To claim the sceptred shadows as they  
     pass,  
 And we the mirror hold, where imaged  
     shine  
 Immortal names, emblazon'd on our line,  
 Pause—ere their feebl' offspring you  
     condemn, 50  
 Reflect how hard the task to rival them!

Friends of the stage! to whom both  
 Players and Plays  
 Must sue alike for pardon or for praise,  
 Whose judging voice and eye alone direct  
 The boundless power to cherish or reject;  
 If e'er frivolity has led to fame, 56  
 And made us blush that you forbore to  
     blame;  
 If e'er the sinking stage could condescend  
 To soothe the sickly taste it dare not mend,  
 All past reproach may present scenes re-  
     fute, 60  
 And censure, wisely loud, be justly mute!  
 Oh! since your fiat stamps the Drama's  
     laws,  
 Forbear to mock us with misplaced ap-  
     plause;  
 So pride shall doubly nerve the actor's  
     powers,  
 And reason's voice be echo'd back by  
     ours! 65

This greeting o'er, the ancient rule  
     obey'd,  
 The Drama's homage by her herald paid,  
 Receive *our* welcome too, whose every  
     tone  
 Springs from our hearts, and fain would  
     win your own.  
 The curtain rises—may our stage unfold  
 Scenes not unworthy Drury's days of old!  
 Britons our judges, Nature for our guide,  
 Still may we please—long, long may *you*  
     preside. 73

## PARENTHETICAL ADDRESS

BY DR. PLAGIARY

*Half stolen, with acknowledgments, to be spoken  
 in an inarticulate voice by Master P. at the open-  
 ing of the next new theatre. Stolen parts marked  
 with the inverted commas of quotation—thus*

'WHEN energising objects men pursue,'  
 Then Lord knows what is writ by Lord  
     knows who.  
 'A modest monologue you here survey,'  
 His'd from the theatre the 'other day,'  
 As if Sir Fretful wrote 'the slumberous'  
     verse, 5  
 And gave his son 'the rubbish' to re-  
     hearse.  
 'Yet at the thing you'd never be amazed,'  
 Knew you the rumpus which the author  
     raised,  
 'Nor even here your smiles would be re-  
     prest,'  
 Knew you these lines—the badness of the  
     best, 10  
 'Flame! fire! and flame!' (words borrowed  
     from Lucretius),  
 'Dread metaphors which open wounds'  
     like issues!  
 'And sleeping pangs awake—and—but  
     away'  
 (Confound me if I know what next to say).  
 'Lo Hope reviving re-expands her wings,'  
 And Master G— recites what Dr. Busby  
     sings!— 16  
 'If mighty things with small we may com-  
     pare,'  
 (Translated from the grammar for the  
     fair!)  
 Dramatic 'spirit drives a conquering car,'  
 And burn'd poor Moscow like a tub of  
     'tar, 20  
 'This spirit Wellington has shown in  
     Spain,'  
 To furnish melodramas for Drury Lane.  
 'Another Marlborough points to Blen-  
     heim's story,'  
 And George and I will dramatise it for ye.  
 'In arts and sciences our isle hath  
     shone' 25  
 (This deep discovery is mine alone).



## OCCASIONAL PIECES

'Oh British poesy, whose powers inspire'  
 My verse—or I'm a fool—and Fame's a  
 liar,  
 'Thee we invoke, your sister arts implore'  
 With 'smiles,' and 'lyres,' and 'pencils,'  
 and much more. 30  
 These, if we win the Graces, too, we gain  
*Disgraces*, too! 'inseparable train!'  
 'Three who have stolen their witching  
 airs from Cupid'  
 (You all know what I mean, unless you're  
 stupid):  
 'Harmonious throng' that I have kept in  
*petto* 35  
 Now to produce in a 'divine *sestetto*!!'  
 'While Poesy,' with these delightful doxies,  
 'Sustains her part' in all the 'upper'  
 boxes!  
 'Thus lifted gloriously, you'll soar along,'  
 Borne in the vast balloon of Busby's  
 song; 40  
 'Shine in your farce, masque, scenery,  
 and play'  
 (For this last line George had a holiday);  
 'Old Drury never, never soar'd so high,'  
 So says the manager, and so say I.  
 'But hold, you say, this self-complacent  
 boast; 45  
 Is this the poem which the public lost?  
 'True—true—that lowers at once our  
 mounting pride;  
 But lo!—the papers print what you  
 deride.  
 "'Tis ours to look on you—you hold the  
 prize,'  
 'Tis *twenty guineas*, as they advertise! 50  
 'A double blessing your rewards impart'—  
 I wish I had them, then, with all my heart.  
 'Our *twofold* feeling *owns* its twofold  
 cause,'  
 Why son and I both beg for your applause.  
 'When in your fostering beams you bid  
 us live,' 55  
 My next subscription list shall say how  
 much you give!

October 1812.

## VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER- HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN

WHEN Dryden's fool, 'unknowing what  
 he sought,'  
 His hours in whistling spent, 'for want of  
 thought,'  
 This guiltless oaf his vacancy of sense  
 Supplied, and amply too, by innocence:  
 Did modern swains, possess'd of Cymon's  
 powers, 5  
 In Cymon's manner waste their leisure  
 hours,  
 Th' offended guests would not, with blush-  
 ing, see  
 These fair green walks disgraced by in-  
 famy.

Severe the fate of modern fools, alas!  
 When vice and folly mark them as they  
 pass. 10  
 Like noxious reptiles o'er the whiten'd  
 wall,  
 The filth they leave still points out where  
 they crawl.

## REMEMBER THEE! REMEMBER THEE!

REMEMBER thee! remember thee!  
 Till Lethe quench life's burning stream  
 Remorse and shame shall cling to thee,  
 And haunt thee like a feverish dream!  
 Remember thee! Ay, doubt it not. 5  
 Thy husband too shall think of thee!  
 By neither shalt thou be forgot,  
 Thou *false* to him, thou *fiend* to me!

## TO TIME

TIME! on whose arbitrary wing  
 The varying hours must flag or fly,  
 Whose tardy winter, fleeting spring,  
 But drag or drive us on to die—  
 Hail thou! who on my birth bestow'd  
 Those boons to all that know thee  
 known; 6  
 Yet better I sustain thy load,  
 For now I bear the weight alone.  
 I would not one fond heart should share  
 The bitter moments thou hast given;  
 And pardon thee, since thou could'st  
 spare 11  
 All that I loved, to peace or heaven.  
 To them be joy or rest, on me  
 Thy future ills shall press in vain;  
 I nothing owe but years to thee, 15  
 A debt already paid in pain.  
 Yet even that pain was some relief,  
 It felt, but still forgot thy power:  
 The active agony of grief 19  
 Retards, but never counts the hour.

In joy I've sigh'd to think thy flight  
 Would soon subside from swift to  
 slow;  
 Thy cloud could overcast the light,  
 But could not add a night to woe;  
 For then, however drear and dark, 25  
 My soul was suited to thy sky;  
 One star alone shot forth a spark  
 To prove thee—not Eternity.  
 That beam hath sunk, and now thou art  
 A blank; a thing to count and curse,  
 Through each dull tedious trifling part,  
 Which all regret, yet all rehearse. 32

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

One scene even thou canst not deform;  
The limit of thy sloth or speed  
When future wanderers bear the storm  
Which we shall sleep too sound to  
heed: 36

And I can smile to think how weak  
Thine efforts shortly shall be shown,  
When all the vengeance thou canst wreak  
Must fall upon—a nameless stone.

### TRANSLATION OF A ROMAIC LOVE SONG

AH! Love was never yet without  
The pang, the agony, the doubt,  
Which rends my heart with ceaseless sigh,  
While day and night roll darkling by.

Without one friend to hear my woe, 5  
I faint, I die beneath the blow.  
That Love had arrows well I knew;  
Alas! I find them poison'd too.

Birds, yet in freedom, shun the net  
Which Love around your haunts hath set;  
Or, circled by his fatal fire, 11  
Your hearts shall burn, your hopes expire.

A bird of free and careless wing  
Was I through many a smiling spring;  
But caught within the subtle snare, 15  
I burn, and feebly flutter there.

Who ne'er have loved, and loved in vain,  
Can neither feel nor pity pain,  
The cold repulse, the look askance,  
The lightning of Love's angry glance. 20

In flattering dreams I deem'd thee mine;  
Now hope, and he who hoped, decline;  
Like melting wax, or withering flower,  
I feel my passion, and thy power.

My light of life! ah, tell me why 25  
That pouting lip, and alter'd eye?  
My bird of love! my beauteous mate!  
And art thou changed, and canst thou  
hate?

Mine eyes like wintry streams o'erflow:  
What wretch with me would barter woe?  
My bird! relent: one note could give  
A charm to bid thy lover live. 32

My curdling blood, my madd'ning brain,  
In silent anguish I sustain;  
And still thy heart, without partaking  
One pang, exults—while mine is breaking.

Pour me the poison; fear not thou!  
Thou canst not murder more than now:  
I've lived to curse my natal day,  
And Love, that thus can lingering slay.

My wounded soul, my bleeding breast,  
Can patience preach thee into rest? 42  
Alas! too late, I dearly know  
That joy is harbinger of woe.

### THOU ART NOT FALSE, BUT THOU ART FICKLE

THOU art not false, but thou art fickle,  
To those thyself so fondly sought;  
The tears that thou hast forced to trickle  
Are doubly bitter from that thought:  
'Tis this which breaks the heart thou  
grievest, 5  
Too well thou lov'st—too soon thou  
leavest.

The wholly false the heart despises,  
And spurns deceiver and deceit;  
But she who not a thought disguises,  
Whose love is as sincere as sweet,—  
When she can change who loved so truly,  
It feels what mine has felt so newly. 12

To dream of joy and wake to sorrow  
Is doom'd to all who love or live;  
And if, when conscious on the morrow,  
We scarce our fancy can forgive, 16  
That cheated us in slumber only,  
To leave the waking soul more lonely,  
What must they feel whom no false vision,  
But truest, tenderest passion warm'd?  
Sincere, but swift in sad transition; 21  
As if a dream alone had charm'd?  
Ah! sure such grief is fancy's scheming,  
And all thy change can be but dreaming!

### ON BEING ASKED WHAT WAS THE 'ORIGIN OF LOVE'

THE 'Origin of Love!'—Ah, why  
That cruel question ask of me,  
When thou may'st read in many an eye  
He starts to life on seeing thee?

And should'st thou seek his end to  
know: 5  
My heart forebodes, my fears foresee,  
He'll linger long in silent woe;  
But live—until I cease to be.

### REMEMBER HIM WHOM PASSION'S POWER

REMEMBER him whom passion's power  
Severely, deeply, vainly proved:  
Remember thou that dangerous hour,  
When neither fell, though both were  
loved. 4

That yielding breast, that melting eye,  
Too much invited to be bless'd:  
That gentle prayer, that pleading sigh,  
The wilder wish reproved, repress'd.

Oh! let me feel that all I lost  
But saved thee all that conscience  
fears; 10  
And blush for every pang it cost  
To spare the vain remorse of years.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Yet think of this when many a tongue,  
Whose busy accents whisper blame,  
Would do the heart that loved thee  
wrong,  
And brand a nearly blighted name. <sup>15</sup>

Think that, whate'er to others, thou  
Hast seen each selfish thought subdued:  
I bless thy purer soul even now,  
Even now, in midnight solitude. <sup>20</sup>

Oh, God! that we had met in time,  
Our hearts as fond, thy hand more free;  
When thou hadst loved without a crime,  
And I been less unworthy thee!

Far may thy days, as heretofore, <sup>25</sup>  
From this our gaudy world be past!  
And that too bitter moment o'er,  
Oh! may such trial be thy last.

This heart, alas! perverted long, <sup>29</sup>  
Itself destroy'd might there destroy;  
To meet thee in the glittering throng,  
Would wake Presumption's hope of  
joy.

Then to the things whose bliss or woe,  
Like mine, is wild and worthless all,  
That world resign—such scenes forego,  
Where those who feel must surely fall.

Thy youth, thy charms, thy tenderness,  
Thy soul from long seclusion pure;  
From what even here hath pass'd, may  
guess  
What there thy bosom must endure.

Oh! pardon that imploring tear, <sup>41</sup>  
Since not by Virtue shed in vain,  
My frenzy drew from eyes so dear;  
For me they shall not weep again.

Though long and mournful must it be,  
The thought that we no more may  
meet; <sup>46</sup>

Yet I deserve the stern decree,  
And almost deem the sentence sweet.

Still, had I loved thee less, my heart  
Had then less sacrificed to thine; <sup>50</sup>  
It felt not half so much to part  
As if its guilt had made thee mine. <sup>1813.</sup>

### ON LORD THURLOW'S POEMS

WHEN Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent  
(I hope I am not violent),  
Nor men nor gods knew what he meant.  
And since not even our Rogers' praise  
To common sense his thoughts could  
raise—  
Why *would* they let him print his lays? <sup>5</sup>

. . . . .

To me, divine Apollo, grant—O!  
Hermilda's first and second canto,  
I'm fitting up a new portmanteau;

And thus to furnish decent lining, <sup>10</sup>  
My own and others' bays I'm twining,—  
So, gentle Thurlow, throw me thine in.

### TO LORD THURLOW

'I lay my branch of laurel down.  
Then thus to form Apollo's crown,  
Let every other bring his own.'  
*Lord Thurlow's lines to Mr. Rogers*

'I lay my branch of laurel down.'

THOU 'lay thy branch of laurel down!' <sup>1</sup>  
Why, what thou'st stole is not enow;  
And, were it lawfully thine own,  
Does Rogers want it most, or thou? <sup>5</sup>  
Keep to thyself thy wither'd bough,  
Or send it back to Doctor Donne:  
Were justice done to both, I trow,  
He'd have but little, and thou—none.

'Then thus to form Apollo's crown.'

A crown! why, twist it how you will,  
Thy chaplet must be foolscap still. <sup>10</sup>  
When next you visit Delphi's town,  
Inquire amongst your fellow-lodgers,  
They'll tell you Phæbus gave his crown,  
Some years before your birth, to Rogers.

'Let every other bring his own.'

When coals to Newcastle are carried,  
And owls sent to Athens, as wonders,  
From his spouse when the Regent's un-  
married, <sup>17</sup>  
Or Liverpool weeps o'er his blunders;  
When Tories and Whigs cease to quarrel,  
When Castlereagh's wife has an heir,  
Then Rogers shall ask us for laurel,  
And thou shalt have plenty to spare.

### TO THOMAS MOORE

WRITTEN THE EVENING BEFORE HIS VISIT  
TO MR. LEIGH HUNT IN HORSEMONGER  
LANE GAOL, MAY 19, 1813

OH you, who in all names can tickle the town,  
Anacreon, Tom Little, Tom Moore, or  
Tom Brown,  
For hang me if I know of which you  
may most brag,  
Your Quarto two-pounds, or your Two-  
penny Post Bag;

But now to my letter—to *yours* 'tis an  
answer— <sup>5</sup>  
To-morrow be with me, as soon as you  
can, sir,  
All ready and dress'd for proceeding to  
sponge on  
(According to compact) the wit in the  
dungeon—

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Pray Phœbus at length our political malice  
 May not get us lodgings within the same palace!<sup>10</sup>  
 I suppose that to-night you're engaged  
 with some codgers,  
 And for Sotheby's Blues have deserted  
 Sam Rogers;  
 And I, though with cold I have nearly  
 my death got,  
 Must put on my breeches, and wait on  
 the Heathcote;  
 But to-morrow, at four, we will both  
 play the *Scurra*,<sup>15</sup>  
 And you'll be Catullus, the Regent  
 Mamurra.

[First published in 1830.]

### IMPROMPTU, IN REPLY TO A FRIEND

WHEN, from the heart where Sorrow sits,  
 Her dusky shadow mounts too high,  
 And o'er the changing aspect flits,  
 And clouds the brow, or fills the eye;  
 Heed not that gloom, which soon shall  
 sink:<sup>5</sup>  
 My thoughts their dungeon know too  
 well;  
 Back to my breast the wanderers shrink,  
 And droop within their silent cell.

September 1813.

### SONNET, TO GENEVRA

THINE eyes' blue tenderness, thy long  
 fair hair,  
 And the wan lustre of thy features—  
 caught  
 From contemplation—where serenely  
 wrought,  
 Seems Sorrow's softness charm'd from  
 its despair—  
 Have thrown such speaking sadness in  
 thine air,<sup>5</sup>  
 That—but I know thy blessed bosom  
 fraught  
 With mines of unalloy'd and stainless  
 thought—  
 I should have deem'd thee doom'd to  
 earthly care.  
 With such an aspect, by his colours blent,  
 When from his beauty-breathing pen-  
 cil born<sup>10</sup>  
 (Except that *thou* hast nothing to repent),  
 The Magdalen of Guido saw the  
 morn—  
 Such seem'st thou—but how much more  
 excellent!  
 With nought Remorse can claim—nor  
 Virtue scorn.

December 17, 1813.

### SONNET, TO THE SAME

THY cheek is pale with thought, but not  
 from woe,  
 And yet so lovely, that if Mirth could  
 flush  
 Its rose of whiteness with the brightest  
 blush,  
 My heart would wish away that ruder  
 glow:  
 And dazzle not thy deep-blue eyes—but,  
 oh!<sup>5</sup>  
 While gazing on them sterner eyes will  
 gush,  
 And into mine my mother's weakness  
 rush,  
 Soft as the last drops round heaven's  
 airy bow.  
 For, through thy long dark lashes low  
 depending,  
 The soul of melancholy Gentleness  
 Gleams like a seraph from the sky de-  
 scending,<sup>11</sup>  
 Above all pain, yet pitying all distress;  
 At once such majesty with sweetness  
 blending,  
 I worship more, but cannot love thee  
 less.

December 17, 1813.

### FROM THE PORTUGUESE

'TU MI CHAMAS'

IN moments to delight devoted,  
 'My life!' with tenderest tone, you cry;  
 Dear words! on which my heart had doted,  
 If youth could neither fade nor die.  
 To death even hours like these must roll,  
 Ah! then repeat those accents never;  
 Or change 'my life!' into 'my soul!'  
 Which, like my love, exists for ever.

#### ANOTHER VERSION

YOU call me still your *life*.—Oh! change  
 the word—  
 Life is as transient as the inconstant  
 sigh:  
 Say rather I'm your soul; more just that  
 name,  
 For, like the soul, my love can never die.

### THE DEVIL'S DRIVE

#### AN UNFINISHED RHAPSODY

THE Devil return'd to hell by two,  
 And he stay'd at home till five;  
 When he dined on some homicides done  
 in *ragout*,  
 And a rebel or so in an *Irish* stew,  
 And sausages made of a self-slain Jew—  
 And bethought himself what next to do,  
 'And,' quoth he, 'I'll take a drive.'<sup>7</sup>  
 I walk'd in the morning, I'll ride to-night;  
 In darkness my children take most delight,  
 And I'll see how my favourites thrive.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

'And what shall I ride in?' quoth Lucifer  
then—

'If I follow'd my taste, indeed,  
I should mount in a waggon of wounded  
men,

And smile to see them bleed.  
But these will be furnish'd again and  
again,

And at present my purpose is speed;  
To see my manor as much as I may,  
And watch that no souls shall be poach'd  
away.

'I have a state-coach at Carlton House,  
A chariot in Seymour Place;

But they're lent to two friends, who  
make me amends,

By driving my favourite pace:  
And they handle their reins with such  
a grace,  
I have something for both at the end of  
their race.

'So now for the earth to take my chance:'  
Then up to the earth sprang he;

And making a jump from Moscow to  
France,

He stepp'd across the sea,  
And rested his hoof on a turnpike road,  
No very great way from a bishop's  
abode.

But first as he flew, I forgot to say  
That he hover'd a moment upon his way,  
To look upon Leipsic plain;

And so sweet to his eye was its sulphury  
glare,

And so soft to his ear was the cry of  
despair,

That he perch'd on a mountain of  
slain;

And he gazed with delight from its grow-  
ing height,

Nor often on earth had he seen such a  
sight,

Nor his work done half as well:  
For the field ran so red with the blood of  
the dead,

That it blush'd like the waves of hell!  
Then loudly, and wildly, and long laugh'd  
he:

'Methinks they have here little need of  
me!'

But the softest note that soothed his ear  
Was the sound of a widow sighing;

And the sweetest sight was the icy tear,  
Which horror froze in the blue eye clear  
Of a maid by her lover lying—

As round her fell her long fair hair;  
And she look'd to heaven with that  
frenzied air,

Which seem'd to ask if a God were there!  
And, stretch'd by the wall of a ruin'd hut,

With its hollow cheek, and eyes half shut,  
A child of famine dying:

And the carnage begun, when resistance  
is done,

And the fall of the vainly flying!

But the Devil has reach'd our cliffs so  
white,

And what did he there, I pray?  
If his eyes were good, he but saw by  
night

What we see every day:

But he made a tour, and kept a journal  
Of all the wondrous sights nocturnal,

And he sold it in shares to the *Men of  
the Row*,

Who bid pretty well—but they *cheated*  
him, though!

The Devil first saw, as he thought, the  
*Mail*,

Its coachman and his coat;  
So instead of a pistol he cock'd his tail,

And seized him by the throat:  
'Aha!' quoth he, 'what have we here?

'Tis a new barouche, and an ancient  
peer!'

So he sat him on his box again,  
And bade him have no fear,

But be true to his club, and stanch to  
his rein,

His brothel, and his beer;  
'Next to seeing a lord at the council  
board,

I would rather see him here.'

The Devil gat next to Westminster,  
And he turn'd to 'the room' of the  
Commons;

But he heard, as he purposed to enter in  
there,

That 'the Lords' had received a sum-  
mons;

And he thought, as a '*quondam* aristocrat,'  
He might peep at the peers, though to  
hear them were flat;

And he walk'd up the house so like one  
of our own,

That they say that he stood pretty near  
the throne.

He saw the Lord Liverpool seemingly  
wise,

The Lord Westmoreland certainly  
silly,

And Johnny of Norfolk—a man of some  
size—

And Chatham, so like his friend Billy;  
And he saw the tears in Lord Eldon's  
eyes,

Because the Catholics would *not* rise,  
In spite of his prayers and his prophe-  
cies;

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### II

And he heard—which set Satan himself  
a staring—

A certain Chief Justice say something  
like *swearing*.

And the Devil was shock'd—and quoth  
he, 'I must go,

For I find we have much better manners  
below: 95

If thus he harangues when he passes my  
border,

I shall hint to friend Moloch to call him  
to order.'

Ill-minded man! why scourge thy kind  
Who bow'd so low the knee?  
By gazing on thyself grown blind,  
Thou taught'st the rest to see.  
With might unquestion'd,—power to  
save,—

Thine only gift hath been the grave  
To those that worshipp'd thee;  
Nor till thy fall could mortals guess  
Ambition's less than littleness!

### III

Thanks for that lesson—It will teach

To after-warriors more  
Than high Philosophy can preach,  
And vainly preach'd before.  
That spell upon the minds of men  
Breaks never to unite again,  
That led them to adore

Those Pagod things of sabre sway  
With fronts of brass, and feet of clay.

### IV

The triumph and the vanity,  
The rapture of the strife—

The earthquake voice of Victory,  
To thee the breath of life;  
The sword, the sceptre, and that sway  
Which man seem'd made but to obey,  
Wherewith renown was rife—  
All quell'd!—Dark Spirit! what must be  
The madness of thy memory!

### V

The Desolator desolate!

The Victor overthrown!

The Arbiter of others' fate

A Suppliant for his own!

Is it some yet imperial hope  
That with such change can calmly cope?

Or dread of death alone?

To die a prince—or live a slave—

Thy choice is most ignobly brave!

### VI

He who of old would rend the oak,

Dream'd not of the rebound:

Chain'd by the trunk he vainly broke—

Alone—how look'd he round?

Thou, in the sternness of thy strength,  
An equal deed hast done at length,

And darker fate hast found:

He fell, the forest prowlers' prey;

But thou must eat thy heart away!

### VII

The Roman, when his burning heart

Was slaked with blood of Rome,

Threw down the dagger—dared depart,

In savage grandeur, home—

## WINDSOR POETICS

Lines composed on the occasion of His Royal  
Highness the Prince Regent being seen standing  
between the coffins of Henry VIII and Charles I,  
in the royal vault at Windsor.

FAMED for contemptuous breach of sac-  
red ties,

By headless Charles see heartless Henry  
lies;

Between them stands another sceptred  
thing—

It moves, it reigns—in all but name, a  
king: 4

Charles to his people, Henry to his wife,  
—In him the double tyrant starts to life:

Justice and death have mix'd their dust  
in vain,

Each royal vampire wakes to life again.

Ah, what can tombs avail!—since these  
disgorge

The blood and dust of both—to mould  
a George. 10

## ODE TO NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE

'Expende Annibalem:—quot libras in duce  
summo

Invenies?'—JUVENAL, *Sat. x.*

'The Emperor Nepos was acknowledged by the  
Senate, by the Italians, and by the Provincials of  
Gaul; his moral virtues, and military talents,  
were loudly celebrated; and those who derived  
any private benefit from his government an-  
nounced in prophetic strains the restoration of  
public felicity. . . . By this shameful abdication,  
he protracted his life a few years, in a very am-  
biguous state, between an Emperor and an  
Exile, till ———.'—GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall*,  
vol. vi, p. 220.

### I

'Tis done—but yesterday a King!

And arm'd with Kings to strive—

And now thou art a nameless thing:

So abject—yet alive!

Is this the man of thousand thrones,  
Who strew'd our earth with hostile bones,

And can he thus survive?

Since he, miscall'd the Morning Star,

Nor man nor fiend hath fallen so far.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

He dared depart in utter scorn  
Of men that such a yoke had borne,  
Yet left him such a doom!  
His only glory was that hour  
Of self-upheld abandon'd power.

### VIII

The Spaniard, when the lust of sway  
Had lost its quickening spell,  
Cast crowns for rosaries away,  
An empire for a cell;  
A strict accountant of his beads,  
A subtle disputant on creeds,  
His dotage trifled well:  
Yet better had he never known  
A bigot's shrine, nor despot's throne.

### IX

But thou—from thy reluctant hand  
The thunderbolt is wrung—  
Too late thou leav'st the high command  
To which thy weakness clung;  
All Evil Spirit as thou art,  
It is enough to grieve the heart  
To see thine own unstrung;  
To think that God's fair world hath been  
The footstool of a thing so mean;

### X

And Earth hath spilt her blood for him,  
Who thus can hoard his own!  
And Monarchs bow'd the trembling limb,  
And thank'd him for a throne!  
Fair Freedom! we may hold thee dear,  
When thus thy mightiest foes their fear  
In humblest guise have shown.  
Oh! ne'er may tyrant leave behind  
A brighter name to lure mankind!

### XI

Thine evil deeds are writ in gore,  
Nor written thus in vain—  
Thy triumphs tell of fame no more,  
Or deepen every stain:  
If thou hadst died as honour dies,  
Some new Napoleon might arise,  
To shame the world again—  
But who would soar the solar height,  
To set in such a starless night?

### XII

Weigh'd in the balance, hero dust  
Is vile as vulgar clay;  
Thy scales, Mortality! are just  
To all that pass away:  
But yet methought the living great  
Some higher sparks should animate,  
To dazzle and dismay:  
Nor deem'd Contempt could thus make  
mirth  
Of these, the Conquerors of the earth.

### XIII

And she, proud Austria's mournful  
flower,  
Thy still imperial bride;  
How bears her breast the torturing hour?  
Still clings she to thy side?  
Must she too bend, must she too share  
Thy late repentance, long despair,  
Thou throneless Homicide?  
If still she loves thee, hoard that gem,—  
'Tis worth thy vanish'd diadem!

### XIV

Then haste thee to thy sullen Isle,  
And gaze upon the sea;  
That element may meet thy smile—  
It ne'er was ruled by thee!  
Or trace with thine all idle hand  
In loitering mood upon the sand  
That Earth is now as free!  
That Corinth's pedagogue hath now  
Transferr'd his by-word to thy brow.

### XV

Thou Timour! in his captive's cage  
What thoughts will there be thine,  
While brooding in thy prison'd rage?  
But one—'The world was mine!'—  
Unless, like he of Babylon,  
All sense is with thy sceptre gone,  
Life will not long confine  
That spirit pour'd so widely forth—  
So long obey'd—so little worth!

### XVI

Or, like the thief of fire from heaven,  
Wilt thou withstand the shock?  
And share with him, the unforgiven,  
His vulture and his rock!  
Foredoom'd by God—by man accurst,  
And that last act, though not thy worst,  
The very Fiend's arch mock;  
He in his fall preserved his pride,  
And, if a mortal, had as proudly died!

### XVII

There was a day—there was an hour,  
While earth was Gaul's—Gaul thine—  
When that immeasurable power  
Unsated to resign  
Had been an act of purer fame  
Than gathers round Marengo's name,  
And gilded thy decline,  
Through the long twilight of all time,  
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

### XVIII

But thou forsooth must be a king,  
And don the purple vest,  
As if that foolish robe could wring  
Remembrance from thy breast.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Where is that faded garment? where  
The gewgaws thou wert fond to wear,  
The star, the string, the crest?  
Vain froward child of empire! say,  
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

### XIX

Where may the wearied eye repose  
When gazing on the Great;  
Where neither guilty glory glows,  
Nor despicable state?  
Yes—one—the first—the last—the best—  
The Cincinnatus of the West,  
Whom envy dared not hate,  
Bequeath'd the name of Washington,  
To make man blush there was but one!

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC

I SPEAK not, I trace not, I breathe not  
thy name,  
There is grief in the sound, there is guilt  
in the fame;  
But the tear which now burns on my  
cheek may impart  
The deep thoughts that dwell in that  
silence of heart.

Too brief for our passion, too long for  
our peace,  
Were those hours—can their joy or their  
bitterness cease?  
We repent, we abjure, we will break from  
our chain,—  
We will part, we will fly to—unite it  
again!

Oh! thine be the gladness, and mine be  
the guilt!  
Forgive me, adored one!—forsake, if  
thou wilt;—  
But the heart which is thine shall expire  
undebased,  
And *man* shall not break it—whatever  
*thou* mayst.

And stern to the haughty, but humble to  
thee,  
This soul, in its bitterest blackness, shall  
be;  
And our days seem as swift, and our  
moments more sweet,  
With thee by my side, than with worlds  
at our feet,

One sigh of thy sorrow, one look of thy  
love,  
Shall turn me or fix, shall reward or re-  
prove;  
And the heartless may wonder at all I  
resign—  
Thy lip shall reply, not to them, but to  
*mine*.

20  
May 1814.

### ADDRESS INTENDED TO BE RE- CITED AT THE CALEDONIAN MEETING

Who hath not glow'd above the page  
where fame  
Hath fix'd high Caledon's unconquer'd  
name;  
The mountain-land which spurn'd the  
Roman chain,  
And baffled back the fiery-crested Dane,  
Whose bright claymore and hardihood  
of hand  
No foe could tame—no tyrant could  
command?  
That race is gone—but still their children  
breathe,  
And glory crowns them with redoubled  
wreath:  
O'er Gael and Saxon mingling banners  
shine,  
And, England! add their stubborn  
strength to thine.  
The blood which flow'd with Wallace  
flows as free,  
But now 'tis only shed for fame and thee!  
Oh! pass not by the northern veteran's  
claim,  
But give support—the world hath given  
him fame!

The humbler ranks, the lowly brave, who  
bled  
While cheerly following where the mighty  
led—  
Who sleep beneath the undistinguish'd sod  
Where happier comrades in their tri-  
umph trod,  
To us bequeath—'tis all their fate allows—  
The sireless offspring and the lonely  
spouse:  
She on high Albyn's dusky hills may raise  
The tearful eye in melancholy gaze,  
Or view, while shadowy auguries disclose  
The Highland Seer's anticipated woes,  
The bleeding phantom of each martial  
form  
Dim in the cloud, or darkling in the  
storm;  
While sad, she chants the solitary song,  
The soft lament for him who tarries  
long—  
For him, whose distant relics vainly crave  
The Coronach's wild requiem to the  
brave!

'Tis Heaven—not man—must charm  
away the woe,  
Which bursts when Nature's feelings  
newly flow;  
Yet tenderness and time may rob the tear  
Of half its bitterness for one so dear;  
A nation's gratitude perchance may  
spread  
A thornless pillow for the widow'd head;



## OCCASIONAL PIECES

May lighten well her heart's maternal  
care,  
And wean from penury the soldier's  
heir.

May 1814.

### FRAGMENT OF AN EPISTLE TO THOMAS MOORE

'WHAT say I?'—not a syllable further in  
prose;  
I'm your man 'of all measures,' dear  
Tom,—so here goes!  
Here goes, for a swim on the stream of  
old Time,  
On those buoyant supporters, the blad-  
ders of rhyme.  
If our weight breaks them down, and we  
sink in the flood,  
We are smother'd, at least, in respectable  
mud,  
Where the Divers of Bathos lie drown'd  
in a heap,  
And Southey's last Pæan has pillow'd his  
sleep;—  
That 'Felo de se,' who, half drunk with  
his malmsey,  
Walk'd out of his depth and was lost in  
a calm sea,  
Singing 'Glory to God' in a spick and  
span stanza,  
The like (since Tom Sternhold was  
choked) never man saw.

The papers have told you, no doubt,  
of the fusses,  
The fêtes, and the gapings to get at these  
Russes,—  
Of his Majesty's suite, up from coach-  
man to Hetman,  
And what dignity decks the flat face of  
the great man.  
I saw him, last week, at two balls and a  
party,—  
For a prince, his demeanour was rather  
too hearty.  
You know we are used to quite different  
graces,

The Czar's look, I own, was much  
brighter and brisker,  
But then he is sadly deficient in whisker;  
And wore but a starless blue coat, and in  
kersey-  
-mere breeches whisk'd round, in a waltz  
with the Jersey,  
Who lovely as ever, seem'd just as de-  
lighted  
With Majesty's presence as those she  
invited.

June 1814.

### CONDOLATORY ADDRESS TO SARAH, COUNTESS OF JERSEY ON THE PRINCE REGENT'S RETURNING HER PICTURE TO MRS. MEE

WHEN the vain triumph of the imperial  
lord,  
Whom servile Rome obey'd, and yet  
abhorr'd,  
Gave to the vulgar gaze each glorious  
bust,  
That left a likeness of the brave or  
just;  
What most admired each scrutinising eye  
Of all that deck'd that passing pageantry?  
What spread from face to face that  
wondering air?  
The thought of Brutus—for his was not  
there!  
That absence proved his worth,—that  
absence fix'd  
His memory on the longing mind, un-  
mix'd;  
And more decreed his glory to endure,  
Than all a gold Colossus could secure.  
If thus, fair Jersey, our desiring gaze  
Search for thy form, in vain and mute  
amaze,  
Amidst those pictured charms, whose  
loveliness,  
Bright though they be, thine own had  
render'd less:  
If he, that vain old man, whom truth  
admits  
Heir of his father's crown, and of his wits,  
If his corrupted eye, and wither'd heart,  
Could with thy gentle image bear depart;  
That tasteless shame be *his*, and ours the  
grief,  
To gaze on Beauty's band without its  
chief:  
Yet comfort still one selfish thought  
imparts,  
We lose the portrait, but preserve our  
hearts.  
What can his vaulted gallery now  
disclose?  
A garden with all flowers—except the  
rose;—  
A fount that only wants its living stream;  
A night, with every star, save Dian's  
beam.  
Lost to our eyes the present forms shall  
be,  
That turn from tracing them to dream of  
thee;  
And more on that recall'd resemblance  
pause,  
Than all he *shall* not force on our  
applause.  
Long may thy yet meridian lustre  
shine,  
With all that Virtue asks of Homage  
thine:

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

The symmetry of youth, the grace of  
 mien, <sup>35</sup>  
 The eye that gladdens, and the brow  
 serene;  
 The glossy darkness of that clustering  
 hair,  
 Which shades, yet shows that forehead  
 more than fair!  
 Each glance that wins us, and the life that  
 throws  
 A spell which will not let our looks re-  
 pose, <sup>40</sup>  
 But turn to gaze again, and find anew  
 Some charm that well rewards another  
 view.  
 These are not lessen'd, these are still as  
 bright,  
 Albeit too dazzling for a dotard's sight;  
 And those must wait till ev'ry charm is  
 gone, <sup>45</sup>  
 To please the paltry heart that pleases  
 none;—  
 That dull cold sensualist, whose sickly eye  
 In envious dimness pass'd thy portrait by;  
 Who rack'd his little spirit to combine  
 Its hate of *Freedom's* loveliness, and  
 thine. <sup>50</sup>

August 1814.

### ELEGIAC STANZAS ON THE DEATH OF SIR PETER PARKER, BART.

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
 A mourner o'er the humblest grave;  
 But nations swell the funeral cry,  
 And Triumph weeps above the brave.  
 For them is Sorrow's purest sigh <sup>5</sup>  
 O'er Ocean's heaving bosom sent:  
 In vain their bones unburied lie,  
 All earth becomes their monument!  
 A tomb is theirs on every page,  
 An epitaph on every tongue: <sup>10</sup>  
 The present hours, the future age,  
 For them bewail, to them belong.  
 For them the voice of festal mirth  
 Grows hush'd, *their name* the only  
 sound;  
 While deep Remembrance pours to <sup>15</sup>  
 Worth  
 The goblet's tributary round.  
 A theme to crowds that knew them not,  
 Lamented by admiring foes,  
 Who would not share their glorious lot?  
 Who would not die the death they  
 chose? <sup>20</sup>  
 And, gallant Parker! thus enshrined  
 Thy life, thy fall, thy fame shall be;  
 And early valour, glowing, find  
 A model in thy memory.

But there are breasts that bleed with  
 thee <sup>25</sup>  
 In woe, that glory cannot quell;  
 And shuddering hear of victory,  
 Where one so dear, so dauntless, fell.  
 Where shall they turn to mourn thee less?  
 When cease to hear thy cherish'd name?  
 Time cannot teach forgetfulness, <sup>31</sup>  
 While Grief's full heart is fed by Fame.  
 Alas! for them, though not for thee,  
 They cannot choose but weep the more;  
 Deep for the dead the grief must be, <sup>35</sup>  
 Who ne'er gave cause to mourn before.

October 1814.

### TO BELSHAZZAR

BELSHAZZAR! from the banquet turn,  
 Nor in thy sensual fulness fall;  
 Behold! while yet before thee burn  
 The graven words, the glowing wall,  
 Many a despot men miscall <sup>5</sup>  
 Crown'd and anointed from on high;  
 But thou, the weakest, worst of all—  
 Is it not written, thou must die?  
 Go! dash the roses from thy brow—  
 Grey hairs but poorly wreath with  
 them; <sup>10</sup>  
 Youth's garlands misbecome thee now,  
 More than thy very diadem,  
 Where thou hast tarnish'd every gem:—  
 Then throw the worthless bauble by,  
 Which, worn by thee, ev'n slaves con-  
 temn; <sup>15</sup>  
 And learn like better men to die!  
 Oh! early in the balance weigh'd,  
 And ever light of word and worth,  
 Whose soul expired ere youth decay'd,  
 And left thee but a mass of earth. <sup>20</sup>  
 To see thee moves the scorner's mirth:  
 But tears in Hope's averted eye  
 Lament that even thou hadst birth—  
 Unfit to govern, live, or die.

## HEBREW MELODIES

### ADVERTISEMENT

THE subsequent poems were written at the re-  
 quest of my friend, the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird,  
 for a Selection of Hebrew Melodies, and have been  
 published, with the music, arranged by Mr. Bra-  
 ham and Mr. Nathan.

*January*, 1815.

### SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

I

SHE walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes:  
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### II

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
Had half impair'd the nameless grace  
Which waves in every raven tress,  
Or softly lightens o'er her face;  
Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
How pure, how dear their dwelling-  
place.

### III

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,  
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,  
But tell of days in goodness spent,  
A mind at peace with all below,  
A heart whose love is innocent!

### THE HARP THE MONARCH MINSTREL SWEPT

#### I

THE harp the monarch minstrel swept,  
The King of men, the loved of Heaven,  
Which Music hallow'd while she wept  
O'er tones her heart of hearts had given,  
Redoubled be her tears, its chords are  
riven!  
It soften'd men of iron mould,  
It gave them virtues not their own;  
No ear so dull, no soul so cold,  
That felt not, fired not to the tone,  
Till David's lyre grew mightier than his  
throne!

#### II

It told the triumphs of our King,  
It wafted glory to our God;  
It made our gladden'd valleys ring,  
The cedars bow, the mountains nod;  
Its sound aspired to heaven and there  
abode!  
Since then, though heard on earth no  
more,  
Devotion and her daughter Love  
Still bid the bursting spirit soar  
To sounds that seem as from above,  
In dreams that day's broad light can  
not remove.

### IF THAT HIGH WORLD

#### I

IF that high world, which lies beyond  
Our own, surviving Love endears;  
If there the cherish'd heart be fond,  
The eye the same, except in tears—  
How welcome those untrodden spheres!  
How sweet this very hour to die!  
To soar from earth and find all fears  
Lost in thy light—Eternity!

### II

It must be so: 'tis not for self  
That we so tremble on the brink;  
And striving to o'erleap the gulf,  
Yet cling to Being's severing link.  
Oh! in that future let us think  
To hold each heart the heart that shares;  
With them the immortal waters drink,  
And soul in soul grow deathless theirs!

### THE WILD GAZELLE

#### I

THE wild gazelle on Judah's hills  
Exulting yet may bound,  
And drink from all the living rills  
That gush on holy ground:  
Its airy step and glorious eye  
May glance in tameless transport by:—

#### II

A step as fleet, an eye more bright,  
Hath Judah witness'd there;  
And o'er her scenes of lost delight  
Inhabitants more fair.  
The cedars wave on Lebanon,  
But Judah's statelier maids are gone!

#### III

More blest each palm that shades those  
plains  
Than Israel's scatter'd race;  
For, taking root, it there remains  
In solitary grace:  
It cannot quit its place of birth,  
It will not live in other earth.

#### IV

But we must wander witheringly,  
In other lands to die;  
And where our fathers' ashes be,  
Our own may never lie:  
Our temple hath not left a stone,  
And Mockery sits on Salem's throne.

### OH! WEEP FOR THOSE

#### I

OH! weep for those that wept by Babel's  
stream,  
Whose shrines are desolate, whose land a  
dream;  
Weep for the harp of Judah's broken  
shell;  
Mourn—where their God hath dwelt the  
godless dwell!

#### II

And where shall Israel lave her bleeding  
feet?  
And when shall Zion's songs again seem  
sweet?  
And Judah's melody once more rejoice  
The hearts that leap'd before its heavenly  
voice?

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### III

Tribes of the wandering foot and weary  
breast,  
How shall ye flee away and be at rest!  
The wild-dove hath her nest, the fox his  
cave,  
Mankind their country—Israel but the  
grave!

### ON JORDAN'S BANKS

#### I

ON Jordan's banks the Arab's camels  
stray,  
On Sion's hill the False One's votaries  
pray,  
The Baal-adorer bows on Sinai's steep—  
Yet there—even there—Oh God! thy  
thunders sleep:

#### II

There—where thy finger scorch'd the tab-  
let stone!  
There—where thy shadow to thy people  
shone!  
Thy glory shrouded in its garb of fire:  
Thyself—none living see and not expire!

#### III

Oh! in the lightning let thy glance appear;  
Sweep from his shiver'd hand the oppres-  
sor's spear!  
How long by tyrants shall thy land be trod?  
How long thy temple worshipless, Oh God?

### JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER

#### I

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my  
Sire!  
Demand that thy Daughter expire;  
Since thy triumph was bought by thy  
vow—  
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

#### II

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,  
And the mountains behold me no more:  
If the hand that I love lay me low,  
There cannot be pain in the blow!

#### III

And of this, oh, my Father! be sure—  
That the blood of thy child is as pure  
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,  
And the last thought that soothes me be-  
low.

#### IV

Though the virgins of Salem lament,  
Be the judge and the hero unbent!  
I have won the great battle for thee,  
And my Father and Country are free!

### V

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,  
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,  
Let my memory still be thy pride,  
And forget not I smiled as I died!

### OH! SNATCH'D AWAY IN BEAUTY'S BLOOM

#### I

OH! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom,  
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;  
But on thy turf shall roses rear  
Their leaves, the earliest of the year;  
And the wild cypress wave in tender  
gloom:

#### II

And oft by yon blue gushing stream  
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,  
And feed deep thought with many a  
dream,  
And lingering pause and lightly tread;  
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd  
the dead!

#### III

Away! we know that tears are vain,  
That death nor heeds nor hears distress;  
Will this unteach us to complain?  
Or make one mourner weep the less?  
And thou—who tell'st me to forget,  
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

### MY SOUL IS DARK

#### I

My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string  
The harp I yet can brook to hear;  
And let thy gentle fingers fling  
Its melting murmurs o'er mine ear.  
If in this heart a hope be dear,  
That sound shall charm it forth again:  
If in these eyes there lurk a tear,  
'Twill flow, and cease to burn my brain.

#### II

But bid the strain be wild and deep,  
Nor let thy notes of joy be first:  
I tell thee, minstrel, I must weep,  
Or else this heavy heart will burst;  
For it hath been by sorrow nursed,  
And ached in sleepless silence long;  
And now 'tis doom'd to know the worst,  
And break at once—or yield to song.

### I SAW THEE WEEP

#### I

I SAW thee weep—the big bright tear  
Came o'er that eye of blue;  
And then methought it did appear  
A violet dropping dew;

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

I saw thee smile—the sapphire's blaze  
Beside thee ceased to shine;  
It could not match the living rays  
That fill'd that glance of thine.

### II

As clouds from yonder sun receive  
A deep and mellow dye,  
Which scarce the shade of coming eve  
Can banish from the sky,  
Those smiles unto the moodiest mind  
Their own pure joy impart;  
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind  
That lightens o'er the heart.

## THY DAYS ARE DONE

### I

Thy days are done, thy fame begun;  
Thy country's strains record  
The triumphs of her chosen Son,  
The slaughters of his sword!  
The deeds he did, the fields he won,  
The freedom he restored!

### II

Though thou art fall'n, while we are free  
Thou shalt not taste of death!  
The generous blood that flow'd from thee  
Disdain'd to sink beneath:  
Within our veins its currents be,  
Thy spirit on our breath!

### III

Thy name, our charging hosts along,  
Shall be the battle-word!  
Thy fall, the theme of choral song  
From virgin voices pour'd!  
To weep would do thy glory wrong:  
Thou shalt not be deplored.

## SAUL

### I

Thou whose spell can raise the dead,  
Bid the prophet's form appear.  
'Samuel, raise thy buried head!  
King, behold the phantom seer!'  
Earth yawn'd; he stood the centre of a  
cloud:  
Light changed its hue, retiring from his  
shroud.  
Death stood all glassy in his fixed eye;  
His hand was wither'd, and his veins were  
dry;  
His foot, in bony whiteness, glitter'd there,  
Shrunk and sinewless, and ghastly bare;  
From lips that moved not and unbreath-  
ing frame,  
Like cavern'd winds, the hollow accents  
came.  
Saul saw, and fell to earth, as falls the oak,  
At once, and blasted by the thunder-  
stroke.

### II

'Why is my sleep disquieted? 15  
Who is he that calls the dead?  
Is it thou, O King? Behold,  
Bloodless are these limbs, and cold:  
Such are mine; and such shall be  
Thine to-morrow, when with me:  
Ere the coming day is done, 21  
Such shalt thou be, such thy son.  
Fare thee well, but for a day,  
Then we mix our mouldering clay.  
Thou, thy race, lie pale and low, 25  
Pierced by shafts of many a bow;  
And the falchion by thy side  
To thy heart thy hand shall guide:  
Crownless, breathless, headless fall,  
Son and sire, the house of Saul!' 30

## SONG OF SAUL BEFORE HIS LAST BATTLE

### I

WARRIORS and chiefs! should the shaft or  
the sword  
Pierce me in leading the host of the Lord,  
Heed not the corse, though a king's, in  
your path:  
Bury your steel in the bosoms of Gath!

### II

Thou who art bearing my buckler and bow,  
Should the soldiers of Saul look away from  
the foe,  
Stretch me that moment in blood at thy feet!  
Mine be the doom which they dared not  
to meet.

### III

Farewell to others, but never we part,  
Heir to my royalty, son of my heart!  
Bright is the diadem, boundless the sway,  
Or kingly the death, which awaits us to-day!

## 'ALL IS VANITY, SAITH THE PREACHER'

### I

FAME, wisdom, love, and power were mine,  
And health and youth possess'd me;  
My goblets blush'd from every vine,  
And lovely forms caress'd me;  
I sunn'd my heart in beauty's eyes,  
And felt my soul grow tender;  
All earth can give, or mortal prize,  
Was mine of regal splendour.

### II

I strive to number o'er what days  
Remembrance can discover,  
Which all that life or earth displays  
Would lure me to live over.  
There rose no day, there roll'd no hour  
Of pleasure unembitter'd;  
And not a trapping deck'd my power  
That gall'd not while it glitter'd.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### III

The serpent of the field, by art  
And spells, is won from harming;  
But that which coils around the heart,  
Oh! who hath power of charming?  
It will not list to wisdom's lore,  
Nor music's voice can lure it;  
But there it stings for evermore  
The soul that must endure it.

### WHEN COLDNESS WRAPS THIS SUFFERING CLAY

#### I

WHEN coldness wraps this suffering clay,  
Ah! whither strays the immortal mind?  
It cannot die, it cannot stay,  
But leaves its darken'd dust behind.  
Then, unembodied, doth it trace  
By steps each planet's heavenly way?  
Or fill at once the realms of space,  
A thing of eyes, that all survey?

#### II

Eternal, boundless, undecay'd,  
A thought unseen, but seeing all,  
All, all in earth or skies display'd,  
Shall it survey, shall it recall:  
Each fainter trace that memory holds  
So darkly of departed years,  
In one broad glance the soul beholds,  
And all, that was, at once appears.

#### III

Before Creation peopled earth,  
Its eye shall roll through chaos back;  
And where the furthest heaven had birth,  
The spirit trace its rising track.  
And where the future marts or makes,  
Its glance dilate o'er all to be,  
While sun is quench'd or system breaks,  
Fix'd in its own eternity.

#### IV

Above or Love, Hope, Hate, or Fear,  
It lives all passionless and pure:  
An age shall fleet like earthly year;  
Its years as moments shall endure.  
Away, away, without a wing,  
O'er all, through all, its thought shall  
fly,  
A nameless and eternal thing,  
Forgetting what it was to die.

### VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

#### I

THE King was on his throne,  
The Satraps throng'd the hall:  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.

A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deem'd divine—  
Jehovah's vessels hold  
The godless Heathen's wine!

#### II

In that same hour and hall,  
The fingers of a hand  
Came forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand:  
The fingers of a man;—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.

#### III

The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice;  
All bloodless wax'd his look,  
And tremulous his voice.  
'Let the men of lore appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth.'

#### IV

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw—but knew no more.

#### V

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth.  
The lamps around were bright.  
The prophecy in view;  
He read it on that night,—  
The morrow proved it true.

#### VI

'Belshazzar's grave is made,  
His kingdom pass'd away,  
He, in the balance weigh'd,  
Is light and worthless clay;  
The shroud his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone;  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne!'

### SUN OF THE SLEEPLESS!

SUN of the sleepless! melancholy star!  
Whose tearful beam glows tremulously  
far,  
That show'st the darkness thou canst not  
dispel,  
How like art thou to joy remember'd well!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

So gleams the past, the light of other  
days,  
Which shines, but warms not with its<sup>5</sup>  
powerless rays;  
A night-beam Sorrow watcheth to behold,  
Distinct, but distant—clear—but, oh how  
cold!

WERE MY BOSOM AS FALSE AS  
THOU DEEM'ST IT TO BE

### I

WERE my bosom as false as thou deem'st  
it to be,  
I need not have wander'd from far Galilee;  
It was but abjuring my creed to efface  
The curse which, thou say'st, is the crime  
of my race.

### II

If the bad never triumph, then God is with  
thee!  
If the slave only sin, thou art spotless  
and free!  
If the Exile on earth is an Outcast on high,  
Live on in thy faith, but in mine I will die.

### III

I have lost for that faith more than thou  
canst bestow,  
As the God who permits thee to prosper  
doth know;  
In his hand is my heart and my hope—  
and in thine  
The land and the life which for him I  
resign.

## HEROD'S LAMENT FOR MARIAMNE

### I

OH, Mariamne! now for thee  
The heart for which thou bled'st is  
bleeding;  
Revenge is lost in agony,  
And wild remorse to rage succeeding.  
Oh, Mariamne! where art thou?  
Thou canst not hear my bitter pleading:  
Ah! could'st thou—thou would'st pardon  
now,  
Though Heaven were to my prayer un-  
heeding.

### II

And is she dead?—and did they dare  
Obey my frenzy's jealous raving?  
My wrath but doom'd my own despair:  
The sword that smote her's o'er me  
waving.—  
But thou art cold, my murder'd love!  
And this dark heart is vainly craving  
For her who soars alone above,  
And leaves my soul unworthy saving.

### III

She's gone, who shared my diadem;  
She sunk, with her my joys entombing;  
I swept that flower from Judah's stem,  
Whose leaves for me alone were bloom-  
ing;  
And mine's the guilt, and mine the hell,  
This bosom's desolation dooming;  
And I have earn'd those tortures well,  
Which unconsumed are still consum-  
ing!

## ON THE DAY OF THE DESTRUC- TION OF JERUSALEM BY TITUS

### I

FROM the last hill that looks on thy once  
holy dome,  
I beheld thee, oh Sion! when render'd to  
Rome:  
'Twas thy last sun went down, and the  
flames of thy fall  
Flash'd back on the last glance I gave to  
thy wall.

### II

I look'd for thy temple, I look'd for my  
home,  
And forgot for a moment my bondage to  
come;  
I beheld but the death-fire that fed on thy  
fane,  
And the fast-fetter'd hands that made  
vengeance in vain.

### III

On many an eve, the high spot whence I  
gazed  
Had reflected the last beam of day as it  
blazed;  
While I stood on the height, and beheld  
the decline  
Of the rays from the mountain that shone  
on thy shrine.

### IV

And now on that mountain I stood on  
that day,  
But I mark'd not the twilight beam melt-  
ing away;  
Oh! would that the lightning had glared  
in its stead,  
And the thunderbolt burst on the con-  
queror's head!

### V

But the gods of the Pagan shall never pro-  
fane  
The shrine where Jehovah disdain'd not  
to reign;  
And scatter'd and scorn'd as thy people  
may be,  
Our worship, oh Father! is only for thee.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### BY THE RIVERS OF BABYLON WE SAT DOWN AND WEPT

#### I

We sat down and wept by the waters  
Of Babel, and thought of the day  
When our foe, in the hue of his slaughters,  
Made Salem's high places his prey;  
And ye, oh her desolate daughters!  
Were scatter'd all weeping away.

#### II

While sadly we gazed on the river  
Which roll'd on in freedom below,  
They demanded the song: but, oh never  
That triumph the stranger shall know!  
May this right hand be wither'd for ever,  
Ere it string our high harp for the foe!

#### III

On the willow that harp is suspended,  
Oh Salem! its sound should be free;  
And the hour when thy glories were ended  
But left me that token of thee:  
And ne'er shall its soft tones be blended  
With the voice of the spoiler by me!

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

#### I

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on  
the fold,  
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple  
and gold;  
And the sheen of their spears was like  
stars on the sea,  
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep  
Galilee.

#### II

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer  
is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset  
were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn  
hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and  
strown.

#### III

For the Angel of Death spread his wings  
on the blast,  
And breathed in the face of the foe as he  
pass'd;  
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly  
and chill,  
And their hearts but once heaved, and for  
ever grew still!

#### IV

And there lay the steed with his nostril  
all wide,  
But through it there roll'd not the breath  
of his pride;

And the foam of his gasping lay white on  
the turf,  
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating  
surf.

#### V

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust  
on his mail:  
And the tents were all silent, the banners  
alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

#### VI

And the widows of Ashur are loud in  
their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of  
Baal;  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmeared  
by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the  
Lord!

### A SPIRIT PASS'D BEFORE ME

FROM JOB

#### I

A SPIRIT pass'd before me: I beheld  
The face of immortality unveil'd—  
Deep sleep came down on every eye save  
mine—  
And there it stood,—all formless—but  
divine:  
Along my bones the creeping flesh did  
quake;  
And as my damp hair stiffen'd, thus it  
spake:

#### II

'Is man more just than God? Is man more  
pure  
Than he who deems even Seraphs in-  
secure?  
Creatures of clay—vain dwellers in the  
dust!  
The moth survives you, and are ye more  
just?  
Things of a day! you wither ere the night,  
Heedless and blind to Wisdom's wasted  
light!'

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters  
With a magic like thee;  
And like music on the waters  
Is thy sweet voice to me:  
When, as if its sound were causing  
The charmed ocean's pausing,  
The waves lie still and gleaming  
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming:



## OCCASIONAL PIECES

And the midnight moon is weaving  
Her bright chain o'er the deep;  
Whose breast is gently heaving,  
As an infant's asleep:  
So the spirit bows before thee,  
To listen and adore thee;  
With a full but soft emotion,  
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC

'O Lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros  
Ducentium ortus ex animo: quater  
Felix! in imo qui scatenentem  
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.'  
GRAY'S *Poemata*.

THERE'S not a joy the world can give like  
that it takes away,  
When the glow of early thought declines  
in feeling's dull decay;  
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the  
blush alone, which fades so fast,  
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere  
youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the  
wreck of happiness  
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or  
ocean of excess:  
The magnet of their course is gone, or  
only points in vain  
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall  
never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like  
death itself comes down;  
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not  
dream its own;  
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the foun-  
tain of our tears,  
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis  
where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips,  
and mirth distract the breast,  
Through midnight hours that yield no  
more their former hope of rest;  
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd  
turret wreath,  
All green and wildly fresh without, but  
worn and grey beneath.

Oh could I feel as I have felt,—or be what  
I have been,  
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er  
many a vanish'd scene;  
As springs in deserts found seem sweet,  
all brackish though they be,  
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those  
tears would flow to me.

March 1815.

## ON NAPOLEON'S ESCAPE FROM ELBA

ONCE fairly set out on his party of pleasure,  
Taking towns at his liking, and crowns  
at his leisure,  
From Elba to Lyons and Paris he goes,  
Making balls for the ladies, and bows to  
his foes.

March 27, 1815.

## ODE FROM THE FRENCH

I

WE do not curse thee, Waterloo!  
Though Freedom's blood thy plain bedew;  
There 'twas shed, but is not sunk—  
Rising from each gory trunk,  
Like the water-spout from ocean,  
With a strong and growing motion—  
It soars, and mingles in the air,  
With that of lost Lapedoyère—  
With that of him whose honour'd grave  
Contains the 'bravest of the brave,'  
A crimson cloud it spreads and glows,  
But shall return to whence it rose;  
When 'tis full 'twill burst asunder—  
Never yet was heard such thunder  
As then shall shake the world with won-  
der—  
Never yet was seen such lightning  
As o'er heaven shall then be bright'ning!  
Like the Wormwood Star foretold  
By the sainted Seer of old,  
Show'ring down a fiery flood,  
Turning rivers into blood.

II

The Chief has fallen, but not by you,  
Vanquishers of Waterloo!  
When the soldier citizen  
Sway'd not o'er his fellow-men—  
Save in deeds that led them on  
Where Glory smiled on Freedom's son—  
Who, of all the despots banded,  
With that youthful chief competed?  
Who could boast o'er France defeated,  
Till lone Tyranny commanded?  
Till, goaded by ambition's sting,  
The Hero sunk into the King?  
Then he fell:—so perish all,  
Who would men by man enthrall!

III

And thou, too, of the snow-white plume!  
Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb;  
Better hadst thou still been leading  
France o'er hosts of hirelings bleeding,  
Than sold thyself to death and shame  
For a meanly royal name;  
Such as he of Naples wears,  
Who thy blood-bought title bears.  
Little didst thou deem, when dashing  
On thy war-horse through the ranks,  
Like a stream which burst its banks,  
While helmets cleft, and sabres clashing,

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### FROM THE FRENCH

#### I

Shone and shiver'd fast around thee—  
Of the fate at last which found thee:  
Was that haughty plume laid low 50  
By a slave's dishonest blow?  
Once—as the moon sways o'er the tide,  
It roll'd in air, the warrior's guide;  
Through the smoke-created night  
Of the black and sulphurous fight, 55  
The soldier raised his seeking eye  
To catch that crest's ascendancy,—  
And, as it onward rolling rose,  
So moved his heart upon our foes.  
There, where death's brief pang was  
quickest, 60  
And the battle's wreck lay thickest,  
Strew'd beneath the advancing banner  
Of the eagle's burning crest—  
(There with thunder-clouds to fan her,  
Who could then her wing arrest— 65  
Victory beaming from her breast?)  
While the broken line enlarging  
Fell, or fled along the plain;  
There be sure was Murat charging!  
There he ne'er shall charge again! 70

#### IV

O'er glories gone the invaders march,  
Weeps Triumph o'er each levell'd arch—  
But let Freedom rejoice,  
With her heart in her voice;  
But, her hand on her sword, 75  
Doubly shall she be adored;  
France hath twice too well been taught  
The 'moral lesson' dearly bought—  
Her safety sits not on a throne,  
With Capet or Napoleon! 80  
But in equal rights and laws,  
Hearts and hands in one great cause—  
Freedom, such as God hath given  
Unto all beneath his heaven,  
With their breath, and from their birth,  
Though guilt would sweep it from the  
earth; 86  
With a fierce and lavish hand  
Scattering nations' wealth like sand;  
Pouring nations' blood like water,  
In imperial seas of slaughter! 90

#### V

But the heart and the mind,  
And the voice of mankind,  
Shall arise in communion—  
And who shall resist that proud union?  
The time is past when swords subdued—  
Man may die—the soul's renew'd: 96  
Even in this low world of care  
Freedom ne'er shall want an heir;  
Millions breathe but to inherit  
Her for ever bounding spirit—  
When once more her hosts assemble,  
Tyrants shall believe and tremble—  
Smile they at this idle threat?  
Crimson tears will follow yet.

MUST thou go, my glorious Chief,  
Sever'd from thy faithful few?  
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,  
Maddening o'er that long adieu?  
Woman's love, and friendship's zeal, 55  
Dear as both have been to me—  
What are they to all I feel,  
With a soldier's faith for thee?

#### II

Idol of the soldier's soul!  
First in fight, but mightiest now;  
Many could a world control;  
Thee alone no doom can bow.  
By thy side for years I dared  
Death; and envied those who fell,  
When their dying shout was heard,  
Blessing him they served so well.

#### III

Would that I were cold with those,  
Since this hour I live to see;  
When the doubts of coward foes  
Scarce dare trust a man with thee,  
Dreading each should set thee free!  
Oh! although in dungeons pent,  
All their chains were light to me,  
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

#### IV

Would the sycophants of him  
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,  
Were his borrow'd glories dim,  
In his native darkness share?  
Were that world this hour his own,  
All thou calmly dost resign,  
Could he purchase with that throne  
Hearts like those which still are thine?

#### V

My chief, my king, my friend, adieu!  
Never did I droop before;  
Never to my sovereign sue,  
As his foes I now implore:  
All I ask is to divide  
Every peril he must brave;  
Sharing by the hero's side  
His fall, his exile, and his grave.

### ON THE STAR OF 'THE LEGION OF HONOUR'

#### [FROM THE FRENCH]

STAR of the brave!—whose beam hath  
shed  
Such glory o'er the quick and dead—  
Thou radiant and adored deceit!  
Which millions rush'd in arms to greet,  
Wild meteor of immortal birth; 5  
Why rise in Heaven to set on Earth?

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Souls of slain heroes form'd thy rays;  
Eternity flash'd through thy blaze;  
The music of thy martial sphere  
Was fame on high and honour here; 10  
And thy light broke on human eyes,  
Like a volcano of the skies.

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,  
And swept down empires with its flood;  
Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base,  
As thou didst lighten through all space;  
And the shorn Sun grew dim in air,  
And set while thou wert dwelling there.

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,  
A rainbow of the loveliest hue 20  
Of three bright colours, each divine,  
And fit for that celestial sign;  
For Freedom's hand had blended them,  
Like tints in an immortal gem.

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes; 25  
One, the blue depth of Seraph's eyes;  
One, the pure Spirit's veil of white  
Had robed in radiance of its light:  
The three so mingled did beseech  
The texture of a heavenly dream. 30

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,  
And darkness must again prevail!  
But, oh thou Rainbow of the free!  
Our tears and blood must flow for thee.  
When thy bright promise fades away, 35  
Our life is but a load of clay.

And Freedom hallows with her tread  
The silent cities of the dead;  
For beautiful in death are they 40  
Who proudly fall in her array;  
And soon, oh Goddess! may we be  
For evermore with them or thee!

### NAPOLEON'S FAREWELL

[FROM THE FRENCH]

I

FAREWELL to the Land where the gloom  
of my Glory  
Arose and o'ershadow'd the earth with  
her name—  
She abandons me now—but the page of  
her story,  
The brightest or blackest, is fill'd with my  
fame.  
I have warr'd with a world which van-  
quish'd me only  
When the meteor of conquest allured me,  
too far;  
I have coped with the nations which dread  
me thus lonely,  
The last single Captive to millions in war.

II

Farewell to thee, France! when thy dia-  
dem crown'd me,  
I made thee the gem and the wonder of  
earth,  
But thy weakness decrees I should leave  
as I found thee,  
Decay'd in thy glory, and sunk in thy  
worth.  
Oh! for the veteran hearts that were  
wasted  
In strife with the storm, when their battles  
were won—  
Then the Eagle, whose gaze in that mo-  
ment was blasted,  
Had still soar'd with eyes fix'd on victory's  
sun!

III

Farewell to thee, France!—but when  
Liberty rallies  
Once more in thy regions, remember me  
then,—  
The violet still grows in the depth of thy  
valleys;  
Though wither'd, thy tear will unfold it  
again—  
30 Yet, yet, I may baffle the hosts that sur-  
round us,  
And yet may thy heart leap awake to my  
voice—  
There are links which must break in the  
chain that has bound us,  
Then turn thee and call on the Chief of  
thy choice!

## DOMESTIC PIECES

1816

### FARE THEE WELL

'Alas! they had been friends in youth;  
But whispering tongues can poison truth;  
And constancy lives in realms above;  
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;  
And to be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain;

But never either found another  
To free the hollow heart from paining—  
They stood aloof, the scars remaining;  
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;  
A dreary sea now flows between,  
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,  
Shall wholly do away, I ween,  
The marks of that which once hath been.'  
COLERIDGE'S *Christabel*.

FARE thee well! and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well:  
Even though unforgiving, never  
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.  
Would that breast were bared before thee  
Where thy head so oft hath lain. 6  
While that placid sleep came o'er thee  
Which thou ne'er canst know again:

# OCCASIONAL PIECES

## A SKETCH

Would that breast, by thee glanced over,  
Every inmost thought could show! 10  
Then thou wouldst at last discover  
'Twas not well to spurn it so.

Though the world for this commend  
thee—

Though it smile upon the blow,  
Even its praises must offend thee, 15  
Founded on another's woe:

Though my many faults defaced me,  
Could no other arm be found,  
Than the one which once embraced me,  
To inflict a cureless wound? 20

Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not;  
Love may sink by slow decay,  
But by sudden wrench, believe not  
Hearts can thus be torn away:

Still thine own life retaineth, 25  
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat;  
And the undying thought which paineth  
Is—that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow  
Than the wail above the dead; 30  
Both shall live, but every morrow  
Wake us from a widow'd bed.

And when thou wouldst solace gather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
Wilt thou teach her to say 'Father!' 35  
Though his care she must forego?

When her little hands shall press thee,  
When her lip to thine is press'd,  
Think of him whose prayer shall bless  
thee,  
Think of him thy love had bless'd! 40

Should her lineaments resemble  
Those thou never more may'st see,  
Then thy heart will softly tremble  
With a pulse yet true to me. 44

All my faults perchance thou knowest,  
All my madness none can know;  
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,  
Wither, yet with thee thou go.

Every feeling hath been shaken; 49  
Pride, which not a world could bow,  
Bows to thee—by thee forsaken,  
Even my soul forsakes me now:

But 'tis done—all words are idle—  
Words from me are vainer still;  
But the thoughts we cannot bridle  
Force their way without the will. 55

Fare thee well! thus disunited,  
Torn from every nearer tie,  
Sear'd in heart, and lone, and blighted,  
More than this I scarce can die. 60

March 17, 1816.

'Honest—honest Iago!  
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.'  
SHAKESPEARE.

BORN in the garret, in the kitchen bred,  
Promoted thence to deck her mistress' head;  
Next—for some gracious service un-  
express'd,

And from its wages only to be guess'd—  
Raised from the toilette to the table,—  
where 5

Her wondering betters wait behind her  
chair.

With eye unmoved, and forehead un-  
abash'd,

She dines from off the plate she lately  
wash'd.

Quick with the tale, and ready with the lie,  
The genial confidante, and general spy,  
Who could, ye gods! her next employ-  
ment guess— 11

An only infant's earliest governess!  
She taught the child to read, and taught  
so well,

That she herself, by teaching, learn'd to  
spell.

An adept next in penmanship she grows,  
As many a nameless slander deftly shows:  
What she had made the pupil of her art,  
None know—but that high Soul secured  
the heart,

And panted for the truth it could not hear,  
With longing breast and undeluded ear.  
Foil'd was perversion by that youthful  
mind, 21

Which Flattery fool'd not, Baseness could  
not blind,

Deceit infect not, near Contagion soil,  
Indulgence weaken, nor Example spoil,  
Nor master'd Science tempt her to look  
down 25

On humbler talents with a pitying frown,  
Nor Genius swell, nor Beauty render vain,  
Nor Envy ruffle to retaliate pain,  
Nor Fortune change, Pride raise, nor  
Passion bow,

Nor virtue teach austerity—till now. 30  
Serenely purest of her sex that live,  
But wanting one sweet weakness—to for-  
give,

Too shock'd at faults her soul can never  
know,

She deems that all could be like her be-  
low:

Foe to all vice, yet hardly Virtue's friend,  
For Virtue pardons those she would  
amend. 36

But to the theme, now laid aside too  
long,

The baleful burthen of this honest song,  
Though all her former functions are no  
more,

She rules the circle which she served before.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

If mothers—none know why—before her  
quake;  
If daughters dread her for the mothers'<sup>41</sup>  
sake;  
If early habits—those false links, which  
bind  
At times the loftiest to the meanest  
mind—  
Have given her power too deeply to instil  
The angry essence of her deadly will; <sup>46</sup>  
If like a snake she steal within your  
walls,  
Till the black slime betray her as she  
crawls;  
If like a viper to the heart she wind,  
And leave the venom there she did not  
find; <sup>50</sup>  
What marvel that this hag of hatred works  
Eternal evil latent as she lurks,  
To make a Pandemonium where she  
dwells,  
And reign the Hecate of domestic hells?  
Skill'd by a touch to deepen scandal's  
tints <sup>55</sup>  
With all the kind mendacity of hints,  
While mingling truth with falsehood,  
sneers with smiles,  
A thread of candour with a web of  
wiles:  
A plain blunt show of briefly-spoken  
seeming,  
To hide her bloodless heart's soul-  
harden'd scheming; <sup>60</sup>  
A lip of lies; a face form'd to conceal,  
And, without feeling, mock at all who  
feel:  
With a vile mask the Gorgon would dis-  
own,—  
A cheek of parchment, and an eye of  
stone.  
Mark, how the channels of her yellow  
blood <sup>65</sup>  
Ooze to her skin, and stagnate there to  
mud,  
Cased like the centipede in saffron mail,  
Or darker greenness of the scorpion's  
scale—  
(For drawn from reptiles only may we  
trace  
Congenial colours in that soul or face)—  
Look on her features! and behold her  
mind <sup>71</sup>  
As in a mirror of itself defined:  
Look on the picture! deem it not o'er-  
charged—  
There is no trait which might not be en-  
larged:  
Yet true to 'Nature's journeymen,' who  
made <sup>75</sup>  
This monster when their mistress left off  
trade—  
This female dog-star of her little sky,  
Where all beneath her influence droop or  
die.

Oh! wretch without a tear—without a  
thought,  
Save joy above the ruin thou hast  
wrought— <sup>80</sup>  
The time shall come, nor long remote,  
when thou  
Shalt feel far more than thou inflictest  
now;  
Feel for thy vile self-loving self in vain,  
And turn thee howling in unpitied pain.  
May the strong curse of crush'd affections  
light <sup>85</sup>  
Back on thy bosom with reflected blight!  
And make thee in thy leprosy of mind  
As loathsome to thyself as to mankind!  
Till all thy self-thoughts curdle into hate,  
Black—as thy will for others would cre-  
ate: <sup>90</sup>  
Till thy hard heart be calcined into dust,  
And thy soul welter in its hideous crust.  
Oh, may thy grave be sleepless as the bed,  
The widow'd couch of fire, that thou hast  
spread!  
Then, when thou fain wouldst weary  
Heaven with prayer, <sup>95</sup>  
Look on thine earthly victims—and des-  
pair!  
Down to the dust!—and, as thou rott'st  
away,  
Even worms shall perish on thy poisonous  
clay.  
But for the love I bore, and still must bear,  
To her thy malice from all ties would  
tear— <sup>100</sup>  
Thy name—thy human name—to every eye  
The climax of all scorn should hang on  
high,  
Exalted o'er thy less abhorr'd compeers—  
And festering in the infamy of years.

March 29, 1816.

## ENDORSEMENT TO THE DEED OF SEPARATION

IN THE APRIL OF 1816

A YEAR ago, you swore, fond she!  
'To love, to honour,' and so forth:  
Such was the vow you pledged to me,  
And here's exactly what 'tis worth.

## STANZAS TO AUGUSTA

I

WHEN all around grew drear and dark,  
And reason half withheld her ray—  
And hope but shed a dying spark  
Which more mislaid my lonely way;

II

In that deep midnight of the mind,  
And that internal strife of heart,  
When dreading to be deem'd too kind,  
The weak despair—the cold depart;

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### III

When fortune changed—and love fled far,  
And hatred's shafts flew thick and fast,  
Thou wert the solitary star  
Which rose and set not to the last.

### IV

Oh! blest be thine unbroken light!  
That watch'd me as a seraph's eye,  
And stood between me and the night,  
For ever shining sweetly nigh.

### V

And when the cloud upon us came,  
Which strove to blacken o'er thy ray—  
Then purer spread its gentle flame,  
And dash'd the darkness all away.

### VI

Still may thy spirit dwell on mine,  
And teach it what to brave or brook—  
There's more in one soft word of thine  
Than in the world's defied rebuke.

### VII

Thou stood'st, as stands a lovely tree,  
That still unbroke, though gently bent,  
Still waves with fond fidelity  
Its boughs above a monument.

### VIII

The winds might rend—the skies might  
pour,  
But there thou wert—and still wouldst  
be  
Devoted in the stormiest hour  
To shed thy weeping leaves o'er me.

### IX

But thou and thine shall know no blight,  
Whatever fate on me may fall;  
For heaven in sunshine will requite  
The kind—and thee the most of all.

### X

Then let the ties of baffled love  
Be broken—thine will never break;  
Thy heart can feel—but will not move;  
Thy soul, though soft, will never shake.

### XI

And these, when all was lost beside,  
Were found and still are fix'd in thee;—  
And bearing still a breast so tried,  
Earth is no desert—ev'n to me.

## STANZAS TO AUGUSTA

### I

THOUGH the day of my destiny's over,  
And the star of my fate hath declined,  
Thy soft heart refused to discover  
The faults which so many could find;

Though thy soul with my grief was ac-  
quainted,  
It shrunk not to share it with me,  
And the love which my spirit hath painted  
It never hath found but in *thee*.

### II

Then when nature around me is smiling,  
The last smile which answers to mine,  
I do not believe it beguiling,  
Because it reminds me of thine;  
And when winds are at war with the  
ocean,  
As the breasts I believed in with me,  
If their billows excite an emotion,  
It is that they bear me from *thee*.

### III

Though the rock of my last hope is  
shiver'd,  
And its fragments are sunk in the wave,  
Though I feel that my soul is deliver'd  
To pain—it shall not be its slave.  
There is many a pang to pursue me:  
They may crush, but they shall not con-  
tern;  
They may torture, but shall not subdue  
me;  
'Tis of *thee* that I think—not of them.

### IV

Though human, thou didst not deceive me,  
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,  
Though loved, thou forbores't to grieve me,  
Though slander'd, thou never couldst  
shake;  
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,  
Though parted, it was not to fly,  
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,  
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.

### V

Yet I blame not the world, nor despise it,  
Nor the war of the many with one;  
If my soul was not fitted to prize it,  
'Twas folly not sooner to shun:  
And if dearly that error hath cost me,  
And more than I once could foresee,  
I have found that, whatever it lost me,  
It could not deprive me of *thee*.

### VI

From the wreck of the past, which hath  
perish'd,  
Thus much I at least may recall,  
It hath taught me that what I most  
cherish'd  
Deserved to be dearest of all:  
In the desert a fountain is springing,  
In the wide waste there still is a tree,  
And a bird in the solitude singing,  
Which speaks to my spirit of *thee*.

July 24, 1816.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### EPISTLE TO AUGUSTA

#### I

My sister! my sweet sister! if a name  
Dearer and purer were, it should be  
thine;  
Mountains and seas divide us, but I  
claim  
No tears, but tenderness to answer  
mine:  
Go where I will, to me thou art the  
same—  
A loved regret which I would not re-  
sign,  
There yet are two things in my des-  
tiny,—  
A world to roam through, and a home  
with thee.

#### II

The first were nothing—had I still the  
last,  
It were the haven of my happiness;  
But other claims and other ties thou  
hast,  
And mine is not the wish to make  
them less.  
A strange doom is thy father's son's,  
and past  
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;  
Reversed for him our grandsire's fate  
of yore,—  
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.

#### III

If my inheritance of storms hath been  
In other elements, and on the rocks  
Of perils, overlook'd or unforeseen,  
I have sustain'd my share of worldly  
shocks,  
The fault was mine; nor do I seek to  
screen  
My errors with defensive paradox;  
I have been cunning in mine overthrow,  
The careful pilot of my proper woe.

#### IV

Mine were my faults, and mine be their  
reward.  
My whole life was a contest, since the  
day  
That gave me being, gave me that which  
marr'd  
The gift,—a fate, or will, that walk'd  
astray;  
And I at times have found the struggle  
hard,  
And thought of shaking off my bonds  
of clay:  
But now I fain would for a time sur-  
vive,  
If but to see what next can well arrive.

#### V

Kingdoms and empires in my little day  
I have outlived, and yet I am not old;  
And when I look on this, the petty spray  
Of my own years of trouble, which have  
roll'd  
Like a wild bay of breakers, melts away:  
Something—I know not what—does  
still uphold  
A spirit of slight patience;—not in vain,  
Even for its own sake, do we purchase  
pain.

#### VI

Perhaps the workings of defiance stir  
Within me—or perhaps a cold despair,  
Brought on when ills habitually recur,—  
Perhaps a kinder clime, or purer air,  
(For even to this may change of soul  
refer,  
And with light armour we may learn to  
bear.)  
Have taught me a strange quiet, which  
was not  
The chief companion of a calmer lot.

#### VII

I feel almost at times as I have felt  
In happy childhood; trees, and flowers,  
and brooks,  
Which do remember me of where I dwelt  
Ere my young mind was sacrificed to  
books,  
Come as of yore upon me, and can melt  
My heart with recognition of their  
looks;  
And even at moments I could think I see  
Some living thing to love—but none like  
thee.

#### VIII

Here are the Alpine landscapes which  
create  
A fund for contemplation;—to admire  
Is a brief feeling of a trivial date;  
But something worthier do such scenes  
inspire:  
Here to be lonely is not desolate,  
For much I view which I could most  
desire,  
And, above all, a lake I can behold  
Lovelier, not dearer, than our own of old.

#### IX

Oh that thou wert but with me!—but  
I grow  
The fool of my own wishes, and forget  
The solitude which I have vaunted so  
Has lost its praise in this but one regret;  
There may be others which I less may  
show;—  
I am not of the plaintive mood, and yet  
I feel an ebb in my philosophy,  
And the tide rising in my alter'd eye.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### X

I did remind thee of our own dear Lake,  
By the old Hall which may be mine no  
more.  
Leman's is fair; but think not I forsake  
The sweet remembrance of a dearer  
shore:  
Sad havoc Time must with my memory  
make,  
Ere *that* or *thou* can fade these eyes  
before;  
Though, like all things which I have  
loved, they are  
Resign'd for ever, or divided far.

### XI

The world is all before me; I but ask  
Of Nature that with which she will  
comply—  
It is but in her summer's sun to bask,  
To mingle with the quiet of her sky,  
To see her gentle face without a mask,  
And never gaze on it with apathy.  
She was my early friend, and now shall  
be  
My sister—till I look again on thee.

### XII

I can reduce all feelings but this one;  
And that I would not;—for at length I  
see  
Such scenes as those wherein my life  
began.  
The earliest—even the only paths for  
me—  
Had I but sooner learnt the crowd to  
shun,  
I had been better than I now can be;  
The passions which have torn me would  
have slept;  
I had not suffer'd, and *thou* hadst not  
wept.

### XIII

With false Ambition what had I to do?  
Little with Love, and least of all with  
Fame;  
And yet they came unsought, and with  
me grew,  
And made me all which they can make  
—a name.  
Yet this was not the end I did pursue;  
Surely I once beheld a nobler aim.  
But all is over—I am one the more  
To baffled millions which have gone be-  
fore.

### XIV

And for the future, this world's future  
may  
From me demand but little of my care;  
I have outlived myself by many a day;  
Having survived so many things that  
were;

My years have been no slumber, but  
the prey  
Of ceaseless vigils; for I had the share  
Of life which might have fill'd a cen-  
tury,  
Before its fourth in time had pass'd me by.

### XV

And for the remnant which may be to  
come  
I am content; and for the past I feel  
Not thankless,—for within the crowded  
sum  
Of struggles, happiness at times would  
steal,  
And for the present, I would not be-  
numb  
My feelings further.—Nor shall I con-  
ceal  
That with all this I still can look around,  
And worship Nature with a thought pro-  
found.

### XVI

For thee, my own sweet sister, in thy  
heart  
I know myself secure, as thou in mine;  
We were and are—I am, even as thou  
art—  
Beings who ne'er each other can resign;  
It is the same, together or apart,  
From life's commencement to its slow  
decline  
We are entwined—let death come slow  
or fast,  
The tie which bound the first endures the  
last!

## THE DREAM

### I

OUR life is two-fold: Sleep hath its own  
world,  
A boundary between the things misnamed  
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own  
world,  
And a wide realm of wild reality.  
And dreams in their development have  
breath,  
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of  
joy;  
They leave a weight upon our waking  
thoughts,  
They take a weight from off our waking  
toils,  
They do divide our being; they become  
A portion of ourselves as of our time,  
And look like heralds of eternity; <sup>11</sup>  
They pass like spirits of the past,—they  
speak  
Like Sibyls of the future: they have  
power—  
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;



## OCCASIONAL PIECES

They make us what we were not—what  
 they will, 15  
 And shake us with the vision that's gone  
 by,  
 The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they  
 so?  
 Is not the past all shadow?—What are  
 they?  
 Creations of the mind?—The mind can  
 make  
 Substance, and people planets of its own  
 With beings brighter than have been, and  
 give 21  
 A breath to forms which can outlive all  
 flesh.  
 I would recall a vision which I dream'd  
 Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,  
 A slumbering thought, is capable of years,  
 And curdles a long life into one hour.

### II

I saw two beings in the hues of youth  
 Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,  
 Green and of mild declivity, the last  
 As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,  
 Save that there was no sea to lave its base,  
 But a most living landscape, and the wave  
 Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes  
 of men 33  
 Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing  
 smoke  
 Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill  
 Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem 36  
 Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,  
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man:  
 These two, a maiden and a youth, were  
 there 39  
 Gazing—the one on all that was beneath  
 Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;  
 And both were young, and one was beautiful:  
 And both were young—yet not alike in  
 youth.  
 As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,  
 The maid was on the eve of womanhood;  
 The boy had fewer summers, but his heart  
 Had far outgrown his years, and to his  
 eye 47  
 There was but one beloved face on earth,  
 And that was shining on him: he had  
 look'd  
 Upon it till it could not pass away; 50  
 He had no breath, no being, but in hers;  
 She was his voice; he did not speak to her,  
 But trembled on her words; she was his  
 sight,  
 For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with  
 hers,  
 Which colour'd all his objects:—he had  
 ceased 55  
 To live within himself; she was his life,  
 The ocean to the river of his thoughts,  
 Which terminated all: upon a tone,

A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and  
 flow,  
 And his cheek change tempestuously—  
 his heart 60  
 Unknowing of its cause of agony.  
 But she in these fond feelings had no share:  
 Her sighs were not for him; to her he was  
 Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas  
 much,  
 For brotherless she was, save in the name  
 Her infant friendship had bestow'd on  
 him; 66  
 Herself the solitary scion left  
 Of a time-honour'd race.—It was a name  
 Which pleased him, and yet pleased him  
 not—and why?  
 Time taught him a deep answer—when  
 she loved 70  
 Another; even now she loved another,  
 And on the summit of that hill she stood  
 Looking afar if yet her lover's steed  
 Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

### III

A change came o'er the spirit of my  
 dream. 75  
 There was an ancient mansion, and before  
 Its walls there was a steed caparison'd;  
 Within an antique Oratory stood  
 The Boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,  
 And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon  
 He sat him down, and seized a pen, and  
 traced 81  
 Words which I could not guess of; then  
 he lean'd  
 His bow'd head on his hands, and shook  
 as 'twere  
 With a convulsion—then arose again,  
 And with his teeth and quivering hands  
 did tear 85  
 What he had written, but he shed no tears,  
 And he did calm himself, and fix his brow  
 Into a kind of quiet: as he paused,  
 The Lady of his love re-entered there;  
 She was serene and smiling then, and yet  
 She knew she was by him beloved,—she  
 knew, 91  
 For quickly comes such knowledge, that  
 his heart  
 Was darken'd with her shadow, and she  
 saw  
 That he was wretched, but she saw not all.  
 He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp  
 He took her hand; a moment o'er his face  
 A tablet of unutterable thoughts 97  
 Was traced, and then it faded, as it came;  
 He dropp'd the hand he held, and with  
 slow steps  
 Retired, but not as bidding her adieu,  
 For they did part with mutual smiles; he  
 pass'd 101  
 From out the massy gate of that old Hall,

# OCCASIONAL PIECES

And mounting on his steed he went his way;  
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

## IV

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.<sup>105</sup>  
The Boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds  
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,  
And his soul drank their sunbeams: he was girt  
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not<sup>109</sup>  
Himself like what he had been; on the sea  
And on the shore he was a wanderer.  
There was a mass of many images  
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was  
A part of all; and in the last he lay  
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,  
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade<sup>116</sup>  
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names  
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side  
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds<sup>119</sup>  
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man  
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,  
While many of his tribe slumber'd around:  
And they were canopied by the blue sky,  
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,  
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

## V

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Lady of his love was wed with One  
Who did not love her better:—in her home,  
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,<sup>129</sup>  
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,  
Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold!  
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,  
The settled shadow of an inward strife,  
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,  
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.<sup>135</sup>  
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved,  
And he who had so loved her was not there  
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,  
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.  
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,<sup>140</sup>  
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved,  
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd  
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

## VI

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Wanderer was return'd.—I saw him stand<sup>145</sup>  
Before an Altar—with a gentle bride;  
Her face was fair, but was not that which made  
The Starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood  
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came  
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock<sup>150</sup>  
That in the antique Oratory shook  
His bosom in its solitude; and then—  
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face  
The tablet of unutterable thoughts  
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,<sup>155</sup>  
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke  
The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,  
And all things reel'd around him; he could see  
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—  
But the old mansion, and the accustomed hall,<sup>160</sup>  
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,  
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,  
All things pertaining to that place and hour,  
And her who was his destiny,—came back  
And thrust themselves between him and the light:<sup>165</sup>  
What business had they there at such a time?

## VII

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.  
The Lady of his love:—Oh! she was changed  
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind  
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes<sup>170</sup>  
They had not their own lustre, but the look  
Which is not of the earth; she was become  
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts  
Were combinations of disjointed things;  
And forms impalpable and unperceived  
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.<sup>176</sup>  
And this the world calls frenzy; but the wise  
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance  
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;  
What is it but the telescope of truth? <sup>180</sup>  
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

And brings life near in utter nakedness,  
Making the cold reality too real!

### VIII

A change came o'er the spirit of my  
dream.

The Wanderer was alone as heretofore,  
The beings which surrounded him were  
gone, 186

Or were at war with him; he was a mark  
For blight and desolation, compass'd  
round

With Hatred and Contention; Pain was  
mix'd 189

In all which was served up to him, until,  
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,  
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,  
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived  
Through that which had been death to  
many men,

And made him friends of mountains;  
with the stars 195

And the quick Spirit of the Universe  
He held his dialogues; and they did teach  
To him the magic of their mysteries;  
To him the book of Night was open'd  
wide,

And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd  
A marvel and a secret—Be it so. 201

### IX

My dream was past; it had no further  
change.

It was of a strange order, that the doom  
Of these two creatures should be thus  
traced out

Almost like a reality—the one 205  
To end in madness—both in misery.

July 1816.

## LINES ON HEARING THAT LADY BYRON WAS ILL

AND thou wert sad—yet I was not with  
thee;

And thou wert sick, and yet I was not  
near;

Methought that joy and health alone  
could be

Where I was *not*—and pain and sorrow  
here!

And is it thus?—it is as I foretold, 5  
And shall be more so; for the mind  
recoils

Upon itself, and the wreck'd heart lies  
cold,

While heaviness collects the shatter'd  
spoils.

It is not in the storm nor in the strife  
We feel benumb'd, and wish to be no  
more, 10

But in the after-silence on the shore,  
When all is lost, except a little life.

I am too well avenged!—but 'twas my right;  
Whate'er my sins might be, *thou* wert  
not sent

To be the Nemesis who should requite—  
Nor did Heaven choose so near an  
instrument. 16

Mercy is for the merciful!—if thou  
Hast been of such, 'twill be accorded now.  
Thy nights are banish'd from the realms  
of sleep!—

Yes! they may flatter thee, but thou  
shalt feel 20

A hollow agony which will not heal,  
For thou art pillow'd on a curse too deep;  
Thou hast sown in my sorrow, and must  
reap

The bitter harvest in a woe as real!  
I have had many foes, but none like thee;  
For 'gainst the rest myself I could de-  
fend, 26

And be avenged, or turn them into  
friend;

But thou in safe implacability  
Hast nought to dread—in thy own  
weakness shielded,

And in my love, which hath but too much  
yielded, 30

And spared, for thy sake, some I should  
not spare;

And thus upon the world—trust in thy  
truth,

And the wild fame of my ungovern'd  
youth—

On things that were not, and on things  
that are— 34

Even upon such a basis hast thou built  
A monument, whose cement hath been  
guilt!

The moral Clytemnestra of thy lord,  
And hew'd down, with an unsuspected  
sword,

Fame, peace, and hope—and all the better  
life,

Which, but for this cold treason of thy  
heart, 40

Might still have risen from out the grave  
of strife,

And found a nobler duty than to part.  
But of thy virtues didst thou make a vice,

Trafficking with them in a purpose cold,  
For present anger, and for future  
gold— 45

And buying other's grief at any price.  
And thus once enter'd into crooked ways,

The earthly truth, which was thy proper  
praise,

Did not still walk beside thee—but at  
times,

And with a breast unknowing its own  
crimes, 50

Deceit, averments incompatible,  
Equivocations, and the thoughts which  
dwell

In Janus-spirits—the significant eye

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Which learns to lie with silence—the pre-  
 text<sup>54</sup>  
 Of prudence, with advantages annex'd—  
 The acquiescence in all things which tend,  
 No matter how, to the desired end—  
 All found a place in thy philosophy.  
 The means were worthy, and the end is  
 won—  
 I would not do by thee as thou hast done!

*September 1816.*

### DARKNESS

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the  
 stars  
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
 Swung blind and blackening in the moon-  
 less air;<sup>5</sup>  
 Morn came and went—and came, and  
 brought no day,  
 And men forgot their passions in the dread  
 Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:  
 And they did live by watchfires—and the  
 thrones,<sup>10</sup>  
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
 The habitations of all things which dwell,  
 Were burnt for beacons; cities were con-  
 sumed,  
 And men were gather'd round their blaz-  
 ing homes  
 To look once more into each other's face;  
 Happy were those who dwelt within the  
 eye<sup>16</sup>  
 Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:  
 A fearful hope was all the world contain'd;  
 Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour  
 They fell and faded—and the crackling  
 trunks<sup>20</sup>  
 Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was  
 black.  
 The brows of men by the despairing light  
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
 The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
 And hid their eyes and wept; and some  
 did rest<sup>25</sup>  
 Their chins upon their clenched hands,  
 and smiled;  
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up  
 With mad disquietude on the dull sky,<sup>29</sup>  
 The pall of a past world; and then again  
 With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
 And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the  
 wild birds shriek'd  
 And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
 And flap their useless wings; the wildest  
 brutes  
 Came tame and tremulous; and vipers  
 crawl'd<sup>35</sup>  
 And twined themselves among the multi-  
 tude,

Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for  
 food.  
 And War, which for a moment was no  
 more,  
 Did glut himself again:—a meal was  
 bought  
 With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
 Gorging himself in gloom: no love was  
 left;<sup>41</sup>  
 All earth was but one thought—and that  
 was death  
 Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
 Of famine fed upon all entrails—men  
 Died, and their bones were tombless as  
 their flesh;<sup>45</sup>  
 The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,  
 Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save  
 one,  
 And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
 The birds and beasts and famish'd men  
 at bay,  
 Till hunger clung them, or the dropping  
 dead<sup>50</sup>  
 Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out  
 no food,  
 But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
 And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
 Which answer'd not with a caress—he  
 died.  
 The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but  
 two<sup>55</sup>  
 Of an enormous city did survive,  
 And they were enemies: they met beside  
 The dying embers of an altar-place  
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy  
 things  
 For an unholy usage; they raked up,<sup>60</sup>  
 And shivering scraped with their cold  
 skeleton hands  
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
 Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd,  
 and died—<sup>66</sup>  
 Even of their mutual hideousness they  
 died,  
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
 Famine had written Fiend. The world  
 was void,  
 The populous and the powerful was a  
 lump,<sup>70</sup>  
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless,  
 lifeless,  
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
 And nothing stirr'd within their silent  
 depths;  
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,<sup>75</sup>  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal: as  
 they dropp'd  
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
 The waves were dead; the tides were in  
 their grave,

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

The moon, their mistress, had expired  
before;  
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant  
air,  
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had  
no need  
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.  
*Diodati, July 1816.*

### MONODY ON THE DEATH

OF

THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN

SPOKEN AT DRURY-LANE THEATRE

WHEN the last sunshine of expiring day  
In summer's twilight weeps itself away,  
Who hath not felt the softness of the hour  
Sink on the heart, as dew along the flower?  
With a pure feeling which absorbs and  
awes  
While Nature makes that melancholy  
pause,  
Her breathing moment on the bridge  
where Time  
Of light and darkness forms an arch sub-  
lime,  
Who hath not shared that calm, so still  
and deep,  
The voiceless thought which would not  
speak but weep,  
A holy concord, and a bright regret,  
A glorious sympathy with suns that set?  
'Tis not harsh sorrow, but a tenderer woe,  
Nameless, but dear to gentle hearts below,  
Felt without bitterness, but full and clear,  
A sweet dejection, a transparent tear,  
Unmix'd with worldly grief or selfish stain,  
Shed without shame, and secret without  
pain.

Even as the tenderness that hour instils  
When Summer's day declines along the  
hills,  
So feels the fulness of our heart and eyes  
When all of Genius which can perish dies.  
A mighty Spirit is eclipsed—a Power  
Hath pass'd from day to darkness—to  
whose hour  
Of light no likeness is bequeath'd—no  
name,  
Focus at once of all the rays of Fame!  
The flash of Wit, the bright Intelligence,  
The beam of Song, the blaze of Eloquence,  
Set with their Sun, but still have left be-  
hind  
The enduring produce of immortal Mind;  
Fruits of a genial morn, and glorious noon,  
A deathless part of him who died too soon.  
But small that portion of the wondrous  
whole,  
These sparkling segments of that circling  
soul,

Which all embraced, and lighten'd over  
all,  
To cheer, to pierce, to please, or to appal.  
From the charm'd council to the festive  
board,  
Of human feelings the unbounded lord;  
In whose acclaim the loftiest voices vied,  
The praised, the proud, who made his  
praise their pride,  
When the loud cry of trampled Hindostan  
Arose to Heaven in her appeal from man,  
His was the thunder, his the avenging rod,  
The wrath—the delegated voice of God!  
Which shook the nations through his lips,  
and blazed  
Till vanquish'd senates trembled as they  
praised.

And here, oh! here, where yet all  
young and warm,  
The gay creations of his spirit charm,  
The matchless dialogue, the deathless wit,  
Which knew not what it was to intermit;  
The glowing portraits, fresh from life, that  
bring  
Home to our hearts the truth from which  
they spring;  
These wondrous beings of his fancy,  
wrought  
To fulness by the fiat of his thought,  
Here in their first abode you still may  
meet,  
Bright with the hues of his Promethean  
heat;  
A halo of the light of other days,  
Which still the splendour of its orb be-  
trays.

But should there be to whom the fatal  
blight  
Of failing Wisdom yields a base delight,  
Men who exult when minds of heavenly  
tone  
Jar in the music which was born their own,  
Still let them pause—ah! little do they  
know  
That what to them seem'd Vice might be  
but Woe.  
Hard is his fate on whom the public gaze  
Is fix'd for ever to detract or praise;  
Repose denies her requiem to his name,  
And Folly loves the martyrdom of Fame.  
The secret enemy whose sleepless eye  
Stands sentinel, accuser, judge, and spy,  
The foe, the fool, the jealous, and the vain,  
The envious who but breathe in others'  
pain,  
Behold the host! delighting to deprave,  
Who track the steps of Glory to the grave,  
Watch every fault that daring Genius owes  
Half to the ardour which its birth bestows,  
Distort the truth, accumulate the lie,  
And pile the pyramid of Calumny!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### CHURCHILL'S GRAVE

A FACT LITERALLY RENDERED

These are his portion—but if join'd to  
these  
Gaunt Poverty should league with deep  
Disease, 80  
If the high Spirit must forget to soar,  
And stoop to strive with Misery at the  
door,  
To soothe Indignity—and face to face  
Meet sordid Rage, and wrestle with Dis-  
grace,  
To find in Hope but the renew'd caress,  
The serpent-fold of further Faithless-  
ness:— 86  
If such may be the ills which men assail,  
What marvel if at last the mightiest fail?  
Breasts to whom all the strength of feeling  
given  
Bear hearts electric—charged with fire  
from Heaven, 90  
Black with the rude collision, inly torn,  
By clouds surrounded, and on whirl-  
winds borne,  
Driven o'er the lowering atmosphere that  
nurst  
Thoughts which have turn'd to thunder—  
scorch, and burst.

But far from us and from our mimic  
scene 95  
Such things should be—if such have ever  
been;  
Ours be the gentler wish, the kinder task,  
To give the tribute Glory need not ask,  
To mourn the vanish'd beam, and add  
our mite 99  
Of praise in payment of a long delight.  
Ye Orators! whom yet our councils yield,  
Mourn for the veteran Hero of your field!  
The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three*!  
Whose words were sparks of Immortality!  
Ye Bards! to whom the Drama's muse is  
dear, 105  
He was your Master—emulate him *here*!  
Ye men of wit and social eloquence!  
He was your brother—bear his ashes  
hence!  
While Powers of mind almost of bound-  
less range,  
Complete in kind, as various in their  
change, 110  
While Eloquence, Wit, Poesy, and Mirth,  
That humbler Harmonist of care on  
Earth,  
Survive within our souls—while lives our  
sense  
Of pride in Merit's proud pre-eminence,  
Long shall we seek his likeness, long in  
vain, 115  
And turn to all of him which may remain,  
Sighing that nature form'd but one such  
man,  
And broke the die—in moulding Sheri-  
dan!

Diodati, July 17, 1816.

I STOOD beside the grave of him who  
blazed  
The comet of a season, and I saw  
The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed  
With not the less of sorrow and of awe  
On that neglected turf and quiet stone,  
With name no clearer than the names un-  
known, 6  
Which lay unread around it; and I ask'd  
The Gardener of that ground, why it  
might be  
That for this plant strangers his memory  
task'd,  
Through the thick deaths of half a cen-  
tury? 10  
And thus he answer'd—'Well, I do not  
know  
Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims  
so;  
He died before my day of Sextonship,  
And I had not the digging of this grave.'  
And is this all? I thought—and do we rip  
The veil of Immortality, and crave  
I know not what of honour and of light  
Through unborn ages, to endure this  
blight, 18  
So soon, and so successful? As I said,  
The Architect of all on which we tread,  
For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay,  
To extricate remembrance from the clay,  
Whose minglings might confuse a New-  
ton's thought,  
Were it not that all life must end in one,  
Of which we are but dreamers;—as he  
caught, 25  
As 'twere the twilight of a former Sun,  
Thus spoke he,—'I believe the man of  
whom  
You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,  
Was a most famous writer in his day,  
And therefore travellers step from out  
their way 30  
To pay him honour,—and myself what'er  
Your honour pleases:—'then most  
pleased I shook  
From out my pocket's avaricious nook  
Some certain coins of silver, which as  
'twere  
Perforce I gave this man, though I could  
spare 35  
So much but inconveniently:—Ye smile,  
I see ye, ye profane ones! all the while,  
Because my homely phrase the truth  
would tell.  
You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell  
With a deep thought, and with a soften'd  
eye, 40  
On that Old Sexton's natural homily,  
In which there was Obscurity and Fame—  
The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

Diodati, 1816.

## OCCASIONAL PIÈCES

### PROMETHEUS

#### I

TITAN! to whose immortal eyes  
The sufferings of mortality,  
Seen in their sad reality,  
Were not as things that gods despise;  
What was thy pity's recompense?  
A silent suffering, and intense;  
The rock, the vulture, and the chain,  
All that the proud can feel of pain,  
The agony they do not show,  
The suffocating sense of woe,  
Which speaks but in its loneliness,  
And then is jealous lest the sky  
Should have a listener, nor will sigh  
Until its voice is echoless.

#### II

Titan! to thee the strife was given  
Between the suffering and the will,  
Which torture where they cannot kill;  
And the inexorable Heaven,  
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,  
The ruling principle of Hate,  
Which for its pleasure doth create  
The things it may annihilate,  
Refused thee even the boon to die:  
The wretched gift eternity  
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.  
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee  
Was but the menace which flung back  
On him the torments of thy rack;  
The fate thou didst so well foresee,  
But would not to appease him tell;  
And in thy Silence was his Sentence,  
And in his Soul a vain repentance,  
And evil dread so ill dissembled,  
That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

#### III

Thy Godlike crime was to be kind,  
To render with thy precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness,  
And strengthen Man with his own mind;  
But baffled as thou wert from high,  
Still in thy patient energy,  
In the endurance, and repulse  
Of thine impenetrable Spirit,  
Which Earth and Heaven could not con-  
vulse,  
A mighty lesson we inherit:  
Thou art a symbol and a sign  
To Mortals of their fate and force;  
Like thee, Man is in part divine,  
A troubled stream from a pure source;  
And Man in portions can foresee  
His own funereal destiny;  
His wretchedness, and his resistance,  
And his sad unallied existence:  
To which his Spirit may oppose  
Itself—and equal to all woes,  
And a firm will, and a deep sense,

Which even in torture can descry  
Its own concentr'd recompense,  
Triumphant where it dares defy,  
And making Death a Victory.

*Diodati, July 1816.*

### A FRAGMENT

COULD I remount the river of my years  
To the first fountain of our smiles and  
tears,  
I would not trace again the stream of  
hours  
Between their outworn banks of wither'd  
flowers,  
But bid it flow as now—until it glides  
Into the number of the nameless tides.

What is this Death?—a quiet of the heart?  
The whole of that of which we are a part?  
For life is but a vision—what I see  
Of all which lives alone is life to me,  
And being so—the absent are the dead,  
Who haunt us from tranquillity, and  
spread

A dreary shroud around us, and invest  
With sad remembrances our hours of rest.  
The absent are the dead—for they are  
cold,  
And ne'er can be what once we did behold;  
And they are changed, and cheerless,—  
or if yet

The forgotten do not all forget,  
Since thus divided—equal must it be  
If the deep barrier be of earth, or sea;  
It may be both—but one day end it must  
In the dark union of insensate dust.

The under-earth inhabitants—are they  
But mingled millions decomposed to clay?  
The ashes of a thousand ages spread  
Wherever man has trodden or shall tread?  
Or do they in their silent cities dwell  
Each in his incommunicative cell?  
Or have they their own language? and a  
sense

Of breathless being?—darken'd and in-  
tense  
As midnight in her solitude?—Oh Earth!  
Where are the past?—and wherefore had  
they birth?

The dead are thy inheritors—and we  
But bubbles on thy surface; and the  
key  
Of thy profundity is in the grave,  
The ebon portal of thy peopled cave,  
Where I would walk in spirit, and behold  
Our elements resolved to things untold,  
And fathom hidden wonders, and ex-  
plore  
The essence of great bosoms now no  
more.

*Diodati, July 1816.*

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### SONNET TO LAKE LEMAN

ROUSSEAU—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and  
De Staël—

Leman! these names are worthy of thy  
shore,

Thy shore of names like these! wert  
thou no more

Their memory thy remembrance would  
recall:

To them thy banks were lovely as to all,  
But they have made them lovelier, for  
the lore

Of mighty minds doth hallow in the core  
Of human hearts the ruin of a wall

Where dwell the wise and wondrous;  
but by *thee*

How much more, Lake of Beauty! do we  
feel,

In sweetly gliding o'er thy crystal sea,  
The wild glow of that not ungentle zeal,  
Which of the heirs of immortality  
Is proud, and makes the breath of glory  
real!

Diodati, July 1816.

### STANZAS FOR MUSIC

#### I

BRIGHT be the place of thy soul!

No lovelier spirit than thine  
E'er burst from its mortal control,  
In the orbs of the blessed to shine.

On earth thou wert all but divine,  
As thy soul shall immortally be;  
And our sorrow may cease to repine  
When we know that thy God is with  
thee.

#### II

Light be the turf of thy tomb!

May its verdure like emeralds be!  
There should not be the shadow of gloom  
In aught that reminds us of thee.

Young flowers and an evergreen tree  
May spring from the spot of thy rest:  
But nor cypress nor yew let us see;  
For why should we mourn for the blest?

### A VERY MOURNFUL BALLAD ON THE SIEGE AND CONQUEST OF ALHAMA

*Which, in the Arabic language, is to the  
following purport*

#### I

THE Moorish King rides up and down,  
Through Granada's royal town;  
From Elvira's gate to those  
Of Bivarambla on he goes.

Woe is me, Alhama!

#### II

Letters to the monarch tell

How Alhama's city fell:

In the fire the scroll he threw,  
And the messenger he slew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

#### III

He quits his mule, and mounts his horse,

And through the street directs his course;

Through the street of Zacatin

To the Alhambra spurring in.

Woe is me, Alhama!

#### IV

When the Alhambra walls he gain'd,

On the moment he ordain'd

That the trumpet straight should sound

With the silver clarion round.

Woe is me, Alhama!

#### V

And when the hollow drums of war

Beat the loud alarm afar,

That the Moors of town and plain

Might answer to the martial strain.

Woe is me, Alhama!

#### VI

Then the Moors, by this aware,

That bloody Mars recall'd them there,

One by one, and two by two,

To a mighty squadron grew.

Woe is me, Alhama!

#### VII

Out then spake an aged Moor

In these words the king before,

'Wherefore call on us, oh King?

What may mean this gathering?'

Woe is me, Alhama!

#### VIII

'Friends! ye have, alas! to know

Of a most disastrous blow;

That the Christians, stern and bold,

Have obtain'd Alhama's hold.'

Woe is me, Alhama!

#### IX

Out then spake old Alfaqui,

With his beard so white to see,

'Good King! thou art justly served,

Good King! this thou hast deserved.

Woe is me, Alhama!



## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### x

'By thee were slain, in evil hour,  
The Abencerrage, Granada's flower;  
And strangers were received by thee  
Of Cordova the Chivalry.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xi

'And for this, oh King! is sent  
On thee a double chastisement:  
Thee and thine, thy crown and realm,  
One last wreck shall overwhelm.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xii

'He who holds no laws in awe,  
He must perish by the law;  
And Granada must be won,  
And thyself with her undone.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xiii

Fire flash'd from out the old Moor's eyes,  
The Monarch's wrath began to rise,  
Because he answer'd, and because  
He spake exceeding well of laws.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xiv

'There is no law to say such things  
As may disgust the ear of kings:—  
Thus, snorting with his choler, said  
The Moorish King, and doom'd him dead.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xv

Moor Alfaqui! Moor Alfaqui!  
Though thy beard so hoary be,  
The King hath sent to have thee seized,  
For Alhama's loss displeased.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xvi

And to fix thy head upon  
High Alhambra's loftiest stone;  
That this for thee should be the law,  
And others tremble when they saw.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xvii

'Cavalier, and man of worth!  
Let these words of mine go forth!  
Let the Moorish Monarch know,  
That to him I nothing owe.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xviii

'But on my soul Alhama weighs,  
And on my inmost spirit preys;

And if the King his land hath lost,  
Yet others may have lost the most.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xix

'Sires have lost their children, wives  
Their lords, and valiant men their lives!  
One what best his love might claim  
Hath lost, another wealth, or fame.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xx

'I lost a damsel in that hour,  
Of all the land the loveliest flower;  
Doubloons a hundred I would pay,  
And think her ransom cheap that day.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xxi

And as these things the old Moor said,  
They sever'd from the trunk his head;  
And to the Alhambra's wall with speed  
'Twas carried, as the King decreed.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xxii

And men and infants therein weep  
Their loss, so heavy and so deep;  
Granada's ladies, all she rears  
Within her walls, burst into tears.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

### xxiii

And from the windows o'er the walls  
The sable web of mourning falls;  
The King weeps as a woman o'er  
His loss, for it is much and sore.  
Woe is me, Alhama!

## STANZAS FOR MUSIC

### I

THEY say that Hope is happiness;  
But genuine Love must prize the past,  
And Memory wakes the thoughts that  
bless:  
They rose the first—they set the last;

### II

And all that Memory loves the most  
Was once our only Hope to be,  
And all that Hope adored and lost  
Hath melted into Memory.

### III

Alas! it is delusion all:  
The future cheats us from afar,  
Nor can we be what we recall,  
Nor dare we think on what we are.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### TRANSLATION FROM VITTORELLI

#### ON A NUN

Sonnet composed in the name of a father, whose daughter had recently died shortly after her marriage; and addressed to the father of her who had lately taken the veil.

Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired,

Heaven made us happy; and now, wretched sires,

Heaven for a nobler doom their worth desires,

And gazing upon *either, both* required.  
Mine, while the torch of Hymen newly

fired<sup>5</sup>  
Becomes extinguish'd, soon—too soon

—expires:

But thine, within the closing grate retired,

Eternal captive, to her God aspires.

But *thou* at least from out the jealous door,  
Which shuts between your never-meeting eyes,

May'st hear her sweet and pious voice<sup>10</sup>  
once more:

I to the marble, where *my* daughter lies,  
Rush,—the swoln flood of bitterness

I pour,

And knock, and knock, and knock—  
but none replies.

### ON THE BUST OF HELEN BY CANOVA

In this beloved marble view,  
Above the works and thoughts of man,

What Nature *could*, but *would not*, do,  
And Beauty and Canova *can*!

Beyond imagination's power,<sup>5</sup>  
Beyond the Bard's defeated art,

With immortality her dower,  
Behold the *Helen* of the *heart*!

November 1816.

### SONG FOR THE LUDDITES

#### I

As the Liberty lads o'er the sea  
Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,

So we, boys, we  
Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,  
And down with all kings but King Ludd!

#### II

When the web that we weave is complete,

And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,  
We will fling the winding sheet

O'er the despot at our feet,  
And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

#### III

Though black as his heart its hue,  
Since his veins are corrupted to mud,

Yet this is the dew

Which the tree shall renew

Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

December 1816.

### VERSICLES

I READ the 'Christabel';

Very well:

I read the 'Missionary';

Pretty—very

I tried at 'Ilderim';

Ahem!

I read a sheet of 'Marg'ret of Anjou';

Can you?

I turn'd a page of Scott's 'Waterloo';

Pooh! pooh!

I look'd at Wordsworth's milk-white

'Rylstone Doe';

Hillo!

&c. &c. &c.

March 1817.

### SO, WE'LL GO NO MORE A ROVING

#### I

So, we'll go no more a roving

So late into the night,

Though the heart be still as loving,

And the moon be still as bright.

#### II

For the sword outwears its sheath,

And the soul wears out the breast,

And the heart must pause to breathe,

And love itself have rest.

#### III

Though the night was made for loving,

And the day returns too soon,

Yet we'll go no more a roving

By the light of the moon.

1817.

### TO THOMAS MOORE

WHAT are you doing now,

Oh Thomas Moore?

What are you doing now,

Oh Thomas Moore?

Sighing or suing now,

Rhyming or wooing now,

Billing or cooing now,

Which, Thomas Moore?

But the Carnival's coming,

Oh Thomas Moore!

The Carnival's coming,

Oh Thomas Moore!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Masking and humming,  
Fifing and drumming,  
Guitarring and strumming,  
Oh Thomas Moore!

### TO MR. MURRAY

To hook the reader, you, John Murray,  
Have publish'd 'Anjou's Margaret,  
Which won't be sold off in a hurry  
(At least, it has not been as yet);  
And then, still further to bewilder 'em, 5  
Without remorse, you set up 'Ilderim';  
So mind you don't get into debt,  
Because as how, if you should fail,  
These books would be but baddish bail.

And mind you do *not* let escape 10  
These rhymes to Morning Post or Perry,  
Which would be very treacherous—  
very,

And get me into such a scrape!  
For, firstly, I should have to sally,  
All in my little boat, against a *Galley*;  
And, should I chance to slay the Assyrian  
wight, 16  
Have next to combat with the female  
knight.

March 25, 1817.

### TO THOMAS MOORE

#### I

My boat is on the shore,  
And my bark is on the sea;  
But, before I go, Tom Moore,  
Here's a double health to thee!

#### II

Here's a sigh to those who love me,  
And a smile to those who hate;  
And, whatever sky's above me,  
Here's a heart for every fate.

#### III

Though the ocean roar around me,  
Yet it still shall bear me on;  
Though a desert should surround me,  
It hath springs that may be won.

#### IV

Were't the last drop in the well,  
As I gasp'd upon the brink,  
Ere my fainting spirit fell,  
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

#### V

With that water, as this wine,  
The libation I would pour  
Should be—peace with thine and mine,  
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

July 1817.

## EPISTLE FROM MR. MURRAY TO DR. POLIDORI \*

DEAR Doctor, I have read your play,  
Which is a good one in its way,—  
Purges the eyes and moves the bowels,  
And drenches handkerchiefs like towels  
With tears, that, in a flux of grief, 5  
Afford hysterical relief  
To shatter'd nerves and quicken'd pulses,  
Which your catastrophe convulses.

I like your moral and machinery;  
Your plot, too, has such scope for scenery: 10

Your dialogue is apt and smart:  
The play's concoction full of art;  
Your hero raves, your heroine cries,  
All stab, and everybody dies.  
In short, your tragedy would be 15  
The very thing to hear and see:  
And for a piece of publication,  
If I decline on this occasion,  
It is not that I am not sensible  
To merits in themselves ostensible, 20  
But—and I grieve to speak it—plays  
Are drugs—mere drugs, sir—now-a-days.  
I had a heavy loss by 'Manuel,'—  
Too lucky if it prove not annual,—  
And Sotheby, with his 'Orestes,' 25  
(Which, by the by, the author's best is,)  
Has lain so very long on hand,  
That I despair of all demand.  
I've advertised, but see my books,  
Or only watch my shopman's looks;—  
Still Ivan, Ina, and such lumber, 31  
My back-shop glut, my shelves encumber.

There's Byron too, who once did better,  
Has sent me, folded in a letter,  
A sort of—it's no more a drama 35  
Than Darnley, Ivan, or Kehama:  
So alter'd since last year his pen is,  
I think he's lost his wits at Venice.  
In short, sir, what with one and t'other,  
I dare not venture on another. 40  
I write in haste; excuse each blunder;  
The coaches through the street so thunder!

My room's so full—we've Gifford here  
Reading MS., with Hookham Frere,  
Pronouncing on the nouns and particles  
Of some of our forthcoming Articles. 46

The Quarterly—Ah, sir, if you  
Had but the genius to review!—  
A smart critique upon St. Helena,  
Or if you would but tell in a 50  
Short compass what—but to resume:  
As I was saying, sir, the room—  
The room's so full of wits and bards,  
Crabbes, Campbells, Crokers, Freres, and  
Wards,

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

And others, neither bards nor wits:—  
My humble tenement admits  
All persons in the dress of gent,  
From Mr. Hammond to Dog Dent.

For the man, 'poor and shrewd,'  
With whom you'd conclude  
A compact without more delay,  
Perhaps some such pen is  
Still extant in Venice; 35  
But please, sir, to mention *your* pay.  
Venice, January 8, 1818.

A party dines with me to-day,  
All clever men, who make their way;  
Crabbe, Malcolm, Hamilton, and Chan-  
trey, 61  
Are all partakers of my pantry.  
They're at this moment in discussion  
On poor De Staël's late dissolution.  
Her book, they say, was in advance—  
Pray Heaven, she tell the truth of France!  
Thus run our time and tongues away;—  
But, to return, sir, to your play:  
Sorry, sir, but I cannot deal,  
Unless 'twere acted by O'Neill; 70  
My hands so full, my head so busy,  
I'm almost dead, and always dizzy;  
And so, with endless truth and hurry,  
Dear Doctor, I am yours,

JOHN MURRAY.  
August 1817.

### EPISTLE TO MR. MURRAY

My dear Mr. Murray,  
You're in a damn'd hurry,  
To set up this ultimate Canto;  
But (if they don't rob us)  
You'll see Mr. Hobhouse 5  
Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.

For the Journal you hint of,  
As ready to print off,  
No doubt you do right to commend it;  
But as yet I have writ off 10  
The devil a bit of  
Our 'Beppo':—when copied, I'll send  
it.

Then you've . . . 's Tour,—  
No great things, to be sure,—  
You could hardly begin with a less  
work; 15  
For the pompous rascallion,  
Who don't speak Italian  
Nor French, must have scribbled by  
guess work.

You can make any loss up  
With 'Spence' and his gossip, 20  
A work which must surely succeed;  
Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,  
With the new 'Fytte' of 'Whistlecraft,'  
Must make people purchase and read.

Then you've General Gordon, 25  
Who girded his sword on,  
To serve with a Muscovite master  
And help him to polish  
A nation so owlsh,  
They thought shaving their beards a  
disaster. 30

TO MR. MURRAY

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,  
Patron and publisher of rhymes,  
For thee the bard up Pindus climbs,  
My Murray.

To thee, with hope and terror dumb, 5  
The unfledged MS. authors come;  
Thou printest all—and sellest some—  
My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green  
The last new Quarterly is seen, 10  
But where is thy new Magazine,  
My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine  
The works thou deemest most divine—  
The 'Art of Cookery,' and mine, 15  
My Murray.

Tours, Travels, Essays, too, I wist,  
And Sermons, to thy mill bring grist;  
And then thou hast the 'Navy List,' 20  
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude  
Without 'the Board of Longitude,'  
Although this narrow paper would,  
My Murray.  
Venice, March 25, 1818.

### ON THE BIRTH OF JOHN WILLIAM RIZZO HOPPNER

His father's sense, his mother's grace,  
In him, I hope, will always fit so;  
With—still to keep him in good case—  
The health and appetite of Rizzo.  
February 1818.

### ODE ON VENICE

I

OH Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls  
Are level with the waters, there shall be  
A cry of nations o'er thy sunken halls,  
A loud lament along the sweeping sea!  
If I, a northern wanderer, weep for thee,  
What should thy sons do?—anything but  
weep: 6  
And yet they only murmur in their sleep.  
In contrast with their fathers—as the  
slime,  
The dull green ooze of the receding deep,  
Is with the dashing of the spring-tide foam  
That drives the sailor shipless to his home,

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Are they to those that were; and thus they  
 creep,<sup>12</sup>  
 Crouching and crab-like, through their  
 sapping streets.

Oh! agony—that centuries should reap  
 No mellow harvest! Thirteen hundred  
 years<sup>15</sup>

Of wealth and glory turn'd to dust and  
 tears;

And every monument the stranger meets,  
 Church, palace, pillar, as a mourner  
 greets;

And even the Lion all subdued appears,  
 And the harsh sound of the barbarian  
 drum,<sup>20</sup>

With dull and daily dissonance, repeats  
 The echo of thy tyrant's voice along  
 The soft waves, once all musical to song,  
 That heaved beneath the moonlight with  
 the throng

Of gondolas—and to the busy hum<sup>25</sup>  
 Of cheerful creatures, whose most sinful  
 deeds

Were but the overbeating of the heart,  
 And flow of too much happiness, which  
 needs

The aid of age to turn its course apart  
 From the luxuriant and voluptuous flood  
 Of sweet sensations, battling with the  
 blood.<sup>31</sup>

But these are better than the gloomy  
 errors,

The weeds of nations in their last decay,  
 When Vice walks forth with her unsoften'd  
 terrors,

And Mirth is madness, and but smiles to  
 slay;<sup>35</sup>

And Hope is nothing but a false delay,  
 The sick man's lightning half an hour ere  
 death,

When Faintness, the last mortal birth of  
 Pain,

And apathy of limb, the dull beginning  
 Of the cold staggering race which Death  
 is winning,<sup>40</sup>

Steals vein by vein and pulse by pulse away;  
 Yet so relieving the o'er-tortured clay,  
 To him appears renewal of his breath,  
 And freedom the mere numbness of his  
 chain;<sup>44</sup>

And then he talks of life, and how again  
 He feels his spirit soaring—albeit weak,  
 And of the fresher air, which he would  
 seek:

And as he whispers knows not that he  
 gasps,

That his thin finger feels not what it clasps,  
 And so the film comes o'er him, and the  
 dizzy<sup>50</sup>

Chamber swims round and round, and  
 shadows busy,

At which he vainly catches, flit and gleam,  
 Till the last rattle chokes the strangled  
 scream,

And all is ice and blackness,—and the  
 earth<sup>12</sup>  
 That which it was the moment ere our  
 birth.<sup>55</sup>

## II

There is no hope for nations!—Search the  
 page

Of many thousand years—the daily  
 scene,

The flow and ebb of each recurring age,  
 The everlasting *to be* which *hath been*,  
 Hath taught us nought, or little: still  
 we lean<sup>60</sup>

On things that rot beneath our weight,  
 and wear

Our strength away in wrestling with the  
 air:

For 'tis our nature strikes us down: the  
 beasts

Slaughter'd in hourly hecatombs for feasts  
 Are of as high an order—they must go

Even where their driver goads them,  
 though to slaughter.<sup>66</sup>

Ye men, who pour your blood for kings  
 as water,

What have they given your children in re-  
 turn?

A heritage of servitude and woes,  
 A blindfold bondage, where your hire is  
 blows.<sup>70</sup>

What! do not yet the red-hot plough-  
 shares burn,

O'er which you stumble in a false ordeal,  
 And deem this proof of loyalty the *real*;

Kissing the hand that guides you to your  
 scars,

And glorying as you tread the glowing  
 bars?<sup>75</sup>

All that your sires have left you, all that  
 Time

Bequeaths of free, and History of sublime,  
 Spring from a different theme! Ye *see* and

read,  
 Admire and sigh, and then succumb and  
 bleed!

Save the few spirits who, despite of all,  
 And worse than all, the sudden crimes

engender'd<sup>81</sup>

By the down-thundering of the prison-  
 wall,

And thirst to swallow the sweet waters  
 tender'd,

Gushing from Freedom's fountains, when  
 the crowd,

Madden'd with centuries of drought, are  
 loud,<sup>85</sup>

And trample on each other to obtain  
 The cup which brings oblivion of a chain

Heavy and sore, in which long yoked they  
 plough'd

The sand,—or if there sprung the yellow  
 grain,

# OCCASIONAL PIECES

## IV

'Twas not for them, their necks were too  
much bow'd,<sup>90</sup>  
And their dead palates chew'd the cud of  
pain:  
Yes! the few spirits, who, despite of deeds  
Which they abhor, confound not with the  
cause  
Those momentary starts from Nature's  
laws,  
Which, like the pestilence and earthquake,  
smite<sup>95</sup>  
But for a term, then pass, and leave the  
earth  
With all her seasons to repair the blight  
With a few summers, and again put forth  
Cities and generations—fair, when free—  
For, Tyranny, there blooms no bud for  
thee!<sup>100</sup>

## III

Glory and Empire! once upon these  
towers  
With Freedom—godlike Triad! how ye  
sate!  
The league of mightiest nations, in those  
hours  
When Venice was an envy, might abate,  
But did not quench her spirit; in her  
fate<sup>105</sup>  
All were enwrapp'd: the feasted monarchs  
knew  
And loved their hostess, nor could learn  
to hate,  
Although they humbled—with the kingly  
few  
The many felt, for from all days and climes  
She was the voyager's worship; even her  
crimes<sup>110</sup>  
Were of the softer order—born of Love,  
She drank no blood, nor fatten'd on the  
dead,  
But gladden'd where her harmless con-  
quests spread;  
For these restored the Cross, that from  
above  
Hallow'd her sheltering banners, which  
incessant<sup>115</sup>  
Flew between earth and the unholy Cres-  
cent,  
Which, if it waned and dwindled, Earth  
may thank  
The city it has clothed in chains, which  
clank  
Now, creaking in the ears of those who  
owe  
The name of Freedom to her glorious  
struggles;<sup>120</sup>  
Yet she but shares with them a common  
woe,  
And call'd the 'kingdom' of a conquering  
foe,  
But knows what all—and, most of all, we  
know—  
With what set gilded terms a tyrant juggles!

The name of Commonwealth is past and  
gone<sup>125</sup>  
O'er the three fractions of the groaning  
globe;  
Venice is crush'd, and Holland deigns to  
own  
A sceptre, and endures the purple robe;  
If the free Switzer yet bestrides alone  
His chainless mountains, 'tis but for a  
time,<sup>130</sup>  
For tyranny of late is cunning grown,  
And in its own good season tramples down  
The sparkles of our ashes. One great  
clime,  
Whose vigorous offspring by dividing ocean  
Are kept apart and nursed in the devotion  
Of Freedom, which their fathers fought  
for, and<sup>136</sup>  
Bequeath'd—a heritage of heart and hand,  
And proud distinction from each other  
land,  
Whose sons must bow them at a monarch's  
motion,  
As if his senseless sceptre were a wand  
Full of the magic of exploded science—  
Still one great clime, in full and free de-  
fiance,<sup>142</sup>  
Yet rears her crest, unconquer'd and sub-  
lime,  
Above the far Atlantic!—She has taught  
Her Esau-brethren that the haughty flag,  
The floating fence of Albion's feeblest crag,  
May strike to those whose red right hands  
have bought<sup>147</sup>  
Rights cheaply earn'd with blood. Still,  
still, for ever,  
Better, though each man's life-blood were  
a river,  
That it should flow, and overflow, than  
creep<sup>150</sup>  
Through thousand lazy channels in our  
veins,  
Damm'd like the dull canal with locks and  
chains,  
And moving, as a sick man in his sleep,  
Three paces, and then faltering: better be  
Where the extinguish'd Spartans still are  
free,<sup>155</sup>  
In their proud charnel of Thermopylae,  
Than stagnate in our marsh,—or o'er the  
deep  
Fly, and one current to the ocean add,  
One spirit to the souls our fathers had,  
One freeman more, America, to thee!

## STANZAS TO THE PO

RIVER, that rollest by the ancient walls,  
Where dwells the lady of my love, when  
she  
Walks by thy brink, and there perchance  
recalls  
A faint and fleeting memory of me;

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

What if thy deep and ample stream should  
 be  
 A mirror of my heart, where she may  
 read  
 The thousand thoughts I now betray to thee,  
 Wild as thy wave, and headlong as thy  
 speed!

What do I say—a mirror of my heart?  
 Are not thy waters sweeping, dark, and  
 strong?  
 Such as my feelings were and are, thou art;  
 And such as thou art were my passions  
 long.

Time may have somewhat tamed them,—  
 not for ever;  
 Thou overflow'st thy banks, and not for  
 aye  
 Thy bosom overboils, congenial river!  
 Thy floods subside, and mine have sunk  
 away:

But left long wrecks behind, and now again,  
 Borne on our old unchanged career, we  
 move:  
 Thou tendest wildly onwards to the main,  
 And I—to loving *one* I should not love.

The current I behold will sweep beneath  
 Her native walls, and murmur at her  
 feet;  
 Her eyes will look on thee, when she shall  
 breathe  
 The twilight air, unharm'd by summer's  
 heat.

She will look on thee,—I have look'd on  
 thee,  
 Full of that thought: and, from that  
 moment, ne'er  
 Thy waters could I dream of, name, or see  
 Without the inseparable sigh for her!

Her bright eyes will be imaged in thy  
 stream,  
 Yes! they will meet the wave I gaze on  
 now:  
 Mine cannot witness, even in a dream,  
 That happy wave repass me in its flow!

The wave that bears my tears returns no  
 more:  
 Will she return by whom that wave shall  
 sweep?—  
 Both tread thy banks, both wander on  
 thy shore,  
 I by thy source, she by the dark-blue  
 deep.

But that which keepeth us apart is not  
 Distance, nor depth of wave, nor space  
 of earth,  
 But the distraction of a various lot,  
 As various as the climates of our birth.

A stranger loves the lady of the land, 41  
 Born far beyond the mountains, but his  
 blood  
 Is all meridian, as if never fann'd  
 By the black wind that chills the polar  
 flood.

My blood is all meridian; were it not, 45  
 I had not left my clime, nor should I be,  
 In spite of tortures ne'er to be forgot,  
 A slave again of love,—at least of thee.

'Tis vain to struggle—let me perish  
 young—  
 Live as I lived, and love as I have loved;  
 To dust if I return, from dust I sprung,  
 And then, at least, my heart can ne'er  
 be moved.

April 1819.

## SONNET TO GEORGE THE FOURTH

ON THE REPEAL OF LORD EDWARD  
 FITZGERALD'S FORFEITURE

To be the father of the fatherless,  
 To stretch the hand from the throne's  
 height, and raise  
 His offspring, who expired in other days  
 To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom  
 less,—

This is to be a monarch, and repress 5  
 Envy into unutterable praise.  
 Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such  
 traits,

For who would lift a hand, except to bless?  
 Were it not easy, sir, and is't not sweet  
 To make thyself beloved? and to be  
 Omnipotent by mercy's means? for thus  
 Thy sovereignty would grow but more  
 complete: 12

A despot thou, and yet thy people free,  
 And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.  
 Bologna, August 12, 1819.

## EPIGRAM

FROM THE FRENCH OF RULHIÈRES

If, for silver or for gold,  
 You could melt ten thousand pimples  
 Into half a dozen dimples,  
 Then your face we might behold, 4  
 Looking, doubtless, much more snugly;  
 Yet even *then* 'twould be d—d ugly.

August 12, 1819.

## STANZAS

COULD Love for ever  
 Run like a river,  
 And Time's endeavour  
 Be tried in vain—  
 No other pleasure 5  
 With this could measure;  
 And like a treasure  
 We'd hug the chain.

# OCCASIONAL PIECES

But since our sighing  
Ends not in dying,  
And, form'd for flying,  
Love plumes his wing;  
Then for this reason  
Let's love a season;  
But let that season be only Spring.

10      Your last embraces  
Leave no cold traces—  
The same fond faces  
As through the past:  
And eyes, the mirrors  
Of your sweet errors,  
15      Reflect but rapture—not least though last.

When lovers parted  
Feel broken-hearted,  
And, all hopes thwarted,  
Expect to die;  
A few years older,  
Ah! how much colder  
20      They might behold her  
For whom they sigh!  
When link'd together,  
In every weather,  
25      They pluck Love's feather  
From out his wing—  
He'll stay for ever,  
But sadly shiver  
Without his plumage, when past the Spring.

True, separations  
Ask more than patience;  
What desperations  
From such have risen!  
But yet remaining,  
What isn't but chaining  
Hearts which, once waning,  
Beat 'gainst their prison?  
Time can but cloy love  
And use destroy love:  
85      The winged boy, Love,  
Is but for boys—  
You'll find it torture,  
Though sharper, shorter,  
To wean, and not wear out your joys.

1819

## ON MY WEDDING-DAY

Like chiefs of Faction,  
His life is action—  
A formal paction  
That curbs his reign,  
Obscures his glory,  
35      Despot no more, he  
Such territory  
Quits with disdain.  
Still, still advancing,  
With banners glancing,  
40      His power enhancing,  
He must move on—  
Repose but cloy him,  
Retreat destroys him,  
45      Love brooks not a degraded throne.

I beg you'll permit me to say—  
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,  
But as *few* as you please of the day.  
January 2, 1820.

## EPITAPH FOR WILLIAM PITT

WITH death doom'd to grapple,  
Beneath this cold slab, he  
Who lied in the Chapel  
Now lies in the Abbey.

January 1820.

## EPIGRAM

IN digging up your bones, Tom Paine,  
Will. Cobbett has done well:  
50      You visit him on earth again,  
He'll visit you in hell.

January 1820.

## STANZAS

WHEN a man hath no freedom to fight  
for at home,  
Let him combat for that of his neigh-  
bours;  
Let him think of the glories of Greece and  
of Rome,  
And get knock'd on the head for his  
labours.  
To do good to mankind is the chivalrous  
plan,  
5      And is always as nobly required;  
65      Then battle for freedom wherever you can,  
And, if not shot or hang'd, you'll get  
knighted.

Wait not, fond lover!  
Till years are over,  
And then recover  
As from a dream.  
While each bewailing  
The other's falling,  
With wrath and railing,  
All hideous seem—  
While first decreasing,  
Yet not quite ceasing,  
Wait not till teasing  
All passion blight:  
If once diminish'd,  
Love's reign is finish'd—  
Then part in friendship—and bid good-  
night.

So shall Affection  
To recollection  
The dear connexion  
Bring back with joy:  
You had not waited  
Till, tired or hated,  
Your passions sated  
Began to cloy.

November 1820.



## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### EPIGRAM

THE world is a bundle of hay,  
Mankind are the asses who pull;  
Each tugs it a different way,  
And the greatest of all is John Bull.

### THE CHARITY BALL

WHAT matter the pangs of a husband and  
father,  
If his sorrows in exile be great or be small,  
So the Pharisee's glories around her she  
gather,  
And the saint patronizes her 'charity  
ball!'

What matters—a heart which, though  
faulty, was feeling,  
Be driven to excesses which once could  
appal—  
That the sinner should suffer is only fair  
dealing,  
As the saint keeps her charity back for  
'the ball!'

### EPIGRAM

ON THE BRAZIER'S COMPANY HAVING RE-  
SOLVED TO PRESENT AN ADDRESS TO  
QUEEN CAROLINE

THE braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass  
An address, and present it themselves all  
in brass;—

A superfluous pageant—for, by the Lord  
Harry!

They'll find where they're going much  
more than they carry.

### EPIGRAM ON MY WEDDING-DAY

TO PENELOPE

THIS day, of all our days, has done

The worst for me and you:—

'Tis just *six* years since we were *one*,  
And *five* since we were *two*.

*January 2, 1821.*

### ON MY THIRTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

JANUARY 22, 1821

THROUGH life's dull road, so dim and dirty,  
I have dragg'd to three-and-thirty.

What have these years left to me?

Nothing—except thirty-three.

### MARTIAL, LIB. I, EPIG. I

'Hic est, quem legis, ille, quem requiris,  
Tota notus in orbe Martialis,' &c.

HE unto whom thou art so partial,  
Oh, reader! is the well-known Martial,  
The Epigrammatist: while living,  
Give him the fame thou wouldst be giving;  
So shall he hear, and feel, and know it—  
Post obits rarely reach a poet.

### BOWLES AND CAMPBELL

To the tune of 'Why, how now, saucy jade?'

WHY, how now, saucy Tom?

If you thus must ramble,

I will publish some

Remarks on Mister Campbell.

### ANSWER

WHY, how now, Billy Bowles? 5

Sure the priest is maudlin!

(To the public) How can you, d—n your  
souls!

Listen to his twaddling?

*February 22, 1821.*

### EPIGRAMS

OH, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now;  
Cato died for his country, so didst thou:  
He perish'd rather than see Rome en-  
slaved,

Thou cutt'st thy throat that Britain may  
be saved!

So Castlereagh has cut his throat!—The  
worst

Of this is,—that his own was not the first.

So *He* has cut his throat at last!—*He!*  
Who?

The man who cut his country's long ago.

### EPITAPH

POSTERITY will ne'er survey

A nobler grave than this:

Here lie the bones of Castlereagh:

Stop, traveller—

### JOHN KEATS

WHO kill'd John Keats?

'I,' says the Quarterly,

So savage and Tartarly;

'Twas one of my feats.'

Who shot the arrow? 5

'The poet-priest Milman

(So ready to kill man),

Or Southey, or Barrow.'

*July 1821.*

### THE CONQUEST

[This fragment was found amongst Lord Byron's  
papers after his departure from Genoa for  
Greece.]

THE Son of Love and Lord of War I sing;  
Him who bade England bow to Nor-  
mandy,

And left the name of conqueror more  
than king

To his unconquerable dynasty.

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

Not fann'd alone by Victory's fleeting  
wing,  
He rear'd his bold and brilliant throne  
on high:  
The Bastard kept, like lions, his prey fast,  
And Britain's bravest victor was the  
last.

March 8-9, 1823.

### TO MR. MURRAY

For Orford and for Waldegrave  
You give much more than he you gave;  
Which is not fairly to behave,  
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said, 5  
Be worth a lion fairly sped,  
A live lord must be worth two dead,  
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes, 9  
Verse hath a better sale than prose,—  
Certes, I should have more than those,  
My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,  
So, if you will, I shan't be shamm'd,  
And if you won't, you may be damn'd, 16  
My Murray.

### THE IRISH AVATAR

'And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant,  
kneeling to receive the paltry rider.'—CURRAN.

ERE the daughter of Brunswick is cold in  
her grave,  
And her ashes still float to their home  
o'er the tide,  
Lo! George the triumphant speeds over  
the wave,  
To the long-cherish'd isle which he  
loved like his—bride!

True, the great of her bright and brief era  
are gone, 5  
The rainbow-like epoch where Freedom  
could pause  
For the few little years, out of centuries  
won,  
Which betray'd not, or crush'd not, or  
wept not her cause.

True, the chains of the Catholic clank o'er  
his rags,  
The castle still stands, and the senate's  
no more, 10  
And the famine which dwelt on her free-  
domless crags  
Is extending its steps to her desolate  
shore.

To her desolate shore—where the emi-  
grant stands  
For a moment to gaze ere he flies from  
his hearth;

Tears fall on his chain, though it drops  
from his hands, 15  
For the dungeon he quits is the place of  
his birth.

But he comes! the Messiah of royalty  
comes!  
Like a goodly Leviathan roll'd from the  
waves;  
Then receive him as best such an advent  
becomes,  
With a legion of cooks, and an army of  
slaves! 20

He comes in the promise and bloom of  
threescore,  
To perform in the pageant the sove-  
reign's part—  
But long live the shamrock, which sha-  
dows him o'er!  
Could the green in his hat be transferr'd  
to his heart!

Could that long-wither'd spot but be ver-  
dant again, 25  
And a new spring of noble affections  
arise—  
Then might freedom forgive thee this  
dance in thy chain,  
And this shout of thy slavery which sad-  
dens the skies.

Is it madness or meanness which clings to  
thee now?  
Were he God—as he is but the com-  
monest clay, 30  
With scarce fewer wrinkles than sins on  
his brow—  
Such servile devotion might shame him  
away.

Ay, roar in his train! let thine orators lash  
Their fanciful spirits to pamper his  
pride—  
Not thus did thy Grattan indignantly flash  
His soul o'er the freedom implored and  
denied. 36

Ever glorious Grattan! the best of the  
good!  
So simple in heart, so sublime in the rest!  
With all which Demosthenes wanted en-  
dued,  
And his rival or victor in all he possess'd.

Ere Tully arose in the zenith of Rome,  
Though unequall'd, preceded, the task  
was begun— 42  
But Grattan sprung up like a god from the  
tomb  
Of ages, the first, last, the saviour, the  
one!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

- With the skill of an Orpheus to soften the  
brute;  
With the fire of Prometheus to kindle  
mankind;  
Even Tyranny listening sate melted or  
mute,  
And Corruption shrunk scorch'd from  
the glance of his mind.
- But back to our theme! Back to despots  
and slaves!  
Feasts furnish'd by Famine! rejoicings  
by Pain!  
True freedom but *welcomes*, while slavery  
still *raves*,  
When a week's saturnalia hath loosen'd  
her chain.
- Let the poor squalid splendour thy wreck  
can afford  
(As the bankrupt's profusion his ruin  
would hide),  
Gild over the palace, Lo! Erin, thy lord!  
Kiss his foot with thy blessing, his bless-  
ings denied!
- Or if freedom past hope be extorted at last,  
If the idol of brass find his feet are of  
clay,  
Must what terror or policy wring forth be  
class'd  
With what monarchs ne'er give, but as  
wolves yield their prey?
- Each brute hath its nature; a king's is to  
*reign*,—  
To *reign*! in that word see, ye ages, com-  
prised  
The cause of the curses all annals contain,  
From Cæsar the dreaded to George the  
despised!
- Wear, Fingal, thy trapping! O'Connell,  
proclaim  
His accomplishments! *Hist!!!* and thy  
country convince  
Half an age's contempt was an error of  
fame,  
And that 'Hal is the rascaliest,' sweet-  
est young prince!
- Will thy yard of blue riband, poor Fingal,  
recall  
The fetters from millions of Catholic  
limbs?
- Or, has it not bound thee the fastest of all  
The slaves, who now hail their betrayer  
with hymns?
- Ay! 'Build him a dwelling!' let each give  
his mite!  
Till, like Babel, the new royal dome  
hath arisen!
- Let thy beggars and helots their pittance  
unite—  
And a palace bestow for a poor-house  
and prison!
- Spread—spread, for Vitellius, the royal  
repast,  
Till the gluttonous despot be stuff'd to  
the gorge!  
And the roar of his drunkards proclaim  
him at last  
The fourth of the fools and oppressors  
call'd 'George!'
- Let the tables be loaded with feasts till they  
groan!  
Till they *groan* like thy people, through  
ages of woe!  
Let the wine flow around the old Bac-  
chanal's throne,  
Like their blood which has flow'd, and  
which yet has to flow.
- But let not *his* name be thine idol alone—  
On his right hand behold a Sejanus  
appears!  
Thine own Castlereagh! let him still be  
thine own!  
A wretch never named but with curses  
and jeers!
- Till now, when the isle which should blush  
for his birth,  
Deep, deep as the gore which he shed  
on her soil,  
Seems proud of the reptile which crawl'd  
from her earth,  
And for murder repays him with shouts  
and a smile.
- Without one single ray of her genius, with-  
out  
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her  
race—  
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin  
in doubt  
If she ever gave birth to a being so base.
- If she did—let her long-boasted proverb  
be hush'd,  
Which proclaims that from Erin no  
reptile can spring—  
See the cold-blooded serpent, with venom  
full flush'd,  
Still warming its folds in the breast of a  
king!
- Shout, drink, feast, and flatter! Oh! Erin,  
how low  
Wert thou sunk by misfortune and  
tyranny, till  
Thy welcome of tyrants hath plunged thee  
below  
The depth of thy deep in a deeper gulf  
still!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

My voice, though but humble, was raised  
 for thy right,<sup>105</sup>  
 My vote, as a freeman's, still voted thee  
 free,  
 This hand, though but feeble, would arm  
 in thy fight,  
 And this heart, though outworn, had a  
 throb still for thee!

Yes, I loved thee and thine, though thou  
 art not my land,  
 I have known noble hearts and great  
 souls in thy sons,<sup>110</sup>  
 And I wept with the world, o'er the patriot  
 band  
 Who are gone, but I weep them no  
 longer as once.

For happy are they now reposing afar,—  
 Thy Grattan, thy Curran, thy Sheridan,  
 all  
 Who, for years, were the chiefs in the  
 eloquent war,<sup>115</sup>  
 And redeem'd, if they have not retarded,  
 thy fall.

Yes, happy are they in their cold English  
 graves!  
 Their shades cannot start to thy shouts  
 of to-day—  
 Nor the steps of enslavers and chain-kiss-  
 ing slaves  
 Be stamp'd in the turf o'er their fetter-  
 less clay.<sup>120</sup>

Till now I had envied thy sons and their  
 shore,  
 Though their virtues were hunted, their  
 liberties fled;  
 There was something so warm and sublime  
 in the core  
 Of an Irishman's heart, that I envy—  
 thy dead.

Or, if aught in my bosom can quench for  
 an hour<sup>125</sup>  
 My contempt for a nation so servile,  
 though sore,  
 Which though trod like the worm will not  
 turn upon power,  
 'Tis the glory of Grattan, and genius of  
 Moore!

September 1821.

### STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE ROAD BETWEEN FLORENCE AND PISA

Oh, talk not to me of a name great in  
 story;  
 The days of our youth are the days of our  
 glory;  
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-  
 twenty  
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so  
 plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow  
 that is wrinkled?<sup>5</sup>  
 'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew  
 besprinkled.  
 Then away with all such from the head  
 that is hoary!  
 What care I for the wreaths that can only  
 give glory!

Oh FAME!—if I e'er took delight in thy  
 praises,  
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sound-  
 ing phrases,<sup>10</sup>  
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one  
 discover,  
 She thought that I was not unworthy to  
 love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I  
 found thee;  
 Her glance was the best of the rays that  
 surround thee;  
 When it sparkled o'er ought that was  
 bright in my story,<sup>15</sup>  
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.  
 November, 1821.

### STANZAS TO A HINDOO AIR

Oh! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pil-  
 low!  
 Where is my lover? where is my lover?  
 Is it his bark which my dreary dreams dis-  
 cover?  
 Far—far away! and alone along the  
 billow?

Oh! my lonely—lonely—lonely—Pil-  
 low!<sup>5</sup>  
 Why must my head ache where his gentle  
 brow lay?  
 How the long night flags lovelessly and  
 slowly,  
 And my head droops over thee like the  
 willow!

Oh! thou, my sad and solitary Pillow!  
 Send me kind dreams to keep my heart  
 from breaking,<sup>10</sup>  
 In return for the tears I shed upon thee  
 waking;  
 Let me not die till he comes back o'er  
 the billow.

Then if thou wilt—no more my lonely  
 Pillow,  
 In one embrace let these arms again enfold  
 him,  
 And then expire of the joy—but to behold  
 him!<sup>15</sup>  
 Oh! my lone bosom!—oh! my lonely  
 Pillow!

## OCCASIONAL PIECES

### IMPROMPTU

BENEATH Blessington's eyes  
The reclaimed Paradise  
Should be free as the former from evil;  
But if the new Eve  
For an Apple should grieve, 5  
What mortal would not play the Devil? 1823.

### TO 'THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON

You have ask'd for a verse:—the request  
In a rhymèr 'twere strange to deny;  
But my Hippocrene was but my breast,  
And my feelings (its fountain) are dry.

Were I now as I was, I had sung 5  
What Lawrence has painted so well;  
But the strain would expire on my tongue,  
And the theme is too soft for my shell.

I am ashes where once I was fire,  
And the bard in my bosom is dead;  
What I loved I now merely admire, 11  
And my heart is as grey as my head.

My life is not dated by years—  
There are moments which act as a  
plough;  
And there is not a furrow appears 15  
But is deep in my soul as my brow.

Let the young and the brilliant aspire  
To sing what I gaze on in vain;  
For sorrow has torn from my lyre 19  
The string which was worthy the strain.

### ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR

MISSOLONGHI, Jan. 22, 1824.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,  
Since others it hath ceased to move:  
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,  
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf; 5  
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;  
The worm, the canker, and the grief  
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle; 10  
No torch is kindled at its blaze—  
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,  
The exalted portion of the pain  
And power of love, I cannot share, 15  
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—  
Such thoughts should shake my soul,  
nor now,  
Where glory decks the hero's bier, 20  
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,  
Glory and Greece, around me see!  
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,  
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!) 25  
Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*  
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,  
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,  
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee 30  
Indifferent should the smile or frown  
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*  
The land of honourable death  
Is here:—up to the field, and give 35  
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—  
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;  
Then look around, and choose thy ground,  
And take thy rest. 40

# SATIRES

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

### A SATIRE

'I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew!  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.'  
SHAKESPEARE.  
'Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,  
There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.'—POPE.

### PREFACE\*

ALL my friends, learned and unlearned, have urged me not to publish this Satire with my name. If I were to be 'turned from the career of my humour by quibbles quick, and paper bullets of the brain,' I should have complied with their counsel. But I am not to be terrified by abuse, or bullied by reviewers, with or without arms. I can safely say that I have attacked none personally, who did not commence on the offensive. An author's works are public property: he who purchases may judge, and publish his opinion if he pleases; and the authors I have endeavoured to commemorate may do by me as I have done by them. I dare say they will succeed better in condemning my scribblings, than in mending their own. But my object is not to prove that I can write well, but, if possible, to make others write better.

As the poem has met with far more success than I expected, I have endeavoured in this edition to make some additions and alterations, to render it more worthy of public perusal.

In the first edition of this satire, published anonymously, fourteen lines on the subject of Bowles's Pope were written by, and inserted at the request of, an ingenious friend of mine†, who has now in the press a volume of poetry. In the present edition they are erased, and some of my own substituted in their stead; my only reason for this being that which I conceive would operate with any other person in the same manner,—a determination not to publish with my name any production which was not entirely and exclusively my own composition.

With regard to the real talents of many of the poetical persons whose performances are mentioned or alluded to in the following pages, it is presumed by the author that there can be little difference of opinion in the public at large; though, like other sectaries, each has his separate tabernacle of proselytes, by whom his abilities are over-rated, his faults overlooked, and his metrical canons received without scruple and without consideration. But the unquestionable possession of considerable genius by several of the writers here censured renders their mental prostitution more to be regretted. Imbecility may be pitied, or, at worst, laughed at and forgotten: perverted powers demand the most decided reprehension. No one can wish more than the author that some known and able writer had undertaken their exposure; but Mr. Gifford has devoted himself to Massinger, and, in the absence of the regular physician, a country practitioner may, in cases of absolute necessity, be allowed to prescribe his nostrum to prevent the extension of so deplorable an epidemic, provided there be no quackery in his treatment of the malady. A caustic is here offered; as it is to be feared nothing short of actual cautery can recover the numerous patients afflicted with the present prevalent and distressing *rabies* for rhyming.—As to the Edinburgh Reviewers, it would indeed require an Hercules to crush the Hydra; but if the author succeeds in merely 'bruising one of the heads of the serpent,' though his own hand should suffer in the encounter, he will be amply satisfied.

STILL must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitz-  
gerald bawl  
His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,  
And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews  
Should dub me scribbler, and denounce  
my muse?  
Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or  
wrong;  
Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

Oh! nature's noblest gift—my grey  
goose-quill!  
Slave of my thoughts, obedient to my will,  
Torn from thy parent bird to form a pen,  
That mighty instrument of little men!

The pen! foredoom'd to aid the mental  
throes  
Of brains that labour, big with verse or  
prose,  
Though nymphs forsake, and critics may  
deride,  
The lover's solace, and the author's pride.  
What wits, what poets dost thou daily  
raise!  
How frequent is thy use, how small thy  
praise!  
Condemn'd at length to be forgotten  
quite,  
With all the pages which 'twas thine to  
write.

\* This preface was written for the second edition, and printed with it. The noble author had left this country previous to the publication of that edition, and is not yet returned.—*Note to the fourth edition, 1811.*  
† (Mr. Hobhouse.) ‡ (Here the preface to the first edition commenced.)

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

But thou, at least, mine own especial pen!  
Once laid aside, but now assumed again,  
Our task complete, like Hamet's shall be  
free; 21

Though spurn'd by others, yet beloved by  
me:

Then let us soar to-day; no common theme,  
No eastern vision, no distemper'd dream  
Inspires—our path, though full of thorns,  
is plain; 25

Smooth be the verse, and easy be the  
strain.

When Vice triumphant holds her sov'-  
reign sway,

Obeys'd by all who nought beside obey;  
When Folly, frequent harbinger of crime,  
Bedecks her cap with bells of every clime;  
When knaves and fools combined o'er all  
prevail, 31

And weigh their justice in a golden scale;  
E'en then the boldest start from public  
sneers,

Afraid of shame, unknown to other fears,  
More darkly sin, by satire kept in awe,  
And shrink from ridicule, though not  
from law. 36

Such is the force of wit! but not belong  
To me the arrows of satiric song;  
The royal vices of our age demand  
A keener weapon, and a mightier hand.  
Still there are follies, e'en for me to chase,  
And yield at least amusement in the race;  
Laugh when I laugh, I seek no other fame;  
The cry is up, and scribblers are my game.  
Speed, Pegasus!—ye strains of great and  
small, 45

Ode, epic, elegy, have at you all!  
I too can scrawl, and once upon a time  
I pour'd along the town a flood of rhyme,  
A schoolboy freak, unworthy praise or  
blame;

I printed—older children do the same. 50  
'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in  
print;

A book's a book, although there's nothing  
in't.

Not that a title's sounding charm can save  
Or scrawl or scribbler from an equal  
grave:

This Lambe must own, since his patrician  
name 55

Faill'd to preserve the spurious farce from  
shame.

No matter, George continues still to write,  
Though now the name is veil'd from pub-  
lic sight.

Moved by the great example, I pursue  
The self-same road, but make my own  
review: 60

Not seek great Jeffrey's, yet, like him,  
will be

Self-constituted judge of poesy.

A man must serve his time to every trade  
Save censure—critics all are ready made.  
Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by  
rote, 65

With just enough of learning to misquote;  
A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;  
A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;  
To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,  
His pay is just ten sterling pounds per  
sheet: 70

Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a sharper hit;  
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for  
wit;

Care not for feeling—pass your proper  
jest,

And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.

And shall we own such judgment? no  
—as soon 75

Seek roses in December—ice in June;  
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;  
Believe a woman or an epitaph,  
Or any other thing that's false, before  
You trust in critics, who themselves are  
sore; 80

Or yield one single thought to be misled  
By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Boeotian  
head.

To these young tyrants, by themselves  
misplaced,

Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;  
To these, when authors bend in humble  
awe, 85

And hail their voice as truth, their word  
as law—

While these are censors, 'twould be sin to  
spare;

While such are critics, why should I for-  
bear?

But yet, so near all modern worthies run,  
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to  
shun; 90

Nor know we when to spare, or where to  
strike,

Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me, why I venture  
o'er

The path which Pope and Gifford trod be-  
fore;

If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:  
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.  
'But hold!' exclaims a friend, 'here's some  
neglect: 97

This—that—and t'other line seem in-  
correct.'

What then? the self-same blunder Pope  
has got,

And careless Dryden—'Ay, but Pye has  
not:—' 100

Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what  
care I?

Better to err with Pope, than shine with  
Pye.

# ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Time was, ere yet in these degenerate  
 days  
 Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,  
 When sense and wit with poesy allied,  
 No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side;  
 From the same fount their inspiration  
 drew,  
 And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they  
 grew.  
 Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's pure  
 strain  
 Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought  
 in vain;  
 A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,  
 And raised the people's, as the poet's  
 fame.  
 Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of  
 song,  
 In stream less smooth, indeed, yet doubly  
 strong.  
 Then Congreve's scenes could cheer, or  
 Otway's melt—  
 For nature then an English audience felt.  
 But why these names, or greater still, re-  
 trace,  
 When all to feebl' bards resign their  
 place?  
 Yet to such times our lingering looks are  
 cast,  
 When taste and reason with those times  
 are past.  
 Now look around, and turn each trifling  
 page,  
 Survey the precious works that please the  
 age;  
 This truth at least let satire's self allow,  
 No dearth of bards can be complain'd of  
 now.  
 The loaded press beneath her labour  
 groans,  
 And printers' devils shake their weary  
 bones;  
 While Southey's epics cram the creaking  
 shelves,  
 And Little's lyrics shine in hot-press'd  
 twelves.  
 Thus saith the Preacher: 'Nought beneath  
 the sun  
 Is new,' yet still from change to change  
 we run:  
 What varied wonders tempt us as they  
 pass!  
 The cow-pox, tractors, galvanism, and  
 gas,  
 In turns appear, to make the vulgar stare,  
 Till the swollen bubble bursts—and all is  
 air!  
 Nor less new schools of Poetry arise,  
 Where dull pretenders grapple for the  
 prize:  
 O'er taste awhile these pseudo-bards pre-  
 vail;  
 Each country book-club bows the knee to  
 Baal,

And, hurling lawful genius from the  
 throne,  
 Erects a shrine and idol of its own;  
 Some leaden calf—but whom it matters  
 not,  
 From soaring Southey down to grovelling  
 Stott.

Behold! in various throngs the scrib-  
 bling crew,  
 For notice eager, pass in long review:  
 Each spurs his jaded Pegasus apace,  
 And rhyme and blank maintain an equal  
 race;  
 Sonnets on sonnets crowd, and ode on  
 ode;  
 And tales of terror jostle on the road;  
 Immeasurable measures move along;  
 For simpering folly loves a varied song,  
 To strange mysterious dulness still the  
 friend,  
 Admires the strain she cannot compre-  
 hend.  
 Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the  
 last!—  
 On half-strung harps whine mournful to  
 the blast.  
 While mountain spirits prate to river  
 sprites,  
 That dames may listen to the sound at  
 nights;  
 And goblin brats, of Gilpin Horner's brood,  
 Decoy young border-nobles through the  
 wood,  
 And skip at every step, Lord knows how  
 high,  
 And frighten foolish babes, the Lord  
 knows why;  
 While high-born ladies in their magic cell,  
 Forbidding knights to read who cannot  
 spell,  
 Despatch a courier to a wizard's grave,  
 And fight with honest men to shield a  
 knave.

Next view in state, proud prancing on  
 his roan,  
 The golden-crested haughty Marmion,  
 Now forging scrolls, now foremost in the  
 fight,  
 Not quite a felon, yet but half a knight,  
 The gibbet or the field prepared to grace;  
 A mighty mixture of the great and base.  
 And think'st thou, Scott! by vain conceit  
 perchance,  
 On public taste to foist thy stale romance,  
 Though Murray with his Miller may com-  
 bine  
 To yield thy muse just half-a-crown per  
 line?  
 No! when the sons of song descend to  
 trade,  
 Their bays are sear, their former laurels  
 fade.



## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Let such forego the poet's sacred name,  
Who rack their brains for lucre, not for  
fame:

Still for stern Mammon may they toil in  
vain!

And sadly gaze on gold they cannot gain!  
Such be their meed, such still the just re-  
ward

Of prostituted muse and hireling bard!  
For this we spurn Apollo's venal son,  
And bid a long 'good night to Marmion.'

These are the themes that claim our  
plaudits now;

These are the bards to whom the muse  
must bow;

While Milton, Dryden, Pope, alike forgot,  
Resign their hallow'd bays to Walter Scott.

The time has been, when yet the muse  
was young,

When Homer swept the lyre, and Maro  
sung,

An epic scarce ten centuries could claim,  
While awe-struck nations hail'd the magic  
name:

The work of each immortal bard appears  
The single wonder of a thousand years.  
Empires have moulder'd from the face of  
earth,

Tongues have expired with those who gave  
them birth,

Without the glory such a strain can give,  
As even in ruin bids the language live.

Not so with us, though minor bards, content  
On one great work a life of labour spent:

With eagle pinion soaring to the skies,  
Behold the ballad-monger Southey rise!

To him let Camoëns, Milton, Tasso yield,  
Whose annual strains, like armies, take  
the field.

First in the ranks see Joan of Arc advance,  
The scourge of England and the boast of  
France!

Though burnt by wicked Bedford for a  
witch,

Behold her statue placed in glory's niche;  
Her fetters burst, and just released from  
prison,

A virgin phoenix from her ashes risen.  
Next see tremendous Thalaba come on,  
Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son:

Domdaniel's dread destroyer, who o'er-  
threw

More mad magicians than the world e'er  
knew.

Immortal hero! all thy foes o'ercome,  
For ever reign—the rival of Tom Thumb!

Since startled metre fled before thy face,  
Well wert thou doom'd the last of all thy  
race!

Well might triumphant genii bear thee  
hence,

Illustrious conqueror of common sense!

Now, last and greatest, Madoc spreads  
his sails,

Cacique in Mexico, and prince in Wales;  
Tells us strange tales, as other travellers  
do,

More old than Mandeville's, and not so  
true.

Oh! Southey! Southey! cease thy varied  
song!

A bard may chant too often and too long:  
As thou art strong in verse, in mercy,  
spare!

A fourth, alas! were more than we could  
bear.

But if, in spite of all the world can say,  
Thou still wilt verseward plod thy weary  
way;

If still in Berkley ballads most uncivil,  
Thou wilt devote old women to the devil,  
The babe unborn thy dread intent may  
rue:

'God help thee,' Southey, and thy readers  
too.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy  
school,

That mild apostate from poetic rule,  
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay  
As soft as evening in his favourite May,

Who warns his friend 'to shake off toil  
and trouble,

And quit his books, for fear of growing  
double;'

Who, both by precept and example, shows  
That prose is verse, and verse is merely  
prose;

Convincing all, by demonstration plain,  
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;

And Christmas stories tortured into  
rhyme

Contain the essence of the true sublime.  
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,  
The idiot mother of 'an idiot boy';

A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,  
And, like his bard, confounded night with  
day;

So close on each pathetic part he dwells,  
And each adventure so sublimely tells,  
That all who view the 'idiot in his glory'  
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed  
here,

To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?  
Though themes of innocence amuse him  
best,

Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.  
If Inspiration should her aid refuse

To him who takes a pixy for a muse,  
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass  
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.

So well the subject suits his noble mind,  
He brays the laureat of the long-eared  
kind.

# ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Oh! wonder-working Lewis! monk, or  
bard,<sup>265</sup>  
Who fain wouldst make Parnassus a  
churchyard!  
Lo! wreaths of yew, not laurel, bind thy  
brow,  
Thy muse a sprite, Apollo's sexton thou!  
Whether on ancient tombs thou tak'st thy  
stand,  
By gibb'ring spectres hail'd, thy kindred  
band;<sup>270</sup>  
Or tracest chaste descriptions on thy page,  
To please the females of our modest age;  
All hail, M. P.! from whose infernal brain  
Thin-sheeted phantoms glide, a grisly  
train;  
At whose command 'grim women' throng  
in crowds,<sup>275</sup>  
And kings of fire, of water, and of clouds,  
With 'small gray men,' 'wild yagers,' and  
what not,  
To crown with honour thee and Walter  
Scott;  
Again all hail! if tales like thine may  
please,  
St. Luke alone can vanquish the disease;  
Even Satan's self with thee might dread to  
dwell,<sup>281</sup>  
And in thy skull discern a deeper hell.

Who in soft guise, surrounded by a choir  
Of virgins melting, not to Vesta's fire,  
With sparkling eyes, and cheek by passion  
flush'd,<sup>285</sup>  
Strikes his wild lyre, whilst listening dames  
are hush'd?  
'Tis Little! young Catullus of his day,  
As sweet, but as immoral, in his lay!  
Grieved to condemn, the muse must still  
be just,  
Nor spare melodious advocates of lust.  
Pure is the flame which o'er her altar  
burns;<sup>291</sup>  
From grosser incense with disgust she  
turns:  
Yet kind to youth, this expiation o'er,  
She bids thee 'mend thy line and sin no  
more.'

For thee, translator of the tinsel song,  
To whom such glittering ornaments be-  
long,<sup>296</sup>  
Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of  
blue,  
And boasted locks of red or auburn hue,  
Whose plaintive strain each love-sick miss  
admires,  
And o'er harmonious fustian half expires,  
Learn, if thou canst, to yield thine author's  
sense,<sup>301</sup>  
Nor vend thy sonnets on a false pretence.  
Think'st thou to gain thy verse a higher  
place,  
By dressing Camoëns in a suit of lace?

Mend, Strangford! mend thy morals and  
thy taste;<sup>305</sup>  
Be warm, but pure; be amorous, but be  
chaste;  
Cease to deceive; thy pilfer'd harp restore,  
Nor teach the Lusian bard to copy Moore.

Behold!—ye tarts!—one moment spare  
the text—  
Hayley's last work, and worst—until his  
next;<sup>310</sup>  
Whether he spin poor couplets into plays,  
Or damn the dead with purgatorial praise,  
His style in youth or age is still the same,  
For ever feeble and for ever tame.  
Triumphant first see 'Temper's Triumphs'  
shine!<sup>315</sup>  
At least I'm sure they triumph'd over mine.  
Of 'Music's Triumphs,' all who read may  
swear  
That luckless music never triumph'd there.

Moravians, rise! bestow some meet re-  
ward  
On dull devotion—Lo! the Sabbath bard,  
Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sub-  
lime<sup>321</sup>  
In mangled prose, nor e'en aspires to  
rhyme;  
Breaks into blank the Gospel of St. Luke,  
And boldly pilfers from the Pentateuch;  
And, undisturb'd by conscientious qualms,  
Perverts the Prophets, and purloins the  
Psalms.<sup>326</sup>

Hail, Sympathy! thy soft idea brings  
A thousand visions of a thousand things,  
And shows, still whimpering through three-  
score of years,  
The maudlin prince of mournful sonnet-  
eers.<sup>330</sup>  
And art thou not their prince, harmonious  
Bowles!  
Thou first, great oracle of tender souls?  
Whether thou sing'st with equal ease, and  
grief,  
The fall of empires, or a yellow leaf;  
Whether thy muse most lamentably tells  
What merry sounds proceed from Oxford  
bells,<sup>336</sup>  
Or, still in bells delighting, finds a friend  
In every chime that jingled from Ostend;  
Ah! how much juster were thy muse's hap,  
If to thy bells thou wouldst but add a cap!  
Delightful Bowles! still blessing and still  
blest,<sup>341</sup>  
All love thy strain, but children like it  
best.  
'Tis thine, with gentle Little's moral song,  
To soothe the mania of the amorous  
throng!  
With thee our nursery damsels shed their  
tears,<sup>345</sup>  
Ere miss as yet completes her infant years:

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

But in her teens thy whining powers are  
vain;  
She quits poor Bowles for Little's purer  
strain.  
Now to soft themes thou scornest to con-  
fine 349  
The lofty numbers of a harp like thine;  
'Awake a louder and a loftier strain,'  
Such as none heard before, or will again!  
Where all Discoveries jumble from the  
flood,  
Since first the leaky ark reposed in mud,  
By more or less, are sung in every book,  
From Captain Noah down to Captain  
Cook. 356  
Nor this alone; but, pausing on the road,  
The bard sighs forth a gentle episode;  
And gravely tells—attend, each beauteous  
miss!—  
When first Madeira trembled to a kiss.  
Bowles! in thy memory let this precept  
dwell, 361  
Stick to thy sonnets, man!—at least they  
sell.  
But if some new-born whim, or larger  
bribe,  
Prompt thy crude brain, and claim thee for  
a scribe;  
If chance some bard, though once by  
dunces fear'd, 365  
Now, prone in dust, can only be revered;  
If Pope, whose fame and genius, from the  
first,  
Have foil'd the best of critics, needs the  
worst,  
Do thou essay: each fault, each failing  
scan;  
The first of poets was, alas! but man.  
Rake from each ancient dunghill every  
pearl, 371  
Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll;  
Let all the scandals of a former age  
Perch on thy pen, and flutter o'er thy page;  
Affect a candour which thou canst not  
feel, 375  
Clothe envy in the garb of honest zeal;  
Write, as if St. John's soul could still in-  
spire,  
And do from hate what Mallet did for hire.  
Oh! hadst thou lived in that congenial  
time,  
To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to  
rhyme; 380  
Throng'd with the rest around his living  
head,  
Not raised thy hoof against the lion dead;  
A meet reward had crown'd thy glorious  
gains,  
And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy  
pains.  
Another epic! Who inflicts again 385  
More books of blank upon the sons of  
men?

Bæotian Cottle, rich Bristowa's boast,  
Imports old stories from the Cambrian  
coast,  
And sends his goods to market—all alive!  
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five?  
Fresh fish from Helicon! who'll buy,  
who'll buy? 391  
The precious bargain's cheap—in faith,  
not I.  
Your turtle-feeder's verse must needs be  
flat,  
Though Bristol bloat him with the ver-  
dant fat;  
If Commerce fills the purse, she clogs the  
brain, 395  
And Amos Cottle strikes the lyre in vain.  
In him an author's luckless lot behold,  
Condemn'd to make the books which once  
he sold.  
Oh, Amos Cottle!—Phœbus! what a name  
To fill the speaking trump of future  
fame!— 400  
Oh, Amos Cottle! for a moment think  
What meagre profits spring from pen and ink!  
When thus devoted to poetic dreams,  
Who will peruse thy prostituted reams?  
Oh! pen perverted! paper misapplied!  
Had Cottle still adorn'd the counter's side,  
Bent o'er the desk, or, born to useful toils,  
Been taught to make the paper which he  
soils, 408  
Plough'd, delved, or plied the oar with  
lusty limb,  
He had not sung of Wales, nor I of him.  
As Sisypheus against the infernal steep  
Rolls the huge rock whose motions ne'er  
may sleep,  
So up thy hill, ambrosial Richmond,  
heaves  
Dull Maurice all his granite weight of  
leaves: 414  
Smooth, solid monuments of mental pain!  
The petrifications of a plodding brain,  
That, ere they reach the top, fall lumbering  
back again.  
With broken lyre, and cheek serenely  
pale,  
Lo! sad Alcæus wanders down the vale;  
Though fair they rose, and might have  
bloom'd at last, 420  
His hopes have perish'd by the northern  
blast:  
Nipp'd in the bud by Caledonian gales,  
His blossoms wither as the blast prevails!  
O'er his lost works let classic Sheffield  
weep;  
May no rude hand disturb their early  
sleep! 425  
Yet say! why should the bard at once  
resign  
His claim to favour from the sacred Nine?

# ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

For ever startled by the mingled howl  
Of northern wolves, that still in darkness  
prowl;

A coward brood, which mangle as they  
prey, 430

By hellish instinct, all that cross their way;  
Aged or young, the living or the dead.

No mercy find—these harpies must be fed.  
Why do the injured unresisting yield

The calm possession of their native field?  
Why tamely thus before their fangs re-

treat, 436  
Nor hunt the blood-hounds back to Ar-

thur's Seat?

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once, in  
name,

England could boast a judge almost the  
same;

In soul so like, so merciful, yet just, 440  
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,

And given the spirit to the world again,  
To sentence letters, as he sentenced men.

With hand less mighty, but with heart as  
black,

With voice as willing to decree the rack;  
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that

law 446  
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;

Since well instructed in the patriot school  
To rail at party, though a party tool,

Who knows, if chance his patrons should  
restore 450

Back to the sway they forfeited before,  
His scribbling toils some recompense may

meet,

And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat?  
Let Jeffreys' shade indulge the pious hope,

And greeting thus, present him with a  
rope: 455

'Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!  
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,

This cord receive, for thee reserved with  
care,

To wield in judgment, and at length to  
wear.'

Health to great Jeffrey! Heaven pre-  
serve his life, 460

To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,  
And guard it sacred in its future wars,

Since authors sometimes seek the field of  
Mars!

Can none remember that eventful day,  
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,

When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,  
And Bow-street myrmidons stood laugh-

ing by?

Oh, day disastrous! on her firm-set rock,  
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock;

Dark roll'd the sympathetic waves of  
Forth, 470

Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of  
the north;

Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,  
The other half pursued its calm career;

Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,  
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her

place. 475  
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes

can,  
On such occasions, feel as much as man—

The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,  
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms:

Nay last, not least, on that portentous  
morn, 480

The sixteenth story, where himself was  
born,

His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,  
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound:

Strew'd were the streets around with milk-  
white reams,

Flow'd all the Canongate with inky  
streams; 485

This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,  
That of his valour show'd the bloodless

hue;  
And all with justice deem'd the two com-

bin'd  
The mingled emblems of his mighty mind.

But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er  
The field, and saved him from the wrath

of Moore; 491  
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful

lead,  
And straight restored it to her favourite's

head;  
That head, with greater than magnetic

power,  
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden

shower, 495  
And, though the thickening dross will

scarce refine,  
Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.

'My son,' she cried, 'ne'er thirst for gore  
again,

Resign the pistol and resume the pen;  
O'er politics and poesy preside, 500

Boast of thy country, and Britannia's  
guide!

For long as Albion's heedless sons submit,  
Or Scottish taste decides on English wit,

So long shall last thine unmolested reign,  
Nor any dare to take thy name in vain.

Behold, a chosen band shall aid thy plan,  
And own thee chieftain of the critic clan.

First in the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen  
The travell'dthane, Athenian Aberdeen.

Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer, and  
sometimes, 510

In gratitude, thou'lt praise his rugged  
rhymes.

Smug Sidney too thy bitter page shall seek,  
And classic Hallam, much renown'd for

Greek;  
Scott may perchance his name and in-

fluence lend, 514  
And paltry Pillans shall traduce his friend;

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe,  
 Damn'd like the devil, devil-like will  
 damn.  
 Known be thy name, unbounded be thy  
 sway!  
 Thy Holland's banquets shall each toil re-  
 pay;  
 While grateful Britain yields the praise she  
 owes 520  
 To Holland's hirelings and to learning's  
 foes.  
 Yet mark one caution ere thy next Review  
 Spread its light wings of saffron and of  
 blue,  
 Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy  
 the sale,  
 Turn beef to bannocks, cauliflowers to  
 kail. 525  
 Thus having said, the kilted goddess kiss'd  
 Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.

Then prosper, Jeffrey! pertest of the train  
 Whom Scotland pampers with her fiery  
 grain!  
 Whatever blessing wait a genuine Scot,  
 In double portion swells thy glorious lot;  
 For thee Edina culls her evening sweets,  
 And showers their odours on thy candid  
 sheets,  
 Whose hue and fragrance to thy work  
 adhere—  
 This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.  
 Lo! blushing Itch, coy nymph, enamour'd  
 grown, 536  
 Forsakes the rest, and cleaves to thee  
 alone;  
 And, too unjust to other Pictish men,  
 Enjoys thy person, and inspires thy pen!

Illustrious Holland! hard would be his  
 lot, 540  
 His hirelings mention'd, and himself for-  
 got!  
 Holland, with Henry Petty at his back,  
 The whipper-in and huntsman of the pack.  
 Blest be the banquets spread at Holland  
 House,  
 Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may  
 carouse! 545  
 Long, long beneath that hospitable roof  
 Shall Grub-street dine, while duns are kept  
 aloof.  
 See honest Hallam lay aside his fork,  
 Resume his pen, review his Lordship's  
 work, 549  
 And, grateful for the dainties on his plate,  
 Declare his landlord can at least translate!  
 Dunedin! view thy children with delight,  
 They write for food—and feed because  
 they write:  
 And lest, when heated with the unusual  
 grape,  
 Some glowing thoughts should to the press  
 escape, 555

And tinge with red the female reader's  
 cheek,  
 My lady skims the cream of each critique;  
 Breathes o'er the page her purity of soul,  
 Reforms each error, and refines the whole.

Now to the Drama turn—Oh! motley  
 sight! 560  
 What precious scenes the wondering eyes  
 invite!  
 Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent,  
 And Dibdin's nonsense yield complete  
 content.  
 Though now, thank Heaven! the Roscio-  
 mania's o'er,  
 And full-grown actors are endured once  
 more; 565  
 Yet what avail their vain attempts to  
 please,  
 While British critics suffer scenes like  
 these;  
 While Reynolds vents his 'dammes!'  
 'poohs!' and 'zounds!'  
 And common-place and common sense  
 confounds?  
 While Kenney's 'World'—ah! where is  
 Kenney's wit?— 570  
 Tires the sad gallery, lulls the listless pit;  
 And Beaumont's pilfer'd Caratach affords  
 A tragedy complete in all but words?  
 Who but must mourn, while these are all  
 the rage,  
 The degradation of our vaunted stage!  
 Heavens! is all sense of shame and talent  
 gone? 576  
 Have we no living bard of merit?—none!  
 Awake, George Colman! Cumberland,  
 awake!  
 Ring the alarum bell! let folly quake!  
 Oh, Sheridan! if aught can move thy  
 pen, 580  
 Let Comedy assume her throne again;  
 Abjure the mummery of the German  
 schools;  
 Leave new Pizarros to translating fools;  
 Give, as thy last memorial to the age,  
 One classic drama, and reform the stage.  
 Gods! o'er those boards shall Folly rear  
 her head, 586  
 Where Garrick trod, and Siddons lives to  
 tread?  
 On those shall Farce display Buffoon'ry's  
 mask,  
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?  
 Shall sapient managers new scenes pro-  
 duce 590  
 From Cherry, Skeffington, and Mother  
 Goose?  
 While Shakespeare, Otway, Massinger,  
 forgot,  
 On stalls must moulder, or in closets rot?  
 Lo! with what pomp the daily prints pro-  
 claim  
 The rival candidates for Attic fame! 595

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

In grim array though Lewis' spectres rise,  
Still Skeffington and Goose divide the prize.

And sure *great* Skeffington must claim our praise,

For skirtless coats and skeletons of plays  
Renown'd alike; whose genius ne'er confines 600

Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs;

Nor sleeps with 'Sleeping Beauties,' but anon

In five facetious acts comes thundering on,  
While poor John Bull, bewilder'd with the scene

Stares, wondering what the devil it can mean; 605

But as some hands applaud, a venal few!  
Rather than sleep, why John applauds it too.

Such are we now. Ah! wherefore should we turn

To what our fathers were, unless to mourn? 609

Degenerate Britons! are ye dead to shame,  
Or, kind to dulness, do you fear to blame?

Well may the nobles of our present race  
Watch each distortion of a Naldi's face;

Well may they smile on Italy's buffoons,  
And worship Catalani's pantaloons, 615

Since their own drama yields no fairer trace  
Of wit than puns, of humour than grimace.

Then let Ausonia, skill'd in every art

To soften manners, but corrupt the heart,  
Pour her exotic follies o'er the town,

To sanction Vice, and hunt Decorum down: 621

Let wedded strumpets languish o'er Deshayes,

And bless the promise which his form displays;

While Gayton bounds before th' enraptured looks 624

Of hoary marquises and stripling dukes:  
Let high-born lechers eye the lively Présle

Twirl her light limbs, that spurn the need-  
less veil;

Let Angiolini bare her breast of snow,  
Wave the white arm, and point the pliant toe;

Collini trill her love-inspiring song, 630

Strain her fair neck, and charm the listening throng!

Whet not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!

Reforming saints! too delicately nice!  
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,

No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave; 635

And beer undrawn, and beards unshown, display

Your holy reverence for the Sabbath-day.

Or hail at once the patron and the pile  
Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!

Where yon proud palace, Fashion's hal-  
low'd fane, 640

Spreads wide her portals for the motley train,

Behold the new Petronius of the day,  
Our arbiter of pleasure and of play!

There the hired eunuch, the Hesperian choir, 644

The melting lute, the soft lascivious lyre,  
The song from Italy, the step from France,

The midnight orgy, and the mazy dance,  
The smile of beauty, and the flush of wine,

For fops, fools, gamesters, knaves, and lords combine:

Each to his humour—Comus all allows;  
Champaign, dice, music, or your neighbour's spouse. 651

Talk not to us, ye starving sons of trade!  
Of piteous ruin, which ourselves have made;

In plenty's sunshine Fortune's minions bask,

Nor think of poverty, except 'en masque,'  
When for the night some lately titled ass

Appears the beggar which his grandsire was. 657

The curtain dropp'd, the gay burletta o'er,  
The audience take their turn upon the floor;

Now round the room the circling dow'gers sweep, 660

Now in loose waltz the thin-clad daughters leap;

The first in lengthen'd line majestic swim,  
The last display the free unfetter'd limb!

Those for Hibernia's lusty sons repair  
With art the charms which nature could not spare; 665

These after husbands wing their eager flight,

Nor leave much mystery for the nuptial night.

Oh! blest retreats of infamy and ease,  
Where, all forgotten but the power to please,

Each maid may give a loose to genial thought, 670

Each swain may teach new systems, or be taught:

There the blithe youngster, just return'd from Spain,

Cuts the light pack, or calls the rattling main;

The jovial caster's set, and seven's the nick,

Or—done!—a thousand on the coming trick! 675

If, mad with loss, existence 'gins to tire,  
And all your hope or wish is to expire,

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Here's Powell's pistol ready for your  
 life,  
 And, kinder still, two Pagets for your  
 wife; 679  
 Fit consummation of an earthly race  
 Begun in folly, ended in disgrace;  
 While none but menials o'er the bed of  
 death,  
 Wash thy red wounds, or watch thy waver-  
 ing breath:  
 Traduced by liars, and forgot by all,  
 The mangled victim of a drunken brawl,  
 To live like Clodius, and like Falkland  
 fall. 686

Truth! rouse some genuine bard, and  
 guide his hand  
 To drive this pestilence from out the land.  
 E'en I—least thinking of a thoughtless  
 throng,  
 Just skill'd to know the right and choose  
 the wrong, 690  
 Freed at that age when reason's shield is  
 lost,  
 To fight my course through passion's  
 countless host,  
 Whom every path of pleasure's flowery  
 way  
 Has lured in turn, and all have led astray—  
 E'en I must raise my voice, e'en I must  
 feel 695  
 Such scenes, such men, destroy the public  
 weal:  
 Although some kind, censorious friend  
 will say,  
 'What art thou better, meddling fool, than  
 they?'

And every brother rake will smile to see  
 That miracle, a moralist in me. 700  
 No matter—when some bard in virtue  
 strong,  
 Gifford perchance, shall raise the chasten-  
 ing song,  
 Then sleep my pen for ever! and my voice  
 Be only heard to hail him, and rejoice;  
 Rejoice, and yield my feeble praise, though  
 I 705  
 May feel the lash that Virtue must apply.

As for the smaller fry, who swarm in  
 shoals,  
 From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles,  
 Why should we call them from their dark  
 abode,  
 In broad St. Giles's or in Tottenham-  
 road? 710  
 Or (since some men of fashion nobly dare  
 To scrawl in verse) from Bond-street or the  
 Square?  
 If things of ton their harmless lays indite,  
 Most wisely doom'd to shun the public  
 sight, 714  
 What harm? in spite of every critic elf,  
 Sir T. may read his stanzas to himself;

Miles Andrews still his strength in coup-  
 lets try,  
 And live in prologues, though his dramas  
 die:  
 Lords too are bards, such things at times  
 befall, 719  
 And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all.  
 Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times  
 Ah! who would take their titles with their  
 rhymes?  
 Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits  
 fled,  
 No future laurels deck a noble head;  
 No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,  
 The paralytic puling of Carlisle. 726  
 The puny schoolboy and his early lay  
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away;  
 But who forgives the senior's ceaseless  
 verse,  
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes  
 grow worse? 730  
 What heterogeneous honours deck the  
 peer!  
 Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, and pamph-  
 leter!  
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his  
 age,  
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking  
 stage;  
 But managers for once cried, 'Hold,  
 enough!' 735  
 Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic  
 stuff.  
 Yet at their judgment let his lordship  
 laugh,  
 And case his volumes in congenial calf;  
 Yes! doff that covering, where morocco  
 shines,  
 And hang a calf-skin on those recreant  
 lines. 740

With you, ye Druids! rich in native lead,  
 Who daily scribble for your daily bread;  
 With you I war not: Gifford's heavy hand  
 Has crush'd, without remorse, your nu-  
 merous band. 744  
 On 'all the talents' vent your venal spleen;  
 Want is your plea, let pity be your screen.  
 Let monodies on Fox regale your crew,  
 And Melville's Mantle prove a blanket  
 too!  
 One common Lethe waits each hapless  
 bard,  
 And, peace be with you! 'tis you best re-  
 ward. 750  
 Such damning fame as Dunciads only give  
 Could bid your lines beyond a morning  
 live;  
 But now at once your fleeting labours  
 close,  
 With names of greater note in blest re-  
 pose. 754  
 Far be't from me unkindly to upbraid  
 The lovely Rosa's prose in masquerade,

# ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS.

Whose strains, the faithful echoes of her  
mind,  
Leave wondering comprehension far be-  
hind.  
Though Crusca's bards no more our  
journals fill,  
Some stragglers skirmish round the col-  
umns still; 760  
Last of the howling host which once was  
Bell's,  
Matilda snivels yet, and Hafiz yells;  
And Merry's metaphors appear anew,  
Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.

When some brisk youth, the tenant of a  
stall, 765  
Employs a pen less pointed than his awl,  
Leaves his snug shop, forsakes his store  
of shoes,  
St. Crispin quits, and cobbles for the  
muse,  
Heavens! how the vulgar stare! how  
crowds applaud!  
How ladies read, and literati laud! 770  
If chance some wicked wag should pass  
his jest,  
'Tis sheer ill-nature—don't the world  
know best?  
Genius must guide when wits admire the  
rhyme,  
And Capel Lofft declares 'tis quite sub-  
lime.  
Hear, then, ye happy sons of needless  
trade! 775  
Swains! quit the plough, resign the useless  
spade!  
Lo! Burns and Bloomfield, nay, a greater  
far,  
Gifford was born beneath an adverse  
star,  
Forsook the labours of a servile state,  
Stemm'd the rude storm, and triumph'd  
over fate: 780  
Then why no more? if Phœbus smiled on  
you,  
Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan  
too?  
Him too the mania, not the muse, has  
seized;  
Not inspiration, but a mind diseased:  
And now no boor can seek his last abode,  
No common be enclosed without an ode.  
Oh! since increased refinement deigns to  
smile  
On Britain's sons, and bless our genial  
isle, 788  
Let poesy go forth, pervade the whole,  
Alike the rustic, and mechanic soul!  
Ye tuneful cobblers! still your notes pro-  
long,  
Compose at once a slipper and a song;  
So shall the fair your handywork peruse,  
Your sonnets sure shall please—perhaps  
your shoes.

May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric  
skill, 795  
And tailors' lays be longer than their  
bill!  
While punctual beaux reward the grateful  
notes,  
And pay for poems—when they pay for  
coats.

To the famed throng now paid the trib-  
ute due,  
Neglected genius! let me turn to you.  
Come forth, oh Campbell! give thy talents  
scope; 801  
Who dares aspire if thou must cease to  
hope?  
And thou, melodious Rogers! rise at  
last,  
Recall the pleasing memory of the  
past;  
Arise! let blest remembrance still in-  
spire, 805  
And strike to wonted tones thy hallow'd  
lyre;  
Restore Apollo to his vacant throne,  
Assert thy country's honour and thine  
own.  
What! must deserted Poesy still weep  
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper  
sleep? 810  
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she  
turns,  
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel,  
Burns!  
No! though contempt hath mark'd the  
spurious brood,  
The race who rhyme from folly, or for  
food,  
Yet still some genuine sons 'tis hers to  
boast, 815  
Who, least affecting, still affect the most:  
Feel as they write, and write but as they  
feel—  
Bear witness Gifford, Sotheby, Macneil.

'Why slumbers Gifford?' once was  
ask'd in vain; 819  
Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.  
Are there no follies for his pen to purge?  
Are there no fools whose backs demand  
the scourge?  
Are there no sins for satire's bard to  
greet?  
Stalks not gigantic Vice in every street?  
Shall peers or princes tread pollution's  
path, 825  
And 'scape alike the law's and muse's  
wrath?  
Nor blaze with guilty glare through future  
time,  
Eternal beacons of consummate crime?  
Arouse thee, Gifford! be thy promise  
claim'd, 829  
Make bad men better, or at least ashamed.



## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Unhappy White! while life was in its  
spring,

And thy young muse just waved her joy-  
ous wing,

The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,  
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.

Oh! what a noble heart was here un-  
done, <sup>835</sup>

When Science' self destroy'd her favourite  
son!

Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pur-  
suit,

She sow'd the seeds, but death has reap'd  
the fruit.

'Twas thine own genius gave the final  
blow,

And help'd to plant the wound that laid  
thee low: <sup>840</sup>

So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the  
plain,

No more through rolling clouds to soar  
again,

View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his  
heart;

Keen were his pangs, but keener far to  
feel <sup>845</sup>

He nursed the pinion which impell'd the  
steel;

While the same plumage that had warm'd  
his nest

Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding  
breast.

There be who say, in these enlighten'd  
days, <sup>849</sup>

That splendid lies are all the poet's praise;  
That strain'd invention, ever on the wing,

Alone impels the modern bard to sing;  
'Tis true, that all who rhyme—nay, all who  
write,

Shrink from that fatal word to genius—  
trite;

Yet Truth sometimes will lend her noblest  
fires, <sup>855</sup>

And decorate the verse herself inspires:  
This fact in Virtue's name let Crabbe  
attest;

Though nature's sternest painter, yet the  
best.

And here let Shee and Genius find a  
place,

Whose pen and pencil yield an equal  
grace; <sup>860</sup>

To guide whose hand the sister arts com-  
bine,

And trace the poet's or the painter's line;  
Whose magic touch can bid the canvas  
glow,

Or pour the easy rhyme's harmonious  
flow; <sup>864</sup>

While honours, doubly merited, attend  
The poet's rival, but the painter's friend.

Blest is the man who dares approach  
the bower

Where dwelt the muses at their natal hour;  
Whose steps have press'd, whose eye has  
mark'd afar,

The clime that nursed the sons of song and  
war, <sup>870</sup>

The scenes which glory still must hover  
o'er,

Her place of birth, her own Achaian shore.  
But doubly blest is he whose heart ex-  
pands

With hallow'd feelings for those classic  
lands; <sup>874</sup>

Who rends the veil of ages long gone by,  
And views their remnants with a poet's eye!

Wright! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view  
Those shores of glory, and to sing them  
too;

And sure no common muse inspired thy  
pen <sup>879</sup>

To hail the land of gods and godlike men.

And you, associate bards! who snatch'd  
to light

Those gems too long withheld from  
modern sight;

Whose mingling taste combined to cull the  
wreath

Where Attic flowers Aonian odours  
breathe, <sup>884</sup>

And all their renovated fragrance flung  
To grace the beauties of your native  
tongue;

Now let those minds, that nobly could  
transfuse

The glorious spirit of the Grecian muse,  
Though soft the echo, scorn a borrow'd  
tone;

Resign Achaia's lyre, and strike your own.

Let these, or such as these, with just  
applause, <sup>891</sup>

Restore the muse's violated laws;  
But not in flimsy Darwin's pompous  
chime,

That mighty master of unmeaning rhyme,  
Whose gilded cymbals, more adorn'd than  
clear, <sup>895</sup>

The eye delighted, but fatigued the ear;  
In show the simple lyre could once sur-  
pass,

But now, worn down, appear in native  
brass;

While all his train of hovering sylphs  
around

Evaporate in similes and sound: <sup>900</sup>

Him let them shun, with him let tinsel  
die:

False glare attracts, but more offends the  
eye.

Yet let them not to vulgar Wordsworth  
stoop,

The meanest object of the lowly group,

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Whose verse, of all but childish prattle  
 void,<sup>905</sup>  
 Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and  
 Lloyd:  
 Let them—but hold, my muse, nor dare to  
 teach  
 A strain far, far beyond thy humble reach:  
 The native genius with their being given  
 Will point the path, and peal their notes to  
 heaven.<sup>910</sup>

And thou, too, Scott! resign to minstrels  
 rude  
 The wilder slogan of a border feud:  
 Let others spin their meagre lines for  
 hire;  
 Enough for genius, if itself inspire!  
 Let Southey sing, although his teeming  
 muse,<sup>915</sup>  
 Prolific every spring, be too profuse;  
 Let simple Wordsworth chime his childish  
 verse,  
 And brother Coleridge lull the babe at  
 nurse;  
 Let spectre-mongering Lewis aim, at most,  
 To rouse the galleries, or to raise a ghost;  
 Let Moore still sigh; let Strangford steal  
 from Moore,<sup>921</sup>  
 And swear that Camoëns sang such notes  
 of yore;  
 Let Hayley hobble on, Montgomery rave,  
 And godly Grahame chant a stupid  
 stave:  
 Let sonneteering Bowles his strains re-  
 fine,<sup>925</sup>  
 And whine and whimper to the fourteenth  
 line;  
 Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the  
 rest  
 Of Grub Street, and of Grosvenor Place  
 the best,  
 Scrawl on, till death release us from the  
 strain,  
 Or Common Sense assert her rights  
 again.<sup>930</sup>  
 But thou, with powers that mock the aid  
 of praise,  
 Shouldst leave to humbler bards ignoble  
 lays:  
 Thy country's voice, the voice of all the  
 nine,  
 Demand a hallow'd harp—that harp is  
 thine.  
 Say! will not Caledonia's annals yield  
 The glorious record of some nobler  
 field,<sup>936</sup>  
 Than the wild foray of a plundering  
 clan,  
 Whose proudest deeds disgrace the name  
 of man?  
 Or Marmion's acts of darkness, fitter  
 food  
 For Sherwood's outlaw tales of Robin  
 Hood?<sup>940</sup>

Scotland! still proudly claim thy native  
 bard,  
 And be thy praise his first, his best re-  
 ward!  
 Yet not with thee alone his name should  
 live,  
 But own the vast renown a world can  
 give:  
 Be known, perchance, when Albion is no  
 more,<sup>945</sup>  
 And tell the tale of what she was before;  
 To future times her faded fame re-  
 call,  
 And save her glory, though his country  
 fall.

Yet what avails the sanguine poet's  
 hope,  
 To conquer ages, and with time to  
 cope?<sup>950</sup>  
 New eras spread their wings, new nations  
 rise,  
 And other victors fill the applauding skies;  
 A few brief generations fleet along,  
 Whose sons forget the poet and his song:  
 E'en now, what once-loved minstrels  
 scarce may claim<sup>955</sup>  
 The transient mention of a dubious name!  
 When fame's loud trump hath blown its  
 noblest blast,  
 Though long the sound, the echo sleeps  
 at last;  
 And glory, like the phoenix midst her  
 fires,<sup>959</sup>  
 Exhales her odours, blazes, and expires.

Shall hoary Granta call her sable sons,  
 Expert in science, more expert at  
 puns?  
 Shall these approach the muse? ah, no!  
 she flies,  
 Even from the tempting ore of Seaton's  
 prize;  
 Though printers condescend the press to  
 soil,<sup>965</sup>  
 With rhyme by Hoare, and epic blank by  
 Hoyle:  
 Not him whose page, if still upheld by  
 whist,  
 Requires no sacred theme to bid us  
 list.  
 Ye! who in Granta's honours would sur-  
 pass,  
 Must mount her Pegasus, a full-grown  
 ass;<sup>970</sup>  
 A foal well worthy of her ancient dam,  
 Whose Helicon is duller than her Cam.

There Clarke, still striving piteously 'to  
 please,'  
 Forgetting doggrel leads not to degrees,  
 A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,<sup>975</sup>  
 A monthly scribbler of some low lam-  
 poon,

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Condemn'd to drudge, the meanest of the  
mean,  
And furbish falsehoods for a magazine,  
Devotes to scandal his congenial mind;  
Himself a living libel on mankind. 980

Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!  
At once the boast of learning, and disgrace!  
So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's  
verse  
Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's  
worse.  
But where fair Isis rolls her purer wave,  
The partial muse delighted loves to  
lave; 986  
On her green banks a greener wreath she  
wove,  
To crown the bards that haunt her classic  
grove:  
Where Richards wakes a genuine poet's  
fires,  
And modern Britons glory in their sires.

For me, who, thus unask'd, have dared  
to tell 991  
My country what her sons should know  
too well,  
Zeal for her honour bade me here en-  
gage  
The host of idiots that infest her age;  
No just applause her honour'd name shall  
lose, 995  
As first in freedom, dearest to the muse.  
Oh! would thy bards but emulate thy  
fame,  
And rise more worthy, Albion, of thy  
name!  
What Athens was in science, Rome in  
power,  
What Tyre appear'd in her meridian  
hour, 1000  
'Tis thine at once, fair Albion! to have  
been—  
Earth's chief dictatress, ocean's lovely  
queen:  
But Rome decay'd, and Athens strew'd the  
plain,  
And Tyre's proud piers lie shatter'd in the  
main;  
Like these, thy strength may sink, in ruin  
hurl'd, 1005  
And Britain fall, the bulwark of the  
world.  
But let me cease, and dread Cassandra's  
fate,  
With warning ever scoff'd at, till too late;  
To themes less lofty still my lay con-  
fine,  
And urge thy bards to gain a name like  
thine. 1010

Then, hapless Britain! be thy rulers  
blest,  
The senate's oracles, the people's jest!

Still hear thy motley orators dispense  
The flowers of rhetoric, though not of  
sense,  
While Canning's colleagues hate him for  
his wit, 1015  
And old dame Portland fills the place of  
Pitt.

Yet once again, adieu! ere this the  
sail  
That wafts me hence is shivering in the  
gale;  
And Afric's coast and Calpe's adverse  
height,  
And Stamboul's minarets must greet my  
sight: 1020  
Thence shall I stray through beauty's  
native clime,  
Where Kaff is clad in rocks, and crown'd  
with snows sublime.  
But should I back return, no tempting  
press  
Shall drag my journal from the desk's re-  
cess;  
Let coxcombs, printing as they come from  
far, 1025  
Snatch his own wreath of ridicule from  
Carr;  
Let Aberdeen and Elgin still pursue  
The shade of fame through regions of  
virtù;  
Waste useless thousands on their Phidian  
freaks,  
Misshapen monuments and maim'd an-  
tiques; 1030  
And make their grand saloons a general  
mart  
For all the mutilated blocks of art:  
Of Dardan tours let dilettanti tell,  
I leave topography to rapid Gell;  
And, quite content, no more shall inter-  
pose 1035  
To stun the public ear—at least with  
prose.

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd ca-  
reer,  
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish  
fear:  
This thing of rhyme I ne'er disdain'd to  
own—  
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite un-  
known: 1040  
My voice was heard again, though not so  
loud,  
My page, though nameless, never dis-  
avow'd;  
And now at once I tear the veil away:—  
Cheer on the pack! the quarry stands at  
bay,  
Unscared by all the din of Melbourne  
House, 1045  
By Lambe's resentment, or by Holland's  
spouse,

## ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

By Jeffrey's harmless pistol, Hallam's  
 rage,  
 Edina's brawny sons and brimstone  
 page.  
 Our men in buckram shall have blows  
 enough,  
 And feel they too are 'penetrable  
 stuff':  
 And though I hope not hence unscathed  
 to go,  
 Who conquers me shall find a stubborn  
 foe.  
 The time hath been, when no harsh sound  
 would fall  
 From lips that now may seem imbued with  
 gall;  
 Nor fools nor follies tempt me to  
 despise  
 The meanest thing that crawl'd beneath  
 my eyes:  
 But now, so callous grown, so changed  
 since youth,  
 I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak the  
 truth;  
 Learn'd to deride the critic's starch de-  
 cree,  
 And break him on the wheel he meant for  
 me;  
 To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me  
 kiss,  
 Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or  
 hiss:  
 Nay more, though all my rival rhymesters  
 frown,  
 I too can hunt a poetaster down;  
 And, arm'd in proof, the gauntlet cast at  
 once  
 To Scotch marauder, and to southern  
 dunce.  
 Thus much I've dared; if my incondite  
 lay  
 Hath wrong'd these righteous times, let  
 others say;  
 This, let the world, which knows not how  
 to spare,  
 Yet rarely blames unjustly, now declare.

### POSTSCRIPT TO THE SECOND EDITION

I HAVE been informed, since the present edition went to the press, that my trusty and well-beloved cousins, the Edinburgh Reviewers, are preparing a most vehement critique on my poor, gentle, *unre-sisting* Muse, whom they have already so be-devilled with their ungodly ribaldry:

"Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ!"

I suppose I must say of Jeffrey as Sir Andrew Aguecheek saith, 'An I had known he was so cunning of fence, I had seen him damned ere I had fought him.' What a pity it is that I shall be beyond the Bosphorus before the next number has passed the Tweed! But I yet hope to light my pipe with it in Persia.

My northern friends have accused me, with justice, of personality towards their great literary anthropophagus, Jeffrey; but what else was to be done with him and his dirty pack, who feed by 'lying and slandering,' and slake their thirst by 'evil speaking'? I have adduced facts already well known, and of Jeffrey's mind I have stated my free opinion, nor has he thence sustained any injury;—what scavenger was ever soiled by being pelted with mud? It may be said that I quit England because I have censured there 'persons of honour and wit about town'; but I am coming back again, and their vengeance will keep hot till my return. Those who know me can testify that my motives for leaving England are very different from fears, literary or personal: those who do not, may one day be convinced. Since the publication of this thing, my name has not been concealed; I have been mostly in London, ready to answer for my transgressions, and in daily expectation of sundry cartels; but, alas! 'the age of chivalry is over,' or, in the vulgar tongue, there is no spirit now-a-days.

There is a youth ycleped Hewson Clarke (sub-aud. *esquire*), a sizer of Emanuel College, and, I believe, a denizen of Berwick-upon-Tweed, whom I have introduced in these pages to much better company than he has been accustomed to meet; he is, notwithstanding, a very sad dog, and for no reason that I can discover, except a personal quarrel with a bear, kept by me at Cambridge to sit for a fellowship, and whom the jealousy of his Trinity contemporaries prevented from success, has been abusing me, and, what is worse, the defenceless innocent above mentioned, in 'The Satirist,' for one year and some months. I am utterly unconscious of having given him any provocation; indeed, I am guiltless of having heard his name, till coupled with 'The Satirist.' He has therefore no reason to complain, and I dare say that, like Sir Fretful Plagiary, he is rather *pleased* than otherwise. I have now mentioned all who have done me the honour to notice me and mine, that is, my bear and my book, except the editor of 'The Satirist,' who, it seems, is a gentleman—God wot! I wish he could impart a little of his gentility to his subordinate scribblers. I hear that Mr. Jerminham is about to take up the cudgels for his Mæcenas, Lord Carlisle. I hope not: he was one of the few, who, in the very short intercourse I had with him, treated me with kindness when a boy; and whatever he may say or do, 'pour on, I will endure.' I have nothing further to add, save a general note of thanksgiving to readers, purchasers, and publishers, and, in the words of Scott, I wish

"To all and each a fair good night,  
 And rosy dreams and slumbers light."

# HINTS FROM HORACE

BEING AN ALLUSION IN ENGLISH VERSE TO THE EPISTLE 'AD PISONES,  
DE ARTE POETICA,' AND INTENDED AS A SEQUEL TO 'ENGLISH BARDS  
AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS'

—'Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum  
Reddere quae ferrum valet, exsors ipsa secandi'

HOR. *De Arte Poet.*

'Rhymes are difficult things—they are stubborn things, sir.'

FIELDING'S *Amelia*.

ATHENS: CAPUCHIN CONVENT,  
March 12, 1811.

Who would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired  
to grace  
His costly canvas with each flatter'd face,  
Abused his art, till Nature, with a blush,  
Saw cits grow centaurs underneath his  
brush?  
Or, should some limner join, for show or  
sale,  
A maid of honour to a mermaid's tail?  
Or low Dubost—as once the world has  
seen—  
Degrade God's creatures in his graphic  
spleen?  
Not all that forced politeness, which de-  
fends  
Fools in their faults, could gag his grin-  
ning friends.  
Believe me, Moschus, like that picture  
seems  
The book which, sillier than a sick man's  
dreams,  
Displays a crowd of figures incomplete,  
Poetic nightmares, without head or feet.

Poets and painters, as all artists know,  
May shoot a little with a lengthen'd bow;  
We claim this mutual mercy for our task,  
And grant in turn the pardon which we  
ask;

But make not monsters spring from gen-  
tle dams—

Birds breed not vipers, tigers nurse not  
lamb.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Iungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne:  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum  
Persimilem, cuius, velut aegri somnia, vanae  
Finguntur species; ut nec pes nec caput uni  
Reddatur formae. Pictoribus atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aequa potestas.  
Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque  
vicissim;

Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia; non ut  
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.  
Incoeptis gravibus plerumque et magna pro-  
fessis,

A labour'd, long exordium, sometimes  
tends

(Like patriot speeches) but to paltry ends;  
And nonsense in a lofty note goes down,  
As pertness passes with a legal gown:

Thus many a bard describes in pompous  
strain

The clear brook babbling through the  
goodly plain:

The groves of Granta, and her Gothic  
halls,

King's Coll., Cam's stream, stain'd win-  
dows, and old walls:

Or, in advent'rous numbers, neatly aims  
To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames.

You sketch a tree, and so perhaps may  
shine—

But daub a shipwreck like an alehouse  
sign;

You plan a *vase*—it dwindles to a *pot*;  
Then glide down Grub-street—fasting and  
forgot;

Laugh'd into Lethe by some quaint Re-  
view,

Whose wit is never troublesome till—true.

In fine, to whatsoever you aspire,  
Let it at least be simple and entire.

The greater portion of the rhyming  
tribe

(Give ear, my friend, for thou hast been a  
scribe)

Are led astray by some peculiar lure.  
I labour to be brief—become obscure;

Purpureus, late qui splendeat, unus et alter  
Assuitur pannus; cum lucus et ara Dianae.

Et properantis aquae per amoenos ambitus  
agros,

Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur  
arcus.

Sed nunc non erat his locus: et fortasse cupres-  
sum

Scis simulare: quid hoc, si fractis enatat expes  
Navibus, aere dato qui pingitur? amphora  
coept

Institui; corrente rota cur urceus exit?  
Denique sit quod vis, simplex duntaxat et unum.

Maxima pars vatium, pater et iuvenes patre  
digni,  
Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro, 25

## HINTS FROM HORACE

One falls while following elegance too fast;

Another soars, inflated with bombast;  
Too low a third crawls on, afraid to fly,  
He spins his subject to satiety; 46  
Absurdly varying, he at last engraves  
Fish in the woods, and boars beneath the waves!

Unless your care's exact, your judgment nice,

The flight from folly leads but into vice;  
None are complete, all wanting in some part, 51

Like certain tailors, limited in art.  
For galligaskins Slowshears is your man;  
But coats must claim another artisan.  
Now this to me, I own, seems much the same 55  
As Vulcan's feet to bear Apollo's frame;  
Or, with a fair complexion, to expose  
Black eyes, black ringlets, but—a bottle nose!

Dear authors! suit your topics to your strength,

And ponder well your subject and its length; 60

Nor lift your load before you're quite aware

What weight your shoulders will, or will not, bear.

But lucid Order, and Wit's siren voice,  
Await the poet, skilful in his choice;  
With native eloquence he soars along,  
Grace in his thoughts, and music in his song. 66

Let judgment teach them wisely to combine

With future parts the now omitted line:  
This shall the author choose, or that reject, 69

Precise in style, and cautious to select;

Obscurus fio: tantum leviter, nervi  
Deficient animique: profusus grandia, turget:  
Serpit humi, tutus nimium, timidusque procellae:

Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,  
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum. 30  
In vitium ducit culpae fuga, si caret arte.  
Aemilium circa ludum faber unus et ungues  
Exprimet, et molles imitabitur aere capillos;  
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum  
Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35

Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso,  
Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.

Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aequum  
Viribus; et versate diu quid ferre recusent 39  
Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res,  
Nec facundia deseret hunc nec lucidus ordo.

Ordinis haec virtus erit et venus, aut ego fallor,  
Ut iam nunc dicat, iam nunc debentia dici  
Pleraque differat, et praesens in tempus omittat;

In verbis etiam tenuis cautisque serendis: 45  
Hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor.  
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum

Norslight applause will candid pens afford  
To him who furnishes a wanting word.

Then fear not, if 'tis needful, to produce  
Some term unknown, or obsolete in use,  
(As Pitt has furnish'd us a word or two,  
Which lexicographers declined to do:)

So you indeed, with care,—(but be content

To take this license rarely)—may invent.

New words find credit in these latter days,  
If neatly grafted on a Gallic phrase. 80

What Chaucer, Spenser did, we scarce refuse

To Dryden's or to Pope's maturer muse.  
If you can add a little, say why not,

As well as William Pitt, and Walter Scott?  
Since they, by force of rhyme and force of lungs, 85

Enrich'd our island's ill-united tongues;  
'Tis then—and shall be—lawful to present

Reform in writing, as in parliament.

As forests shed their foliage by degrees,  
So fade expressions which in season please; 90

And we and ours, alas! are due to fate,  
And works and words but dwindle to a date.

Though as a monarch nods, and commerce calls,

Impetuous rivers stagnate in canals;  
Though swamps subdued, and marshes drain'd, sustain 95

The heavy ploughshare and the yellow grain,

And rising ports along the busy shore  
Protect the vessel from old Ocean's roar,

All, all, must perish; but, surviving last,  
The love of letters half preserves the past.

True, some decay, yet not a few revive;  
Though those shall sink, which now appear to thrive, 102

Reddiderit iunctura novum. Si forte necesse est  
Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum,

Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis 50  
Continget; dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter;  
Et nova fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si  
Graeco fonte cadant, parce detorta. Quid autem  
Caecilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum  
Virgilio Varioque? ego cur, acquirere pauca 55  
Si possem, invidior; cum lingua Catonis et Enni  
Sermonem patrium ditaverit, et nova rerum  
Nomina protulerit? Licuit, semperque licebit,  
Signatum praesente nota producere nomen. 59

Ut silvae foliis pronos mutantur in annos;  
Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit aetas,  
Et iuvenum ritu florent modo nata, vigentque.  
Debemus morti nos, nostraque: sive receptus  
Terra Neptunus classes Aquilonibus arcet,  
Regis opus; sterilisque diu palus, aptaque remis  
Vicinas urbes alit, et grave sentit aratrum: 66  
Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus annis,  
Doctus iter melius; mortalia facta peribunt:  
Nedum sermonum stet honos, et gratia vivax.  
Multa renascentur, quae iam cecidere; cadent-  
que, 70

## HINTS FROM HORACE

As custom arbitrates, whose shifting  
sway  
Our life and language must alike obey.

The immortal wars which gods and  
angels wage,<sup>105</sup>  
Are they not shown in Milton's sacred  
page?  
His strain will teach what numbers best  
belong  
To themes celestial told in epic song.

The slow, sad stanza will correctly  
paint  
The lover's anguish, or the friend's com-  
plaint.<sup>110</sup>  
But which deserves the laurel—rhyme or  
blank?  
Which holds on Helicon the higher rank?  
Let squabbling critics by themselves dis-  
pute  
This point, as puzzling as a Chancery  
suit.

Satiric rhyme first sprang from selfish  
spleen.<sup>115</sup>  
You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Pat-  
rick's dean.

Blank verse is now, with one consent,  
allied  
To Tragedy, and rarely quits her side.  
Though mad Almanzor rhymed in Dry-  
den's days,<sup>119</sup>  
No sing-song hero rants in modern plays;  
While modest Comedy her verse fore-  
goes  
For jest and pun in very middling prose.  
Not that our Bens or Beaumonts show the  
worse,  
Or lose one point, because they wrote in  
verse.  
But so Thalia pleases to appear,<sup>125</sup>  
Poor virgin! damn'd some twenty times  
a year!

Quae nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet  
usus.

Quem penes arbitrium est, et ius, et norma  
loquendi.

Res gestae regumque ducumque et tristia bella,  
Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Ho-  
merus.

Versibus impariter iunctis querimonia pri-  
mum:<sup>75</sup>

Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.  
Quis tamen exiguus elegos emisit auctor,  
Grammatici cantant, et adhuc sub iudice lis est.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo;  
Hunc socci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,  
Alternis aptum sermonibus, et populares<sup>81</sup>  
Vincentem strepitus, et natum rebus agendis.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum,  
Et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine pri-  
mum,

Et juvenum curas, et libera vina referre.<sup>85</sup>

Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,  
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?

Whate'er the scene, let this advice have  
weight:—

Adapt your language to your hero's state.  
At times Melpomene forgets to groan,  
And brisk Thalia takes a serious tone;  
Nor unregarded will the act pass by<sup>131</sup>  
Where angry Townly lifts his voice on  
high.  
Again our Shakspeare limits verse to  
kings,  
When common prose will serve for com-  
mon things;  
And lively Hal resigns heroic ire,<sup>135</sup>  
To 'hollowing Hotspur' and the sceptred  
sire.

'Tis not enough, ye bards, with all your  
art,  
To polish poems; they must touch the  
heart:  
Where'er the scene be laid, whate'er the  
song,  
Still let it bear the hearer's soul along;  
Command your audience or to smile or  
weep,<sup>141</sup>  
Whiche'er may please you—anything but  
sleep.  
The poet claims our tears; but, by his  
leave,  
Before I shed them, let me see him grieve.

If banish'd Romeo feign'd nor sigh nor  
tear,<sup>145</sup>  
Lull'd by his languor, I should sleep or  
sneer.  
Sad words, no doubt, become a serious  
face,  
And men look angry in the proper place.  
At double meanings folks seem wondrous  
sly,  
And sentiment prescribes a pensive eye;  
For nature form'd at first the inward  
man,<sup>151</sup>  
And actors copy nature—when they can.

Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?

Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult;  
Indignatur item privatis, ac prope socco<sup>90</sup>  
Dignis carminibus narrari coena Thyestae.  
Singula quaeque locum teneant sortita decenter  
Interdum tamen et vocem comoedia tollit,  
Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore:  
Et tragiceus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri.  
Telephus et Peleus, cum pauper et exul, uterque  
Proicit ampullas, et sesquipedalia verba,<sup>97</sup>  
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querela.

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia  
sunt,

Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto.  
Ut ridentibus arident, ita flentibus adsunt<sup>101</sup>  
Humani vultus; si vis me flere dolendum est  
Primum ipsi tibi; tunc tua me infortunia laedent,  
Telephe, vel Peleu; male si mandata loqueris  
Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo: tristitia moestum  
Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;  
Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.<sup>107</sup>  
Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem

## HINTS FROM HORACE

She bids the beating heart with rapture  
bound,  
Raised to the stars, or levell'd with the  
ground; 154  
And for expression's aid, 'tis said, or sung,  
She gave our mind's interpreter—the  
tongue,  
Who, worn with use, of late would fain  
dispense  
(At least in theatres) with common sense;  
O'erwhelm with sound the boxes, gallery,  
pit, 159  
And raise a laugh with anything—but wit.

To skilful writers it will much import,  
Whence spring their scenes, from common  
life or court;  
Whether they seek applause by smile or  
tear,  
To draw a 'Lying Valet,' or a 'Lear,'  
A sage, or rakish youngster wild from  
school, 165  
A wandering 'Peregrine,' or plain 'John  
Bull';  
All persons please when nature's voice  
prevails,  
Scottish or Irish, born in Wilts or Wales.

Or follow common fame, or forge a  
plot; 169  
Who cares if mimic heroes lived or not?  
One precept serves to regulate the scene:—  
Make it appear as if it *might* have been.

If some Drawcansir you aspire to draw,  
Present him raving, and above all law:  
If female furies in your scheme are  
plann'd, 175  
Macbeth's fierce dame is ready to your  
hand;

For tears and treachery, for good and evil,  
Constance, King Richard, Hamlet, and  
the Devil!

But if a new design you dare essay, 179  
And freely wander from the beaten way,

Fortunarum habitum; iuvat, aut impellit ad  
iram;

Aut ad humum moerore gravi deducit, et angit;  
Post effert animi motus interprete lingua. 111

Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,  
Romani tollent equites, peditesque caccinnum.

Interit multum, Davusne loquatur an heros;  
Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente iuventa

Fervidus; an matrona potens, an sedula nutrix;  
Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;

Colchus an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.  
Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia

tinge, 119  
Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achillem;

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
Iura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

Sit Medea ferox invictaque; flebilis Ino;  
Perfidus Ixion; Io vaga; tristis Orestes. 124

Si quid inexpertum scenae committis, et audes  
Personam formate novam: servetur ad imum

Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.  
Difficile est proprie communia dicere: tuque

Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,

True to your characters, till all be past,  
Preserve consistency from first to last.

'Tis hard to venture where our betters  
fail,

Or lend fresh interest to a twice-told tale;  
And yet, perchance, 'tis wiser to prefer

A hackney'd plot, than choose a new, and  
err; 186

Yet copy not too closely, but record,  
More justly, thought for thought than

word for word;  
Nor trace your prototype through narrow

ways,  
But only follow where he merits praise.

For you, young bard! whom luckless  
fate may lead 191

To tremble on the nod of all who read,  
Ere your first score of cantos time unrolls,

Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like  
Bowles!

'Awake a louder and a loftier strain,'—  
And pray, what follows from his boiling

brain?— 196  
He sinks to Southey's level in a trice,

Whose epic mountains never fail in mice!  
Not so of yore awoke your mighty sire

The temper'd warblings of his master-  
lyre; 200

Soft as the gentle breathing of the lute,  
'Of man's first disobedience and the fruit'

He speaks, but, as his subject swells along,  
Earth, Heaven, and Hades echo with the

song.  
Still to the midst of things he hastens on,

As if we witness'd all already done; 206  
Leaves on his path whatever seems too

mean  
To raise the subject, or adorn the scene;

Gives, as each page improves upon the  
sight,

Not smoke from brightness, but from  
darkness—light; 210

Quam si proferres ignota indictaque primus.  
Publica materies privati iuris erit, si 131

Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;  
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus

Interpres, nec desilies imitator in arctum  
Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.

Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclicus olim: 136  
'Fortunam Priami cantabo, et nobile bellum.'

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?  
Parturiunt montes: nascetur ridiculus mus.

Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte! 140  
'Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captae post tempora

Troiae,  
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, et urbes.'

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,

Antiphaten, Scyllamque, et cum Cyclope Cha-  
rybdin. 145

Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,  
Nec gemino bellum Troianum orditur ab ovo.

Semper ad eventum festinat; et in medias res  
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit, et quae

Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit: 150



## HINTS FROM HORACE

And truth and fiction with such art com-  
pounds,  
We know not where to fix their several  
bounds.  
If you would please the public, deign to  
hear  
What soothes the many-headed monster's  
ear:  
If your heart triumph when the hands of  
all  
Applaud in thunder at the curtain's fall,  
Deserve those plaudits—study nature's  
page,  
And sketch the striking traits of every age;  
While varying man and varying years un-  
fold  
Life's little tale, so oft, so vainly told; 220  
Observe his simple childhood's dawning  
days,  
His pranks, his prate, his playmates, and  
his plays;  
Till time at length the mannish tyro weans,  
And prurient vice outstrips his tardy teens!

Behold him Freshman! forced no more  
to groan 225  
O'er Virgil's devilish verses and his own;  
Prayers are too tedious, lectures too ab-  
struse,  
He flies from Tavell's frown to 'Ford-  
ham's Mews';  
(Unlucky Tavell! doom'd to daily cares  
By pugilistic pupils, and by bears.) 230  
Fines, tutors, tasks, conventions threat in  
vain,  
Before hounds, hunters, and Newmarket  
plain.  
Rough with his elders, with his equals rash,  
Civil to sharpers, prodigal of cash;  
Constant to nought—save hazard and a  
whore, 235  
Yet cursing both—for both have made  
him sore;  
Unread (unless, since books beguile  
disease,  
The p—x becomes his passage to degrees);  
Fool'd, pillaged, dunn'd, he wastes his  
term away,  
And unexpell'd, perhaps, retires M.A.;

Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.  
Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret,  
audi.

Si plausoris eges aulaea manentis, et usque  
Sessuri, donec cantor, Vos plaudite, dicat; 155  
Aetatis cuiusque notandi sunt tibi mores,  
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus et annis.  
Reddere qui voces iam scit puer, et pede certo  
Signat humum: gestit paribus colludere, et iram  
Colligit ac ponit temere, et mutatur in horas.

Imberbus juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
Gaudet equis canibusque, et aprici gramine  
campi;

Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
Utillum tardus provisor, prodigus aeris,

Master of arts! as *hells* and *clubs* pro-  
claim, 241  
Where scarce a blackleg bears a brighter  
name!

Launch'd into life, extinct his early fire,  
He apes the selfish prudence of his sire;  
Marries for money, chooses friends for  
rank, 245  
Buys land, and shrewdly trusts not to the  
Bank;  
Sits in the Senate; gets a son and heir;  
Sends him to Harrow, for himself was  
there.  
Mute, though he votes, unless when  
call'd to cheer,  
His son's so sharp—he'll see the dog a  
peer! 250

Manhood declines—age palsies every  
limb;  
He quits the scene—or else the scene quits  
him;  
Scrapes wealth, o'er each departing penny  
grieves,  
And avarice seizes all ambition leaves;  
Counts cent. per cent., and smiles, or  
vainly frets, 255  
O'er hoards diminish'd by young Hope-  
ful's debts;  
Weights well and wisely what to sell or  
buy,  
Complete in all life's lessons—but to die;  
Peevish and spiteful, doting, hard to  
please,  
Commending every time, save times like  
these; 260  
Crazed, querulous, forsaken, half forgot,  
Expires unwept—is buried—let him rot!

But from the Drama let me not digress,  
Nor spare my precepts, though they please  
you less.

Though woman weep, and hardest hearts  
are stirr'd, 265  
When what is done is rather seen than  
heard,  
Yet many deeds preserved in history's  
page  
Are better told than acted on the stage;

Sublimis, cupidusque, et amata relinquere per-  
nix. 165

Conversis studiis, aetas animusque virilis  
Quaerit opes et amicitias, inservit honori;  
Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare laboret.

Multa senem circumvenienti incommoda; vel  
quod 169

Quaerit, et inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;  
Vel quod res omnes timide gelideque ministrat,  
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri,  
Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti

Se puero, castigator censorque minorum. 174  
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum,  
Multa recedentes adiungunt. Ne forte seniles  
Mandentur iuveni partes, pueroque viriles,  
Semper in adiunctis, aevoque morabimur aptis.

## HINTS FROM HORACE

The ear sustains what shocks the timid eye,  
And horror thus subsides to sympathy.

True Briton all beside, I here am French—  
Bloodshed 'tis surely better to retrench;  
The gladiatorial gore we teach to flow  
In tragic scene disgusts, though but in  
show;

We hate the carnage while we see the  
trick, 275

And find small sympathy in being sick.  
Not on the stage the regicide Macbeth  
Appals an audience with a monarch's death;  
To gaze when sable Hubert threatens to sear  
Young Arthur's eyes, can *ours* or *nature*  
bear? 280

A halter'd heroine Johnson sought to slay—  
We saved Irene, but half damn'd the play,  
And (Heaven be praised!) our tolerating  
times

Stint metamorphoses to pantomimes;  
And Lewis' self, with all his sprites, would  
quake 285

To change Earl Osmond's negro to a snake!  
Because, in scenes exciting joy or grief,  
We loathe the action which exceeds belief:  
And yet, God knows! what may not  
authors do,

Whose postscripts prate of dyeing  
'heroines blue?' 290

Above all things, *Dan Poet*, if you can,  
Eke out your acts, I pray, with mortal man,  
Nor call a ghost, unless some cursed scrape  
Must open ten trap-doors for your escape.  
Of all the monstrous things I'd fain forbid,  
295

I loathe an opera worse than Dennis did;  
Where good and evil persons, right or  
wrong,  
Rage, love, and aught but moralise, in  
song.

Hail, last memorial of our foreign friends,  
Which Gaul allows, and still Hesperia  
lends! 300

Napoleon's edicts no embargo lay  
On whores, spies, singers, wisely shipp'd  
away.

Our giant capital, whose squares are  
spread

Where rustics earn'd, and now may beg,  
their bread,

In all iniquity is grown so nice, 305  
It scorns amusements which are not of  
price.

*Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.*

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem 180*  
*Quam quae sunt oculis subiecta fidelibus, et quae*  
*Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus*  
*Digna geri promes in scenam; multa quae tolles*  
*Ex oculis, quae mox narret facundia praesens.*  
*Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet; 185*  
*Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atræus;*  
*Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.*  
*Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

Hence the pert shopkeeper, whose throbbing  
ear

Aches with orchestras which he pays to  
hear,

Whom shame, not sympathy, forbids to  
snore,

His anguish doubling by his own 'encore';  
Squeezed in 'Fop's Alley,' jostled by the  
beaux, 311

Teased with his hat, and trembling for his  
toes;

Scarce wrestles through the night, nor  
tastes of ease,

Till the dropp'd curtain gives a glad release:  
Why this, and more, he suffers—can ye  
guess?— 315

Because it costs him dear, and makes him  
dress!

So prosper eunuchs from Etruscan  
schools;

Give us but fiddlers, and they're sure of  
fools!

Ere scenes were play'd by many a reverend  
clerk,

(What harm, if David danced before the  
ark?) 320

In Christmas revels, simple country folks  
Were pleased with morrice-mumm'ry and  
coarse jokes.

Improving years, with things no longer  
known,

Produced blithe Punch and merry Ma-  
dame Joan, 324

Who still frisk on with feats so lewdly low,  
'Tis strange Benvolio suffers such a show;

Suppressing peer! to whom each vice gives  
place,

Oaths, boxing, begging,—all, save rout  
and race.

Farce follow'd Comedy, and reach'd  
her prime,

In ever-laughing Foote's fantastic time:  
Mad wag! who pardon'd none, nor spared  
the best, 331

And turn'd some very serious things to jest.  
Nor church nor state escaped his public  
sneers,

Arms nor the gown, priests, lawyers, vol-  
unteers;

'Alas, poor Yorick!' now for ever mute!  
Whoever loves a laugh must sigh for  
Foote. 336

*Neve minor, neu sit quinto production actu*

*Fabula, quae posci vult, et spectata reponi. 190*  
*Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*  
*Inciderit.*

*Ex noto fictum carmen sequar, ut sibi*  
*quivis 240*

*Speret idem: sudet multum frustra quae labore*  
*Ausus idem: tantum series iuncturae pollet;*  
*Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.*

*Silvis deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,*

## HINTS FROM HORACE

We smile, perforce, when histrionic  
scenes  
Ape the swoln dialogue of kings and  
queens,  
When 'Chrononhotonthologos must die,'  
And Arthur struts in mimic majesty.

Moschus! with whom once more I hope  
to sit,  
And smile at folly, if we can't at wit;  
Yes, friend! for thee I'll quit my cynic cell,  
And bear Swift's motto, 'Vive la baga-  
telle!'  
Which charm'd our days in each Aegean  
clime,  
As oft at home, with revelry and rhyme.  
Then may Euphrosyne, who sped the past,  
Soothe thy life's scenes, nor leave thee in  
the last;  
But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed,  
Some merry manuscript of mimes, when  
dead.

Now to the Drama let us bend our eyes,  
Where fetter'd by whig Walpole low she  
lies;  
Corruption foil'd her, for she fear'd her  
glance;  
Decorum left her for an opera dance!  
Yet Chesterfield, whose polished pen in-  
veighs  
'Gainst laughter, fought for freedom to  
our plays;  
Uncheck'd by megrims of patrician brains,  
And damning dullness of lord chamberlains.  
Repeat that act! again let Humour roam  
Wild o'er the stage—we've time for tears  
at home.  
Let 'Archer' plant the horns on 'Sullen's'  
brows,  
And 'Estifania' gull her 'Copper' spouse;  
The moral's scant—but that may be ex-  
cused,  
Men go not to be lectured, but amused.  
He whom our plays dispose to good or ill  
Must wear a head in want of Willis' skill;  
Ay, but Macheath's example—pssha!—no  
more!  
It form'd no thieves—the thief was form'd  
before;  
And, spite of puritans and Collier's curse,  
Plays make mankind no better, and no  
worse.  
Then spare our stage, ye methodistic men!  
Nor burn damn'd Drury if it rise again.

Ne, velut innati triviis, ac pene forenses,  
Aut nimium teneris iuvenentur versibus un-  
quam,  
Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaeque dicta.  
Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, et pater, et  
res:  
Nec, si quid fructi ciceris probat et nucis emtor,  
Aequis accipiant animis, donante corona.  
Syllaba longa brevi subiecta vocatur iambus,  
Pes citus: unde etiam trimetris accrescere iussit

But why to brain-scorch'd bigots thus  
appeal?  
Can heavenly mercy dwell with earthly  
zeal?  
For times of fire and faggot let them hope!  
Times dear alike to puritan or pope.  
As pious Calvin saw Servetus blaze,  
So would new sects on newer victims gaze.  
E'en now the songs of Solyma begin;  
Faith cants, perplex'd apologist of sin!  
While the Lord's servant chastens whom  
he loves,  
And Simeon kicks, where Baxter only  
'shoves.'

Whom nature guides, so writes, that  
every dunce,  
Enraptured, thinks to do the same at once;  
But after inky thumbs and bitten nails,  
And twenty scatter'd quires, the coxcomb  
fails.

Let Pastoral be dumb; for who can hope  
To match the youthful eclogues of our  
Pope?  
Yet his and Phillips' faults, of different  
kind,  
For art too rude, for nature too refined,  
Instruct how hard the medium 'tis to hit  
'Twixt too much polish and too coarse a  
wit.

A vulgar scribbler, certes, stands dis-  
graced  
In this nice age, when all aspire to taste;  
The dirty language, and the noisome jest,  
Which pleased in Swift of yore, we now  
detest;  
Proscribed not only in the world polite,  
But even too nasty for a city knight!

Peace to Swift's faults! his wit hath  
made them pass,  
Unmatch'd by all, save matchless Hud-  
ibras!  
Whose author is perhaps the first we meet,  
Who from our couplet lopp'd two final  
feet;  
Nor less in merit than the longer line,  
This measure moves a favourite of the  
Nine.  
Though at first view eight feet may seem  
in vain  
Form'd, save in ode, to bear a serious  
strain,

Nomen iambeis, cum senos redderet ictus,  
Primus ad extremum similis sibi: non ita pridem,  
Tardior ut paulo graviorque veniret ad aures,  
Spondeos stabiles in iura paterna recepit  
Commodus et patiens; non ut de sede secunda  
Cederet aut quarta socialiter. Hic et in Acci  
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, et Enni.  
In scenam missos magno cum pondere versus,  
Aut operae celeris nimium, curaque carentis,  
Aut ignoratae premit artis crimine turpi.

## HINTS FROM HORACE

Yet Scott has shown our wondering isle of late

This measure shrinks not from a theme of weight,

And, varied skilfully, surpasses far 409  
Heroic rhyme, but most in love and war,  
Whose fluctuations, tender or sublime,  
Are curb'd too much by long-recurring rhyme.

But many a skilful judge abhors to see,  
What few admire—irregularity.

This some vouchsafe to pardon; but 'tis hard

When such a word contents a British bard. 415

And must the bard his glowing thoughts confine,

Lest censure hover o'er some faulty line?  
Remove what'er a critic may suspect,  
To gain the paltry suffrage of 'correct'?  
Or prune the spirit of each daring phrase,  
To fly from error, not to merit praise?

Ye, who seek finish'd models, never cease,

By day and night, to read the works of Greece.

But our good fathers never bent their brains

To heathen Greek, content with native strains. 425

The few who read a page, or used a pen,  
Were satisfied with Chaucer and old Ben;  
The jokes and numbers suited to their taste  
Were quaint and careless, anything but chaste; 430

Yet whether right or wrong the ancient rules,

It will not do to call our fathers fools!  
Though you and I, who eruditely know

To separate the elegant and low, 434  
Can also, when a hobbling line appears,  
Detect with fingers, in default of ears.

In sooth I do not know, or greatly care  
To learn, who our first English strollers were;

Non quis videt immodulata poemata iudex;  
Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.

Idecrone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes  
Visuros peccata putem mea; tutus, et intra  
Spem veniae cautus? vitavi denique culpam,  
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Graeca  
Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.  
At vestri proavi Plautinos et numeros et 270

Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrumque,  
Ne dicam stulte, mirati; si modo ego et vos  
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,  
Legitimisque sonum digitis callemus et aure.

Ignotum tragicas genus invenisse Camoenae  
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,  
Quae canerent agerentque peruncii faecibus ora. 277

Post hunc personae pallaeque repertor honestae

Or if, till roofs received the vagrant art,  
Our Muse, like that of Thespis, kept a cart; 440

But this is certain, since our Shakspeare's days,

There's pomp enough, if little else, in plays;

Nor will Melpomene ascend her throne  
Without high heels, white plume, and Bristol stone.

Old comedies still meet with much applause, 445

Though too licentious for dramatic laws;  
At least, we moderns, wisely, 'tis confest,  
Curtail, or silence, the lascivious jest.

What'er their follies, and their faults beside,

Our enterprising bards pass nought untried; 450

Nor do they merit slight applause who choose

An English subject for an English muse,  
And leave to minds which never dare invent  
French flippancy and German sentiment.

Where is that living language which could claim 455

Poetic more, as philosophic, fame,  
If all our bards, more patient of delay,

Would stop, like Pope, to polish by the way?

Lords of the quill, whose critical assaults  
O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of faults, 460

Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fail,

And prove our marble with too nice a nail!  
Democritus himself was not so bad;

He only thought, but you would make, us mad!

But truth to say, most rhymers rarely guard 465

Against that ridicule they deem so hard;  
In person negligent, they wear, from sloth,

Beards of a week, and nails of annual growth;

Aeschylus, et modicis instravit pulpita tignis,  
Et docuit magnamque loqui, nitiqve cothurno.

Successit vetus his comoedia, non sine multa  
Laude; sed in vitium libertas excidit, et vim  
Dignam lege regi; lex est accepta; chorusque  
Turpiter obtulit, sublato iure nocendi.

Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetae; 285  
Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Graeca  
Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica facta;

Vel qui praetextas, vel qui docuere togatas.  
Nec virtute foret clarisve potentius armis,  
Quam lingua, Latium, si non offenderet unum-

quemque poetarum limae labor, et mora. Vos, o  
Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non 292

Multa dies et multa litura coeruit, atque  
Praeseptum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

## HINTS FROM HORACE

Reside in garrets, fly from those they  
meet,  
And walk in alleys, rather than the street.

With little rhyme, less reason, if you  
please, 471  
The name of poet may be got with ease,  
So that not tuns of helleboric juice  
Shall ever turn your head to any use;  
Write but like Wordsworth, live beside a  
Lake, 475  
And keep your bushy locks a year from  
Blake;  
Then print your book, once more return  
to town,  
And boys shall hunt your bardship up and  
down.

Am I not wise, if such some poets' plight,  
To purge in spring—like Bayes—before  
I write? 480  
If this precaution soften'd not my bile,  
I know no scribbler with a madder style;  
But since (perhaps my feelings are too  
nice)  
I cannot purchase fame at such a price,  
I'll labour gratis as a grinder's wheel,  
And, blunt myself, give edge to others'  
steel, 486  
Nor write at all, unless to teach the art  
To those rehearsing for the poet's part;  
From Horace show the pleasing paths of  
song,  
And from my own example—what is  
wrong. 490

Though modern practice sometimes  
differs quite,  
'Tis just as well to think before you write;  
Let every book that suits your theme be  
read,  
So shall you trace it to the fountain-head.

He who has learn'd the duty which he  
owes 495

Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte 295  
Credit, et excludit sanos Helicone poetas  
Democritus; bona pars non unguis ponere  
curat,  
Non barbam; secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.  
Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,  
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam  
Tonsori Licino commiserit. O ego laevis, 301  
Qui purgor bilem sub verni temporis horam!  
Non alius faceret meliora poemata: verum  
Nil tanti est: ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi:  
Munus et officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo;  
Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque  
poetam;  
Quid deceat, quid non; quo virtus, quo ferat  
error. 308  
Scribendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.  
Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ:  
Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur:  
Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis;

To friends and country, and to pardon foes;  
Who models his deportment as may best  
Accord with brother, sire, or stranger guest;  
Who takes our laws and worship as they are,  
Nor roars reform for senate, church, and  
bar; 500  
In practice, rather than loud precept, wise,  
Bids not his tongue, but heart, philoso-  
phise:  
Such is the man the poet should rehearse,  
As joint exemplar of his life and verse.

Sometimes a sprightly wit, and tale well  
told, 505  
Without much grace, or weight, or art,  
will hold  
A longer empire o'er the public mind  
Than sounding trifles, empty, though re-  
fined.

Unhappy Greece! thy sons of ancient  
days  
The muse may celebrate with perfect  
praise, 510  
Whose generous children narrow'd not  
their hearts  
With commerce, given alone to arms and  
arts.  
Our boys (save those whom public schools  
compel  
To 'long and short' before they're taught  
to spell) 514  
From frugal fathers soon imbibe by rote,  
'A penny saved, my lad, 's a penny got.'  
Babe of a city birth! from sixpence take  
The third, how much will the remainder  
make?—  
'A groat.'—'Ah, bravo! Dick hath done  
the sum!  
He'll swell my fifty thousand to a plum.'

They whose young souls receive this  
rust betimes, 521  
'Tis clear, are fit for anything but rhymes;

Quo sic amore parens, quo frater amandus, et  
hospes;  
Quod sit conscripti, quod iudicis officium; quæ  
Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profecto 315  
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.  
Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque iubebo  
Doctum imitatore, et vivas hinc ducere voces.  
Interdum speciosa locis morataque recte  
Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere et arte,  
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.  
Grailis ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui, præter laudem nullius avaris.  
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem 325  
Discunt in partes centum diducere: dicat  
Filius Albinus, Si de quincunce remota est  
Uncia, quid superat? poteras dixisse—Triens. Eu!  
Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid  
fit? 329  
Semis. An hæc animos aerugo et cura peculi  
Cum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi

## HINTS FROM HORACE

And Locke will tell you, that the father's  
right  
Who hides all verses from his children's  
sight; 524  
For poets (says this sage, and many more,)  
Make sad mechanics with their lyric lore;  
And Delphi now, however rich of old,  
Discovers little silver, and less gold,  
Because Parnassus, though a mount di-  
vine,  
Is poor as Irus, or an Irish mine. 530

Two objects always should the poet  
move,  
Or one or both,—to please or to improve.  
Whate'er you teach, be brief, if you design  
For our remembrance your didactic line;  
Redundance places memory on the rack;  
For brains may be o'erloaded, like the  
back. 536

Fiction does best when taught to look  
like truth,  
And fairy fables bubble none but youth:  
Expect no credit for too wondrous tales,  
Since Jonas only springs alive from  
whales! 540

Young men with aught but elegance  
dispense;  
Maturer years require a little sense.  
To end at once:—that bard for all is fit  
Who mingles well instruction with his wit;  
For him reviews shall smile, for him o'er-  
flow 545  
The patronage of Paternoster-row;  
His book, with Longman's liberal aid,  
shall pass  
(Who ne'er despises books that bring him  
brass);  
Through three long weeks the taste of  
London lead,  
And cross St. George's Channel and the  
Tweed. 550

Posse linenda cedro, et levi servanda cupresso?  
Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;  
Aut simul et iucunda et idonea dicere vitæ. 334  
Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis: ut cito dicta  
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.  
Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.  
Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris:  
Nec, quodcumque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi:  
Neu pransæ Lamiæ vivum puerum extrahat  
alvo. 340  
Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis:  
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.  
Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci:  
Lectorem delectando pariterque monendo. 344  
Hic meret aera liber Sosis; hic et mare transit,  
Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.  
Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus:  
Nam neque chorda sonum reddit quem vult  
manus et mens,  
Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum;  
Nec semper feriet quodcumque minabitur arcus.

But everything has faults, nor is 't un-  
known  
That harps and fiddles often lose their tone,  
And wayward voices, at their owner's call,  
With all his best endeavours, only squall;  
Dogs blink their covey, flints withhold the  
spark, 555  
And double-barrels (damn them!) miss  
their mark.

Where frequent beauties strike the  
reader's view,  
We must not quarrel for a blot or two;  
But pardon equally to books or men,  
The slips of human nature, and the pen.

Yet if an author, spite of foe or friend,  
Despises all advice too much to mend,  
But ever twangs the same discordant string,  
Give him no quarter, howsoever he sing.  
Let Havard's fate o'ertake him, who, for  
once, 565  
Produced a play too dashing for a dunce:  
At first none deem'd it his; but when his  
name  
Announced the fact—what then?—it lost  
its fame.  
Though all deplore when Milton deigns to  
doze,  
In a long work 'tis fair to steal repose.

As pictures, so shall poems be; some  
stand 571  
The critic eye, and please when near at  
hand;  
But others at a distance strike the sight;  
This seeks the shade, but that demands  
the light,  
Nor dreads the connoisseur's fastidious  
view, 575  
But, ten times scrutinised, is ten times new.

Parnassian pilgrims! ye whom chance or  
choice  
Hath led to listen to the Muse's voice,

Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego  
paucis 351  
Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,  
Aut humana parum cavit natura. Quid ergo est?  
Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,  
Quamvis est monitus, venia caret; ut citharoedus  
Ridetur, chorda qui semper obrerrat eadem:  
Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Choerilus ille,  
Quem bis terve bonum cum risu miror; et idem  
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.  
Verum operi longo fas est obrepere somnum.  
Ut pictura, poesis: erit quæ, si propius stes,  
Te capiat magis; et quædam, si longius abstes:  
Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,  
Iudicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:  
Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repetita placebit.  
O maior juvenum, quamvis et voce paterna  
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te sapias, hoc tibi  
dictum 367  
Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus  
Recte concedi: consultus iuris, et actor

## HINTS FROM HORACE

Receive this counsel, and be timely wise;  
Few reach the summit which before you  
lies. 580

Our church and state, our courts and  
camps, concede

Reward to very moderate heads indeed!  
In these plain common sense will travel  
far;

All are not Erskines who mislead the bar:  
But poesy between the best and worst  
No medium knows; you must be last or  
first; 586

For middling poets' miserable volumes  
Are damn'd alike by gods, and men, and  
columns.

Again, my Jeffrey!—as that sound in-  
spires, 589

How wakes my bosom to its wonted fires!  
Fires, such as gentle Caledonians feel

When Southrons writhe upon their critic  
wheel,

Or mild Eclectics, when some, worse than  
Turks,

Would rob poor Faith to decorate 'good  
works.'

Such are the genial feelings thou canst  
claim— 595

My falcon flies not at ignoble game.  
Mightiest of all Dunedin's beasts of chase!

For thee my Pegasus would mend his pace.  
Arise, my Jeffrey! or my inkless pen 599

Shall never blunt its edge on meaner men;  
Till thee or thine mine evil eye discerns,

Alas! 'I cannot strike at wretched kernes.'  
Inhuman Saxon! wilt thou then resign

A muse and heart by choice so wholly  
thine?

Dear d—d contemner of my schoolboy  
songs, 605

Hast thou no vengeance for my man-  
hood's wrongs?

If unprovoked thou once could bid me  
bleed,

Hast thou no weapon for my daring deed?  
What! not a word!—and am I then so low?

Wilt thou forbear, who never spared a  
foe? 610

Hast thou no wrath, or wish to give it vent?  
No wit for nobles, dunces by descent?

No jest on 'minors,' quibbles on a name,  
Nor one facetious paragraph of blame?

Is it for this on Ilion I have stood, 615  
And thought of Homer less than Holy-  
rood!

On shore of Euxine or Aegean sea,  
My hate, untravell'd, fondly turn'd to thee.

Ah! let me cease: in vain my bosom burns,  
From Corydon unkind Alexis turns: 620

Thy rhymes are vain; thy Jeffrey then  
forego,

Nor woo that anger which he will not  
show.

What then?—Edina starves some lanker  
son,

To write an article thou canst not shun;  
Some less fastidious Scotchman shall be  
found, 625

As bold in Billingsgate, though less re-  
nown'd.

As if at table some discordant dish  
Should shock our optics, such as frogs for  
fish;

As oil in lieu of butter men decry, 629  
And poppies please not in a modern pie;

If all such mixtures then be half a crime,  
We must have excellence to relish rhyme.

Mere roast and boil'd no epicure invites;  
Thus poetry disgusts, or else delights.

Who shoot not flying rarely touch a  
gun: 635

Will he who swims not to the river run?  
And men unpractised in exchanging  
knocks

Must go to Jackson ere they dare to box.  
Whate'er the weapon, cudgel, fist, or foil,

None reach expertness without years of  
toil; 640

But fifty dunces can, with perfect ease,  
Tag twenty thousand couplets, when they  
please.

Why not?—shall I, thus qualified to sit  
For rotten boroughs, never show my wit?

Shall I, whose fathers with the quorum  
sate, 645

And lived in freedom on a fair estate;  
Who left me heir, with stables, kennels,

packs,

To all their income, and to—twice its tax;  
Whose form and pedigree have scarce a  
fault,

Shall I, I say, suppress my Attic salt? 650

Causarum mediocris abest virtute disertis 370  
Messalae, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus:

Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poetis  
Non homines, non di, non concessere columnae.

Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,  
Et crassum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle  
papaver 375

Offendunt, poterat duci quia coena sine istis;  
Sic animis natum inventumque poema iuvandis,  
Si paulum a summo decessit, vergit ad imum.

Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet  
armis,

Indoctusque pilae, discive, trochive, quiescit,  
Ne spissae risum tollant impune coronae: 381

Qui nescit, versus tamen audet fingere!—Quid-  
ni?

Liber et ingenuus praesertim census equestrem  
Summam nummorum, vitiisque remotus ab  
omni.

Tu nihil invita dices faciesve Minerva: 385  
Id tibi iudicium est, ea mens: si quid tamen olim  
Scripseris, in Metui descendat iudicis aures,

Et patris, et nostras, nonumque prematur in  
annum,

## HINTS FROM HORACE

Thus think 'the mob of gentlemen;' but  
 you, <sup>651</sup>  
 Besides all this, must have some genius  
 too.  
 Be this your sober judgment, and a rule,  
 And print not piping hot from Southey's  
 school,  
 Who (ere another Thalaba appears) <sup>655</sup>  
 I trust will spare us for at least nine  
 years.  
 And hark 'ye, Southey! pray—but don't be  
 vex'd—  
 Burn all your last three works—and half  
 the next.  
 But why this vain advice? once published,  
 books  
 Can never be recall'd—from pastry-  
 cooks! <sup>660</sup>  
 Though 'Madoc,' with 'Pucelle,' instead  
 of punk,  
 May travel back to Quito—on a trunk!

Orpheus, we learn from Ovid and Lem-  
 priere,  
 Led all wild beasts but women by the  
 ear;  
 And had he fiddled at the present hour,  
 We'd seen the lions waltzing in the  
 Tower; <sup>666</sup>  
 And old Amphion, such were minstrels  
 then,  
 Had built St. Paul's without the aid of  
 Wren.  
 Verse too was justice, and the bards of  
 Greece  
 Did more than constables to keep the  
 peace; <sup>670</sup>  
 Abolish'd cuckoldom with much ap-  
 plause,  
 Call'd county meetings, and enforced the  
 laws,  
 Cut down crown influence with reforming  
 scythes,  
 And served the church—without demand-  
 ing tithes;  
 And hence, throughout all Hellas and the  
 East, <sup>675</sup>  
 Each poet was a prophet and a priest,  
 Whose old-establish'd board of joint con-  
 trols  
 Included kingdoms in the cure of souls.

Membranis intus positis: delere licebit <sup>389</sup>  
 Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti.  
 Sylvestres homines sacer interpresque deorum  
 Caedibus et victu foedo deterruit Orpheus:  
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres, rabidosque leones:  
 Dictus et Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,  
 Saxa movere sono testudinis, et prece blanda  
 Ducere quo vellet: fuit hæc sapientia quondam,  
 Publica privatis discernere, sacra profanis;  
 Concubitu prohibere vago; dare iura maritis;  
 Oppida moliri; leges incidere ligno. <sup>399</sup>  
 Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque  
 Carminibus venit. Post hos insignis Homerus  
 Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella

Next rose the martial Homer, Epic's  
 prince,  
 And fighting's been in fashion ever since;  
 And old Tyrtæus, when the Spartans  
 warr'd, <sup>681</sup>  
 (A limping leader, but a lofty bard,)  
 Though wall'd Ithome had resisted long,  
 Reduced the fortress by the force of song.

When oracles prevail'd, in times of old,  
 In song alone Apollo's will was told.  
 Then if your verse is what all verse should  
 be,  
 And gods were not ashamed on't, why  
 should we?

The Muse, like mortal females, may be  
 woo'd; <sup>689</sup>  
 In turns she'll seem a Paphian, or a prude;  
 Fierce as a bride when first she feels af-  
 fright,  
 Mild as the same upon the second night;  
 Wild as the wife of alderman or peer,  
 Now for his grace, and now a grenadier!  
 Her eyes besem, her heart belies, her  
 zone, <sup>695</sup>  
 Ice in a crowd, and lava when alone.

If verse be studied with some show of  
 art,  
 Kind Nature always will perform her part;  
 Though without genius, and a native vein  
 Of wit, we loathe an artificial strain, <sup>700</sup>  
 Yet art and nature join'd will win the prize,  
 Unless they act like us and our allies.

The youth who trains to ride, or run a  
 race,  
 Must bear privations with unruffled face,  
 Be call'd to labour when he thinks to  
 dine, <sup>705</sup>  
 And, harder still, leave wenching and his  
 wine.  
 Ladies who sing, at least who sing at sight,  
 Have follow'd music through her farthest  
 flight;  
 But rhymers tell you neither more nor less,  
 'I've got a pretty poem for the press';  
 And that's enough; then write and print so  
 fast;— <sup>711</sup>  
 If Satan take the hindmost, who'd be last?

Versibus exacuit; dictæ per carmina sortes:  
 Et vitæ monstrata via est: et gratia regum  
 Pieris tentata modis: ludusque repertus, <sup>405</sup>  
 Et longorum operum finis: ne forte pudori  
 Sit tibi Musa lyrae solers, et cantor Apollo.  
 Natura feret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
 Quaesitum est: ego nec studium sine divite vena,  
 Nec rude quid possit video ingenium: alterius sic  
 Altera poscit opem res, et coniura amice. <sup>411</sup>  
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
 Multa tulit fecitque puer: sudavit et alsit;  
 Abstiniuit Venere et vino; qui Pythia cantat  
 Tibicen, didicit prius, extimuitque magistrum.  
 Nunc satis est dixisse: ego mira poemata pango:



## HINTS FROM HORACE

They storm the types, they publish, one  
and all,  
They leap the counter, and they leave the  
stall.

Provincial maidens, men of high com-  
mand, <sup>715</sup>

Yea, baronets have ink'd the bloody hand!  
Cash cannot quell them; Pollio play'd this  
prank,

(Then Phœbus first found credit in a bank!)  
Not all the living only, but the dead,  
Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head;  
Damn'd all their days, they posthumously  
thrive, <sup>721</sup>

Dug up from dust, though buried when  
alive!

Reviews record this epidemic crime,  
Those Books of Martyrs to the rage for  
rhyme, <sup>724</sup>

Alas! woe worth the scribbler! often seen  
In Morning Post or Monthly Magazine.  
There lurk his earlier lays; but soon, hot  
press'd,

Behold a quarto!—Tarts must tell the rest.  
Then leave, ye wise, the lyre's precarious  
chords <sup>729</sup>

To muse-mad baronets, or madder lords,  
Or country Crispins, now grown some-  
what stale,  
Twin Doric minstrels, drunk with Doric  
ale!

Hark to those notes, narcotically soft!  
The cobbler-laureats sing to Capel Lofft!  
Till, lo! that modern Midas, as he hears,  
Adds an ell growth to his egregious ears!

There lives one druid, who prepares in  
time <sup>737</sup>

'Gainst future feuds his poor revenge of  
rhyme;

Racks his dull memory, and his duller  
muse,

To publish faults which friendship should  
excuse. <sup>740</sup>

If friendship's nothing, self-regard might  
teach

More polish'd usage of his parts of speech.  
But what is shame, or what is aught to  
him?

He vents his spleen, or gratifies his whim.  
Some fancied slight has roused his lurk-  
ing hate, <sup>745</sup>

Some folly cross'd, some jest, or some  
debate;

Up to his den Sir Scribbler hies, and soon  
The gather'd gall is voided in lampoon.

Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui  
est, <sup>407</sup>

Et, quod non didici, sane nescire fateri.

— Si carmina condes, <sup>436</sup>

Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.

Quintilio si quid recitares, Corrige, sodes,

Hoc (aiebat) et hoc: melius te posse negares,

Bis terque expertum frustra, delere iubebat,

Perhaps at some pert speech you've dared  
to frown,

Perhaps your poem may have pleased the  
town: <sup>750</sup>

If so, alas! 'tis nature in the man—  
May Heaven forgive you, for he never can!  
Then be it so; and may his withering days  
Bloom fresh in satire, though they fade in  
praise!

While his lost songs no more shall steep  
and stink, <sup>755</sup>

The dulllest, fattest weeds on Lethe's brink,  
But springing upwards from the sluggish  
mould,

Be (what they never were before) be—sold!  
Should some rich bard (but such a mon-  
ster now, <sup>759</sup>

In modern physics, we can scarce allow),  
Should some pretending scribbler of the  
court,

Some rhyming peer—there's plenty of the  
sort—

All but one poor dependent priest with-  
drawn,

(Ah! too regardless of his chaplain's  
yawn!) <sup>764</sup>

Condemn the unlucky curate to recite  
Their last dramatic work by candle-light,  
How would the preacher turn each rueful  
leaf,

Dull as his sermons, but not half so brief!  
Yet, since 'tis promised at the rector's  
death,

He'll risk no living for a little breath.  
Then spouts and foams, and cries at every  
line, <sup>771</sup>

(The Lord forgive him!) 'Bravo! grand!  
divine!'

Hoarse with those praises (which, by  
flatt'ry fed,

Dependence barters for her bitter bread),  
He strides and stamps along with creaking  
boot; <sup>775</sup>

Till the floor echoes his emphatic foot,  
Then sits again, then rolls his pious eye,

As when the dying vicar will not die!  
Nor feels, forsooth, emotion at his  
heart;— <sup>779</sup>

But all dissemblers overact their part.

Ye, who aspire to 'build the lofty rhyme,'  
Believe not all who laud your false 'sub-  
lime;'

But if some friend shall hear your work,  
and say,

'Expunge that stanza, lop that line away,'

Et male tornatos incudi reddere versus. <sup>441</sup>

Si defendere delictum quam vertere mallets,  
Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam insumebat  
inanem,

Quin sine rivali teque et tua solus amares.  
Vir bonus et prudens versus reprehendit  
inertes; <sup>445</sup>

Culpabit duos; incomptis allinet atrum  
Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet

## HINTS FROM HORACE

And, after fruitless efforts, you return  
Without amendment, and he answers,  
    'Burn!' <sup>786</sup>  
That instant throw your paper in the fire,  
Ask not his thoughts, or follow his desire;  
But if (true bard!) you scorn to con-  
    descend,  
And will not alter what you can't defend,  
If you will breed this bastard of your  
    brains, <sup>791</sup>  
We'll have no words—I've only lost my  
    pains.

Yet, if you only prize your favourite  
    thought,  
As critics kindly do, and authors ought;  
If your cool friend annoy you now and  
    then, <sup>795</sup>  
And cross whole pages with his plaguy  
    pen;  
No matter, throw your ornaments aside,—  
Better let him than all the world deride.  
Give light to passages too much in shade,  
Nor let a doubt obscure one verse you've  
    made; <sup>800</sup>  
Your friend's a 'Johnson,' not to leave  
    one word,  
However trifling, which may seem absurd;  
Such erring trifles lead to serious ills,  
And furnish food for critics, or their quills.

As the Scotch fiddle, with its touching  
    tune, <sup>805</sup>  
Or the sad influence of the angry moon,  
All men avoid bad writers' ready tongues,  
As yawning waiters fly Fitzscribble's  
    lungs;  
Yet on he mouths—ten minutes—tedious  
    each <sup>809</sup>  
As prelate's homily, or placeman's speech;  
Long as the last years of a lingering lease,  
When riot pauses until rents increase,  
While such a minstrel, muttering fustian,  
    strays  
O'er hedge and ditch, through unfre-  
    quented ways,

Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;  
Arguet ambigue dictum; mutanda notabit;  
Fiet Aristarchus: nec dicet, Cur ego amicum  
Offendam in nugis? hae nugae seria decent  
In mala derisum semel exceptumque sinistre.  
Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius  
    urget,  
Aut fanaticus error et iracunda Diana, <sup>454</sup>  
Vesanus tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam,  
Qui sapiunt; agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.  
Hic, dum sublimis versus ructatur, et errat,  
Si veluti merulis intentus decidit auceps  
In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum  
Clamet, Io cives! non sit qui tollere curet. <sup>460</sup>  
Si quis curet opem ferre, et demittere funem,  
Qui scis an prudens huc se deiecerit, atque

If by some chance he walks into a well,  
And shouts for succour with stentorian  
    yell, <sup>816</sup>  
'A rope! help, Christians, as ye hope for  
    grace!'  
Nor woman, man, nor child will stir a  
    pace;  
For there his carcass he might freely fling,  
From frenzy, or the humour of the thing.  
Though this has happen'd to more bards  
    than one; <sup>821</sup>  
I'll tell you Budgell's story,—and have  
    done.

Budgell, a rogue and rhymester, for no  
    good,  
(Unless his case be much misunderstood,) <sup>825</sup>  
When teased with creditors' continual  
    claims,  
'To die like Cato,' leapt into the Thames!  
And therefore be it lawful through the  
    town  
For any bard to poison, hang, or drown.  
Who saves the intended suicide receives  
Small thanks from him who loathes the  
    life he leaves; <sup>830</sup>  
And, sooth to say, mad poets must not  
    lose  
The glory of that death they freely choose.

Nor is it certain that some sorts of verse  
Prick not the poet's conscience as a curse;  
Dosed with vile drams on Sunday he was  
    found, <sup>835</sup>  
Or got a child on consecrated ground!  
And hence is haunted with a rhyming  
    rage—  
Fear'd like a bear just bursting from his  
    cage.  
If free, all fly his versifying fit,  
Fatal at once to simpleton or wit: <sup>840</sup>  
But *him*, unhappy! whom he seizes,—*him*  
He flays with recitation limb by limb;  
Probes to the quick where'er he makes his  
    breach,  
And gorges like a lawyer—or a leech.

Servari nolit? dicam: Siculique poetae  
Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi  
Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Aet-  
    nam <sup>465</sup>  
Insuluit. Sit ius liceatque perire poetis:  
Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.  
Nec semel hoc fecit; nec, si retractus erit,  
    iam  
Fiet homo, et ponet famosae mortis amorem.  
Nec satis apparet cur versus facit; utrum  
Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental  
Moverit incestus: certe furit, ac velut ursus,  
Obiectos caveae valuit si frangere clathros, <sup>473</sup>  
Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.  
Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo.  
Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

# THE CURSE OF MINERVA

—'Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas  
Immolat, et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.'  
*Æneld*, lib. xii.

ATHENS: CAPUCHIN CONVENT,  
March 17, 1811.

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be  
run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;  
Not, as in northern climes, obscurely  
bright,

But one unclouded blaze of living light;  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he  
throws,  
Gilds the green wave that trembles as it  
glows;

On old Aegina's rock and Hydra's isle  
The god of gladness sheds his parting smile;  
O'er his own regions lingering loves to  
shine,

Though there his altars are no more di-  
vine.  
Descending fast, the mountain-shadows  
kiss

Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!  
Their azure arches through the long ex-  
panse,  
More deeply purpled, meet his mellowing  
glance,

And tenderest tints, along their summits  
driven,  
Mark his gay course, and own the hues of  
heaven;

Till, darkly shaded from the land and  
deep,  
Behind his Delphian rock he sinks to  
sleep.

On such an eve his palest beam he cast  
When, Athens! here thy wisest look'd his  
last,  
How watch'd thy better sons his farewell  
ray,

That closed their murder'd sage's latest  
day!

Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill,  
The precious hour of parting lingers still;  
But sad his light to agonising eyes,  
And dark the mountain's once delightful  
dyes;

Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to  
pour,  
The land where Phoebus never frown'd  
before;

But ere he sunk below Cithaeron's head,  
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit  
fled;

The soul of him that scorn'd to fear or fly,  
Who lived and died as none can live or die.

But, lo! from high Hymettus to the plain  
The queen of night asserts her silent reign;  
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
Hides her fair face, or girds her glowing  
form,

With cornice glimmering as the moon-  
beams play,

There the white column greets her grateful  
ray,  
And bright around, with quivering beams  
beset,

Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:  
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and  
wide,

Where meek Cephissus sheds his scanty  
tide,

The cypress saddening by the sacred mos-  
que,

The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,  
And sad and sombre 'mid the holy calm,  
Near Theseus' fane, yon solitary palm; 46  
All, tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye;  
And dull were his that pass'd them heed-  
less by.

Again the Aegean, heard no more afar,  
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental  
war:

Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
Their long expanse of sapphire and of  
gold,

Mix'd with the shades of many a distant isle  
That frown, where gentler ocean deigns to  
smile.

As thus, within the walls of Pallas' fane,  
I mark'd the beauties of the land and main,  
Alone, and friendless, on the magic shore,  
Whose arts and arms but live in poets' lore;  
Oft as the matchless dome I turn'd to scan,  
Sacred to gods, but not secure from man,  
The past return'd, the present seem'd to  
cease,  
And Glory knew no clime beyond her  
Greece!

Hours roll'd along, and Dian's orb on  
high

Had gain'd the centre of her softest sky;  
And yet unwearied still my footsteps trod  
O'er the vain shrine of many a vanish'd  
god:

But chiefly, Pallas! thine, when Hecate's  
glare,  
Check'd by thy columns, fell more sadly fair

## THE CURSE OF MINERVA

O'er the chill marble, where the startling  
tread  
Thrills the lone heart like echoes from the  
dead.<sup>70</sup>  
Long had I mused, and treasured every  
trace  
The wreck of Greece recorded of her race,  
When, lo! a giant form before me strode,  
And Pallas hail'd me in her own abode!

Yes, 'twas Minerva's self; but, ah! how  
changed,<sup>75</sup>  
Since o'er the Dardan field in arms she  
ranged!  
Not such as erst, by her divine command,  
Her form appear'd from Phidias' plastic  
hand:  
Gone were the terrors of her awful brow,  
Her idle aegis bore no Gorgon now;<sup>80</sup>  
Her helm was dinted, and the broken lance  
Seem'd weak and shaftless e'en to mortal  
glance;

The olive branch, which still she deign'd to  
clasp,  
Shrunk from her touch, and wither'd in her  
grasp;  
And, ah! though still the brightest of the  
sky,<sup>85</sup>  
Celestial tears bedimm'd her large blue  
eye:  
Round the rent casque her owlet circled  
slow,  
And mourn'd his mistress with a shriek of  
woe!

'Mortal!'—'twas thus she spake—'that  
blush of shame<sup>89</sup>  
Proclaims thee Briton, once a noble name;  
First of the mighty, foremost of the free,  
Now honour'd *less* by all, and *least* by me:  
Chief of thy foes shall Pallas still be found.  
Seek'st thou the cause of loathing?—look  
around.<sup>94</sup>  
Lo! here, despite of war and wasting fire,  
I saw successive tyrannies expire.  
'Scaped from the ravage of the Turk and  
Goth,  
Thy country sends a spoiler worse than  
both.  
Survey this vacant, violated fane;<sup>99</sup>  
Recount the relics torn that yet remain:  
*These* Cecrops placed, *this* Pericles  
adorn'd,  
That Adrian rear'd when drooping Sci-  
ence mourn'd.  
What more I owe let gratitude attest—  
Know, Alaric and Elgin did the rest.  
That all may learn from whence the  
plunderer came,<sup>105</sup>  
The insulted wall sustains his hated name:  
For Elgin's fame thus grateful Pallas  
pleads,  
Below, his name—above, behold his  
deeds!

Be ever hail'd with equal honour here  
The Gothic monarch and the Pictish peer:  
Arms gave the first his right, the last had  
none,<sup>111</sup>  
But basely stole what less barbarians won.  
So when the lion quits his fell repast,  
Next prowls the wolf, the filthy jackal last:  
Flesh, limbs, and blood the former make  
their own,<sup>115</sup>  
The last poor brute securely gnaws the  
bone.  
Yet still the gods are just, and crimes are  
cross'd:  
See here what Elgin won, and what he lost!  
Another name with *his* pollutes my shrine:  
Behold where Dian's beams disdain to  
shine!<sup>120</sup>  
Some retribution still might Pallas claim,  
When Venus half avenged Minerva's  
shame.'

She ceased awhile, and thus I dared  
reply,  
To soothe the vengeance kindling in her  
eye:  
'Daughter of Jove! in Britain's injured  
name,<sup>125</sup>  
A true-born Briton may the deed disclaim.  
Frown not on England; England owns  
him not:  
Athena, no! thy plunderer was a Scot.  
Ask'st thou the difference? From fair  
Phyle's towers  
Survey *Bœotia*;—*Caledonia*'s ours.<sup>130</sup>  
And well I know within that bastard land  
Hath Wisdom's goddess never held com-  
mand;  
A barren soil, where Nature's germs, con-  
fined  
To stern sterility, can stint the mind;  
Whose thistle well betrays the niggard  
earth,<sup>135</sup>  
Emblem of all to whom the land gives  
birth;  
Each genial influence nurtured to resist;  
A land of meanness, sophistry, and mist.  
Each breeze from foggy mount and  
marshy plain  
Dilutes with drivell every drizzly brain,  
Till, burst at length, each wat'ry head o'er-  
flows,<sup>141</sup>  
Foul as their soil, and frigid as their  
snows.  
Then thousand schemes of petulance and  
pride  
Despatch her scheming children far and  
wide:  
Some east, some west, some everywhere  
but north,<sup>145</sup>  
In quest of lawless gain, they issue forth.  
And thus—accursed be the day and year!  
She sent a Pict to play the felon here.  
Yet *Caledonia* claims some native worth,  
As dull *Bœotia* gave a Pindar birth;<sup>150</sup>

## THE CURSE OF MINERVA

So may her few, the letter'd and the brave,  
Bound to no clime, and victors of the grave,  
Shake off the sordid dust of such a land,  
And shine like children of a happier  
strand;

As once, of yore, in some obnoxious  
place, 155  
Ten names (if found) had saved a wretched  
race.'

'Mortal!' the blue-eyed maid resumed,  
'once more

Bear back my mandate to thy native shore.  
Though fallen, alas! this vengeance yet is  
mine,

To turn my counsels far from lands like  
thine. 160

Hear then in silence Pallas' stern behest;  
Hear and believe, for time will tell the rest.

'First on the head of him who did this  
deed

My curse shall light,—on him and all his  
seed: 164

Without one spark of intellectual fire,  
Be all the sons as senseless as the sire:  
If one with wit the parent brood disgrace,  
Believe him bastard of a brighter race:

Still with his hiring artists let him prate,  
And Folly's praise repay for Wisdom's  
hate; 170

Long of their patron's gusto let them tell,  
Whose noblest, *native* gusto is—to sell:  
To sell, and make—may shame record the  
day!—

The state receiver of his pilfer'd prey.  
Meantime, the flattering, feeble dotard,  
West, 175

Europe's worst dauber, and poor Britain's  
best,

With palsied hand shall turn each model  
o'er,

And own himself an infant of fourscore.  
Be all the bruisers cull'd from all St. Giles',  
That art and nature may compare their  
styles; 180

While brawny brutes in stupid wonder  
stare,

And marvel at his lordship's "stone shop"  
there.

Round the throng'd gate shall sauntering  
coxcombs creep,

To lounge and lucubrate, to prate and  
peep;

While many a languid maid, with longing  
sigh, 185

On giant statues casts the curious eye;  
The room with transient glance appears to  
skim

Yet marks the mighty back and length of  
limb;

Mourns o'er the difference of *now* and *then*;  
Exclaims, "These Greeks indeed were  
proper men!" 190

Draws slight comparisons of *these* with  
*those*,

And envies Laïs all her Attic beaux.  
When shall a modern maid have swains  
like these!

Alas! Sir Harry is no Hercules! 194

And last of all, amidst the gaping crew,  
Some calm spectator, as he takes his view,  
In silent indignation mix'd with grief,  
Admires the plunder, but abhors the thief.  
Oh, loath'd in life, nor pardon'd in the  
dust,

May hate pursue his sacrilegious lust!  
Link'd with the fool that fired the Ephe-  
sian dome, 201

Shall vengeance follow far beyond the  
tomb,

And Eratostratus and Elgin shine  
In many a branding page and burning line;  
Alike reserved for aye to stand accursed,  
Perchance the second blacker than the  
first. 206

'So let him stand, through ages yet un-  
born,

Fix'd statue on the pedestal of Scorn;  
Though not for him alone revenge shall  
wait,

But fits thy country for her coming fate:  
Hers were the deeds that taught her law-  
less son 211

To do what oft Britannia's self had done.  
Look to the Baltic—blazing from afar,  
Your old ally yet mourns perfidious war.  
Not to such deeds did Pallas lend her aid,  
Or break the compact which herself had  
made; 216

Far from such councils, from the faithless  
field

She fled—but left behind her Gorgon  
shield;

A fatal gift that turn'd your friends to  
stone,

And left lost Albion hated and alone.

'Look to the East, where Ganges'  
swarthy race 221

Shall shake your tyrant empire to its base;  
Lo! there Rebellion rears her ghastly head,  
And glares the Nemesis of native dead;  
Till Indus rolls a deep purpureal flood  
And claims his long arrears of northern  
blood. 226

So may ye perish! Pallas, when she gave  
Your free-born rights, forbade ye to en-  
slave.

'Look on your Spain!—she clasps the  
hand she hates,

But boldly clasps, and thrusts you from  
her gates. 230

Bear witness, bright Barossa! thou canst tell  
Whose were the sons that bravely fought  
and fell.

## THE CURSE OF MINERVA

But Lusitania, kind and dear ally,      233  
 Can spare a few to fight, and sometimes fly.  
 Oh glorious field! by Famine fiercely won,  
 The Gaul retires for once, and all is done!  
 But when did Pallas teach, that one re-  
 treat  
 Retrieved three long olympiads of defeat?

'Look last at home—ye love not to look  
 there;      239  
 On the grim smile of comfortless despair:  
 Your city saddens: loud though Revel  
 howls,  
 Here Famine faints, and yonder Rapine  
 prowls.  
 See all alike of more or less bereft;  
 No misers tremble when there's nothing  
 left.  
 "Blest paper credit;" who shall dare to  
 sing?      245  
 It clogs like lead Corruption's weary wing.  
 Yet Pallas pluck'd each premier by the ear,  
 Who gods and men alike disdain'd to hear;  
 But one, repentant o'er a bankrupt state,  
 On Pallas calls,—but calls, alas! too late:  
 Then raves for \* \* : to that Mentor bends,  
 Though he and Pallas never yet were  
 friends.      252  
 Him senates hear, whom never yet they  
 heard,  
 Contemptuous once, and now no less ab-  
 surd.  
 So, once of yore, each reasonable frog  
 Swore faith and fealty to his sovereign  
 "log".      256  
 Thus hail'd your rulers their patrician  
 clod,  
 As Egypt chose an onion for a god.

'Now fare ye well! enjoy your little hour;  
 Go, grasp the shadow of your vanish'd  
 power;      260  
 Gloss o'er the failure of each fondest  
 scheme;  
 Your strength a name, your bloated wealth  
 a dream.  
 Gone is that gold, the marvel of mankind,  
 And pirates barter all that's left behind.  
 No more the hirelings, purchased near and  
 far,      265  
 Crowd to the ranks of mercenary war.  
 The idle merchant on the useless quay  
 Droops o'er the bales no bark may bear  
 away;  
 Or, back returning, sees rejected stores  
 Rot piecemeal on his own encumber'd  
 shores:      270  
 The starved mechanic breaks his rusting  
 loom,  
 And desperate mans him 'gainst the com-  
 ing doom.  
 Then in the senate of your sinking state  
 Show me the man whose counsels may  
 have weight.

Vain is each voice where tones could once  
 command;      275  
 E'en factions cease to charm a factious  
 land:  
 Yet jarring sects convulse a sister isle,  
 And light with maddening hands the mu-  
 tual pile.

'Tis done, 'tis past, since Pallas warns  
 in vain;  
 The Furies seize her abdicated reign:  
 Wide o'er the realm they wave their kind-  
 ling brands,      281  
 And wring her vitals with their fiery hands.  
 But one convulsive struggle still re-  
 mains,  
 And Gaul shall weep ere Albion wear her  
 chains.  
 The banner'd pomp of war, the glittering  
 files,      285  
 O'er whose gay trappings stern Bellona  
 smiles;  
 The brazen trump, the spirit-stirring drum,  
 That bid the foe defiance ere they come;  
 The hero bounding at his country's call,  
 The glorious death that consecrates his  
 fall,      290  
 Swell the young heart with visionary  
 charms,  
 And bid it antedate the joys of arms.  
 But know, a lesson you may yet be taught,  
 With death alone are laurels cheaply  
 bought:  
 Not in the conflict Havoc seeks delight,  
 His day of mercy is the day of fight.      296  
 But when the field is fought, the battle  
 won,  
 Though drench'd with gore, his woes are  
 but begun:  
 His deeper deeds as yet ye know by name;  
 The slaughter'd peasant and the ravish'd  
 dame,      300  
 The rifled mansion and the foe-reap'd  
 field,  
 Ill suit with souls at home, untaught to  
 yield.  
 Say with what eye along the distant down  
 Would flying burghers mark the blazing  
 town?  
 How view the column of ascending flames  
 Shake his red shadow o'er the startled  
 Thames?      306  
 Nay, frown not, Albion! for the torch was  
 thine  
 That lit such pyres from Tagus to the  
 Rhine:  
 Now should they burst on thy devoted  
 coast,  
 Go, ask thy bosom who deserves them  
 most.      310  
 The law of heaven and earth is life for  
 life,  
 And she who raised, in vain regrets, the  
 strife.'

# THE WALTZ

## AN APOSTROPHIC HYMN

'Qualis in Eurotae ripis, aut per iuga Cynthi,  
Exercent Diana choros.'—VIRGIL.

'Such on Eurota's banks, or Cynthia's height,  
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,  
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads  
The quire of nymphs, and overtops their heads.'  
DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

### TO THE PUBLISHER

SIR,

I AM a country gentleman of a midland county. I might have been a parliament man for a certain borough; having had the offer of as many votes as General T. at the general election in 1812\*. But I was all for domestic happiness; as, fifteen years ago, on a visit to London, I married a middle-aged maid of honour. We lived happily at Hornem Hall till last season, when my wife and I were invited by the Countess of Waltzaway (a distant relation of my spouse) to pass the winter in town. Thinking no harm, and our girls being come to a marriageable (or, as they call it, *marketable*) age, and having besides a Chancery suit inadvertently entailed upon the family estate, we came up in our old chariot,—of which, by the by, my wife grew so much ashamed in less than a week, that I was obliged to buy a second-hand barouche, of which I might mount the box, Mrs. H. says, if I could drive, but never see the inside—that place being reserved for the Honourable Augustus Tiptoe, her partner-general and opera-knight. Hearing great praises of Mrs. H.'s dancing (she was famous for birthnight minuets in the latter end of the last century), I unbooted, and went to a ball at the Countess's, expecting to see a country dance, or at most, cotillions, reels, and all the old paces to the newest tunes. But, judge of my surprise, on arriving, to see poor dear Mrs. Hornem with her arms half round the loins of a huge hussar-looking gentleman I never set eyes on before; and his, to say truth, rather more than half round her waist, turning round and round to a d—d see-saw up-and-down sort of tune, that reminded me of the 'Black Joke,' only more *'affettuoso,'* till it made me quite giddy with wondering they were not so. By-and-by they stopped a bit, and I thought they would sit or fall down:—but no; with Mrs. H.'s hand on his shoulder, *'quam familiariter,'* (as Terence said, when I was at school,) they walked about a minute, and then at it again, like two cock-chafers spitted on the same bodkin. I asked what all this meant, when, with a loud laugh, a child no older than our Wilhelmina (a name I never heard but in the Vicar of Wakefield, though her mother would call her after the Princess of Swappenbach,) said, 'Lord! Mr. Hornem, can't you see they're vaitzing?' or waltzing (I forget which); and then up she got, and her mother and sister, and away they went, and round-abouted it till supper-time. Now that I know what it is, I like it of all things, and so does Mrs. H. (though I have broken my shins, and four times overturned Mrs. Hornem's maid, in practising the preliminary steps in a morning). Indeed, so much do I like it, that having a turn for rhyme, tastily displayed in some election ballads, and songs in honour of all the victories (but till lately I have had little practice in that way), I sat down, and with the aid of William Fitzgerald, Esq., and a few hints from Dr. Busby, (whose recitations I attend, and am monstrous fond of Master Busby's manner of delivering his father's late successful 'Drury Lane Address,') I composed the following hymn, wherewithal to make my sentiments known to the public; whom, nevertheless, I heartily despise, as well as the critics.

I am, Sir, yours, &c. &c.,  
HORACE HORNEM.

Muse of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms	Thy legs must move to conquer as they fly,
Are now extended up from legs to arms;	If but thy coats are reasonably high; 10
Terpsichore!—too long misdeem'd a maid—	Thy breast—if bare enough—requires no shield;
Reproachful term—bestow'd but to up- braid—	Dance forth— <i>sans armour</i> thou shalt take the field,
Henceforth in all the bronze of brightness shine,	And own—impregnable to <i>most</i> assaults,
The least a vestal of the virgin Nine. 5	Thy not too lawfully begotten 'Waltz.'
Far be from thee and thine the name of prude:	Hail, nimble nymph! to whom the young hussar, 15
Mock'd, yet triumphant; sneer'd at, un- subdued;	The whisker'd votary of waltz and war, His night devotes, despite of spur and boots; A sight unmatch'd since Orpheus and his brutes;

\* State of the poll (last day) 5.

† My Latin is all forgotten, if a man can be said to have forgotten what he never remembered; but I bought my title-page motto of a Catholic priest for a three-shilling bank token, after much haggling for the even sixpence. I grudged the money to a Papist, being all for the memory of Perceval and 'No Popery,' and quite regretting the downfall of the pope, because we can't burn him any more.

## THE WALTZ

Hail, spirit-stirring Waltz!—beneath whose  
banners  
A modern hero fought for modish man-  
ners;  
On Hounslow's heath to rival Wellesley's  
fame,  
Cock'd, fired, and miss'd his man—but  
gain'd his aim;  
Hail, moving muse! to whom the fair one's  
breast  
Gives all it can, and bids us take the rest.  
Oh! for the flow of Busby, or of Fitz, 25  
The latter's loyalty, the former's wits,  
To 'energise the object I pursue,'  
And give both Belial and his dance their  
due!

Imperial Waltz! imported from the  
Rhine  
(Famed for the growth of pedigrees and  
wine), 30  
Long be thine import from all duty free,  
And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee;  
In some few qualities alike—for hock  
Improves our cellar—*thou* our living  
stock.  
The head to hock belongs—thy subtler  
art 35  
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart:  
Through the full veins thy gentler poison  
swims,  
And wakes to wantonness the willing  
limbs.

Oh, Germany! how much to thee we  
owe,  
As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,  
Ere cursed confederation made thee  
France's, 41  
And only left us thy d—d debts and  
dances!  
Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,  
We bless thee still—for George the Third  
is left!  
Of kings the best—and last, not least in  
worth, 45  
For graciously begetting George the  
Fourth.  
To Germany, and highnesses serene,  
Who owe us millions—don't we owe the  
queen?  
To Germany, what owe we not besides?  
So oft bestowing Brunswickers and  
brides;  
Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,  
Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic  
stud: 52  
Who sent us—so be pardon'd all her  
faults—  
A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and  
Waltz.

But peace to her—her emperor and diet,  
Though now transferr'd to Buonaparte's  
'flat!' 56

Back to my theme—O Muse of motion!  
say,  
How first to Albion found thy Waltz her  
way!

Borne on the breath of hyperborean  
gales,  
From Hamburg's port (while Hamburg  
yet had *mails*), 60  
Ere yet unlucky Fame—compell'd to creep  
To snowy Gottenburg—was chill'd to  
sleep;  
Or, starting from her slumbers, deign'd  
arise,  
Heligoland! to stock thy mart with lies;  
While unburnt Moscow yet had news to  
send, 65  
Nor owed her fiery exit to a friend,  
She came—Waltz came—and with her  
certain sets  
Of true despatches, and as true gazettes:  
Then flamed of Austerlitz the blest des-  
patch,  
Which 'Moniteur' nor 'Morning Post'  
can match; 70  
And—almost crush'd beneath the glorious  
news—  
Ten plays, and forty tales of Kotzebue's;  
One envoy's letters, six composers' airs,  
And loads from Frankfort and from  
Leipsic fairs; 74  
Meiner's four volumes upon womankind,  
Like Lapland witches to insure a wind;  
Brunck's heaviest tome for ballast, and,  
to back it,  
Of Heynè, such as should not sink the  
packet.

Fraught with this cargo—and her fair-  
est freight, 79  
Delightful Waltz, on tiptoe for a mate,  
The welcome vessel reach'd the genial  
strand,  
And round her flock'd the daughters of the  
land.  
Not decent David, when, before the ark,  
His grand pas-seul excited some remark;  
Not love-lorn Quixote, when his Sancho  
thought 85  
The knight's fandango friskier than it  
ought;  
Not soft Herodias, when, with winning  
tread,  
Her nimble feet danced off another's  
head;  
Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck,  
Display'd so much of *leg*, or more of  
*neck*, 90  
Than thou, ambrosial Waltz, when first  
the moon  
Beheld thee twirling to a Saxon tune!

To you, ye husbands of ten years! whose  
brows  
Ache with the annual tributes of a spouse;



## THE WALTZ

To you of nine years less, who only bear  
 The budding sprouts of those that you  
     shall wear, 96  
 With added ornaments around them roll'd  
 Of native brass, or law-awarded gold;  
 To you, ye matrons, ever on the watch  
 To mar a son's, or make a daughter's  
     match; 100  
 To you, ye children of—whom chance  
     accords—  
*Always* the ladies, and *sometimes* their  
     lords;  
 To you, ye single gentlemen, who seek  
 Torments for life, or pleasures for a week;  
 As Love or Hymen your endeavours  
     guide, 105  
 To gain your own, or snatch another's  
     bride:—  
 To one and all the lovely stranger came,  
 And every ball-room echoes with her  
     name.

Endearing Waltz!—to thy more melting  
     tune  
 Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadoon. 110  
 Scotch reels, avaunt! and country-dance,  
     forego  
 Your future claims to each fantastic toe!  
 Waltz—Waltz alone—both legs and arms  
     demands,  
 Liberal of feet, and lavish of her hands;  
 Hands which may freely range in public  
     sight 115  
 Where ne'er before—but—pray 'put out  
     the light.'  
 Methinks the glare of yonder chandelier  
 Shines much too far—or I am much too  
     near;  
 And true, though strange—Waltz whis-  
     pers this remark, 119  
 'My slippery steps are safest in the dark!'  
 But here the Muse with due decorum halts,  
 And lends her longest petticoat to Waltz.

Observant travellers of every time! 123  
 Ye quartos publish'd upon every clime!  
 O say, shall dull Romaika's heavy round,  
 Fandango's wriggles, or Bolero's bound;  
 Can Egypt's Almas—tantalising group—  
 Columbia's caperers to the warlike  
     whoop—  
 Can aught from cold Kamschatka to Cape  
     Horn  
 With Waltz compare, or after Waltz be  
     borne? 130  
 Ah, no! from Morier's pages down to  
     Galt's,  
 Each tourist pens a paragraph for 'Waltz.'

Shades of those belles whose reign be-  
     gan of yore,  
 With George the Third's—and ended long  
     before!—  
 Though in your daughters' daughters yet  
     you thrive, 135

Burst from your lead, and be yourselves  
     alive!  
 Back to the ball-room speed your spectred  
     host,  
 Fool's Paradise is dull to that you lost.  
 No treacherous powder bids conjecture  
     quake;  
 No stiff-starched stays make meddling  
     fingers ache; 140  
 (Transferr'd to those ambiguous things  
     that ape  
 Goats in their visage, women in their  
     shape;)  
 No damsel faints when rather closely  
     press'd,  
 But more caressing seems when most ca-  
     ress'd;  
 Superfluous hartshorn, and reviving salt,  
 Both banish'd by the sovereign cordial  
     'Waltz.' 146

Seductive Waltz!—though on thy native  
     shore  
 Even Werter's self proclaim'd thee half a  
     whore;  
 Werter—to decent vice though much in-  
     clined,  
 Yet warm, not wanton; dazzled, but not  
     blind— 150  
 Though gentle Genlis, in her strife with  
     Stæil,  
 Would even proscribe thee from a Paris  
     ball;  
 The fashion hails—from countesses to  
     queens,  
 And maids and valets waltz behind the  
     scenes;  
 Wide and more wide thy witching circle  
     spreads, 155  
 And turns—if nothing else—at least our  
     heads;  
 With thee even clumsy cits attempt to  
     bounce,  
 And cockneys practise what they can't  
     pronounce.  
 Gods! how the glorious theme my strain  
     exalts,  
 And rhyme finds partner rhyme in praise  
     of 'Waltz!' 160

Blest was the time Waltz chose for her  
     début;  
 The court, the Regent, like herself were  
     new;  
 New face for friends, for foes some new  
     rewards;  
 New ornaments for black and royal  
     guards;  
 New laws to hang the rogues that roar'd  
     for bread; 165  
 New coins (most new) to follow those that  
     fled;  
 New victories—nor can we prize them less,  
 Though Jenky wonders at his own success;  
 New wars, because the old succeed so well,

## THE WALTZ

That most survivors envy those who fell;  
New mistresses—no, old—and yet 'tis  
true, <sup>171</sup>

Though they be *old*, the *thing* is something  
new;

Each new, quite new—(except some  
ancient tricks),

New white-sticks, gold-sticks, broom-  
sticks, all new sticks!

With vests or ribands—deck'd alike in hue,  
New troopers strut, new turncoats blush  
in blue:

So saith the muse: my ———, what say you?  
Such was the time when Waltz might best  
maintain

Her new preferments in this novel reign;  
Such was the time, nor ever yet was such;  
Hoops are *no more*, and petticoats *not*  
*much*; <sup>181</sup>

Morals and minuets, virtue and her stays,  
And tell-tale powder—all have had their  
days.

The ball begins—the honours of the house  
First duly done by daughter or by spouse,  
Some potentate—or royal or serene—  
With Kent's gay grace, or sapient Glos-  
ter's mien,

Leads forth the ready dame, whose rising  
flush  
Might once have been mistaken for a blush.  
From where the garb just leaves the  
bosom free, <sup>190</sup>

That spot where hearts were once sup-  
posed to be;  
Round all the confines of the yielded waist,  
The strangest hand may wander undis-  
placed;

The lady's in return may grasp as much  
As princely paunches offer to her touch.

Pleased round the chalky floor how well  
they trip, <sup>196</sup>

One hand reposing on the royal hip;  
The other to the shoulder no less royal

Ascending with affection truly loyal!  
Thus front to front the partners move or  
stand, <sup>200</sup>

The foot may rest, but none withdraw the  
hand;

And all in turn may follow in their rank,  
The Earl of—Asterisk—and Lady—  
Blank;

Sir—Such-a-one—with those of fashion's  
host,

For whose blest surnames—vide 'Morn-  
ing Post.' <sup>205</sup>

(Or if for that impartial print too late,  
Search Doctors' Commons six months  
from my date)—

Thus all and each, in movement swift or  
slow,

The genial contact gently undergo;  
Till some might marvel, with the modest  
Turk, <sup>210</sup>

If 'nothing follows all this palming work?'

True, honest Mirza!—you may trust my  
rhyme—

Something does follow at a fitter time;  
The breast thus publicly resign'd to man,  
In private may resist him—if it can. <sup>215</sup>

O ye who loved our grandmothers of  
yore,

Fitzpatrick, Sheridan, and many more!  
And thou, my prince! whose sovereign  
taste and will

It is to love the lovely beldames still!  
Thou ghost of Queensberry! whose judg-  
ing sprite <sup>220</sup>

Satan may spare to peep a single night,  
Pronounce—if ever in your days of bliss  
Asmodeus struck so bright a stroke as this;

To teach the young ideas how to rise,  
Flush in the cheek, and languish in the  
eyes; <sup>225</sup>

Rush to the heart, and lighten through  
the frame,

With half-told wish, and ill-dissembled  
flame,

For prurient nature still will storm the  
breast—

Who, tempted thus, can answer for the  
rest? <sup>229</sup>

But ye—who never felt a single thought  
For what our morals are to be, or ought;

Who wisely wish the charms you view to  
reap,

Say—would you make those beauties  
quite so cheap?

Hot from the hands promiscuously ap-  
plied,

Round the slight waist, or down the glow-  
ing side, <sup>235</sup>

Where were the rapture then to clasp the  
form

From this lewd grasp and lawless contact  
warm?

At once love's most endearing thought  
resign,

To press the hand so press'd by none but  
thine; <sup>239</sup>

To gaze upon that eye which never met  
Another's ardent look without regret;

Approach the lip which all, without re-  
straint,

Come near enough—if not to touch—to  
taint;

If such thou lovest—love her then no  
more,

Or give—like her—caresses to a score;  
Her mind with these is gone, and with it  
go <sup>246</sup>

The little left behind it to bestow.

Voluptuous Waltz! and dare I thus  
blaspheme?

Thy bard forgot thy praises were his  
theme.

## THE WALTZ

Terpsichore, forgive!—at every ball 250  
 My wife *now* waltzes—and my daughters  
*shall*;  
 My son—(or stop—'tis needless to in- 255  
 quire—  
 These little accidents should ne'er tran-  
 spire;  
 Some ages hence our genealogic tree  
 Will wear as green a bough for him as  
 me)—  
 Waltzing shall rear, to make our name  
 amends,  
 Grandsons for me—in heirs to all his  
 friends.

## THE BLUES

### A LITERARY ECLOGUE

'Nimium ne crede colori.'—VIRGIL.

O trust not, ye beautiful creatures, to hue,  
 Though your *hair* were as *red* as your *stockings* are *blue*.

#### ECLOGUE THE FIRST

*London.—Before the Door of a Lecture  
 Room.*

*Enter TRACY, meeting INKEL.*

*Ink.* YOU'RE too late.

*Tra.* Is it over?

*Ink.* Nor will be this hour.

But the benches are cramm'd like a garden  
 in flower,

With the pride of our belles, who have  
 made it the fashion;

So, instead of 'beaux arts,' we may say 'la  
*belle passion*'

For learning, which lately has taken the  
 lead in

The world, and set all the fine gentlemen  
 reading.

*Tra.* I know it too well, and have worn  
 out my patience

With studying to study your new publica-  
 tions.

There's Vamp, Scamp, and Mouthy, and  
 Wordswords and Co.

With their damnable—

*Ink.* Hold, my good friend, do you  
 know

Whom you speak to?

*Tra.* Right well, boy, and so does  
 'the Row.'

You're an author—a poet—

*Ink.* And think you that I  
 Can stand tamely in silence, to hear you  
 decry

The Muses?

*Tra.* Excuse me: I meant no offence  
 To the Nine; though the number who  
 make some pretence

To their favours is such—but the sub-  
 ject to drop,

I am just piping hot from a publisher's  
 shop,

(Next door to the pastry-cook's; so that  
 when I

Cannot find the new volume I wanted to  
 buy

On the bibliopole's shelves, it is only two  
 paces,

As one finds every author in one of those  
 places:)

Where I just had been skimming a charm-  
 ing critique,

So studded with wit, and so sprinkled with  
 Greek!

Where your friend—you know who—has  
 just got such a thrashing,

That it is, as the phrase goes, extremely  
 'refreshing.'

What a beautiful word!

*Ink.* Very true; 'tis so soft  
 And so cooling—they use it a little too  
 oft;

And the papers have got it at last—but no  
 matter.

So they've cut up our friend then?

*Tra.* Not left him a tatter—

Not a rag of his present or past reputa-  
 tion,

Which they call a disgrace to the age and  
 the nation.

*Ink.* I'm sorry to hear this! for friend-  
 ship, you know—

Our poor friend!—but I thought it would  
 terminate so.

Our friendship is such, I'll read nothing  
 to shock it.

You don't happen to have the Review in  
 your pocket?

*Tra.* No; I left a round dozen of authors  
 and others

(Very sorry, no doubt, since the cause is  
 a brother's)

All scrambling and jostling, like so many  
 imps,

And on fire with impatience to get the next  
 glimpse.

*Ink.* Let us join them.

*Tra.* What, won't you return  
 to the lecture?

## THE BLUES

*Ink.* Why the place is so cramm'd,  
there's no room for a spectre.  
Besides, our friend Scamp is to-day so  
absurd—

*Tra.* How can you know that till you  
hear him?

*Ink.* I heard  
Quite enough; and, to tell you the truth,  
my retreat

Was from his vile nonsense, no less than  
the heat. 45

*Tra.* I have had no great loss then?

*Ink.* Loss!—such a palaver!  
I'd inoculate sooner my wife with the  
slaver

Of a dog when gone rabid, than listen two  
hours

To the torrent of trash which around him  
he pours,

Pump'd up with such effort, disgorged  
with such labour, 50

That—come—do not make me speak  
ill of one's neighbour.

*Tra.* I make you!

*Ink.* Yes, you! I said nothing until  
You compell'd me, by speaking the  
truth—

*Tra.* To speak ill!  
Is that your deduction?

*Ink.* When speaking of Scamp ill,  
I certainly follow, not set an example. 55  
The fellow's a fool, an impostor, a  
zany.

*Tra.* And the crowd of to-day shows  
that one fool makes many.  
But we two will be wise.

*Ink.* Pray, then, let us retire.

*Tra.* I would, but—

*Ink.* There must be attraction much  
higher

Than Scamp, or the Jew's harp he nick-  
names his lyre, 60

To call you to this hotbed.

*Tra.* I own it—'tis true—  
A fair lady—

*Ink.* A spinster?

*Tra.* Miss Lilac.

*Ink.* The Blue!

The heiress!

*Tra.* The angel!

*Ink.* The devil! why, man,  
Pray get out of this hobble as fast as you  
can.

You wed with Miss Lilac! 'twould be  
your perdition: 65

She's a poet, a chymist, a mathematician.

*Tra.* I say she's an angel.

*Ink.* Say rather an angle.  
If you and she marry, you'll certainly  
wrangle.

I say she's a Blue, man, as blue as the  
ether.

*Tra.* And is that any cause for not  
coming together? 70

*Ink.* Humph! I can't say I know any  
happy alliance

Which has lately sprung up from a wed-  
lock with science.

She's so learned in all things, and fond  
of concerning

Herself in all matters connected with  
learning,

That—  
*Tra.* What?

*Ink.* I perhaps may as well hold my  
tongue; 75

But there's five hundred people can tell  
you you're wrong.

*Tra.* You forget Lady Lilac's as rich as  
a Jew.

*Ink.* Is it miss or the cash of mamma  
you pursue?

*Tra.* Why, Jack, I'll be frank with you  
—something of both.

The girl's a fine girl.

*Ink.* And you feel nothing loth  
To her good lady-mother's reversion; and  
yet 81

Her life is as good as your own, I will bet.

*Tra.* Let her live, and as long as she  
likes; I demand

Nothing more than the heart of her  
daughter and hand.

*Ink.* Why that heart's in the ink-  
stand—that hand on the pen. 85

*Tra.* A propos—Will you write me a  
song now and then?

*Ink.* To what purpose?

*Tra.* You know, my dear friend,  
that in prose

My talent is decent, as far as it goes;  
But in rhyme—

*Ink.* You're a terrible stick, to be sure.  
*Tra.* I own it: and yet, in these times,  
there's no lure 90

For the heart of the fair like a stanza or  
two;

And so, as I can't, will you furnish a few?

*Ink.* In your name?

*Tra.* In my name. I will copy  
them out,

To slip into her hand at the very next rout.

*Ink.* Are you so far advanced as to  
hazard this?

*Tra.* Why,  
Do you think me subdued by a Blue-  
stocking's eye, 96

So far as to tremble to tell her in rhyme  
What I've told her in prose, at the least,

as sublime?

*Ink.* As sublime! If it be so, no need of  
my Muse.

*Tra.* But consider, dear Inkel, she's  
one of the 'Blues.' 100

*Ink.* As sublime!—Mr. Tracy—I've  
nothing to say.

Stick to prose—As sublime!!—but I wish  
you good day.

## THE BLUES

- Tra.* Nay, stay, my dear fellow—consider—I'm wrong;  
I own it; but, prithee, compose me the song.
- Ink.* As sublime!!
- Tra.* I but used the expression in haste.
- Ink.* That may be, Mr. Tracy, but shows damn'd bad taste. <sup>106</sup>
- Tra.* I own it—I know it—acknowledge it—what
- Can I say to you more?
- Ink.* I see what you'd be at: You disparage my parts with insidious abuse,  
Till you think you can turn them best to your own use. <sup>110</sup>
- Tra.* And is that not a sign I respect them?
- Ink.* Why that To be sure makes a difference.
- Tra.* I know what is what: And you, who're a man of the gay world no less  
Than a poet of t'other, may easily guess That I never could mean, by a word, to offend <sup>115</sup>  
A genius like you, and moreover, my friend.
- Ink.* No doubt; you by this time should know what is due  
To a man of—but come—let us shake hands.
- Tra.* You knew, And you know, my dear fellow, how heartily I  
Whatever you publish, am ready to buy.
- Ink.* That's my bookseller's business; I care not for sale; <sup>121</sup>  
Indeed the best poems at first rather fail. There were Renegade's epics, and Botherby's plays,  
And my own grand romance—
- Tra.* Had its full share of praise. I myself saw it puff'd in the 'Old Girl's Review.' <sup>125</sup>
- Ink.* What Review?
- Tra.* 'Tis the English 'Journal de Trevoux';  
A clerical work of our Jesuits at home. Have you never yet seen it?
- Ink.* That pleasure's to come.
- Tra.* Make haste then.
- Ink.* Why so?
- Tra.* I have heard people say That it threaten'd to give up the ghost t'other day. <sup>130</sup>
- Ink.* Well, that is a sign of some spirit.
- Tra.* No doubt. Shall you be at the Countess of Fiddlecome's rout?
- Ink.* I've a card, and shall go: but at present, as soon  
As friend Scamp shall be pleased to step down from the moon
- (Where he seems to be soaring in search of his wits), <sup>135</sup>  
And an interval grants from his lecturing fits,  
I'm engaged to the Lady Bluebottle's collation,  
To partake of a luncheon and learn'd conversation:  
'Tis a sort of reunion for Scamp, on the days Of his lecture, to treat him with cold tongue and praise. <sup>140</sup>  
And I own, for my own part, that 'tis not unpleasant.  
Will you go? There's Miss Lilac will also be present.
- Tra.* That 'metal's attractive.'
- Ink.* No doubt—to the pocket.
- Tra.* You should rather encourage my passion than shock it.  
But let us proceed; for I think by the hum— <sup>145</sup>  
*Ink.* Very true; let us go, then, before they can come,  
Or else we'll be kept here an hour at their levee,  
On the rack of cross questions, by all the blue bevy.  
Hark! Zounds, they'll be on us; I know by the drone  
Of old Botherby's spouting ex-cathedra tone. <sup>150</sup>  
Ay! there he is at it. Poor Scamp! better join  
Your friends, or he'll pay you back in your own coin.
- Tra.* All fair; 'tis but lecture for lecture.
- Ink.* That's clear. But for God's sake let's go, or the Bore will be here.
- Come, come: nay, I'm off. [Exit INKEL.]
- Tra.* You are right, and I'll follow; 'Tis high time for a 'Sic me servavit Apollo.' <sup>156</sup>  
And yet we shall have the whole crew on our kibes,  
Blues, dandies, and dowagers, and second-hand scribes,  
All flocking to moisten their exquisite throttles  
With a glass of Madeira at Lady Bluebottle's. [Exit TRACY.]

## ECLOGUE THE SECOND

An Apartment in the House of LADY BLUEBOTTLE.—A Table prepared.

SIR RICHARD BLUEBOTTLE solus.

Was there ever a man who was married so sorry?  
Like a fool, I must needs do the thing in a hurry.  
My life is reversed, and my quiet destroy'd;

## THE BLUES

My days, which once pass'd in so gentle a void,  
Must now, every hour of the twelve, be employ'd;  
The twelve, do I say?—of the whole twenty-four,  
Is there one which I dare call my own any more?  
What with driving and visiting, dancing, and dining,  
What with learning, and teaching, and scribbling, and shining  
In science and art, I'll be cursed if I know  
Myself from my wife; for although we are two,  
Yet she somehow contrives that all things shall be done  
In a style which proclaims us eternally one.  
But the thing of all things which distresses me more  
Than the bills of the week (though they trouble me sore)  
Is the numerous, humorous, backbiting crew  
Of scribblers, wits, lecturers, white, black, and blue,  
Who are brought to my house as an inn, to my cost—  
For the bill here, it seems, is defray'd by the host—  
No pleasure! no leisure! no thought for my pains,  
But to hear a vile jargon which addles my brains;  
A smatter and chatter, glean'd out of reviews,  
By the rag, tag, and bobtail, of those they call 'BLUES';  
A rabble who know not—But soft, here they come!  
Would to God I were deaf! as I'm not, I'll be dumb.

*Enter* LADY BLUEBOTTLE, MISS LILAC, LADY BLUEMOUNT, MR. BOTHERBY, INKEL, TRACY, MISS MAZARINE, and others, with SCAMP the Lecturer, &c. &c.

*Lady Blueb.* Ah! Sir Richard, good morning: I've brought you some friends.

*Sir Rich.* [bows, and afterwards aside.] If friends, they're the first.

*Lady Blueb.* But the luncheon attends. I pray ye be seated, 'sans cérémonie.'

Mr. Scamp, you're fatigued; take your chair there next me. [They all sit.]

*Sir Rich.* [aside.] If he does, his fatigue is to come.

*Lady Blueb.* Mr. Tracy—

*Lady Bluemount—Miss Lilac—* be pleased, pray, to place ye;

And you, Mr. Botherby—

*Both.* Oh, my dear Lady,

I obey.

*Lady Blueb.* Mr. Inkel, I ought to upbraid ye:

You were not at the lecture.

*Ink.* Excuse me, I was;

But the heat forced me out in the best part—alas!

And when—

*Lady Blueb.* To be sure it was broiling; but then

You have lost such a lecture!

*Both.* The best of the ten.

*Tra.* How can you know that? there are two more.

*Both.* Because

I defy him to beat this day's wondrous applause.

The very walls shook.

*Ink.* Oh, if that be the test,

I allow our friend Scamp has this day done his best.

*Miss Lilac,* permit me to help you;—a wing?

*Miss Lil.* No more, sir, I thank you. Who lectures next spring?

*Both.* Dick Dunder.

*Ink.* That is, if he lives.

*Miss Lil.* And why not?

*Ink.* No reason whatever, save that he's a sot.

*Lady Bluemount!* a glass of Madeira?

*Lady Blueb.* With pleasure.

*Ink.* How does your friend Wordswords, that Windermere treasure?

Does he stick to his lakes, like the leeches he sings,

And their gatherers, as Homer sung warriors and kings?

*Lady Bluem.* He has just got a place.

*Ink.* As a footman?

*Lady Bluem.* For shame!

Nor profane with your sneers so poetic a name.

*Ink.* Nay, I meant him no evil, but pitted his master;

For the poet of pedlars 'twere, sure, no disaster

To wear a new livery; the more, as 'tis not

The first time he has turn'd both his creed and his coat.

*Lady Blueb.* For shame! I repeat. If Sir George could but hear—

*Lady Blueb.* Never mind our friend Inkel; we all know, my dear,

'Tis his way.

*Sir Rich.* But this place—

*Ink.* Is perhaps like friend Scamp's, A lecturer's.

*Lady Bluem.* Excuse me—'tis one in the 'Stamps':

He is made a collector.

## THE BLUES

- Tra.* Collector! *How?*  
*Sir Rich.* What?  
*Miss Lil.* What?  
*Ink.* I shall think of him oft when I buy  
a new hat: 61  
There his works will appear—  
*Lady Bluem.* Sir, they reach to the  
Ganges.  
*Ink.* I shan't go so far—I can have them  
at Grange's.  
*Lady Bluem.* Oh fie!  
*Miss Lil.* And for shame!  
*Lady Bluem.* You're too bad.  
*Both.* Very good!  
*Lady Bluem.* How good?  
*Lady Blueb.* He means nought—'tis his  
phrase.  
*Lady Bluem.* He grows rude.  
*Lady Blueb.* He means nothing; nay, ask  
him. 66  
*Lady Bluem.* Pray, Sir! did you mean  
What you say?  
*Ink.* Never mind if he did: 'twill be seen  
That whatever he means won't alloy what  
he says.  
*Both.* Sir?  
*Ink.* Pray be content with your por-  
tion of praise; 69  
'Twas in your defence.  
*Both.* If you please, with submission,  
I can make out my own.  
*Ink.* It would be your perdition.  
While you live, my dear Botherby, never  
defend  
Yourself or your works; but leave both to  
a friend.  
A propos—Is your play then accepted at  
last?  
*Both.* At last?  
*Ink.* Why I thought—that 's to say—  
there had pass'd 75  
A few green-room whispers, which hinted,  
—you know  
That the taste of the actors at best is so  
so.  
*Both.* Sir, the green-room's in rapture,  
and so's the Committee.  
*Ink.* Ay—yours are the plays for ex-  
citing our 'pity  
And fear,' as the Greek says: for 'purging  
the mind,' 80  
I doubt if you'll leave us an equal be-  
hind.  
*Both.* I have written the prologue, and  
meant to have pray'd  
For a spice of your wit in an epilogue's  
aid.  
*Ink.* Well, time enough yet, when the  
play's to be play'd. 84  
Is it cast yet?  
*Both.* The actors are fighting for parts,  
As is usual in that most litigious of arts.  
*Lady Blueb.* We'll all make a party, and  
go the first night.
- Tra.* And you promised the epilogue,  
Inkel.  
*Ink.* Not quite.  
However, to save my friend Botherby  
trouble,  
I'll do what I can, though my pains must  
be double. 90  
*Tra.* Why so?  
*Ink.* To do justice to what goes before.  
*Both.* Sir, I'm happy to say, I've no  
fears on that score.  
Your parts, Mr. Inkel, are—  
*Ink.* Never mind mine;  
Stick to those of your play, which is quite  
your own line.  
*Lady Bluem.* You're a fugitive writer, I  
think, sir, of rhymes? 95  
*Ink.* Yes, ma'am; and a fugitive reader  
sometimes.  
On Wordswords, for instance, I seldom  
alight,  
Or on Mouthey, his friend, without taking  
to flight.  
*Lady Bluem.* Sir, your taste is too com-  
mon; but time and posterity  
Will right these great men, and this age's  
severity 100  
Become its reproach.  
*Ink.* I've no sort of objection,  
So I'm not of the party to take the infec-  
tion.  
*Lady Blueb.* Perhaps you have doubts  
that they ever will take?  
*Ink.* Not at all; on the contrary, those  
of the lake  
Have taken already, and still will con-  
tinue 105  
To take—what they can, from a groat to  
a guinea,  
Of pension or place;—but the subject 's a  
bore.  
*Lady Bluem.* Well, sir, the time's  
coming.  
*Ink.* Scamp! don't you feel sore?  
What say you to this?  
*Scamp.* They have merit, I own;  
Though their system's absurdity keeps it  
unknown. 110  
*Ink.* Then why not unearth it in one of  
your lectures?  
*Scamp.* It is only time past which comes  
under my strictures.  
*Lady Blueb.* Come, a truce with all  
tartness;—the joy of my heart  
Is to see Nature's triumph o'er all that is  
art.  
Wild Nature!—Grand Shakspeare!  
*Both.* And down Aristotle! 115  
*Lady Bluem.* Sir George thinks exactly  
with Lady Bluebottle:  
And my Lord Seventy-four, who protects  
our dear Bard,  
And who gave him his place, has the  
greatest regard

## THE BLUES

For the poet, who, singing of pedlars and asses,

Has found out the way to dispense with Parnassus. 120

*Tra.* And you, Scamp!—

*Scamp.* I needs must confess I'm embarrass'd.

*Ink.* Don't call upon Scamp, who's already so harass'd

With old *schools*, and new *schools*, and no *schools*, and all *schools*.

*Tra.* Well, one thing is certain, that some must be fools.

I should like to know who.

*Ink.* And I should not be sorry 125  
To know who are *not*:—it would save us some worry.

*Lady Blueb.* A truce with remark, and let nothing control

This 'feast of our reason, and flow of the soul.'

Oh! my dear Mr. Botherby! sympathise! —I

Now feel such a rapture, I'm ready to fly, 130

I feel so elastic—'so buoyant—so buoyant!'

*Ink.* Tracy! open the window.

*Tra.* I wish her much joy on't.

*Both.* For God's sake, my Lady Bluebottle, check not

This gentle emotion, so seldom our lot Upon earth. Give it way: 'tis an impulse 135

Our spirits from earth; the sublimest of gifts;

For which poor Prometheus was chain'd to his mountain:

'Tis the source of all sentiment—feeling's true fountain;

'Tis the Vision of Heaven upon Earth: 'tis the gas

Of the soul: 'tis the seizing of shades as they pass, 140

And making them substance: 'tis something divine:—

*Ink.* Shall I help you, my friend, to a little more wine?

*Both.* I thank you; not any more, sir, till I dine.

*Ink.* A propos—Do you dine with Sir Humphry to-day?

*Tra.* I should think with *Duke Humphry* was more in your way. 145

*Ink.* It might be of yore; but we authors now look

To the Knight, as a landlord, much more than the Duke.

The truth is, each writer now quite at his ease is,

And (except with his publisher) dines where he pleases.

But 'tis now nearly five, and I must to the Park. 150

*Tra.* And I'll take a turn with you there till 'tis dark.

And you, Scamp—

*Scamp.* Excuse me! I must to my notes, For my lecture next week.

*Ink.* He must mind whom he quotes Out of 'Elegant Extracts.'

*Lady Blueb.* Well, now we break up;

But remember Miss Diddle invites us to sup. 155

*Ink.* Then at two hours past midnight we all meet again,

For the sciences, sandwiches, hock, and champagne!

*Tra.* And the sweet lobster salad!

*Both.* I honour that meal; For 'tis then that our feelings most genuinely—feel.

*Ink.* True; feeling is truest *then*, far beyond question: 160

I wish to the gods 'twas the same with digestion!

*Lady Blueb.* Pshaw!—never mind that; for one moment of feeling

Is worth—God knows what.

*Ink.* 'Tis at least worth concealing For itself, or what follows—But here comes your carriage.

*Sir Rich.* [*aside.*] I wish all these people were d—d with my marriage! 165

[*Exeunt.*]



# THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

BY

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPOSITION SO ENTITLED BY THE AUTHOR OF 'WAT TYLER'

'A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'

## PREFACE

It hath been wisely said, that 'One fool makes many;' and it hath been poetically observed—  
'That fools rush in where angels fear to tread.'—POPE.

If Mr. Southey had not rushed in where he had no business, and where he never was before, and never will be again, the following poem would not have been written. It is not impossible that it may be as good as his own, seeing that it cannot, by any species of stupidity, natural or acquired, be *worse*. The gross flattery, the dull impudence, the renegade intolerance, and impious cant, of the poem by the author of 'Wat Tyler,' are something so stupendous as to form the sublime of himself—containing the quintessence of his own attributes.

So much for his poem—a word on his preface. In this preface it has pleased the magnanimous Laureate to draw the picture of a supposed 'Satanic School,' the which he doth recommend to the notice of the legislature; thereby adding to his other laurels the ambition of those of an informer. If there exists anywhere, except in his imagination, such a School, is he not sufficiently armed against it by his own intense vanity? The truth is, that there are certain writers whom Mr. S. imagines, like Scrub, to have 'talked of *him*;' for they laughed consumedly.'

I think I know enough of most of the writers to whom he is supposed to allude, to assert, that they, in their individual capacities, have done more good, in the charities of life, to their fellow-creatures, in any one year, than Mr. Southey has done harm to himself by his absurdities in his whole life; and this is saying a great deal. But I have a few questions to ask.

1stly, Is Mr. Southey the author of 'Wat Tyler'?

2ndly, Was he not refused a remedy at law by the highest judge of his beloved England, because it was a blasphemous and seditious publication?

3rdly, Was he not entitled by William Smith, in full parliament, 'a rancorous renegade'?

4thly, Is he not poet laureate, with his own lines on Martin the regicide staring him in the face?

And, 5thly, Putting the four preceding items together, with what conscience dare *he* call the attention of the laws to the publications of others, be they what they may?

I say nothing of the cowardice of such a proceeding, its meanness speaks for itself; but I wish to touch upon the *motive*, which is neither more nor less than that Mr. S. has been laughed at a little in some recent publications, as he was of yore in the 'Anti-jacobin,' by his present patrons. Hence all this 'skimble-scamble stuff' about 'Satanic,' and so forth. However, it is worthy of him—'*qualis ab incepto*.'

If there is anything obnoxious to the political opinions of a portion of the public in the following poem, they may thank Mr. Southey. He might have written hexameters, as he has written everything else, for aught that the writer cared—had they been upon another subject. But to attempt to canonise a monarch, who, whatever were his household virtues, was neither a successful nor a patriot king,—inasmuch as several years of his reign passed in war with America and Ireland, to say nothing of the aggression upon France,—like all other exaggeration, necessarily begets opposition. In whatever manner he may be spoken of in this new 'Vision,' his *public* career will not be more favourably transmitted by history. Of his private virtues (although a little expensive to the nation) there can be no doubt.

With regard to the supernatural personages treated of, I can only say that I know as much about them, and (as an honest man) have a better right to talk of them than Robert Southey. I have also treated them more tolerantly. The way in which that poor insane creature, the Laureate, deals about his judgments in the next world, is like his own judgment in this. If it was not completely ludicrous, it would be something worse. I don't think that there is much more to say at present.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

P.S.—It is possible that some readers may object, in these objectionable times, to the freedom with which saints, angels, and spiritual persons discourse in this 'Vision.' But, for precedents upon such points, I must refer him to Fielding's 'Journey from this World to the next,' and to the Visions of myself, the said Quevedo, in Spanish or translated. The reader is also requested to observe, that no doctrinal tenets are insisted upon or discussed; that the person of the Deity is carefully withheld from sight, which is more than can be said for the Laureate, who hath thought proper to make him talk, not 'like a school-divine,' but like the unscholarlike Mr. Southey. The whole action passes on the outside of heaven; and Chaucer's 'Wife of Bath,' Pulci's 'Morgante Maggiore,' Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,'

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

and the other works above referred to, are cases in point of the freedom with which saints, &c. may be permitted to converse in works not intended to be serious. .

Q. R.

\*.\* Mr. Southey being, as he says, a good Christian and vindictive, threatens, I understand, a reply to this our answer. It is to be hoped that his visionary faculties will in the mean time have acquired a little more judgment, properly so called: otherwise he will get himself into new dilemmas. These apostate jacobins furnish rich rejoinders. Let him take a specimen. Mr. Southey laudeth grievously 'one Mr. Landor,' who cultivates much private renown in the shape of Latin verses; and not long ago, the poet laureate dedicated to him, it appeareth, one of his fugitive lyrics, upon the strength of a poem called '*Gebir*.' Who could suppose, that in this same Gebir the aforesaid Savage Landor (for such is his grim cognomen) putteth into the infernal regions no less a person than the hero of his friend Mr. Southey's heaven,—yea, even George the Third! See also how personal Savage becometh, when he hath a mind. The following is his portrait of our late gracious sovereign:

(Prince Gebir having descended into the infernal regions, the shades of his royal ancestors are, at his request, called up to his view; and he exclaims to his ghostly guide)—

'Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch  
Is that with eyebrows white and slanting brow?  
Listen! him yonder who, bound down supine,  
Shrinks yelling from that sword there, engine-hung.  
He too amongst my ancestors! I hate  
The despot, but the dastard I despise.  
Was he our countryman?'

'Alas, O king!  
Iberia bore him, but the breed accurst  
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east.'  
'He was a warrior then, nor fear'd the gods?'  
'Gebir, he fear'd the demons, not the gods,  
Though them indeed his daily face adored;  
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives  
Squander'd, as stones to exercise a sling,  
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice—  
Oh madness of mankind! address'd, adored!'

*Gebir*, p. 28.

I omit noticing some edifying Ithyphallics of Savagius, wishing to keep the proper veil over them, if his grave but somewhat indiscreet worshipper will suffer it; but certainly these teachers of 'great moral lessons' are apt to be found in strange company.

### I

SAINT PETER sat by the celestial gate;  
His keys were rusty, and the lock was  
dull,  
So little trouble had been given of late;  
Not that the place by any means was full,  
But since the Gallic era 'eighty-eight'  
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger  
pull,  
And 'a pull altogether,' as they say  
At sea—which drew most souls another  
way.

### II

The angels all were singing out of tune,  
And hoarse with having little else to do,  
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,  
Or curb a runaway young star or two,  
Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon  
Broke out of bounds o'er th' ethereal  
blue,  
Splitting some planet with its playful tail,  
As boats are sometimes by a wanton  
whale.

### III

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,  
Finding their charges past all care  
below;

Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky  
Save the recording angel's black bureau;  
Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply  
With such rapidity of vice and woe,  
That he had stripp'd off both his wings in  
quills,  
And yet was in arrear of human ills.

### IV

His business so augmented of late years,  
That he was forced, against his will no  
doubt,  
(Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers,)  
For some resource to turn himself  
about,  
And claim the help of his celestial peers,  
To aid him ere he should be quite worn  
out  
By the increased demand for his remarks:  
Six angels and twelve saints were named  
his clerks.

### V

This was a handsome board—at least for  
heaven;  
And yet they had even then enough to do,  
So many conquerors' cars were daily  
driven,  
So many kingdoms fitted up anew;

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

Each day too slew its thousands six or seven,  
Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,  
They threw their pens down in divine disgust—  
The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

### V

This by the way; 'tis not mine to record  
What angels shrink from: even the very devil  
On this occasion his own work abhorr'd,  
So surfeited with the infernal revel:  
Though he himself had sharpen'd every sword,  
It almost quench'd his innate thirst of evil.  
(Here Satan's sole good work deserves insertion—  
'Tis, that he has both generals in reversion.)

### VII

Let's skip a few short years of hollow peace,  
Which peopled earth no better, hell as wont,  
And heaven none—they form the tyrant's lease,  
With nothing but new names subscribed upon't;  
'Twill one day finish: meantime they increase,  
'With seven heads and ten horns,' and all in front,  
Like Saint John's foretold beast; but ours are born  
Less formidable in the head than horn.

### VIII

In the first year of freedom's second dawn  
Died George the Third; although no tyrant, one  
Who shielded tyrants, till each sense withdrawn  
Left him nor mental nor external sun:  
A better farmer ne'er brush'd dew from lawn,  
A worse king never left a realm undone!  
He died—but left his subjects still behind,  
One half as mad—and t'other no less blind.

### IX

He died! his death made no great stir on earth:  
His burial made some pomp; there was profusion  
Of velvet, gilding, brass, and no great dearth  
Of aught but tears—save those shed by collusion.

For these things may be bought at their true worth;  
Of elegy there was the due infusion—  
Bought also; and the torches, cloaks, and banners,  
Heralds, and relics of old Gothic manners,

### X

Form'd a sepulchral melodrame. Of all  
The fools who flock'd to swell or see the show,  
Who cared about the corpse? The funeral  
Made the attraction, and the black the woe.  
There throb'd not there a thought which pierced the pall;  
And when the gorgeous coffin was laid low,  
It seem'd the mockery of hell to fold  
The rottenness of eighty years in gold.

### XI

So mix his body with the dust! It might  
Return to what it *must* far sooner, were  
The natural compound left alone to fight  
Its way back into earth, and fire, and air;  
But the unnatural balsams merely blight  
What nature made him at his birth, as bare  
As the mere million's base unummied clay—  
Yet all his spices but prolong decay.

### XII

He's dead—and upper earth with him has done;  
He's buried; save the undertaker's bill,  
Or lapidary scrawl, the world is gone  
For him, unless he left a German will:  
But where's the proctor who will ask his son?  
In whom his qualities are reigning still,  
Except that household virtue, most uncommon,  
Of constancy to a bad, ugly woman.

### XIII

'God save the king!' It is a large economy  
In God to save the like; but if he will  
Be saving, all the better; for not one am I  
Of those who think damnation better still:  
I hardly know too if not quite alone am I  
In this small hope of bettering future ill  
By circumscribing, with some slight restriction,  
The eternity of hell's hot jurisdiction.

### XIV

I know this is unpopular; I know  
'Tis blasphemous; I know one may be damn'd  
For hoping no one else may e'er be so;

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

I know my catechism; I know we're  
cramm'd  
With the best doctrines till we quite o'er-  
flow;  
I know that all save England's church  
have shamm'd,  
And that the other twice two hundred  
churches  
And synagogues have made a *damn'd* bad  
purchase.

### xv

God help us all! God help me too! I am,  
God knows, as helpless as the devil can  
wish,  
And not a whit more difficult to damn,  
Than is to bring to land a late-hook'd  
fish,  
Or to the butcher to purvey the lamb;  
Not that I'm fit for such a noble dish,  
As one day will be that immortal fry  
Of almost everybody born to die.

### xvi

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate,  
And nodded o'er his keys; when, lo!  
there came  
A wondrous noise he had not heard of  
late—  
A rushing sound of wind, and stream,  
and flame;  
In short, a roar of things extremely great,  
Which would have made aught save a  
saint exclaim;  
But he, with first a start and then a wink,  
Said, 'There's another star gone out, I  
think!'

### xvii

But ere he could return to his repose,  
A cherub flapp'd his right wing o'er his  
eyes—  
At which St. Peter yawn'd, and rubb'd his  
nose:  
'Saint porter,' said the angel, 'prithee  
rise!'  
Waving a goodly wing, which glow'd, as  
glows  
An earthly peacock's tail, with heavenly  
dyes:  
To which the saint replied, 'Well, what's  
the matter?  
'Is Lucifer come back with all this  
clatter?'

### xviii

'No,' quoth the cherub; 'George the  
Third is dead.'  
'And who is George the Third?' replied  
the apostle:  
'What George? what Third?' 'The king  
of England,' said  
The angel. 'Well! he won't find kings  
to jostle

Him on his way; but does he wear his  
head?  
Because the last we saw here had a  
tustle,  
And ne'er would have got into heaven's  
good graces,  
Had he not flung his head in all our faces.

### xix

'He was, if I remember, king of France;  
That head of his, which could not keep  
a crown  
On earth, yet ventured in my face to  
advance  
A claim to those of martyrs—like my  
own:  
If I had had my sword, as I had once  
When I cut ears off, I had cut him down;  
But having but my *keys*, and not my  
brand,  
I only knock'd his head from out his hand.

### xx

'And then he set up such a headless howl,  
That all the saints came out and took  
him in;  
And there he sits by St. Paul, cheek by  
jowl;  
That fellow Paul—the parvenu! The  
skin  
Of St. Bartholomew, which makes his  
cowl  
In heaven, and upon earth redeem'd  
his sin,  
So as to make a martyr, never sped  
Better than did this weak and wooden  
head.

### xxi

'But had it come up here upon its shoul-  
ders,  
There would have been a different tale  
to tell:  
The fellow-feeling in the saint's beholders  
Seems to have acted on them like a spell,  
And so this very foolish head heaven  
solders  
Back on its trunk: it may be very well,  
And seems the custom here to overthrow  
Whatever has been wisely done below.'

### xxii

The angel answer'd, 'Peter! do not pout:  
The king who comes has head and all  
entire,  
And never knew much what it was about—  
He did as doth the puppet—by its wire,  
And will be judged like all the rest, no  
doubt:  
My business and your own is not to  
inquire  
Into such matters, but to mind our cue—  
Which is to act as we are bid to do.'

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

### XXIII

While thus they spake, the angelic caravan,  
Arriving like a rush of mighty wind,  
Cleaving the fields of space, as doth the swan  
Some silver stream (say Ganges, Nile,  
or Inde,  
Or Thames, or Tweed), and 'midst them  
an old man  
With an old soul, and both extremely  
blind,  
Halted before the gate, and in his shroud  
Seated their fellow traveller on a cloud.

### XXIV

But bringing up the rear of this bright host  
A Spirit of a different aspect waved  
His wings, like thunder-clouds above some coast  
Whose barren beach with frequent  
wrecks is paved;  
His brow was like the deep when tempest-  
toss'd;  
Fierce and unfathomable thoughts en-  
graved  
Eternal wrath on his immortal face,  
And *where* he gazed a gloom pervaded  
space.

### XXV

As he drew near, he gazed upon the gate  
Ne'er to be enter'd more by him or Sin,  
With such a glance of supernatural hate,  
As made Saint Peter wish himself with-  
in;  
He patter'd with his keys at a great rate,  
And sweated through his apostolic skin:  
Of course his perspiration was but ichor,  
Or some such other spiritual liquor.

### XXVI

The very cherubs huddled all together,  
Like birds when soars the falcon; and they felt  
A tingling to the tip of every feather,  
And form'd a circle like Orion's belt  
Around their poor old charge; who scarce  
knew whither  
His guards had led him, though they  
gently dealt  
With royal manes (for by many stories,  
And true, we learn the angels all are  
Tories).

### XXVII

As things were in this posture, the gate flew  
Asunder, and the flashing of its hinges  
Flung over space an universal hue  
Of many-colour'd flame, until its tinges  
Reach'd even our speck of earth, and  
made a new  
Aurora borealis spread its fringes

O'er the North Pole; the same seen, when  
ice-bound,  
By Captain Parry's crew, in 'Melville's  
Sound.'

### XXVIII

And from the gate thrown open issued  
beaming  
A beautiful and mighty Thing of Light,  
Radiant with glory, like a banner stream-  
ing  
Victorious from some world-o'erthrow-  
ing fight:  
My poor comparisons must needs be  
teeming  
With earthly likenesses, for here the  
night  
Of clay obscures our best conceptions,  
saving  
Johanna Southcote, or Bob Southey  
raving.

### XXIX

'Twas the archangel Michael; all men  
know  
The make of angels and archangels,  
since  
There's scarce a scribbler has not one to  
show,  
From the fiends' leader to the angels'  
prince;  
There also are some altar-pieces, though  
I really can't say that they much evince  
One's inner notions of immortal spirits;  
But let the connoisseurs explain *their*  
merits.

### XXX

Michael flew forth in glory and in good;  
A goodly work of him from whom all  
glory  
And good arise; the portal past—he stood;  
Before him the young cherubs and  
saints hoary—  
(I say *young*, begging to be understood  
By looks, not years; and should be very  
sorry  
To state, they were not older than St.  
Peter,  
But merely that they seem'd a little  
sweeter).

### XXXI

The cherubs and the saints bow'd down  
before  
That arch-angelic hierarchy, the first  
Of essences angelical, who wore  
The aspect of a god; but this ne'er  
nursed  
Pride in his heavenly bosom, in whose core  
No thought, save for his Master's  
service, durst  
Intrude, however glorified and high;  
He knew him but the viceroy of the sky.

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

XXXII

He and the sombre, silent Spirit met—  
They knew each other both for good  
and ill;

Such was their power, that neither could  
forget

His former friend and future foe; but still  
There was a high, immortal, proud regret  
In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will  
Than destiny to make the eternal years  
Their date of war, and their 'champ clos'  
the spheres.

XXXIII

But here they were in neutral space: we  
know

From Job, that Satan hath the power to  
pay

A heavenly visit thrice a year or so;  
And that the 'sons of God', like those  
of clay,

Must keep him company; and we might  
show

From the same book, in how polite a  
way

The dialogue is held between the Powers  
Of Good and Evil—but 'twould take up  
hours.

XXXIV

And this is not a theologic tract,  
To prove with Hebrew and with Arabic,  
If Job be allegory or a fact,

But a true narrative; and thus I pick  
From out the whole but such and such an  
act

As sets aside the slightest thought of  
trick.

'Tis every tittle true, beyond suspicion,  
And accurate as any other vision.

XXXV

The spirits were in neutral space, before  
The gate of heaven; like eastern thresh-  
holds is

The place where Death's grand cause is  
argued o'er,

And souls despatch'd to that world or  
to this;

And therefore Michael and the other wore  
A civil aspect: though they did not kiss,

Yet still between his Darkness and his  
Brightness

There pass'd a mutual glance of great  
politeness.

XXXVI

The Archangel bow'd, not like a modern  
beau,

But with a graceful Oriental bend,  
Pressing one radiant arm just where below

The heart in good men is supposed to  
tend;

He turn'd as to an equal, not too low,

But kindly; Satan met his ancient friend  
With more hauteur, as might an old  
Castilian

Poor noble meet a mushroom rich civilian.

XXXVII

He merely bent his diabolic brow

An instant; and then raising it, he stood  
In act to assert his right or wrong, and show

Cause why King George by no means  
could or should

Make out a case to be exempt from woe

Eternal, more than other kings, endued  
With better sense and hearts, whom

history mentions,  
Who long have 'paved hell with their good  
intentions.'

XXXVIII

Michael began: 'What wouldst thou with  
this man,

Now dead, and brought before the  
Lord? What ill

Hath he wrought since his mortal race began,  
That thou canst claim him? Speak! and

do thy will,  
If it be just: if in this earthly span

He hath been greatly failing to fulfil  
His duties as a king and mortal, say,

And he is thine; if not, let him have way.'

XXXIX

'Michael!' replied the Prince of Air, 'even  
here,

Before the Gate of him thou servest,  
must

I claim my subject: and will make appear  
That as he was my worshipper in dust,

So shall he be in spirit, although dear  
To thee and thine, because nor wine nor

lust  
Were of his weaknesses; yet on the throne

He reign'd o'er millions to serve me alone.

XL

'Look to our earth, or rather mine; it was,  
Once, more thy master's; but I triumph

not  
In this poor planet's conquest; nor, alas!

Need he thou servest envy me my lot:  
With all the myriads of bright worlds

which pass  
In worship round him, he may have

forgot  
Yon weak creation of such paltry things:

I think few worth damnation save their  
kings,—

XLI

'And these but as a kind of quit-rent, to  
Assert my right as lord: and even had

I such an inclination, 'twere (as you  
Well know) superfluous; they are grown  
so bad,

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

That hell has nothing better left to do  
 Than leave them to themselves: so much  
 more mad  
 And evil by their own internal curse,  
 Heaven cannot make them better, nor I  
 worse.

### XLII

'Look to the earth, I said, and say again:  
 When this old, blind, mad, helpless,  
 weak, poor worm  
 Began in youth's first bloom and flush to  
 reign,  
 The world and he both wore a different  
 form,  
 And much of earth and all the watery plain  
 Of ocean call'd him king: through many  
 a storm  
 His isles had floated on the abyss of time;  
 For the rough virtues chose them for their  
 clime.

### XLIII

'He came to his sceptre young; he leaves  
 it old:  
 Look to the state in which he found his  
 realm,  
 And left it; and his annals too behold,  
 How to a minion first he gave the helm;  
 How grew upon his heart a thirst for gold,  
 The beggar's vice, which can but over-  
 whelm  
 The meanest hearts; and for the rest, but  
 glance  
 Thine eye along America and France.

### XLIV

'Tis true, he was a tool from first to last  
 (I have the workmen safe); but as a tool  
 So let him be consumed. From out the  
 past  
 Of ages, since mankind have known the  
 rule  
 Of monarchs—from the bloody rolls  
 amass'd  
 Of sin and slaughter—from the Cæsar's  
 school,  
 Take the worst pupil; and produce a reign  
 More drench'd with gore, more cumber'd  
 with the slain.

### XLV

'He ever warr'd with freedom and the  
 free:  
 Nations as men, home subjects, foreign  
 foes,  
 So that they utter'd the word "Liberty!"  
 Found George the Third their first  
 opponent. Whose  
 History was ever stain'd as his will be  
 With national and individual woes?  
 I grant his household abstinence; I grant  
 His neutral virtues, which most monarchs  
 want;

### XLVI

'I know he was a constant consort;  
 own  
 He was a decent sire, and middling  
 lord.  
 All this is much, and most upon a throne;  
 As temperance, if at Apicius' board,  
 Is more than at an anchorite's supper  
 shown.  
 I grant him all the kindest can accord;  
 And this was well for him, but not for  
 those  
 Millions who found him what oppression  
 chose.

### XLVII

'The New World shook him off; the Old  
 yet groans  
 Beneath what he and his prepared, if  
 not  
 Completed: he leaves heirs on many  
 thrones  
 To all his vices, without what begot  
 Compassion for him—his tame virtues;  
 drones  
 Who sleep, or despots who have now  
 forgot  
 A lesson which shall be re-taught them,  
 wake  
 Upon the thrones of earth; but let them  
 quake!

### XLVIII

'Five millions of the primitive, who hold  
 The faith which makes ye great on  
 earth, implored  
 A part of that vast all they held of old,—  
 Freedom to worship—not alone your  
 Lord,  
 Michael, but you, and you, Saint Peter!  
 Cold  
 Must be your souls, if you have not  
 abhorr'd  
 The foe to Catholic participation  
 In all the license of a Christian nation.

### XLIX

'True! he allow'd them to pray God; but  
 as  
 A consequence of prayer, refused the  
 law  
 Which would have placed them upon the  
 same base  
 With those who did not hold the saints  
 in awe.  
 But here Saint Peter started from his  
 place,  
 And cried, 'You may the prisoner with-  
 draw:  
 Ere heaven shall ope her portals to this  
 Guelph,  
 While I am guard, may I be damn'd my-  
 self!

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

L

'Sooner will I with Cerberus exchange  
My office (and *his* is no sinecure)  
Than see this royal Bedlam bigot range  
The azure fields of heaven, of that be  
sure!  
'Saint!' replied Satan, 'you do well to  
avenge  
The wrongs he made your satellites  
endure;  
And if to this exchange you should be  
given,  
I'll try to coax *our* Cerberus up to heaven!'

LI

Here Michael interposed: 'Good saint!  
and devil!  
Pray, not so fast; you both outrun dis-  
cretion.  
Saint Peter! you were wont to be more  
civil!  
Satan! excuse this warmth of his ex-  
pression,  
And condescension to the vulgar's level:  
Even saints sometimes forget them-  
selves in session.  
Have you got more to say?'—'No.'—'If  
you please,  
I'll trouble you to call your witnesses.'

LII

Then Satan turn'd and waved his swarthy  
hand,  
Which stirr'd with its electric qualities  
Clouds farther off than we can understand,  
Although we find him sometimes in our  
skies;  
Infernal thunder shook both sea and land  
In all the planets, and hell's batteries  
Let off the artillery, which Milton men-  
tions  
As one of Satan's most sublime inventions.

LIII

This was a signal unto such damn'd souls  
As have the privilege of their damnation  
Extended far beyond the mere controls  
Of worlds past, present, or to come; no  
station  
Is theirs particularly in the rolls  
Of hell assign'd; but where their inclina-  
tion  
Or business carries them in search of  
game,  
They may range freely—being damn'd the  
same.

LIV

They're proud of this—as very well they  
may,  
It being a sort of knighthood, or gilt key  
Stuck in their loins; or like to an 'entré'  
Up the back stairs, or such free-  
masonry.

I borrow my comparisons from clay,  
Being clay myself. Let not those spirits  
be  
Offended with such base low likenesses;  
We know their posts are nobler far than  
these.

LV

When the great signal ran from heaven to  
hell—  
About ten million times the distance  
reckon'd  
From our sun to its earth, as we can tell  
How much time it takes up, even to a  
second,  
For every ray that travels to dispel  
The fogs of London, through which,  
dimly beacon'd,  
The weathercocks are gilt some thrice a  
year,  
If that the *summer* is not too severe:

LVI

I say that I can tell—'twas half a minute;  
I know the solar beams take up more  
time  
Ere, pack'd up for their journey, they  
begin it;  
But then their telegraph is less sublime,  
And if they ran a race, they would not win  
it  
'Gainst Satan's couriers bound for their  
own clime.  
The sun takes up some years for every ray  
To reach its goal—the devil not half a  
day.

LVII

Upon the verge of space, about the size  
Of half-a-crown, a little speck appear'd  
(I've seen a something like it in the skies  
In the Ægean, ere a squall); it near'd,  
And, growing bigger, took another guise;  
Like an aerial ship it tack'd, and steer'd,  
Or *was* steer'd (I am doubtful of the  
grammar  
Of the last phrase, which makes the stanza  
stammer;—

LVIII

But take your choice): and then it grew a  
cloud;  
And so it was—a cloud of witnesses.  
But such a cloud! No land e'er saw a  
crowd  
Of locusts numerous as the heavens saw  
these;  
They shadow'd with their myriads space;  
their loud  
And varied cries were like those of wild  
geese  
(If nations may be liken'd to a goose),  
And realised the phrase of 'hell broke  
loose.'



## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

### LIX

Here crash'd a sturdy oath of stout John Bull,  
 Who damn'd away his eyes as heretofore:  
 There Paddy brogued 'By Jasus!—  
 'What's your wull?',  
 The temperate Scot exclaim'd: the French ghost swore  
 In certain terms I shan't translate in full,  
 As the first coachman will; and 'midst the war,  
 The voice of Jonathan was heard to express,  
 'Our president is going to war, I guess.'

### LX

Besides there were the Spaniard, Dutch, and Dane;  
 In short, an universal shoal of shades,  
 From Otaheite's isle to Salisbury Plain,  
 Of all climes and professions, years and trades,  
 Ready to swear against the good king's reign,  
 Bitter as clubs in cards are against spades:  
 All summon'd by this grand 'subpœna,'  
 to  
 Try if kings mayn't be damn'd like me or you.

### LXI

When Michael saw this host, he first grew pale,  
 As angels can; next, like Italian twilight,  
 He turn'd all colours—as a peacock's tail,  
 Or sunset streaming through a Gothic skylight  
 In some old abbey, or a trout not stale,  
 Or distant lightning on the horizon by night,  
 Or a fresh rainbow, or a grand review  
 Of thirty regiments in red, green, and blue.

### LXII

Then he address'd himself to Satan:  
 'Why—  
 My good old friend, for such I deem you, though  
 Our different parties make us fight so shy,  
 I ne'er mistake you for a *personal* foe;  
 Our difference is *political*, and I  
 Trust that, whatever may occur below,  
 You know my great respect for you: and this  
 Makes me regret whate'er you do amiss—

### LXIII

'Why, my dear Lucifer, would you abuse  
 My call for witnesses? I did not mean  
 That you should half of earth and hell  
 produce;

'Tis even superfluous, since two honest,  
 clean,  
 True testimonies are enough: we lose  
 Our time, nay, our eternity, between  
 The accusation and defence: if we  
 Hear both, 'twill stretch our immortality.'

### LXIV

Satan replied, 'To me the matter is  
 Indifferent, in a personal point of view:  
 I can have fifty better souls than this  
 With far less trouble than we have gone  
 through  
 Already; and I merely argued his  
 Late majesty of Britain's case with you  
 Upon a point of form: you may dispose  
 Of him; I've kings enough below, God  
 knows!'

### LXV

Thus spoke the Demon (late call'd 'multi-  
 faced'  
 By multo-scribbling Southey). 'Then  
 we'll call  
 One or two persons of the myriads placed  
 Around our congress, and dispense with  
 all  
 The rest,' quoth Michael: 'Who may be so  
 graced  
 As to speak first? there's choice  
 enough—who shall  
 It be?' Then Satan answer'd, 'There are  
 many;  
 But you may choose Jack Wilkes as well  
 as any.'

### LXVI

A merry, cock-eyed, curious-looking  
 sprite  
 Upon the instant started from the  
 throng,  
 Dress'd in a fashion now forgotten quite;  
 For all the fashions of the flesh stick  
 long  
 By people in the next world; where unite  
 All the costumes since Adam's, right or  
 wrong,  
 From Eve's fig-leaf down to the petticoat,  
 Almost as scanty, of days less remote.

### LXVII

The spirit look'd around upon the crowds  
 Assembled, and exclaim'd, 'My friends  
 of all  
 The spheres, we shall catch cold amongst  
 these clouds;  
 So let's to business: why this general  
 call?  
 If those are freeholders I see in shrouds,  
 And 'tis for an election that they  
 bawl,  
 Behold a candidate with unturn'd coat!  
 Saint Peter, may I count upon your  
 vote?'

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

### LXVIII

'Sir,' replied Michael, 'you mistake; these things

Are of a former life, and what we do  
Above is more august; to judge of kings  
Is the tribunal met: so now you know.'

'Then I presume those gentlemen with wings,'

Said Wilkes, 'are cherubs; and that soul  
below  
Looks much like George the Third, but to  
my mind  
A good deal older—Bless me! is he blind?'

### LXIX

'He is what you behold him, and his doom  
Depends upon his deeds,' the Angel  
said;

'If you have aught to arraign in him, the  
tomb

Gives licence to the humblest beggar's  
head

To lift itself against the loftiest.'—'Some,'  
Said Wilkes, 'don't wait to see them laid  
in lead,

For such a liberty—and I, for one,  
Have told them what I thought beneath  
the sun.'

### LXX

'Above the sun repeat, then, what thou  
hast

To urge against him,' said the Arch-  
angel. 'Why,'

Replied the spirit, 'since old scores are  
past,

Must I turn evidence? In faith, not I.  
Besides, I beat him hollow at the last,

With all his Lords and Commons: in  
the sky

I don't like ripping up old stories, since  
His conduct was but natural in a prince.

### LXXI

'Foolish, no doubt, and wicked, to oppress  
A poor unlucky devil without a shilling;  
But then I blame the man himself much less  
Than Bute and Grafton, and shall be  
unwilling

To see him punish'd here for their excess,  
Since they were both damn'd long ago,  
and still in

Their place below: for me, I have forgiven,  
And vote his "habeas corpus" into  
heaven.'

### LXXII

'Wilkes,' said the Devil, 'I understand all  
this;

You turn'd to half a courtier ere you  
died,

And seem to think it would not be amiss  
To grow a whole one on the other side

Of Charon's ferry; you forget that *his*  
Reign is concluded; whatso'er betide,  
He won't be sovereign more: you've lost  
your labour,  
For at the best he will but be your neigh-  
bour.

### LXXIII

'However, I knew what to think of it,  
When I beheld you in your jesting way,  
Flitting and whispering round about the  
spit

Where Belial, upon duty for the day,  
With Fox's lard was basting William Pitt,  
His pupil; I knew what to think, I say:  
That fellow even in hell breeds farther ills;  
I'll have him *gagg'd*—'twas one of his own  
bills.

### LXXIV

'Call Junius!' From the crowd a shadow  
stalk'd,

And at the name there was a general  
squeeze,

So that the very ghosts no longer walk'd  
In comfort, at their own aerial ease,

But were all ramm'd, and jamm'd (but to  
be balk'd,

As we shall see), and jostled hands and  
knees,

Like wind compress'd and pent within a  
bladder,

Or like a human colic, which is sadder.

### LXXV

The shadow came—a tall, thin, grey-  
hair'd figure,

That look'd as it had been a shade on  
earth;

Quick in its motions, with an air of vigour,  
But nought to mark its breeding or its  
birth;

Now it wax'd little, then again grew bigger,  
With now an air of gloom, or savage  
mirth;

But as you gazed upon its features, they  
Changed every instant—to *what*, none  
could say.

### LXXVI

The more intently the ghosts gazed, the less  
Could they distinguish whose the  
features were;

The Devil himself seem'd puzzled even to  
guess;

They varied like a dream—now here,  
now there;

And several people swore from out the  
press,

They knew him perfectly; and one could  
swear

He was his father: upon which another  
Was sure he was his mother's cousin's  
brother:

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

LXXVII

Another, that he was a duke, or knight,  
An orator, a lawyer, or a priest,  
A nabob, a man-midwife; but the wight  
Mysterious changed his countenance at  
least  
As oft as they their minds; though in full  
sight

He stood, the puzzle only was increased;  
The man was a phantasmagoria in  
Himself—he was so volatile and thin.

LXXVIII

The moment that you had pronounced  
him *one*,  
Presto! his face changed, and he was  
another;  
And when that change was hardly well put  
on,  
It varied, till I don't think his own  
mother  
(If that he had a mother) would her son  
Have known, he shifted so from one to  
t'other;  
Till guessing from a pleasure grew a task,  
At this epistolary 'Iron Mask.'

LXXIX

For sometimes he like Cerberus would  
seem—  
'Three gentlemen at once' (as sagely  
says  
Good Mrs. Malaprop); then you might  
deem  
That he was not even *one*; now many  
rays  
Were flashing round him; and now a thick  
steam  
Hid him from sight—like fogs on Lon-  
don days:  
Now Burke, now Tooke, he grew to  
people's fancies,  
And certes often like Sir Philip Francis.

LXXX

I've an hypothesis—'tis quite my own;  
I never let it out till now, for fear  
Of doing people harm about the throne,  
And injuring some minister or peer,  
On whom the stigma might perhaps be  
blown;  
It is—my gentle public, lend thine ear!  
'Tis, that what Junius we are wont to call  
Was *really, truly*, nobody at all.

LXXXI

I don't see wherefore letters should not be  
Written without hands, since we daily  
view  
Them written without heads; and books,  
we see,  
Are fill'd as well without the latter too:  
And really till we fix on somebody

For certain sure to claim them as his  
due,  
Their author, like the Niger's mouth, will  
bother  
The world to say if *there* be mouth or  
author.

LXXXII

'And who and what art thou?' the Arch-  
angel said.  
'For *that* you may consult my title-  
page,'  
Replied this mighty shadow of a shade:  
'If I have kept my secret half an age,  
I scarce shall tell it now.'—'Canst thou  
upbraid,'  
Continued Michael, 'George Rex, or  
allege  
Aught further?' Junius answer'd, 'You  
had better  
First ask him for *his* answer to my letter:

LXXXIII

'My charges upon record will outlast  
The brass of both his epitaph and tomb.'  
'Repent'st thou not,' said Michael, 'of  
some past  
Exaggeration? something which may  
doom  
Thyself if false, as him if true? Thou wast  
Too bitter—is it not so?—in thy gloom  
Of passion?'—'Passion!' cried the phan-  
tom dim,  
'I loved my country, and I hated him.

LXXXIV

'What I have written, I have written: let  
The rest be on his head or mine!' So  
spoke  
Old 'Nominis Umbra'; and while speak-  
ing yet,  
Away he melted in celestial smoke.  
Then Satan said to Michael, 'Don't forget  
To call George Washington, and John  
Horne Tooke,  
And Franklin;—but at this time there  
was heard  
A cry for room, though not a phantom  
stirr'd.

LXXXV

At length with jostling, elbowing, and the  
aid  
Of cherubim appointed to that post,  
The devil Asmodeus to the circle made  
His way, and look'd as if his journey  
cost  
Some trouble. When his burden down he  
laid,  
'What's this?' cried Michael; 'why,  
'tis not a ghost?'  
'I know it,' quoth the incubus; 'but he  
Shall be one, if you leave the affair to  
me.

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

### LXXXVI

'Confound the renegade! I have sprain'd  
My left wing, he's so heavy; one would  
think  
Some of his works about his neck were  
chain'd.  
But to the point; while hovering o'er  
the brink  
Of Skiddaw (where as usual it still rain'd),  
I saw a taper, far below me, wink,  
And stooping, caught this fellow at a  
libel—  
No less on history than the Holy Bible.

### LXXXVII

'The former is the devil's scripture, and  
The latter yours, good Michael: so the  
affair  
Belongs to all of us, you understand.  
I snatch'd him up just as you see him  
there,  
And brought him off for sentence out of  
hand:  
I've scarcely been ten minutes in the  
air—  
At least a quarter it can hardly be:  
I dare say that his wife is still at tea.'

### LXXXVIII

Here Satan said, 'I know this man of old,  
And have expected him for some time  
here;  
A sillier fellow you will scarce behold,  
Or more conceited in his petty sphere:  
But surely it was not worth while to fold  
Such trash below your wing, Asmodeus  
dear:  
We had the poor wretch safe (without  
being bored  
With carriage) coming of his own accord.

### LXXXIX

'But since he's here, let's see what he has  
done.'  
'Done!' cried Asmodeus, 'he anticipates  
The very business you are now upon,  
And scribbles as if head clerk to the  
Fates.  
Who knows to what his ribaldry may run,  
When such an ass as this, like Balaam's,  
prates?'  
'Let's hear,' quoth Michael, 'what he has  
to say:  
You know we're bound to that in every  
way.'

### XC

Now the bard, glad to get an audience,  
which  
By no means often was his case below,  
Began to cough, and hawk, and hem, and  
pitch  
His voice into that awful note of woe

To all unhappy hearers within reach  
Of poets when the tide of rhyme's in  
flow;  
But stuck fast with his first hexameter,  
Not one of all those gouty feet would stir.

### XCI

But ere the spavin'd dactyls could be  
spurr'd  
Into recitative, in great dismay  
Both cherubim and seraphim were heard  
To murmur loudly through their long  
array;  
And Michael rose ere he could get a word  
Of all his founder'd verses under way,  
And cried, 'For God's sake stop, my  
friend! 'twere best—  
*Non Di, non homines*—you know the rest.'

### XCII

A general bustle spread throughout the  
throng,  
Which seem'd to hold all verse in detes-  
tation;  
The angels had of course enough of song  
When upon service; and the generation  
Of ghosts had heard too much in life, not  
long  
Before, to profit by a new occasion:  
The monarch, mute till then, exclaim'd,  
'What! what!  
*Pye* come again? No more—no more of  
that!'

### XCIII

The tumult grew; an universal cough  
Convulsed the skies, as during a debate,  
When Castlereagh has been up long  
enough  
(Before he was first minister of state,  
I mean—the *slaves hear now*); some cried  
'Off, off!'  
As at a farce; till, grown quite desperate,  
The bard Saint Peter pray'd to interpose  
(Himself an author) only for his prose.

### XCIV

The varlet was not an ill-favour'd knave;  
A good deal like a vulture in the face,  
With a hook nose and a hawk's eye, which  
gave  
A smart and sharper-looking sort of  
grace  
To his whole aspect, which, though rather  
grave,  
Was by no means so ugly as his case;  
But that, indeed, was hopeless as can be,  
Quite a poetic felony '*de se*.'

### XCV

Then Michael blew his trump, and still'd  
the noise  
With one still greater, as is yet the mode  
On earth besides; except some grumbling  
voice,

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

Which now and then will make a slight  
inroad  
Upon decorous silence, few will twice  
Lift up their lungs when fairly over-  
crow'd;  
And now the bard could plead his own bad  
cause,  
With all the attitudes of self-applause.

### xcvi

He said—(I only give the heads)—he said,  
He meant no harm in scribbling; 'twas  
his way  
Upon all topics; 'twas, besides, his bread,  
Of which he butter'd both sides; 'twould  
delay  
Too long the assembly (he was pleased to  
dread),  
And take up rather more time than a  
day,  
To name his works—he would but cite a  
few—  
'Wat Tyler'—'Rhymes on Blenheim'—  
'Waterloo.'

### xcvii

He had written praises of a regicide;  
He had written praises of all kings what-  
ever;  
He had written for republics far and wide,  
And then against them bitterer than ever;  
For pantisocracy he once had cried  
Aloud, a scheme less moral than 'twas  
clever;  
Then grew a hearty anti-jacobin—  
Had turn'd his coat—and would have  
turn'd his skin.

### xcviii

He had sung against all battles, and again  
In their high praise and glory; he had  
call'd  
Reviewing 'the ungentle craft,' and then  
Become as base a critic as e'er crawl'd—  
Fed, paid, and pamper'd by the very men  
By whom his muse and morals had been  
maul'd;  
He had written much blank verse, and  
blanker prose,  
And more of both than anybody knows.

### xcix

He had written Wesley's life:—here turn-  
ing round  
To Satan, 'Sir, I'm ready to write yours,  
In two octavo volumes, nicely bound,  
With notes and preface, all that most  
allures  
The pious purchaser; and there's no  
ground  
For fear, for I can choose my own re-  
viewers:  
So let me have the proper documents,  
That I may add you to my other saints.'

### c

Satan bow'd, and was silent. 'Well, if you,  
With amiable modesty, decline  
My offer, what says Michael? There are  
few  
Whose memoirs could be render'd more  
divine.  
Mine is a pen of all work; not so new  
As it was once, but I would make you  
shine  
Like your own trumpet. By the way, my  
own  
Has more of brass in it, and is as well  
blown.

### ci

'But talking about trumpets, here's my  
Vision!  
Now you shall judge, all people; yes,  
you shall  
Judge with my judgment, and by my de-  
cision  
Be guided who shall enter heaven or fall.  
I settle all these things by intuition,  
Times present, past, to come, heaven,  
hell, and all,  
Like King Alfonso. When I thus see  
double,  
I save the Deity some worlds of trouble.'

### cii

He ceased, and drew forth an MS.; and no  
Persuasion on the part of devils, saints,  
Or angels, now could stop the torrent; so  
He read the first three lines of the con-  
tents;  
But at the fourth, the whole spiritual show  
Had vanish'd, with variety of scents,  
Ambrosial and sulphureous, as they  
sprang,  
Like lightning, off from his 'melodious  
twang.'

### ciii

Those grand heroics acted as a spell:  
The angels stopp'd their ears and plied  
their pinions;  
The devils ran howling, deafen'd, down to  
hell;  
The ghosts fled, gibbering, for their own  
dominions—  
(For 'tis not yet decided where they dwell,  
And I leave every man to his opinions);  
Michael took refuge in his trump—but, lo!  
His teeth were set on edge, he could not  
blow!

### civ

Saint Peter, who has hitherto been known  
For an impetuous saint, upraised his  
keys,  
And at the fifth line knock'd the poet  
down;  
Who fell like Phaeton, but more at ease,

## THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

Into his lake, for there he did not drown;  
A different web being by the Destinies  
Woven for the Laureate's final wreath,  
whene'er  
Reform shall happen either here or there.

In his own den, to scrawl some 'Life' or  
'Vision,'  
As Welborn says—'the devil turn'd pre-  
cision.'

### CVI

CV  
He first sank to the bottom—like his  
works,  
But soon rose to the surface—like him-  
self;  
For all corrupted things are buoy'd like  
corks,  
By their own rottenness, light as an elf,  
Or wisp that flits o'er a morass: he lurks,  
It may be, still, like dull books on a shelf,

As for the rest, to come to the conclusion  
Of this true dream, the telescope is gone  
Which kept my optics free from all de-  
lusion,  
And show'd me what I in my turn have  
shown;  
All I saw farther, in the last confusion,  
Was, that King George slipp'd into  
heaven for one;  
And when the tumult dwindled to a calm,  
I left him practising the hundredth psalm.

## THE AGE OF BRONZE

OR,

### CARMEN SECULARE ET ANNUS HAUD MIRABILIS

*'Impar Congressus Achilli.'*

#### I

THE 'good old times'—all times when old  
are good—  
Are gone; the present might be if they  
would;  
Great things have been, and are, and  
greater still  
Want little of mere mortals but their will:  
A wider space, a greener field, is given  
To those who play their 'tricks before high  
heaven.'  
I know not if the angels weep, but men  
Have wept enough—for what?—to weep  
again!

#### II

All is exploded—be it good or bad. 9  
Reader! remember when thou wert a lad,  
Then Pitt was all; or, if not all, so much,  
His very rival almost deem'd him such.  
We, we have seen the intellectual race  
Of giants stand, like Titans, face to face—  
Athos and Ida, with a dashing sea 15  
Of eloquence between, which flow'd all free,  
As the deep billows of the Ægean roar  
Betwixt the Hellenic and the Phrygian  
shore.  
But where are they—the rivals! a few feet  
Of sullen earth divide each winding sheet.  
How peaceful and how powerful is the  
grave, 21  
Which hushes all! a calm, unstormy wave,  
Which oversweeps the world. The theme  
is old  
Of 'dust to dust;' but half its tale untold:

Time tempers not its terrors—still the  
worm 25  
Winds its cold folds, the tomb preserves  
its form,  
Varied above, but still alike below;  
The urn may shine, the ashes will not glow,  
Though Cleopatra's mummy cross the sea  
O'er which from empire she lured An-  
thony; 30  
Though Alexander's urn a show be grown  
On shores he wept to conquer, though un-  
known—  
How vain, how worse than vain, at length  
appear  
The madman's wish, the Macedonian's  
tear!  
He wept for worlds to conquer—half the  
earth 35  
Knows not his name, or but his death, and  
birth,  
And desolation; while his native Greece  
Hath all of desolation, save its peace.  
He 'wept for worlds to conquer'! he who  
ne'er  
Conceived the globe, he panted not to  
spare! 40  
With even the busy Northern Isle un-  
known,  
Which holds his urn, and never knew his  
throne.

#### III

But where is he, the modern, mightier far,  
Who, born no king, made monarchs draw  
his car;

## THE AGE OF BRONZE

The new Sesostri<sup>s</sup>, whose unharness'd  
 kings, <sup>45</sup>  
 Freed from the bit, believe themselves  
 with wings,  
 And spurn the dust o'er which they crawl'd  
 of late,  
 Chain'd to the chariot of the chieftain's  
 state?  
 Yes! where is he, the champion and the  
 child  
 Of all that's great or little, wise or wild;  
 Whose game was empires, and whose  
 stakes were thrones; <sup>51</sup>  
 Whose table earth—whose dice were  
 human bones?  
 Behold the grand result in yon lone isle,  
 And, as thy nature urges, weep or smile.  
 Sigh to behold the eagle's lofty rage <sup>55</sup>  
 Reduced to nibble at his narrow cage;  
 Smile to survey the queller of the nations  
 Now daily squabbling o'er disputed  
 rations;  
 Weep to perceive him mourning, as he  
 dines,  
 O'er curtail'd dishes and o'er stinted  
 wines; <sup>60</sup>  
 O'er petty quarrels upon petty things.  
 Is this the man who scourged or feasted  
 kings?  
 Behold the scales in which his fortune  
 hangs,  
 A surgeon's statement, and an earl's  
 harangues! <sup>64</sup>  
 A bust delayed, a book refused, can shake  
 The sleep of him who kept the world  
 awake.  
 Is this indeed the tamer of the great,  
 Now slave of all could tease or irritate—  
 The paltry gaoler and the prying spy,  
 The staring stranger with his note-book  
 nigh? <sup>70</sup>  
 Plunged in a dungeon he had still been  
 great;  
 How low, how little was this middle state,  
 Between a prison and a palace, where  
 How few could feel for what he had to  
 bear!  
 Vain his complaint,—my lord presents his  
 bill, <sup>75</sup>  
 His food and wine were doled out duly still;  
 Vain was his sickness, never was a clime  
 So free from homicide—to doubt's a  
 crime;  
 And the stiff surgeon, who maintain'd his  
 cause,  
 Hath lost his place, and gain'd the world's  
 applause. <sup>80</sup>  
 But smile—though all the pangs of brain  
 and heart  
 Disdain, defy, the tardy aid of art;  
 Though, save the few fond friends and  
 imaged face  
 Of that fair boy his sire shall ne'er em-  
 brace,

None stand by his low bed—though even  
 the mind <sup>85</sup>  
 Be wavering, which long awed and awes  
 mankind:  
 Smile—for the fetter'd eagle breaks his  
 chain,  
 And higher worlds than this are his again.

IV

How, if that soaring spirit still retain  
 A conscious twilight of his blazing reign,  
 How must he smile, on looking down, to  
 see <sup>91</sup>  
 The little that he was and sought to be!  
 What though his name a wider empire  
 found  
 Than his ambition, though with scarce a  
 bound; <sup>94</sup>  
 Though first in glory, deepest in reverse,  
 He tasted empire's blessings and its curse;  
 Though kings, rejoicing in their late escape  
 From chains, would gladly be their tyrant's  
 ape;  
 How must he smile, and turn to yon lone  
 grave,  
 The proudest sea-mark that o'ertops the  
 wave! <sup>100</sup>  
 What though his gaoler, duteous to the  
 last,  
 Scarce deem'd the coffin's lead could keep  
 him fast,  
 Refusing one poor line along the lid,  
 To date the birth and death of all it hid;  
 That name shall hallow the ignoble shore,  
 A talisman to all save him who bore: <sup>106</sup>  
 The fleets that sweep before the eastern  
 blast  
 Shall hear their sea-boys hail it from the  
 mast;  
 When Victory's Gallic column shall but  
 rise, <sup>109</sup>  
 Like Pompey's pillar, in a desert's skies,  
 The rocky isle that holds or held his dust,  
 Shall crown the Atlantic like the hero's  
 bust,  
 And mighty nature o'er his obsequies  
 Do more than niggard envy still denies.  
 But what are these to him? Can glory's  
 lust <sup>115</sup>  
 Touch the freed spirit or the fetter'd dust?  
 Small care hath he of what his tomb con-  
 sists:  
 Nought if he sleeps—nor more if he exists:  
 Alike the better-seeing shade will smile  
 On the rude cavern of the rocky isle, <sup>120</sup>  
 As if his ashes found their latest home  
 In Rome's Pantheon or Gaul's mimic  
 dome.  
 He wants not this; but France shall feel  
 the want  
 Of this last consolation, though so scant:  
 Her honour, fame, and faith demand his  
 bones, <sup>125</sup>  
 To rear above a pyramid of thrones;

## THE AGE OF BRONZE

Or carried onward in the battle's van,  
To form, like Guesclin's dust, her talis-  
man.  
But be it as it is—the time may come  
His name shall beat the alarm, like Ziska's  
drum. 130

### v

Oh heaven! of which he was in power a  
feature;  
Oh earth! of which he was a noble  
creature;  
Thou isle! to be remember'd long and  
well,  
That saw'st the unfledged eaglet chip his  
shell!  
Ye Alps, which view'd him in his dawning  
flights 135  
Hover, the victor of a hundred fights!  
Thou Rome, who saw'st thy Cæsar's  
deeds outdone!  
Alas! why pass'd he too the Rubicon—  
The Rubicon of man's awaken'd rights,  
To herd with vulgar kings and parasites?  
Egypt! from whose all dateless tombs  
arose 141  
Forgotten Pharaohs from their long re-  
pose,  
And shook within their pyramids to hear  
A new Cambyzes thundering in their ear;  
While the dark shades of forty ages stood  
Like startled giants by Nile's famous  
flood; 146  
Or from the pyramid's tall pinnacle  
Beheld the desert peopled, as from hell,  
With clashing hosts, who strew'd the  
barren sand,  
To re-manure the uncultivated land!  
Spain! which, a moment mindless of the  
Cid, 151  
Beheld his banner flouting thy Madrid!  
Austria! which saw thy twice-ta'en  
capital  
Twice spared to be the traitress of his fall!  
Ye race of Frederic!—Frederics but in  
name 155  
And falsehood—heirs to all except his  
fame:  
Who, crush'd at Jena, crouch'd at Berlin,  
fell  
First, and but rose to follow! Ye who  
dwell  
Where Kosciusko dwelt, remembering yet  
The unpaid amount of Catherine's bloody  
debt! 160  
Poland! o'er which the avenging angel  
pass'd,  
But left thee as he found thee, still a waste,  
Forgetting all thy still enduring claim,  
Thy lotted people and extinguish'd name,  
Thy sigh for freedom, thy long-flowing  
tear, 165  
That sound that crashes in the tyrant's  
ear—

Kosciusko! On—on—on—the thirst of  
war  
Gasps for the gore of serfs and of their  
Czar.  
The half barbaric Moscow's minarets  
Gleam in the sun, but 'tis a sun that sets!  
Moscow! thou limit of his long career,  
For which rude Charles had wept his  
frozen tear 172  
To see in vain—he saw thee—how? with  
spire  
And palace fuel to one common fire.  
To this the soldier lent his kindling match,  
To this the peasant gave his cottage  
thatch, 176  
To this the merchant flung his hoarded  
store,  
The prince his hall—and Moscow was no  
more!  
Sublimest of volcanos! Etna's flame  
Pales before thine, and quenchless Hecla's  
tame; 180  
Vesuvius shows his blaze, an usual sight.  
For gaping tourists, from his hackney'd  
height:  
Thou stand'st alone unrivall'd, till the fire  
To come, in which all empires shall expire!

Thou other element! as strong and stern,  
To teach a lesson conquerors will not  
learn!— 186  
Whose icy wing flapp'd o'er the faltering foe,  
Till fell a hero with each flake of snow:  
How did thy numbing beak and silent fang  
Pierce, till hosts perish'd with a single  
pang! 190  
In vain shall Seine look up along his banks  
For the gay thousands of his dashing  
ranks!  
In vain shall France recall beneath her vines  
Her youth—their blood flows faster than  
her wines; 194  
Or stagnant in their human ice remains  
In frozen mummies on the Polar plains.  
In vain will Italy's broad sun awaken  
Her offspring chill'd; its beams are now  
forsaken.  
Of all the trophies gather'd from the war,  
What shall return? the conqueror's broken  
car! 200  
The conqueror's yet unbroken heart!  
Again  
The horn of Roland sounds, and not in  
vain.  
Lutzen, where fell the Swede of victory,  
Beholds him conquer, but, alas! not die:  
Dresden surveys three despots fly once  
more 205  
Before their sovereign,—sovereign as be-  
fore;  
But there exhausted Fortune quits the  
field,  
And Leipsic's treason bids the unvan-  
quish'd yield;



## THE AGE OF BRONZE

For outworn Europe? With the sound  
arise, 380  
Like Samuel's shade to Saul's monarchic  
eyes,

The prophets of young Freedom, sum-  
mon'd far

From climes of Washington and Bolivar;  
Henry, the forest-born Demosthenes,  
Whose thunder shook the Philip of the  
seas; 385

And stoic Franklin's energetic shade,  
Robed in the lightnings which his hand  
allay'd;

And Washington, the tyrant-tamer, wake,  
To bid us blush for these old chains, or  
break.

But *who* compose this senate of the few  
That should redeem the many? *Who*  
renew 391

This consecrated name, till now assign'd  
To councils held to benefit mankind?  
Who now assemble at the holy call?  
The blest Alliance, which says three are  
all! 395

An earthly trinity! which wears the shape  
Of heaven's, as man is mimick'd by the ape.

A pious unity! in purpose one—  
To melt three fools to a Napoleon.

Why, Egypt's gods were rational to these;  
Their dogs and oxen knew their own  
degrees, 401

And, quiet in their kennel or their shed,  
Cared little, so that they were duly fed;  
But these, more hungry, must have some-  
thing more—

The power to bark and bite, to toss and  
gore. 405

Ah, how much happier were good Æsop's  
frogs

Than we! for ours are animated logs,  
With ponderous malice swaying to and fro,  
And crushing nations with a stupid blow;  
All duly anxious to leave little work 410  
Unto the revolutionary stork.

## IX

Thrice blest Verona! since the holy three  
With their imperial presence shine on  
thee!

Honour'd by them, thy treacherous site  
forgets

The vaunted tomb of 'all the Capulets';  
Thy Scaligers—for what was 'Dog the  
Great,' 416

'Can Grande,' (which I venture to trans-  
late,)

To these sublimer pugs? Thy poet too,  
Catullus, whose old laurels yield to new;  
Thine amphitheatre, where Romans sate;  
And Dante's exile shelter'd by thy gate;  
Thy good old man, whose world was all  
within

Thy wall, nor knew the country held him in;

Would that the royal guests it girds about  
Were so far like, as never to get out! 425  
Ay, shout! inscribe! rear monuments of  
shame,

To tell Oppression that the world is tame!  
Crowd to the theatre with loyal rage,

The comedy is not upon the stage;  
The show is rich in ribandry and stars,  
Then gaze upon it through thy dungeon  
bars; 431

Clap thy permitted palms, kind Italy,  
For thus much still thy fetter'd hands are  
free!

## X

Resplendent sight! Behold the coxcomb  
Czar,

The autocrat of waltzes and of war! 435  
As eager for a plaudit as a realm,  
And just as fit for flirting as the helm;  
A Calmuck beauty with a Cossack wit,  
And generous spirit, when 'tis not frost-  
bit;

Now half dissolving to a liberal thaw, 440  
But harden'd back whene'er the morning's  
raw;

With no objection to true liberty,  
Except that it would make the nations  
free.

How well the imperial dandy prates of  
peace!

How fain, if Greeks would be his slaves,  
free Greece! 445

How nobly gave he back the Poles their  
Diet,

Then told pugnacious Poland to be quiet!  
How kindly would he send the mild

Ukraine,  
With all her pleasant Pulks, to lecture  
Spain!

How royally show off in proud Madrid  
His goodly person, from the South long  
hid! 451

A blessing cheaply purchased, the world  
knows,

By having Muscovites for friends or foes.  
Proceed, thou namesake of great Philip's  
son!

La Harpe, thine Aristotle, beckons on;  
And that which Scythia was to him of  
yore 456

Find with thy Scythians on Iberia's shore.  
Yet think upon, thou somewhat aged

youth,  
Thy predecessor on the banks of Pruth;

Thou hast to aid thee, should his lot be  
thine, 460

Many an old woman, but no Catherine.  
Spain, too, hath rocks, and rivers, and  
defiles—

The bear may rush into the lion's toils.  
Fatal to Goths are Xeres' sunny fields;

Think'st thou to thee Napoleon's victor  
yields? 465

## THE AGE OF BRONZE

Better reclaim thy deserts, turn thy swords  
To ploughshares, shave and wash thy  
Bashkir hordes,  
Redeem thy realms from slavery and the  
knout,  
Than follow headlong in the fatal route,  
To infest the clime whose skies and laws  
are pure 470  
With thy foul legions. Spain wants no  
manure:  
Her soil is fertile, but she feeds no foe:  
Her vultures, too, were gorged not long ago;  
And wouldst thou furnish them with  
fresher prey? 474  
Alas! thou wilt not conquer, but purvey.  
I am Diogenes, though Russ and Hun  
Stand between mine and many a myriad's  
sun;  
But were I not Diogenes, I'd wander  
Rather a worm than *such* an Alexander!  
Be slaves who will, the cynic shall be  
free; 480  
His tub hath tougher walls than Sinopè:  
Still will he hold his lantern up to scan  
The face of monarchs for an 'honest man.'

### XI

And what doth Gaul, the all-prolific land  
Of *ne plus ultra* ultras and their band  
Of mercenaries? and her noisy chambers  
And tribune, which each orator first  
clambers  
Before he finds a voice, and when 'tis  
found,  
Hears 'the lie' echo for his answer round?  
Our British Commons sometimes deign to  
'hear!' 490  
A Gallic senate hath more tongue than ear;  
Even Constant, their sole master of debate,  
Must fight next day his speech to vindicate.  
But this costs little to true Franks, who'd  
rather 494  
Combat than listen, were it to their father.  
What is the simple standing of a shot,  
To listening long, and interrupting not?  
Though this was not the method of old  
Rome,  
When Tully fulmined o'er each vocal  
dome,  
Demosthenes has sanction'd the trans-  
action, 500  
In saying eloquence meant 'Action,  
action!'

### XII

But where's the monarch? hath he dined?  
or yet  
Groans beneath indigestion's heavy debt?  
Have revolutionary pâtés risen,  
And turn'd the royal entrails to a prison?  
Have discontented movements stirr'd the  
troops? 506  
Or have *no* movements follow'd traitorous  
soups?

Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed  
Each course enough! or doctors dire dis-  
suaded 509  
Repletion? Ah! in thy dejected looks  
I read all France's treason in her cooks!  
Good classic Louis! is it, canst thou say,  
Desirable to be the 'Desiré'?  
Why wouldst thou leave calm Hartwell's  
green abode,  
Apician table, and Horatian ode, 515  
To rule a people who will not be ruled,  
And love much rather to be scourged than  
school'd?  
Ah! thine was not the temper or the taste  
For thrones; the table sees thee better  
placed:  
A mild Epicurean, form'd, at best, 520  
To be a kind host and as good a guest,  
To talk of letters, and to know by heart  
One *half* the poet's, *all* the gourmand's  
art:  
A scholar always, now and then a wit,  
And gentle when digestion may permit;—  
But not to govern lands enslaved or free;  
The gout was martyrdom enough for thee.

### XIII

Shall noble Albion pass without a phrase  
From a bold Briton in her wonted praise?  
'Arts, arms, and George, and glory, and  
the isles, 530  
And happy Britain, wealth, and Free-  
dom's smiles,  
White cliffs, that held invasion far aloof,  
Contented subjects, all alike tax-proof,  
Proud Wellington, with eagle beak so  
curl'd,  
That nose, the hook where he suspends  
the world! 535  
And Waterloo, and trade, and—(hush!  
not yet  
A syllable of imposts or of debt)—  
And ne'er (enough) lamented Castlereagh,  
Whose penknife slit a goose-quill t' other  
day—  
And "pilots who have weather'd every  
storm"— 540  
(But, no, not even for rhyme's sake, name  
Reform).'  
These are the themes thus sung so oft  
before,  
Methinks we need not sing them any more;  
Found in so many volumes far and  
near,  
There's no occasion you should find them  
here. 545  
Yet something may remain perchance to  
chime  
With reason, and what's stranger still,  
with rhyme.  
Even this thy genius, Canning! may per-  
mit,  
Who, bred a statesman, still wast born a  
wit,

## THE AGE OF BRONZE

And never, even in that dull House,  
 couldst tame 550  
 To unheaven'd prose thine own poetic  
 flame;  
 Our last, our best, our only orator,  
 Even I can praise thee—Tories do no  
 more:  
 Nay, not so much;—they hate thee, man,  
 because  
 Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes.  
 The hounds will gather to their huntsman's  
 hollo, 556  
 And where he leads the duteous pack will  
 follow;  
 But not for love mistake their yelling cry;  
 Their yelp for game is not an eulogy;  
 Less faithful far than the four-footed  
 pack, 560  
 A dubious scent would lure the bipeds  
 back,  
 Thy saddle-girths are not yet quite secure,  
 Nor royal stallion's feet extremely sure;  
 The unwieldy old white horse is apt at last  
 To stumble, kick, and now and then stick  
 fast 565  
 With his great self and rider in the mud;  
 But what of that? the animal shows blood.

XIV

Alas, the country! how shall tongue or pen  
 Bewail her now *uncountry* gentlemen?  
 The last to bid the cry of warfare cease,  
 The first to make a malady of peace. 571  
 For what were all these country patriots  
 born?  
 To hunt, and vote, and raise the price of  
 corn?  
 But corn, like every mortal thing, must fall,  
 Kings, conquerors, and markets most of  
 all. 575  
 And must ye fall with every ear of grain?  
 Why would you trouble Buonaparté's  
 reign?  
 He was your great Triptolemus; his vices  
 Destroy'd but realms, and still maintain'd  
 your prices; 579  
 He amplified to every lord's content  
 The grand agrarian alchymy, high *rent*.  
 Why did the tyrant stumble on the Tartars,  
 And lower wheat to such desponding  
 quarters?  
 Why did you chain him on yon isle so lone?  
 The man was worth much more upon his  
 throne. 585  
 True, blood and treasure boundlessly were  
 spilt,  
 But what of that? the Gaul may bear the  
 guilt;  
 But bread was high, the farmer paid his  
 way,  
 And acres told upon the appointed day.  
 But where is now the goodly audit ale?  
 The purse-proud tenant, never known to  
 fail? 591

The farm which never yet was left on  
 hand?  
 The marsh reclaim'd to most improving  
 land?  
 The impatient hope of the expiring lease?  
 The doubling rental? What an evil's  
 peace! 595  
 In vain the prize excites the ploughman's  
 skill,  
 In vain the Commons pass their patriot  
 bill;  
 The *landed interest*—(you may understand  
 The phrase much better leaving out the  
*land*)—  
 The land self-interest groans from shore to  
 shore, 600  
 For fear that plenty should attain the poor.  
 Up, up again, ye rents! exalt your notes,  
 Or else the ministry will lose their votes,  
 And patriotism, so delicately nice,  
 Her loaves will lower to the market price;  
 For ah! 'the loaves and fishes,' once so  
 high, 606  
 Are gone—their oven closed, their ocean  
 dry,  
 And nought remains of all the millions  
 spent,  
 Excepting to grow moderate and content.  
 They who are not so, *had* their turn—and  
 turn 610  
 About still flows from Fortune's equal  
 urn;  
 Now let their virtue be its own reward,  
 And share the blessings which themselves  
 prepared.  
 See these inglorious Cincinnatti swarm,  
 Farmers of war, dictators of the farm;  
 Their ploughshare was the sword in hire-  
 ling hands, 616  
 Their fields manured by gore of other  
 lands;  
 Safe in their barns, these Sabine tillers sent  
 Their brethren out to battle—why? for  
 rent!  
 Year after year they voted cent. per cent.,  
 Blood, sweat, and tear-wrung millions—  
 why? for rent! 621  
 They roar'd, they dined, they drank, they  
 swore they meant  
 To die for England—why then live?—for  
 rent!  
 The peace has made one general malcon-  
 tent  
 Of these high-market patriots; war was  
 rent! 625  
 Their love of country, millions all mis-  
 spent,  
 How reconcile? by reconciling rent!  
 And will they not repay the treasures lent?  
 No: down with everything, and up with  
 rent!  
 Their good, ill, health, wealth, joy, or dis-  
 content, 630  
 Being, end, aim, religion—rent, rent, rent!

## THE AGE OF BRONZE

Thou sold'st thy birthright, Esau! for a  
mess;  
Thou shouldst have gotten more, or eaten  
less;  
Now thou hast swill'd thy pottage, thy  
demands  
Are idle; Israel says the bargain stands.  
Such, landlords! was your appetite for  
war,  
And gorged with blood, you grumble at a  
scar!  
What! would they spread their earthquake  
even o'er cash?  
And when land crumbles, bid firm paper  
crash?  
So rent may rise, bid bank and nation  
fall,  
And found on 'Change a *Fundling* Hos-  
pital?  
Lo, Mother Church, while all religion  
writhe,  
Like Niobe, weeps o'er her offspring,  
Tithes;  
The prelates go to—where the saints have  
gone,  
And proud pluralities subside to one;  
Church, state, and faction wrestle in the  
dark,  
Toss'd by the deluge in their common ark.  
Shorn of her bishops, banks, and divi-  
dends,  
Another Babel soars—but Britain ends.  
And why? to pamper the self-seeking  
wants,  
And prop the hill of these agrarian ants.  
'Go to these ants, thou sluggard, and be  
wise.'  
Admire their patience through each sacri-  
fice,  
Till taught to feel the lesson of their pride,  
The price of taxes and of homicide;  
Admire their justice, which would fain  
deny  
The debt of nations:—pray, *who made it*  
*high?*

### xv

Or turn to sail between those shifting  
rocks,  
The new Symplegades—the crushing  
Stocks,  
Where Midas might again his wish be-  
hold  
In real paper or imagined gold.  
That magic palace of Alcina shows  
More wealth than Britain ever had to lose,  
Were all her atoms of unleaven'd ore,  
And all her pebbles from Pactolus' shore.  
There Fortune plays, while Rumour holds  
the stake,  
And the world trembles to bid brokers  
break.  
How rich is Britain! not indeed in mines,  
Or peace or plenty, corn or oil, or wines;

No land of Canaan, full of milk and  
honey,  
Nor (save in paper shekels) ready money:  
But let us not to own the truth refuse,  
Was ever Christian land so rich in Jews?  
Those parted with their teeth to good  
King John,  
And now, ye kings! they kindly draw your  
own;  
All states, all things, all sovereigns they  
control,  
And waft a loan 'from Indus to the pole.'  
The banker, broker, baron, brethren,  
speed  
To aid these bankrupt tyrants in their need.  
Nor these alone; Columbia feels no less  
Fresh speculations follow each success;  
And philanthropic Israel deigns to drain  
Her mild per-centage from exhausted  
Spain.  
Not without Abraham's seed can Russia  
march;  
'Tis gold, not steel, that rears the con-  
queror's arch.  
Two Jews, a chosen people, can command  
In every realm their scripture-promised  
land:—  
Two Jews keep down the Romans, and up-  
hold  
The accursed Hun, more brutal than of  
old:  
Two Jews—but not Samaritans—direct  
The world, with all the spirit of their sect.  
What is the happiness of earth to them?  
A congress forms their 'New Jerusalem,'  
Where baronies and orders both invite—  
Oh, holy Abraham! dost thou see the  
sight?  
Thy followers mingling with these royal  
swine,  
Who spit not 'on their Jewish gaberdine,'  
But honour them as portion of the show—  
(Where now, oh Pope! is thy forsaken  
toe?  
Could it not favour Judah with some  
kicks?  
Or has it ceased to 'kick against the  
pricks?')  
On Shylock's shore behold them stand  
afresh,  
To cut from nations' hearts their 'pound  
of flesh.'

### xvi

Strange sight this Congress! destined to  
unite  
All that's incongruous, all that's opposite.  
I speak not of the sovereigns—they're  
alike,  
A common coin as ever mint could strike;  
But those who sway the puppets, pull the  
strings,  
Have more of motley than their heavy  
kings.

## THE AGE OF BRONZE

Jews, authors, generals, charlatans, com-  
bine, <sup>710</sup>

While Europe wonders at the vast design:  
There Metternich, power's foremost para-  
site,

Cajoles; there Wellington forgets to fight;  
There Chateaubriand forms new books of  
martyrs;

And subtle Greeks intrigue for stupid  
Tartars; <sup>715</sup>

There Montmorenci, the sworn foe to  
charters,

Turns a diplomatist of great éclat,  
To furnish articles for the 'Débats;'

Of war so certain—yet not quite so sure  
As his dismissal in the 'Moniteur.' <sup>720</sup>

Alas! how could his cabinet thus err!  
Can peace be worth an ultra-minister?

He falls indeed, perhaps to rise again,  
'Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.'

### XVII

Enough of this—a sight more mournful  
woos <sup>725</sup>

The averted eye of the reluctant muse.  
The imperial daughter, the imperial bride,

The imperial victim—sacrifice to pride;  
The mother of the hero's hope, the boy,

The young Astyanax of modern Troy; <sup>730</sup>  
The still pale shadow of the loftiest queen

That earth has yet to see, or e'er hath seen;  
She flits amidst the phantoms of the hour,

The theme of pity, and the wreck of power.  
Oh, cruel mockery! Could not Austria

spare <sup>735</sup>  
A daughter? What did France's widow

there?  
Her fitter place was by St. Helen's wave,

Her only throne is in Napoleon's grave.  
But, no—she still must hold a petty reign,

Flank'd by her formidable chamberlain;  
The martial Argus, whose not hundred

eyes <sup>741</sup>  
Must watch her through these paltry page-

antries.  
What though she share no more, and

shared in vain,  
A sway surpassing that of Charlemagne,

Which swept from Moscow to the south-  
ern seas! <sup>745</sup>

Yet still she rules the pastoral realm of  
cheese,

Where Parma views the traveller resort,  
To note the trappings of her mimic court.

But she appears! Verona sees her shorn  
Of all her beams—while nations gaze and

mourn— <sup>750</sup>  
Ere yet her husband's ashes have had time

To chill in their inhospitable clime;  
(If e'er those awful ashes can grow cold;—

But no,—their embers soon will burst the  
mould;)

She comes!—the Andromache (but not  
Racine's, <sup>755</sup>

Nor Homer's,)—Lo! on Pyrrhus' arm she  
leans!

Yes! the right arm, yet red from Water-  
loo,

Which cut her lord's half-shatter'd sceptre  
through,

Is offer'd and accepted? Could a slave  
Do more? or less?—and *he* in his new

grave! <sup>760</sup>  
Her eye, her cheek, betray no inward

strife,  
And the *ex-empress* grows as *ex* a wife!

So much for human ties in royal breasts!  
Why spare men's feelings, when their own

are jests?

### XVIII

But, tired of foreign follies, I turn home,  
And sketch the group—the picture's yet

to come, <sup>766</sup>  
My muse 'gan weep, but, ere a tear was

spilt,  
She caught Sir William Curtis in a kilt!

While throng'd the chiefs of every High-  
land clan

To hail their brother, Vich Ian Alder-  
man! <sup>770</sup>

Guildhall grows Gael, and echoes with  
Erse roar,

While all the Common Council cry 'Clay-  
more!'

To see proud Albyn's tartans as a belt  
Gird the gross sirloin of a city Celt,

She burst into a laughter so extreme, <sup>775</sup>  
That I awoke—and lo! it was *no* dream!

Here, reader, will we pause:—if there's no  
harm in

This first—you'll have, perhaps, a second  
'Carmen.'

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## A ROMAUNT

L'UNIVERS est une espèce de livre, dont on n'a lu que la première page quand on n'a vu que son pays. J'en ai feuilleté un assez grand nombre, que j'ai trouvés également mauvaises. Cet examen ne m'a point été infructueux. Je haïssais ma patrie. Toutes les impertinences des peuples divers, parmi lesquels j'ai vécu, m'ont réconcilié avec elle. Quand je n'aurais tiré d'autre bénéfice de mes voyages que celui-là, je n'en regretterais ni les frais ni les fatigues.—*Le Cosmopolite.*

### PREFACE TO THE FIRST AND SECOND CANTOS

THE following poem was written, for the most part, amidst the scenes which it attempts to describe. It was begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in those countries. Thus much it may be necessary to state for the correctness of the descriptions. The scenes attempted to be sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. There, for the present, the poem stops; its reception will determine whether the author may venture to conduct his readers to the capital of the East, through Ionia and Phrygia: these two cantos are merely experimental.

A fictitious character is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece; which, however, makes no pretension to regularity. It has been suggested to me by friends, on whose opinions I set a high value, that in this fictitious character, 'Childe Harold,' I may incur the suspicion of having intended some real personage. This I beg leave, once for all, to disclaim—Harold is the child of imagination, for the purpose I have stated. In some very trivial particulars, and those merely local, there might be grounds for such a notion; but in the main points, I should hope, none whatever.

It is almost superfluous to mention that the appellation 'Childe,' as 'Childe Waters,' 'Childe Childers,' &c., is used as more consonant with the old structure of versification which I have adopted. The 'Good Night,' in the beginning of the first canto, was suggested by 'Lord Maxwell's Good Night,' in the *Border Minstrelsy*, edited by Mr. Scott.

With the different poems which have been published on Spanish subjects, there may be found some slight coincidence in the first part, which treats of the Peninsula, but it can only be casual; as, with the exception of a few concluding stanzas, the whole of this poem was written in the Levant.

The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation:—"Not long ago, I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of composition."—"Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by the example of some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, their failure must be in the execution, rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie.

LONDON, February, 1812.

### ADDITION TO THE PREFACE

I HAVE now waited till almost all our periodical journals have distributed their usual portion of criticism. To the justice of the generality of their criticisms I have nothing to object: it would ill become me to quarrel with their very slight degree of censure, when, perhaps, if they had been less kind they had been more candid. Returning, therefore, to all and each my best thanks for their liberality, on one point alone shall I venture an observation. Amongst the many objections justly urged to the very indifferent character of the 'vagrant Childe' (whom, notwithstanding many hints to the contrary, I still maintain to be a fictitious personage), it has been stated, that, besides the anachronism, he is very *unknightly*, as the times of the Knights were times of Love, Honour, and so forth. Now, it so happens that the good old times, when 'l'amour du bon vieux tems, l'amour antique,' flourished, were the most profligate of all possible centuries. Those who have any doubts on this subject may consult *Sainte-Palaye, passim*, and more particularly vol. ii. p. 69. The vows of chivalry were no better kept than any other vows whatsoever; and the songs of the Troubadours were not more decent, and certainly were much less refined, than those of Ovid. The 'Cours d'amour, parlemens d'amour, ou de courtesie et de gentillesse' had much more of love than of courtesy or gentleness. See Roland on the same subject with *Sainte-Palaye*. Whatever other objection may be urged to that most unamiable personage Childe Harold, he was so far perfectly knightly in his attributes—"No waiter, but a knight templar." By the by, I fear that Sir Tristrem and Sir Lancelot were no better than they should be, although very poetical personages and true knights 'sans peur,' though not 'sans reproche.' If the story of the institution of the 'Garter' be not a fable, the knights of that order have for several centuries borne the badge of a Countess of Salisbury, of indifferent memory. So much for chivalry. Burke need not have regretted that its days are over, though Marie-Antoinette was quite as chaste as most of those in whose honour lances were shivered, and knights unhorsed.

Before the days of Bayard, and down to those of Sir Joseph Banks (the most chaste and celebrated of ancient and modern times), few exceptions will be found to this statement; and I fear a little investigation will teach us not to regret these monstrous mummeries of the middle ages.

I now leave 'Childe Harold' to live his day, such as he is; it had been more agreeable, and certainly

\* Beattie's Letters.

† The Rovers, or the Double Arrangement.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

more easy, to have drawn an amiable character. It had been easy to varnish over his faults, to make him do more and express less, but he never was intended as an example, further than to show, that early perversion of mind and morals leads to satiety of past pleasures and disappointment in new ones, and that even the beauties of nature and the stimulus of travel (except ambition, the most powerful of all excitements) are lost on a soul so constituted, or rather misdirected. Had I proceeded with the poem, this character would have degenerated as he drew to the close; for the outline which I once meant to fill up for him was, with some exceptions, the sketch of a modern Timon, perhaps a poetical Zeluco.

LONDON, 1813.

### TO IANTHE

Nor in those climes where I have late  
been straying,  
Though Beauty long hath there been  
matchless deem'd;  
Not in those visions to the heart displaying  
Forms which it sighs but to have only  
dream'd,  
Hath aught like thee in truth or fancy  
seem'd:  
Nor, having seen thee, shall I vainly seek  
To paint those charms which varied as  
they beam'd—  
To such as see thee not my words were  
weak;  
To those who gaze on thee what language  
could they speak?

Ah! may'st thou ever be what now thou  
art,  
Nor unbecom the promise of thy spring,  
As fair in form, as warm yet pure in  
heart,  
Love's image upon earth without his  
wing,  
And guileless beyond Hope's imagining!  
And surely she who now so fondly rears  
Thy youth, in thee, thus hourly bright-  
ening,  
Beholds the rainbow of her future years,  
Before whose heavenly hues all sorrow  
disappears.

Young Peri of the West!—'tis well for me  
My years already doubly number thine;  
My loveless eye unmoved may gaze on  
thee,  
And safely view thy ripening beauties  
shine;

Happy, I ne'er shall see them in decline;  
Happier, that while all younger hearts  
shall bleed,  
Mine shall escape the doom thine eyes  
assign  
To those whose admiration shall succeed,  
But mix'd with pangs to Love's even love-  
liest hours decreed.

Oh! let that eye, which, wild as the  
Gazelle's,  
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,  
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it  
dwells,  
Glance o'er this page, nor to my verse  
deny  
That smile for which my breast might  
vainly sigh  
Could I to thee be ever more than friend:  
This much, dear maid, accord; nor  
question why  
To one so young my strain I would  
commend,  
But bid me with my wreath one matchless  
lily blend.

Such is thy name with this my verse  
entwined;  
And long as kinder eyes a look shall cast  
On Harold's page, Ianthé's here en-  
shrined  
Shall thus be first beheld, forgotten last:  
My days once number'd, should this  
homage past  
Attract thy fairy fingers near the lyre  
Of him who hail'd thee, loveliest as  
thou wast,  
Such is the most my memory may de-  
sire;  
Though more than Hope can claim, could  
Friendship less require?

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

### CANTO THE FIRST

I

Oh, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly  
birth,  
Muse! form'd or fabled at the minstrel's  
will!  
Since shamed full oft by later lyres on  
earth,  
Mine dares not call thee from thy sacred  
hill:

Yet there I've wander'd by thy vaunted  
rill;  
Yes! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted  
shrine,  
Where, save that feeble fountain, all is  
still;  
Nor mote my shell awake the weary  
Nine  
To grace so plain a tale—this lowly lay of  
mine.

## II

Whilome in Albion's isle there dwelt a youth,  
 Who ne in virtue's ways did take delight;  
 But spent his days in riot most uncouth,  
 And vex'd with mirth the drowsy ear of Night.  
 Ah me! in sooth he was a shameless wight,  
 Sore given to revel and ungodly glee;  
 Few earthly things found favour in his sight  
 Save concubines and carnal companie,  
 And flaunting wassailers of high and low degree.

## III

Childe Harold was he hight:—but whence his name  
 And lineage long, it suits me not to say;  
 Suffice it, that perchance they were of fame,  
 And had been glorious in another day:  
 But one sad losel soils a name for aye,  
 However mighty in the olden time;  
 Nor all that heralds rake from coffin'd clay,  
 Nor florid prose, nor honeyed lies of rhyme,  
 Can blazon evil deeds, or consecrate a crime.

## IV

Childe Harold bask'd him in the noon-tide sun,  
 Disporting there like any other fly;  
 Nor deem'd before his little day was done  
 One blast might chill him into misery.  
 But long ere scarce a third of his pass'd by,  
 Worse than adversity the Childe befell;  
 He felt the fulness of satiety:  
 Then loathed he in his native land to dwell,  
 Which seem'd to him more lone than Eremit's sad cell.

## V

For he through Sin's long labyrinth had run,  
 Nor made atonement when he did amiss,  
 Had sigh'd to many though he loved but one,  
 And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.  
 Ah, happy she! to 'scape from him whose kiss  
 Had been pollution unto aught so chaste;  
 Who soon had left her charms for vulgar bliss,

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

And spoil'd her goodly lands to gild his waste,  
 Nor calm domestic peace had ever deign'd to taste.

## VI

And now Childe Harold was sore sick at heart,  
 And from his fellow bacchanals would flee;  
 'Tis said, at times the sullen tear would start,  
 But Pride congeal'd the drop within his ee:  
 Apart he stalk'd in joyless reverie,  
 And from his native land resolved to go,  
 And visit scorching climes beyond the sea;  
 With pleasure drugg'd, he almost long'd for woe,  
 And e'en for change of scene would seek the shades below.

## VII

The Childe departed from his father's hall:  
 It was a vast and venerable pile;  
 So old, it seem'd only not to fall,  
 Yet strength was pillar'd in each massy aisle.  
 Monastic dome! condemn'd to uses vile!  
 Where Superstition once had made her den  
 Now Paphian girls were known to sing and smile;  
 And monks might deem their time was come agen,  
 If ancient tales say true, nor wrong these holy men.

## VIII

Yet oft-times in his maddest mirthful mood  
 Strange pangs would flash along Childe Harold's brow  
 As if the memory of some deadly feud  
 Or disappointed passion lurk'd below:  
 But this none knew, nor haply cared to know;  
 For his was not that open, artless soul  
 That feels relief by bidding sorrow flow,  
 Nor sought he friend to counsel or condole,  
 Whate'er this grief mote be, which he could not control.

## IX

And none did love him: though to hall and bower  
 He gather'd revellers from far and near,  
 He knew them flatt'ers of the festal hour;  
 The heartless parasites of present cheer.



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO I

Yea! none did love him—not his lemans  
 dear—  
 But pomp and power alone are woman's  
 care,  
 And where these are light Eros finds a  
 feere;  
 Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by  
 glare,  
 And Mammon wins his way where  
 Seraphs might despair.

## x

Childe Harold had a mother—not forgot,  
 Though parting from that mother he  
 did shun;  
 A sister whom he loved, but saw her not  
 Before his weary pilgrimage begun:  
 If friends he had, he bade adieu to  
 none.  
 Yet deem not thence his breast a breast  
 of steel:  
 Ye, who have known what 'tis to dote  
 upon  
 A few dear objects, will in sadness feel  
 Such partings break the heart they fondly  
 hope to heal.

## xi

His house, his home, his heritage, his  
 lands,  
 The laughing dames in whom he did  
 delight,  
 Whose large blue eyes, fair locks, and  
 snowy hands,  
 Might shake the saintship of an an-  
 chorite,  
 And long had fed his youthful appetite;  
 His goblets brimm'd with every costly  
 wine,  
 And all that mote to luxury invite,  
 Without a sigh he left, to cross the  
 brine,  
 And traverse Paynim shores, and pass  
 Earth's central line.

## xii

The sails were fill'd, and fair the light  
 winds blew,  
 As glad to waft him from his native  
 home;  
 And fast the white rocks faded from his  
 view,  
 And soon were lost in circumambient  
 foam:  
 And then, it may be, of his wish to roam  
 Repented he, but in his bosom slept  
 The silent thought, nor from his lips did  
 come  
 One word of wail, whilst others sate and  
 wept,  
 And to the reckless gales unmanly moan-  
 ing kept.

## xiii

But when the sun was sinking in the sea  
 He seized his harp, which he at times  
 could string,  
 And strike, albeit with untaught melody,  
 When deem'd he no strange ear was  
 listening:  
 And now his fingers o'er it he did fling,  
 And tuned his farewell in the dim  
 twilight.  
 While flew the vessel on her snowy wing,  
 And fleeting shores receded from his  
 sight,  
 Thus to the elements he pour'd his last  
 'Good Night.'

## 1

ADIEU, adieu! my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue;  
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
 We follow in his flight;  
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
 My native Land—Good Night!

## 2

A few short hours and he will rise  
 To give the morrow birth;  
 And I shall hail the main and skies,  
 But not my mother earth.  
 Deserted is my own good hall,  
 Its hearth is desolate;  
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall;  
 My dog howls at the gate.

## 3

'Come hither, hither, my little page!  
 Why dost thou weep and wail?  
 Or dost thou dread the billows' rage,  
 Or tremble at the gale?  
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
 Our ship is swift and strong:  
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
 More merrily along.'

## 4

'Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
 I fear not wave nor wind:  
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
 Am sorrowful in mind;  
 For I have from my father gone,  
 A mother whom I love,  
 And have no friend, save these alone,  
 But thee—and one above.'

## 5

'My father bless'd me fervently,  
 Yet did not much complain;  
 But sorely will my mother sigh  
 Till I come back again.'—  
 'Enough, enough, my little lad!  
 Such tears become thine eye;  
 If I thy guileless bosom had,  
 Mine own would not be dry.'

## 6

'Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman?  
Or shiver at the gale?'—  
'Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
But thinking on an absent wife  
Will blanch a faithful cheek.

## 7

'My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
Along the bordering lake,  
And when they on their father call,  
What answer shall she make?'—  
'Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
Thy grief let none gainsay;  
But I, who am of lighter mood,  
Will laugh to flee away.'

## 8

For who would trust the seeming sighs  
Of wife or paramour?  
Fresh feeres will dry the bright blue eyes  
We late saw streaming o'er.  
For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
Nor perils gathering near;  
My greatest grief is that I leave  
No thing that claims a tear.

## 9

And now I'm in the world alone,  
Upon the wide, wide sea:  
But why should I for others groan,  
When none will sigh for me?  
Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
Till fed by stranger hands;  
But long ere I come back again  
He'd tear me where he stands.

## 10

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
Athwart the foaming brine;  
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
So not again to mine.  
Welcome, welcome, ye dark-blue waves!  
And when you fail my sight,  
Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!  
My native Land—Good Night!

## xiv

On, on the vessel flies, the land is gone,  
And winds are rude in Biscay's sleepless  
bay.  
Four days are sped, but with the fifth,  
anon,  
New shores descried make every bosom  
gay;  
And Cintra's mountain greets them on  
their way,  
And Tagus dashing onward to the deep,  
His fabled golden tribute bent to pay;

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

And soon on board the Lusian pilots  
leap,  
And steer 'twixt fertile shores where yet  
few rustics reap.

## xv

Oh, Christ! it is a goodly sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for this de-  
licious land:  
What fruits of fragrance blush on every  
tree!  
What goodly prospects o'er the hills  
expand!  
But man would mar them with an im-  
pious hand:  
And when the Almighty lifts his fiercest  
scourge  
'Gainst those who most transgress his  
high command,  
With treble vengeance will his hot  
shafts urge  
Gaul's locust host, and earth from fellest  
foemen purge.

## xvi

What beauties doth Lisboa first unfold!  
Her image floating on that noble tide,  
Which poets vainly pave with sands of  
gold,  
But now whereon a thousand keels did  
ride  
Of mighty strength, since Albion was  
allied,  
And to the Lusians did her aid afford:  
A nation swoln with ignorance and  
pride,  
Who lick yet loathe the hand that waves  
the sword  
To save them from the wrath of Gaul's  
unsparing lord.

## xvii

But whoso entereth within this town,  
That, sheening far, celestial seems to be,  
Disconsolate will wander up and down,  
'Mid many things unsightly to strange  
ee;  
For hut and palace show like filthily:  
The dingy denizens are rear'd in dirt;  
Ne personage of high or mean degree  
Doth care for cleanness of surtout or  
shirt;  
Though shent with Egypt's plague, un-  
kempt, unwash'd, unhurt.

## xviii

Poor, paltry slaves! yet born 'midst  
noblest scenes—  
Why, Nature, waste thy wonders on  
such men?  
Lo! Cintra's glorious Eden intervenes  
In variegated maze of mount and glen.

Ah me! what hand can pencil guide, or  
pen,  
To follow half on which the eye dilates  
Through views more dazzling unto  
mortal ken  
Than those whereof such things the bard  
relates,  
Who to the awe-struck world unlock'd  
Elysium's gates?

XIX

The horrid crags, by toppling convent  
crown'd,  
The cork-trees hoar that clothe the  
shaggy steep,  
The mountain-moss by scorching skies  
imbrown'd,  
The sunken glen, whose sunless shrubs  
must weep,  
The tender azure of the unruffled deep,  
The orange tints that gild the greenest  
bough,  
The torrents that from cliff to valley leap,  
The vine on high, the willow branch  
below,  
Mix'd in one mighty scene, with varied  
beauty glow.

XX

Then slowly climb the many-winding  
way,  
And frequent turn to linger as you go,  
From loftier rocks new loveliness survey,  
And rest ye at 'Our Lady's house of  
woe;'  
Where frugal monks their little relics  
show,  
And sundry legends to the stranger tell:  
Here impious men have punish'd been,  
and lo!  
Deep in yon cave Honorius long did  
dwell,  
In hope to merit Heaven by making earth  
a Hell.

XXI

And here and there, as up the crags you  
spring,  
Mark many rude-carved crosses near  
the path:  
Yet deem not these devotion's offer-  
ing—  
These are memorials frail of murderous  
wrath:  
For wheresoe'er the shrieking victim  
hath  
Pour'd forth his blood beneath the  
assassin's knife,  
Some hand erects a cross of mouldering  
lath;  
And grove and glen with thousand such  
are rife  
Throughout this purple land, where law  
secures not life.

XXII

On sloping mounds, or in the vale be-  
neath,  
Are domes where whilome kings did  
make repair;  
But now the wild flowers round them  
only breathe;  
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering  
there.  
And yonder towers the Prince's palace  
fair:  
There thou too, Vathek! England's  
wealthiest son,  
Once form'd thy Paradise, as not aware  
When wanton Wealth her mightiest  
deeds hath done,  
Meek Peace voluptuous lures was ever  
wont to shun.

XXIII

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of  
pleasure plan,  
Beneath yon mountain's ever beauteous  
brow:  
But now, as if a thing unblest by  
Man,  
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou!  
Here giant weeds a passage scarce allow  
To halls deserted, portals gaping wide:  
Fresh lessons to the thinking bosom,  
how  
Vain are the pleasaunces on earth sup-  
plied;  
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's un-  
gentle tide!

XXIV

Behold the hall where chiefs were late  
convened!  
Oh! dome displeasing unto British  
eye!  
With diadem hight foolscap, lo! a fiend,  
A little fiend that scoffs incessantly,  
There sits in parchment robe array'd,  
and by  
His side is hung a seal and sable scroll,  
Where blazon'd glare names known to  
chivalry,  
And sundry signatures adorn the roll,  
Whereat the Urchin points and laughs  
with all his soul.

XXV

Convention is the dwarfish demon  
styled  
That foil'd the knights in Marialva's  
dome:  
Of brains (if brains they had) he them  
beguiled,  
And turned a nation's shallow joy to  
gloom.  
Here Folly dash'd to earth the victor's  
plume,

CANTO I]

And Policy regain'd what arms had lost:  
For chiefs like ours in vain may laurels  
bloom!  
Woe to the conqu'ring, not the con-  
quer'd host,  
Since baffled Triumph droops on Lusi-  
tania's coast!

XXVI

And ever since that martial synod met,  
Britannia sickens, Cintra! at thy name;  
And folks in office at the mention fret,  
And fain would blush, if blush they  
could, for shame.  
How will posterity the deed proclaim!  
Will not our own and fellow nations sneer,  
To view these champions cheated of  
their fame,  
By foes in fight o'erthrown, yet victors  
here,  
Where Scorn her finger points through  
many a coming year?

XXVII

So deem'd the Childe, as o'er the moun-  
tains he  
Did take his way in solitary guise:  
Sweet was the scene, yet soon he thought  
to flee,  
More restless than the swallow in the  
skies:  
Though here awhile he learn'd to mora-  
lize,  
For Meditation fix'd at times on him;  
And conscious Reason whisper'd to  
despise  
His early youth, misspent in maddest  
whim;  
But as he gazed on truth his aching eyes  
grew dim.

XXVIII

To horse! to horse! he quits, for ever  
quits  
A scene of peace, though soothing to  
his soul:  
Again he rouses from his moping fits,  
But seeks not now the harlot and the  
bowl.  
Onward he flies, nor fix'd as yet the goal  
Where he shall rest him on his pilgrim-  
age;  
And o'er him many changing scenes  
must roll  
Ere toil his thirst for travel can assuage,  
Or he shall calm his breast, or learn ex-  
perience sage.

XXIX

Yet Mafra shall one moment claim delay,  
Where dwelt of yore the Lusians' luck-  
less queen;  
And church and court did mingle their  
array,  
And mass and revel were alternate seen;

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Lordlings and freres—ill-sorted fry I  
ween!  
But here the Babylonian whore hath  
built  
A dome, where flaunts she in such  
glorious sheen,  
That men forget the blood which she  
hath spilt,  
And bow the knee to Pomp that loves to  
varnish guilt.

XXX

O'er vales that teem with fruits, roman-  
tic hills,  
(Oh, that such hills upheld a free-born  
race!)  
Whereon to gaze the eye with joyaunce  
fills,  
Childe Harold wends through many a  
pleasant place.  
Though sluggards deem it but a foolish  
chase,  
And marvel men should quit their easy  
chair,  
The toilsome way, and long, long  
league to trace,  
Oh! there is sweetness in the mountain  
air,  
And life, that bloated Ease can never hope  
to share.

XXXI

More bleak to view the hills at length  
recede,  
And, less luxuriant, smoother vales ex-  
tend;  
Immense horizon-bounded plains succeed!  
Far as the eye discerns, withouten end,  
Spain's realms appear whereon her  
shepherds tend  
Flocks, whose rich fleece right well the  
trader knows—  
Now must the pastor's arm his lambs  
defend:  
For Spain is compass'd by unyielding  
foes,  
And all must shield their all, or share Sub-  
jection's woes.

XXXII

Where Lusitania and her Sister meet,  
Deem ye what bounds the rival realms  
divide?  
Or ere the jealous queens of nations  
greet,  
Doth Tayo interpose his mighty tide?  
Or dark Sierras rise in craggy pride?  
Or fence of art, like China's vasty  
wall?—  
Ne barrier wall, ne river deep and wide,  
Ne horrid crags, nor mountains dark  
and tall,  
Rise like the rocks that part Hispania's  
land from Gaul:

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO I

XXXIII

But these between a silver streamlet  
glides,  
And scarce a name distinguisheth the  
brook,  
Though rival kingdoms press its verdant  
sides.  
Here leans the idle shepherd on his  
crook,  
And vacant on the rippling waves doth  
look,  
That peaceful still 'twixt bitterest foe-  
men flow;  
For proud each peasant as the noblest  
duke:  
Well doth the Spanish hind the differ-  
ence know  
'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of  
the low.

XXXIV

But ere the mingling bounds have far  
been pass'd,  
Dark Guadiana rolls his power along  
In sullen billows, murmuring and vast,  
So noted ancient roundelays among.  
Whilome upon his banks did legions  
throng  
Of Moor and Knight, in mailèd splen-  
dour drest:  
Here ceased the swift their race, here  
sunk the strong;  
The Paynim turban and the Christian crest  
Mix'd on the bleeding stream, by floating  
hosts oppress'd.

XXXV

Oh, lovely Spain! renown'd, romantic  
land!  
Where is that standard which Pelagio  
bore,  
When Cava's traitor-sire first call'd the  
band  
That dyed thy mountain streams with  
Gothic gore?  
Where are those bloody banners which  
of yore  
Waved o'er thy sons, victorious to the  
gale,  
And drove at last the spoilers to their  
shore?  
Red gleam'd the cross, and waned the  
crescent pale,  
While Afric's echoes thrill'd with Moorish  
matrons' wail.

XXXVI

Teems not each ditty with the glorious  
tale?

Ah! such, alas! the hero's amplest fate!  
When granite moulders and when  
records fail,

A peasant's plaint prolongs his dubious  
date.

Pride! bend thine eye from heaven to  
thine estate,  
See how the Mighty shrink into a song!  
Can Volume, Pillar, Pile preserve thee  
great?

Or must thou trust tradition's simple  
tongue,  
When Flattery sleeps with thee, and His-  
tory does thee wrong?

XXXVII

Awake, ye sons of Spain! awake! ad-  
vance!  
Lo! Chivalry, your ancient goddess,  
cries,  
But wields not, as of old, her thirstylance,  
Nor shakes her crimson plumage in the  
skies:  
Now on the smoke of blazing bolts she  
flies,  
And speaks in thunder through yon en-  
gine's roar:  
In every peal she calls—'Awake! arise!'  
Say, is her voice more feeble than of  
yore,  
When her war-song was heard on Anda-  
lusia's shore?

XXXVIII

Hark! heard you not those hoofs of  
dreadful note?  
Sounds not the clang of conflict on the  
heath?  
Saw ye not whom the reeking sabre  
smote,  
Nor saved your brethren ere they sank  
beneath  
Tyrants and tyrants' slaves? the fires of  
death,  
The bale-fires flash on high:—from rock  
to rock  
Each volley tells that thousands cease  
to breathe;  
Death rides upon the sulphury Siroc,  
Red Battle stamps his foot, and nations  
feel the shock.

XXXIX

Lo! where the Giant on the mountain  
stands,  
His blood-red tresses deep'ning in the  
sun,  
With death-shot glowing in his fiery  
hands,  
And eye that scorcheth all it glares  
upon;  
Restless it rolls, now fix'd, and now anon  
Flashing afar,—and at his iron feet  
Destruction cowers, to mark what deeds  
are done;  
For on this morn three potent nations  
meet,  
To shed before his shrine the blood he  
deems most sweet.

## XL

By Heaven! it is a splendid sight to see  
 (For one who hath no friend, no brother  
 there)  
 Their rival scarfs of mix'd embroidery,  
 Their various arms that glitter in the air!  
 What gallant war-hounds rouse them  
 from their lair,  
 And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for  
 the prey!  
 All join the chase, but few the triumph  
 share;  
 The Grave shall bear the chiefest prize  
 away,  
 And Havoc scarce for joy can number  
 their array.

## XLI

Three hosts combine to offer sacrifice;  
 Three tongues prefer strange orisons  
 on high;  
 Three gaudy standards flout the pale  
 blue skies;  
 The shouts are France, Spain, Albion,  
 Victory!  
 The foe, the victim, and the fond ally  
 That fights for all, but ever fights in vain,  
 Are met—as if at home they could not  
 die—  
 To feed the crow on Talavera's plain,  
 And fertilize the field that each pretends  
 to gain.

## XLII

There shall they rot—Ambition's hon-  
 our'd fools!  
 Yes, Honour decks the turf that wraps  
 their clay!  
 Vain Sophistry! in these behold the  
 tools,  
 The broken tools, that tyrants cast away  
 By myriads, when they dare to pave their  
 way  
 With human hearts—to what?—a  
 dream alone.  
 Can despots compass aught that hails  
 their sway?  
 Or call with truth one span of earth their  
 own,  
 Save that wherein at last they crumble  
 bone by bone?

## XLIII

Oh, Albuera! glorious field of grief!  
 As o'er thy plain the Pilgrim prick'd his  
 steed,  
 Who could foresee thee, in a space so  
 brief,  
 A scene where mingling foes should  
 boast and bleed!  
 Peace to the perish'd! may the warrior's  
 meed  
 And tears of triumph their reward pro-  
 long!

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

Till others fall where other chieftains  
 lead  
 Thy name shall circle round the gaping  
 throng,  
 And shine in worthless lays the theme of  
 transient song.

## XLIV

Enough of battle's minions! let them  
 play  
 Their game of lives, and barter breath  
 for fame:  
 Fame that will scarce reanimate their  
 clay,  
 Though thousands fall to deck some  
 single name.  
 In sooth 'twere sad to thwart their noble  
 aim  
 Who strike, blest hirelings! for their  
 country's good,  
 And die, that living might have proved  
 her shame;  
 Perish'd, perchance, in some domestic  
 feud,  
 Or in a narrower sphere wild Rapine's  
 path pursued.

## XLV

Full swiftly Harold wends his lonely  
 way  
 Where proud Sevilla triumphs unsub-  
 dued:  
 Yet is she free—the spoiler's wish'd-for  
 prey!  
 Soon, soon shall Conquest's fiery foot  
 intrude,  
 Blackening her lovely domes with traces  
 rude.  
 Inevitable hour! 'Gainst fate to strive.  
 Where Desolation plants her famish'd  
 brood  
 Is vain, or Ilium, Tyre, might yet sur-  
 vive,  
 And Virtue vanquish all, and murder  
 cease to thrive.

## XLVI

But all unconscious of the coming  
 doom,  
 The feast, the song, the revel here a-  
 bounds;  
 Strange modes of merriment the hours  
 consume,  
 Nor bleed these patriots with their  
 country's wounds;  
 Nor here War's clarion, but Love's re-  
 beck sounds;  
 Here Folly still his votaries inthralls;  
 And young-eyed Lewdness walks her  
 midnight rounds;  
 Girt with the silent crimes of Capitals,  
 Still to the last kind Vice clings to the  
 tott'ring walls.

# **HILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE**

[CANTO I

## XLVII

Not so the rustic—with his trembling  
mate  
He lurks, nor casts his heavy eye afar,  
Lest he should view his vineyard desolate,  
Blasted below the dun hot breath of war.  
No more beneath soft Eve's consenting  
star  
Fandango twirls his jocund castanet:  
Ah, monarchs! could ye taste the mirth  
ye mar,  
Not in the toils of Glory would ye fret;  
The hoarse dull drum would sleep, and  
Man be happy yet!

## XLVIII

How carols now the lusty muleteer?  
Of love, romance, devotion is his lay,  
As whilome he was wont the leagues to  
cheer,  
His quick bells wildly jingling on the  
way?  
No! as he speeds, he chants 'Vivā el  
Rey!'  
And checks his song to execrate Godoy,  
The royal wittol Charles, and curse the  
day  
When first Spain's queen beheld the  
black-eyed boy,  
And gore-faced Treason sprung from her  
adulterate joy.

## XLIX

On yon long, level plain, at distance  
crown'd  
With crags, whereon those Moorish  
turrets rest,  
Wide scatter'd hoof-marks dint the  
wounded ground;  
And, scathed by fire, the greensward's  
darken'd vest  
Tells that the foe was Andalusia's guest:  
Here was the camp, the watch-flame,  
and the host,  
Here the bold peasant storm'd the  
dragon's nest;  
Still does he mark it with triumphant  
boast;  
And points to yonder cliffs, which oft  
were won and lost.

## L

And whomsoe'er along the path you  
meet  
Bears in his cap the badge of crimson  
hue,  
Which tells you whom to shun and  
whom to greet.  
Woe to the man that walks in public  
view  
Without of loyalty this token true:  
Sharp is the knife, and sudden is the  
stroke;

And sorely would the Gallic foeman rue,  
If subtle poniards, wrapt beneath the  
cloke,  
Could blunt the sabre's edge, or clear the  
cannon's smoke.

## LI

At every turn Morena's dusky height  
Sustains aloft the battery's iron load;  
And, far as mortal eye can compass  
sight,  
The mountain-howitzer, the broken  
road,  
The bristling palisade, the fosse o'er-  
flow'd,  
The station'd bands, the never-vacant  
watch,  
The magazine in rocky durance stow'd,  
The holster'd steed beneath the shed of  
thatch,  
The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing  
match,

## LII

Portend the deeds to come:—but he  
whose nod  
Has tumbled feebler despots from their  
sway,  
A moment pauseth ere he lifts the rod;  
A little moment deigneth to delay:  
Soon will his legions sweep through  
these their way;  
The West must own the Scourger of the  
world.  
Ah! Spain! how sad will be thy reckon-  
ing day,  
When soars Gaul's Vulture, with his  
wings unfurl'd,  
And thou shalt view thy sons in crowds to  
Hades hurl'd.

## LIII

And must they fall? the young, the  
proud, the brave,  
To swell one bloated Chief's unwhole-  
some reign?  
No step between submission and a grave?  
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?  
And doth the Power that man adores  
ordain  
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's  
appeal?  
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?  
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,  
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and  
Manhood's heart of steel?

## LIV

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,  
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,  
And, all unsex'd, the Anlace hath  
espoused,  
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed  
of war?

CANTO I]

And she, whom once the semblance of a  
 scar  
 Appall'd, an owl's 'larum chill'd with  
 dread,  
 Now views the column-scattering bay'-  
 net jar,  
 The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm  
 dead  
 Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars  
 might quake to tread.

LV

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her  
 tale,  
 Oh! had you known her in her softer  
 hour,  
 Mark'd her black eye that mocks her  
 coal-black veil,  
 Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's  
 bower,  
 Seen her long locks that foil the pain-  
 ter's power,  
 Her fairy form, with more than female  
 grace,  
 Scarce would you deem that Saragoza's  
 tower  
 Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon  
 face,  
 Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's  
 fearful chase.

LVI

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed  
 tear;  
 Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;  
 Her fellows flee—she checks their base  
 career;  
 The foe retires—she heads the sallying  
 host:  
 Who can appease like her a lover's  
 ghost?  
 Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?  
 What maid retrieve when man's flush'd  
 hope is lost?  
 Who hang so fiercely on the flying  
 Gaul,  
 Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a bat-  
 ter'd wall?

LVII

Yet are Spain's maids no race of Ama-  
 zons,  
 But form'd for all the witching arts of  
 love:  
 Though thus in arms they emulate her  
 sons,  
 And in the horrid phalanx dare to move,  
 'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove,  
 Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her  
 mate:  
 In softness as in firmness far above  
 Remoter females, famed for sickening  
 prate;  
 Her mind is nobler sure, her charms per-  
 chance as great.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

LVIII

The seal Love's dimpling finger hath  
 impress'd  
 Denotes how soft that chin which bears  
 his touch:  
 Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave  
 their nest,  
 Bid man be valiant ere he merit such:  
 Her glance how wildly beautiful! how  
 much  
 Hath Phœbus woo'd in vain to spoil  
 her cheek,  
 Which glows yet smoother from his  
 amorous clutch!  
 Who round the North for paler dames  
 would seek?  
 How poor their forms appear! how lan-  
 guid, wan, and weak!

LIX

Match me, ye climes! which poets love  
 to laud;  
 Match me, ye harems of the land! where  
 now  
 I strike my strain, far distant, to applaud  
 Beauties that ev'n a cynic must avow;  
 Match me those Houries, whom ye  
 scarce allow  
 To taste the gale lest Love should ride  
 the wind,  
 With Spain's dark-glancing daugh-  
 ters—deign to know,  
 There your wise Prophet's paradise we  
 find,  
 His black-eyed maids of Heaven, an-  
 gelically kind.

LX

Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now sur-  
 vey,  
 Not in the phrensy of a dreamer's eye,  
 Not in the fabled landscape of a lay,  
 But soaring snow-clad through thy  
 native sky,  
 In the wild pomp of mountain majesty!  
 What marvel if I thus essay to sing?  
 The humblest of thy pilgrims passing by  
 Would gladly thine Echoes with  
 his string,  
 Though from thy heights no more one  
 Muse will wave her wing.

LXI

Oft have I dream'd of Thee! whose  
 glorious name  
 Who knows not, knows not man's di-  
 vinest lore:  
 And now I view thee, 'tis, alas! with  
 shame  
 That I in feeblest accents must adore.  
 When I recount thy worshippers of yore



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO I

I tremble, and can only bend the knee;  
Nor raise my voice, nor vainly dare to  
soar,  
But gaze beneath thy cloudy canopy  
Insilent joy to think at last I look on Thee!

## LXII

Happier in this than mightiest bards  
have been,  
Whose fate to distant homes confined  
their lot,  
Shall I unmoved behold the hallow'd  
scene,  
Which others rave of, though they know  
it not?  
Though here no more Apollo haunts his  
grot,  
And thou, the Muses' seat, art now their  
grave,  
Some gentle spirit still pervades the spot,  
Sighs in the gale, keeps silence in the cave,  
And glides with glassy foot o'er yon melo-  
dious wave.

## LXIII

Of thee hereafter.—Ev'n amidst my  
strain  
I turn'd aside to pay my homage here;  
Forgot the land, the sons, the maids of  
Spain;  
Her fate, to every freeborn bosom dear;  
And hail'd thee, not perchance without  
a tear.  
Now to my theme—but from thy holy  
haunt  
Let me some remnant, some memorial  
bear;  
Yield me one leaf of Daphne's deathless  
plant,  
Nor let thy votary's hope be deem'd an  
idle vaunt.

## LXIV

But ne'er didst thou, fair Mount, when  
Greece was young,  
See round thy giant base a brighter choir,  
Nor e'er did Delphi, when her priestess  
sung  
The Pythian hymn with more than mortal  
fire,  
Behold a train more fitting to inspire  
The song of love, than Andalusia's  
maids,  
Nurst in the glowing lap of soft desire:  
Ah! that to these were given such peace-  
ful shades  
As Greece can still bestow, though Glory  
fly her glades.

## LXV

Fair is proud Seville; let her country  
boast  
Her strength, her wealth, her site of  
ancient days;

But Cadiz, rising on the distant coast,  
Calls forth a sweeter, though ignoble  
praise.  
Ah, Vice! how soft are thy voluptuous  
ways!  
While boyish blood is mantling, who  
can 'scape  
The fascination of thy magic gaze?  
A Cherub-hydra round us dost thou  
gape,  
And mould to every taste thy dear delusive  
shape.

## LXVI

When Paphos fell by Time—accursed  
Time!  
The Queen who conquers all must yield  
to thee—  
The Pleasures fled, but sought as warm  
a clime;  
And Venus, constant to her native sea,  
To nought else constant, hither deign'd  
to flee,  
And fix'd her shrine within these walls  
of white;  
Though not to one dome circumscribeth  
she  
Her worship, but, devoted to her rite,  
A thousand altars rise, for ever blazing  
bright.

## LXVII

From morn till night, from night till  
startled Morn  
Peeps blushing on the revel's laughing  
crew,  
The song is heard, the rosy garland  
worn;  
Devices quaint, and frolics ever new,  
Tread on each other's kibes. A long  
adieu  
He bids to sober joy that here sojourns:  
Nought interrupts the riot, though in  
lieu  
Of true devotion monkish incense  
burns,  
And love and prayer unite, or rule the hour  
by turns.

## LXVIII

The Sabbath comes, a day of blessed  
rest:  
What hallows it upon this Christian  
shore?  
Lo! it is sacred to a solemn feast:  
Hark! heard you not the forest-mon-  
arch's roar?  
Crashing the lance, he snuffs the spout-  
ing gore  
Of man and steed, o'erthrown beneath  
his horn;  
The throng'd arena shakes with shouts  
for more;

## CANTO I]

Yells the mad crowd o'er entrails freshly  
torn,  
Nor shrinks the female eye, nor ev'n affects  
to mourn.

## LXIX

The seventh day this; the jubilee of man.  
London! right well thou know'st the  
day of prayer:  
Then thy spruce citizen, wash'd artisan,  
And smug apprentice gulp their weekly  
air:  
Thy coach of hackney, whiskey, one-  
horse chair,  
And humblest gig through sundry sub-  
urbs whirl;  
To Hampstead, Brentford, Harrow  
make repair;  
Till the tired jade the wheel forgets to  
hurl,  
Provoking envious gibe from each pedes-  
trian churl.

## LXX

Some o'er thy Thamis row the ribbon'd  
fair,  
Others along the safer turnpike fly;  
Some Richmond-hill ascend, some scud  
to Ware,  
And many to the steep of Highgate hie.  
Ask ye, Bæotian shades! the reason  
why?  
'Tis to the worship of the solemn Horn,  
Grasp'd in the holy hand of Mystery,  
In whose dread name both men and  
maids are sworn,  
And consecrate the oath with draught, and  
dance till morn.

## LXXI

All have their fooleries—not alike are  
thine,  
Fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea!  
Soon as the matin bell proclaimeth nine,  
Thy Saint-adors count the rosary:  
Much is the VIRGIN teased to shrive  
them free  
(Well do I ween the only virgin there)  
From crimes as numerous as her beads-  
men be;  
Then to the crowded circus forth they  
fare:  
Young, old, high, low, at once the same  
diversion share.

## LXXII

The lists are oped, the spacious area  
clear'd,  
Thousands on thousands piled are  
seated round;  
Long ere the first loud trumpet's note is  
heard,  
Ne vacant space for lated wight is  
found:

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Here dons, grandees, but chiefly dames  
abound,  
Skill'd in the ogle of a roguish eye,  
Yet ever well inclined to heal the wound;  
None through their cold disdain are  
doom'd to die,  
As moon-struck bards complain, by  
Love's sad archery.

## LXXIII

Hush'd is the din of tongues—on gallant  
steeds,  
With milk-white crest, gold spur, and  
light-poised lance,  
Four cavaliers prepare for venturous  
deeds,  
And lowly bending to the lists advance;  
Rich are their scarfs, their chargers  
featly prance:  
If in the dangerous game they shine to-  
day,  
The crowd's loud shout and ladies' lovely  
glance,  
Best prize of better acts, they bear  
away,  
And all that kings or chiefs e'er gain their  
toils repay.

## LXXIV

In costly sheen and gaudy cloak array'd,  
But all afoot, the light-limb'd Matadore  
Stands in the centre, eager to invade  
The lord of lowing herds; but not be-  
fore  
The ground, with cautious tread, is tra-  
versed o'er,  
Lest aught unseen should lurk to thwart  
his speed:  
His arms a dart, he fights aloof, nor  
more  
Can man achieve without the friendly  
steed—  
Alas! too oft condemn'd for him to bear  
and bleed.

## LXXV

Thrice sounds the clarion; lo! the signal  
falls,  
The den expands, and Expectation mute  
Gapes round the silent circle's peopled  
walls.  
Bounds with one lashing spring the  
mighty brute,  
And, wildly staring, spurns, with sound-  
ing foot,  
The sand, nor blindly rushes on his  
foe:  
Here, there, he points his threatening  
front, to suit  
His first attack, wide waving to and fro  
His angry tail; red rolls his eye's dilated  
glow.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO I

LXXVI

Sudden he stops; his eye is fix'd: away,  
Away, thou heedless boy! prepare the  
spear:  
Now is thy time to perish, or display  
The skill that ye may check his mad  
career.  
With well-timed croupe the nimble  
courseers veer;  
On foams the bull, but not unscathed  
he goes;  
Streams from his flank the crimson tor-  
rent clear:  
He flies, he wheels, distracted with his  
throes;  
Dart follows dart; lance, lance; loud  
bellowings speak his woes.

LXXVII

Again he comes; nor dart nor lance  
avail,  
Nor the wild plunging of the tortured  
horse;  
Though man and man's avenging arms  
assail,  
Vain are his weapons, vainer is his force.  
One gallant steed is stretch'd a mangled  
corse;  
Another, hideous sight! unseam'd ap-  
pears,  
His gory chest unveils life's panting  
source;  
Though death-struck, still his feeble  
frame he rears;  
Staggering, but stemming all, his lord un-  
harm'd he bears.

LXXVIII

Foiled, bleeding, breathless, furious to  
the last,  
Full in the centre stands the bull at bay,  
Mid wounds, and clinging darts, and  
lances brast,  
And foes disabled in the brutal fray;  
And now the Matadores around him  
play,  
Shake the red cloak and poise the ready  
brand:  
Once more through all he bursts his  
thundering way—  
Vain rage! the mantle quits the conynge  
hand,  
Wraps his fierce eye—'tis past—he sinks  
upon the sand!

LXXIX

Where his vast neck just mingles with  
the spine,  
Sheathed in his form the deadly weapon  
lies.  
He stops—he starts—disdaining to de-  
cline:  
Slowly he falls, amidst triumphant cries,

Without a groan, without a struggle  
dies.

The decorated-car appears—on high  
The corse is piled—sweet sight for vul-  
gar eyes—  
Four steeds that spurn the rein, as swift  
as shy,  
Hurl the dark bulk along, scarce seen in  
dashing by.

LXXX

Such the ungente sport that oft invites  
The Spanish maid, and cheers the Span-  
ish swain.  
Nurtured in blood betimes, his heart  
delights  
In vengeance, gloating on another's  
pain.  
What private feuds the troubled village  
stain!  
Though now one phalanx'd host should  
meet the foe,  
Enough, alas! in humble homes remain,  
To meditate 'gainst friends the secret  
blow,  
For some slight cause of wrath whence  
life's warm stream must flow.

LXXXI

But Jealousy has fled: his bars, his bolts,  
His wither'd centinel, Duenna sage!  
And all whereat the generous soul re-  
volts,  
Which the stern dotard deem'd he could  
engage,  
Have pass'd to darkness with the van-  
ish'd age.  
Who late so free as Spanish girls were  
seen  
(Ere War uprose in his volcanic rage),  
With braided tresses bounding o'er the  
green,  
While on the gay dance shone Night's  
lover-loving Queen?

LXXXII

Oh! many a time and oft, had Harold  
loved,  
Or dream'd he loved, since rapture is a  
dream;  
But now his wayward bosom was un-  
moved,  
For not yet had he drunk of Lethe's  
stream;  
And lately had he learn'd with truth to  
deem  
Love has no gift so grateful as his wings:  
How fair, how young, how soft soe'er  
he seem,  
Full from the fount of Joy's delicious  
springs  
Some bitter o'er the flowers its bubbling  
venom flings.

## LXXXIII

Yet to the beauteous form he was not  
blind,  
Though now it moved him as it moves  
the wise:  
Not that Philosophy on such a mind  
E'er deign'd to bend her chastely-awful  
eyes:  
But Passion raves itself to rest, or flies;  
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous  
tomb,  
Had buried long his hopes, no more to  
rise:  
Pleasure's pall'd victim! life-abhorring  
gloom  
Wrote on his faded brow curst Cain's un-  
resting doom.

## LXXXIV

Still he beheld, nor mingled with the  
throng;  
But view'd them not with misanthropic  
hate:  
Fain would he now have join'd the  
dance, the song;  
But who may smile that sinks beneath  
his fate:  
Nought that he saw his sadness could  
abate:  
Yet once he struggled 'gainst the de-  
mon's sway,  
And as in Beauty's bower he pensive  
sate,  
Pour'd forth this unpremeditated lay,  
To charms as fair as those that soothed  
his happier day.

## TO INEZ

## 1

NAY, smile not at my sullen brow;  
Alas! I cannot smile again:  
Yet Heaven avert that ever thou  
Shouldst weep, and haply weep in vain.

## 2

And dost thou ask what secret woe  
I bear, corroding joy and youth?  
And wilt thou vainly seek to know  
A pang, ev'n thou must fail to soothe?

## 3

It is not love, it is not hate,  
Nor low Ambition's honours lost,  
That bids me loathe my present state,  
And fly from all I prized the most:

## 4

It is that weariness which springs  
From all I meet, or hear, or see:  
To me no pleasure Beauty brings;  
Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

## 5

It is that settled, ceaseless gloom  
The fabled Hebrew wanderer bore;  
That will not look beyond the tomb,  
But cannot hope for rest before.

## 6

What Exile from himself can flee?  
To zones though more and more remote,  
Still, still pursues, where'er I be,  
The blight of life—the demon Thought.

## 7

Yet others rapt in pleasure seem,  
And taste of all that I forsake;  
Oh! may they still of transport dream,  
And ne'er, at least like me, awake!

## 8

Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,  
With many a retrospection curst;  
And all my solace is to know,  
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

## 9

What is the worst? Nay, do not ask—  
In pity from the search forbear:  
Smile on—nor venture to unmask  
Man's heart, and view the Hell that's  
there.

## LXXXV

Adieu, fair Cadiz! yea, a long adieu!  
Who may forget how well thy walls have  
stood?  
When all were changing, thou alone  
wert true,  
First to be free, and last to be subdued:  
And if amidst a scene, a shock so rude,  
Some native blood was seen thy streets  
to dye  
A traitor only fell beneath the feud:  
Here all were noble, save Nobility!  
None hugg'd a conqueror's chain, save  
fallen Chivalry!

## LXXXVI

Such be the sons of Spain, and strange  
her fate!  
They fight for freedom who were never  
free,  
A Kingless people for a nerveless state;  
Her vassals combat when their chief-  
tains flee,  
True to the veriest slaves of Treachery:  
Fond of a land which gave them nought  
but life,  
Pride points the path that leads to  
Liberty;  
Back to the struggle, baffled in the strife,  
War, war is still the cry, 'War even to the  
knife!'

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO I

LXXXVII

Ye, who would more of Spain and Spaniards know,  
Go, read whate'er is writ of bloodiest strife:  
Whate'er keen Vengeance urged on foreign foe  
Can act, is acting there against man's life:  
From flashing scimitar to secret knife,  
War mouldeth there each weapon to his need—  
So may he guard the sister and the wife,  
So may he make each curst oppressor bleed—  
So may such foes deserve the most remorseless deed!

LXXXVIII

Flows there a tear of pity for the dead?  
Look o'er the ravage of the reeking plain;  
Look on the hands with female slaughter red;  
Then to the dogs resign the unburied slain,  
Then to the vulture let each corse remain,  
Albeit unworthy of the prey-bird's maw;  
Let their bleach'd bones, and blood's unbleaching stain,  
Long mark the battle-field with hideous awe:  
Thus only may our sons conceive the scenes we saw!

LXXXIX

Nor yet, alas! the dreadful work is done;  
Fresh legions pour adown the Pyrenees:  
It deepens still, the work is scarce begun,  
Nor mortal eye the distant end foresees.  
Fall'n nations gaze on Spain; if freed, she frees  
More than her fell Pizarros once enchain'd:  
Strange retribution! now Columbia's ease  
Repairs the wrongs that Quito's sons sustain'd,  
While o'er the parent clime prowls Murder unrestrain'd.

XC

Not all the blood at Talavera shed,  
Not all the marvels of Barossa's fight,  
Not Albuera lavish of the dead,  
Have won for Spain her well-asserted right.  
When shall her Olive-Branch be free from blight?  
When shall she breathe her from the blushing toil?

How many a doubtful day shall sink in night,  
Ere the Frank robber turn him from his spoil,  
And Freedom's stranger-tree grow native of the soil!

XCI

And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe  
Bursts from my heart, and mingles with the strain—  
Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,  
Pride might forbid e'en Friendship to complain:  
But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,  
By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,  
And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,  
While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!  
What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest?

XCH

Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!  
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!  
Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,  
In dreams deny me not to see thee here!  
And Morn in secret shall renew the tear  
Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,  
And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,  
Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,  
And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose.

XCIII

Here is one fyte of Harold's pilgrimage:  
Ye who of him may further seek to know,  
Shall find some tidings in a future page,  
If he that rhymeth now may scribble moe.  
Is this too much? stern Critic! say not so:  
Patience! and ye shall hear what he beheld  
In other lands, where he was doom'd to go:  
Lands that contain the monuments of Eld,  
Ere Greece and Grecian arts by barbarous hands were quell'd.

## CANTO THE SECOND

## I

COME, blue-eyed maid of heaven!—but  
 thou, alas!  
 Didst never yet one mortal song in-  
 spire—  
 Goddess of Wisdom! here thy temple  
 was,  
 And is, despite of war and wasting fire,  
 And years, that bade thy worship to  
 expire:  
 But worse than steel, and flame, and  
 ages slow,  
 Is the dread sceptre and dominion dire  
 Of men who never felt the sacred glow  
 That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd  
 breasts bestow.

## II

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,  
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand  
 in soul?  
 Gone—glimmering through the dream  
 of things that were:  
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,  
 They won, and pass'd away—is this the  
 whole?  
 A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an  
 hour!  
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's  
 stole  
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each moul-  
 dering tower,  
 Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the  
 shade of power.

## III

Son of the morning, rise! approach you  
 here!  
 Come—but molest not yon defenceless  
 urn:  
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepul-  
 chre!  
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer  
 burn.  
 Even gods must yield—religions take  
 their turn:  
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and  
 other creeds  
 Will rise with other years, till man shall  
 learn  
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim  
 bleeds  
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose  
 hope is built on reeds.

## IV

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to  
 heaven—  
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to  
 know  
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly  
 given,

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

That being, thou wouldst be again, and  
 go,  
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not, to what  
 region, so  
 On earth no more, but mingled with the  
 skies?  
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and  
 woe?  
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it  
 flies:  
 That little urn saith more than thousand  
 homilies.

## V

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty  
 mound;  
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps:  
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd  
 around;  
 But now not one of saddening thousands  
 weeps,  
 Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps  
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records  
 tell.  
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd  
 heaps:  
 Is that a temple where a God may dwell?  
 Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her  
 shatter'd cell!

## VI

Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,  
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,  
 The dome of Thought, the palace of the  
 Soul:  
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless  
 hole,  
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,  
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd  
 control:  
 Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
 People this lonely tower, this tenement re-  
 fit?

## VII

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest  
 son!  
 'All that we know is, nothing can be  
 known.'  
 Why should we shrink from what we  
 cannot shun?  
 Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers  
 groan  
 With brain-born dreams of evil all their  
 own.  
 Pursue what Chance or Fate pro-  
 claimeth best;  
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:  
 There no forced banquet claims the  
 sated guest,  
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever  
 welcome rest.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO II

## VIII

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd,  
there be  
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,  
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee  
And sophists, madly vain of dubious  
lore;  
How sweet it were in concert to adore  
With those who made our mortal labours light!  
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no  
more!  
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to  
sight,  
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who  
taught the right!

## IX

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,  
Have left me here to love and live in  
vain—  
Twined with my heart, and can I deem  
thee dead  
When busy Memory flashes on my  
brain?  
Well—I will dream that we may meet  
again,  
And woo the vision to my vacant breast:  
If aught of young Remembrance then  
remain,  
Be as it may Futurity's behest,  
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy  
spirit blest!

## X

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,  
The marble column's yet unshaken  
base;  
Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite  
throne:  
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me  
trace  
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-  
place.  
It may not be: nor ev'n can Fancy's eye  
Restore what Time hath labour'd to de-  
face.  
Yet these proud pillars claim no passing  
sigh;  
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek  
carols by.

## XI

But who, of all the plunderers of yon  
fane  
On high, where Pallas linger'd, loth to  
flee  
The latest relic of her ancient reign;  
The last, the worst, dull spoiler, who was  
he?  
Blush, Caledonia! such thy son could  
be!

England! I joy no child he was of  
thine:  
Thy free-born men should spare what  
once was free;  
Yet they could violate each saddening  
shrine,  
And bear these altars o'er the long-  
reluctant brine.

## XII

But most the modern Pict's ignoble  
boast,  
To rive what Goth, and Turk, and Time  
hath spared:  
Cold as the crags upon his native coast,  
His mind as barren and his heart as  
hard,  
Is he whose head conceived, whose hand  
prepared,  
Aught to displace Athena's poor re-  
mains:  
Her sons, too weak the sacred shrine to  
guard,  
Yet felt some portion of their mother's  
pains,  
And never knew, till then, the weight of  
Despot's chains.

## XIII

What! shall it e'er be said by British  
tongue,  
Albion was happy in Athena's tears?  
Though in thy name the slaves her  
bosom wrung,  
Tell not the deed to blushing Europe's  
ears;  
The ocean queen, the free Britannia,  
bears  
The last poor plunder from a bleeding  
land:  
Yes, she, whose gen'rous aid her name  
endears,  
Tore down those remnants with a  
harpy's hand,  
Which envious Eld forbore, and tyrants  
left to stand.

## XIV

Where was thine Ægis, Pallas! that ap-  
pall'd  
Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?  
Where Peleus' son? whom Hell in vain  
enthrall'd,  
His shade from Hades upon that dread  
day  
Bursting to light in terrible array!  
What! could not Pluto spare the chief  
once more,  
To scare a second robber from his prey?  
Idly he wander'd on the Stygian shore,  
Nor now preserved the walls he loved to  
shield before.

## XV

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks  
on thee,  
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they  
loved;  
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see  
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering  
shrines removed  
By British hands, which it had best be-  
haved  
To guard those relics ne'er to be re-  
stored.  
Curst be the hour when from their isle  
they roved,  
And once again thy hapless bosom  
gored,  
And snatch'd thy shrinking Gods to  
northern climes abhorrd!

## XVI

But where is Harold? shall I then forget  
To urge the gloomy wanderer o'er the  
wave?  
Little reck'd he of all that men regret;  
No loved-one now in feign'd lament  
could rave;  
No friend the parting hand extended  
gave,  
Ere the cold stranger pass'd to other  
climes:  
Hard is his heart whom charms may not  
enslave;  
But Harold felt not as in other times,  
And left without a sigh the land of war and  
crimes.

## XVII

He that has sail'd upon the dark blue  
sea  
Has view'd at times, I ween, a full fair  
sight;  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze  
may be,  
The white sail set, the gallant frigate  
tight;  
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the  
right,  
The glorious main expanding o'er the  
bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in  
their flight,  
The dullest sailer wearing bravely now,  
So gaily curl the waves before each dash-  
ing prow.

## XVIII

And oh, the little warlike world within!  
The well-reeved guns, the netted can-  
opy,  
The hoarse command, the busy hum-  
ming din,  
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd  
on high:

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Hark, to the Boatswain's call, the cheer-  
ing cry!  
While through the seaman's hand the  
tackle glides;  
Or schoolboy Midshipman that, stand-  
ing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill be-  
tides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful  
urchin guides.

## XIX

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant  
walks:  
Look on that part which sacred doth re-  
main  
For the lone chieftain, who majestic  
stalks,  
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks  
With aught beneath him, if he would  
preserve  
That strict restraint, which broken, ever  
balks  
Conquest and fame: but Britons rarely  
swerve  
From law, however stern, which tends  
their strength to nerve.

## XX

Blow! swiftly blow, thou keel-compel-  
ling gale!  
Till the broad sun withdraws his lessen-  
ing ray;  
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken  
sail,  
That lagging barks may make their lazy  
way.  
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull de-  
lay,  
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest  
breeze!  
What leagues are lost, before the dawn  
of day,  
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
The flapping sail haul'd down to halt for  
logs like these!

## XXI

The moon is up; by Heaven, a lovely eve!  
Long streams of light o'er dancing  
waves expand;  
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids  
believe:  
Such be our fate when we return to land!  
Meantime some rude Arion's restless  
hand  
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors  
love;  
A circle there of merry listeners stand,  
Or to some well-known measure featly  
move,  
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were  
free to rove.



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO II

## XXII

Through Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore;  
Europe and Afric on each other gaze!  
Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor  
Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze:  
How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,  
Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,  
Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase;  
But Mauritania's giant shadows frown,  
From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

## XXIII

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel  
We once have loved, though love is at an end:  
The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.  
Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy?  
Alas! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
Death hath but little left him to destroy!  
Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?

## XXIV

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere,  
The soul forgets her schemes of hope and pride,  
And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.  
None are so desolate but something dear,  
Dearer than self, possesses or possess'd  
A thought, and claims the homage of a tear;  
A flashing pang! of which the weary breast  
Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

## XXV

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;

To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;  
Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean;  
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold  
Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

## XXVI

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
With none who bless us, none whom we can bless;  
Minions of splendour shrinking from distress!  
None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
Of all that flatter'd, follow'd, sought, and sued;  
This is to be alone; this, this is solitude!

## XXVII

More blest the life of godly eremite,  
Such as on lonely Athos may be seen,  
Watching at eve upon the giant height,  
Which looks o'er waves so blue, skies so serene,  
That he who there at such an hour hath been  
Will wistful linger on that hallow'd spot;  
Then slowly tear him from the 'witching scene,  
Sigh forth one wish that such had been his lot,  
Then turn to hate a world he had almost forgot.

## XXVIII

Pass we the long, unvarying course, the track  
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;  
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,  
And each well-known caprice of wave and wind;  
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;  
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,  
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

## XXIX

But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,  
 The sister tenants of the middle deep;  
 There for the weary still a haven smiles,  
 Though the fair goddess long hath  
     ceased to weep,  
 And o'er her cliffs a fruitless watch to  
     keep  
 For him who dared prefer a mortal  
 bride:  
 Here, too, his boy essay'd the dreadful  
 leap  
 Stern Mentor urged from high to yon-  
 der tide;  
 While thus of both bereft, the nymph-  
 queen doubly sigh'd.

## XXX

Her reign is past, her gentle glories gone:  
 But trust not this: too easy youth, be-  
     ware!  
 A mortal sovereign holds her dangerous  
 throne,  
 And thou mayst find a new Calypso  
 there.  
 Sweet Florence! could another ever  
 share  
 This wayward, loveless heart, it would  
 be thine:  
 But check'd by every tie, I may not dare  
 To cast a worthless offering at thy shrine,  
 Nor ask so dear a breast to feel one pang  
 for mine.

## XXXI

Thus Harold deem'd, as on that lady's  
 eye  
 He look'd, and met its beam without a  
 thought  
 Save admiration glancing harmless by:  
 Love kept aloof, albeit not far remote,  
 Who knew his votary often lost and  
 caught,  
 But knew him as his worshipper no  
 more,  
 And ne'er again the boy his bosom  
 sought:  
 Since now he vainly urged him to adore,  
 Well deem'd the little God his ancient  
 sway was o'er.

## XXXII

Fair Florence found, in sooth with some  
 amaze,  
 One who, 'twas said, still sigh'd to all  
 he saw,  
 Withstand, unmoved, the lustre of her  
 gaze,  
 Which others hail'd with real or mimic  
 awe,  
 Their hope, their doom, their punish-  
 ment, their law;  
 All that gay Beauty from her bondsmen  
 claims:

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

And much she marvell'd that a youth so  
 raw  
 Nor felt, nor feign'd at least, the oft-told  
 flames,  
 Which, though sometimes they frown, yet  
 rarely anger dames.

## XXXIII

Little knew she that seeming marble  
 heart,  
 Now mask'd in silence or withheld by  
 pride,  
 Was not unskilful in the spoiler's art,  
 And spread its snares licentious far and  
 wide;  
 Nor from the base pursuit had turn'd  
 aside,  
 As long as aught was worthy to pursue:  
 But Harold on such arts no more relied;  
 And had he doted on those eyes so blue,  
 Yet never would he join the lover's  
 whining crew.

## XXXIV

Not much he kens, I ween, of woman's  
 breast,  
 Who thinks that wanton thing is won by  
 sighs;  
 What careth she for hearts when once  
 possess'd?  
 Do proper homage to thine idol's eyes;  
 But not too humbly, or she will despise  
 Thee and thy suit, though told in  
 moving tropes:  
 Disguise ev'n tenderness, if thou art  
 wise;  
 Brisk Confidence still best with woman  
 copes:  
 Pique her and soothe in turn, soon Passion  
 crowns thy hopes.

## XXXV

'Tis an old lesson; Time approves it  
 true,  
 And those who know it best deplore it  
 most;  
 When all is won that all desire to woo,  
 The paltry prize is hardly worth the  
 cost:  
 Youth wasted, minds degraded, honour  
 lost,  
 These are thy fruits, successful Passion!  
 these!  
 If, kindly cruel, early hope is crost,  
 Still to the last it rankles, a disease,  
 Not to be cured when love itself forgets to  
 please.

## XXXVI

Away! nor let me loiter in my song,  
 For we have many a mountain-path to  
 tread,  
 And many a varied shore to sail along,  
 By pensive Sadness, not by Fiction,  
 led—

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO II

Climes, fair withal as ever mortal head  
Imagined in its little schemes of thought;  
Or e'er in new Utopias were ared,  
To teach man what he might be, or he  
ought;  
If that corrupted thing could ever such be  
taught.

XXXVII

Dear Nature is the kindest mother still,  
Though always changing in her aspect  
mild;  
From her bare bosom let me take my  
fill,  
Her never-wean'd, though not her  
favour'd child.  
Oh! she is fairest in her features wild,  
Where nothing polish'd dares pollute  
her path:  
To me by day or night she ever smiled,  
Though I have mark'd her when none  
other hath,  
And sought her more and more, and loved  
her best in wrath.

XXXVIII

Land of Albania! where Iskander rose,  
Theme of the young, and beacon of the  
wise,  
And he his namesake, whose oft-baffled  
foes  
Shrunk from his deeds of chivalrous  
emprise:  
Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes  
On thee, thou rugged nurse of savage  
men!  
The cross descends, thy minarets arise,  
And the pale crescent sparkles in the  
glen,  
Through many a cypress grove within each  
city's ken.

XXXIX

Childe Harold sail'd, and pass'd the  
barren spot,  
Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the  
wave;  
And onward view'd the mount, not yet  
forgot,  
The lover's refuge, and the Lesbian's  
grave.  
Dark Sappho! could not verse immortal  
save  
That breast imbued with such immortal  
fire?  
Could she not live who life eternal gave?  
If life eternal may await the lyre,  
That only Heaven to which Earth's child-  
ren may aspire.

XL

'Twas on a Grecian autumn's gentle eve  
Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape  
afar;

A spot he longed to see, nor cared to  
leave:  
Oft did he mark the scenes of vanish'd  
war,  
Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar;  
Mark them unmoved, for he would not  
delight  
(Born beneath some remote inglorious  
star)  
In themes of bloody fray, or gallant  
fight,  
But loathed the bravo's trade, and laughed  
at martial wight.

XLI

But when he saw the evening star above  
Leucadia's far-projecting rock of woe,  
And hail'd the last resort of fruitless  
love,  
He felt, or deem'd he felt, no common  
glow:  
And as the stately vessel glided slow  
Beneath the shadow of that ancient  
mount,  
He watch'd the billows' melancholy  
flow,  
And, sunk albeit in thought as he was  
wont,  
More placid seem'd his eye, and smooth  
his pallid front.

XLII

Morn dawns: and with it stern Albania's  
hills,  
Dark Suli's rocks, and Pindus' inland  
peak,  
Robed half in mist, bedew'd with snowy  
rills,  
Array'd in many a dun and purple  
streak,  
Arise; and, as the clouds along them  
break,  
Disclose the dwelling of the moun-  
taineer;  
Here roams the wolf, the eagle whets his  
beak,  
Birds, beasts of prey, and wilder men  
appear,  
And gathering storms around convulse the  
closing year.

XLIII

Now Harold found himself at length  
alone,  
And bade to Christian tongues a long  
adieu;  
Now he adventured on a shore unknown,  
Which all admire, but many dread to  
view:  
His breast was arm'd 'gainst fate, his  
wants were few;

## CANTO II]

Peril he sought not, but ne'er shrank to meet;  
 The scene was savage, but the scene was new;  
 This made the ceaseless toil of travel sweet,  
 Beat back keen winter's blast, and welcomed summer's heat.

## XLIV

Here the red cross, for still the cross is here,  
 Though sadly scoff'd at by the circumcised,  
 Forgets that pride to pamper'd priesthood dear;  
 Churchman and votary alike despised.  
 Foul Superstition! howsoever disguised,  
 Idol, saint, virgin, prophet, crescent, cross,  
 For whatsoever symbol thou art prized,  
 Thou sacerdotal gain, but general loss!  
 Who from true worship's gold can separate thy dross?

## XLV

Ambracia's gulf behold, where once was lost  
 A world for woman, lovely, harmless thing!  
 In yonder rippling bay, their naval host  
 Did many a Roman chief and Asian king  
 To doubtful conflict, certain slaughter bring;  
 Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose:  
 Now, like the hands that rear'd them, withering:  
 Imperial anarchs, doubling human woes!  
 God! was thy globe ordain'd for such to win and lose?

## XLVI

From the dark barriers of that rugged clime,  
 Ev'n to the centre of Illyria's vales,  
 Childe Harold pass'd o'er many a mount sublime,  
 Through lands scarce noticed in historic tales;  
 Yet in famed Attica such lovely dales  
 Are rarely seen; nor can fair Tempe boast  
 A charm they know not; loved Parnassus fails,  
 Though classic ground and consecrated most,  
 To match some spots that lurk within this lowering coast.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## XLVII

He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake,  
 And left the primal city of the land,  
 And onwards did his further journey take  
 To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command  
 Is lawless law; for with a bloody hand  
 He sways a nation, turbulent and bold;  
 Yet here and there some daring mount-ain-band  
 Disdain his power, and from their rocky hold  
 Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.

## XLVIII

Monastic Zitz! from thy shady brow,  
 Thou small but favour'd spot of holy ground!  
 Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,  
 What rainbow tints, what magic charms are found!  
 Rock, river, forest, mountain, all abound,  
 And bluest skies that harmonise the whole:  
 Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound  
 Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll  
 Between those hanging rocks, that shock yet please the soul.

## XLIX

Amidst the grove that crowns yon tufted hill,  
 Which, were it not for many a mountain nigh  
 Rising in lofty ranks, and loftier still,  
 Might well itself be deem'd of dignity,  
 The convent's white walls glisten fair on high:  
 Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he,  
 Nor niggard of his cheer; the passer by  
 Is welcome still; nor heedless will he flee  
 From hence, if he delight kind Nature's sheen to see.

## L

Here in the sultriest season let him rest,  
 Fresh is the green beneath those aged trees;  
 Here winds of gentlest wing will fan his breast,  
 From heaven itself he may inhale the breeze:

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO II

The plain is far beneath—oh! let him  
 seize  
 Pure pleasure while he can; the scorch-  
 ing ray  
 Here pierceth not, impregnate with  
 disease:  
 Then let his length the loitering pilgrim  
 lay,  
 And gaze, untired, the morn, the noon,  
 the eve away.

LI

Dusky and huge, enlarging on the sight,  
 Nature's volcanic amphitheatre,  
 Chimæra's alps extend from left to  
 right:  
 Beneath, a living valley seems to stir;  
 Flocks play, trees wave, streams flow,  
 the mountain-fir  
 Nodding above; behold black Acheron!  
 Once consecrated to the sepulchre.  
 Pluto! if this be hell I look upon,  
 Close shamed Elysium's gates, my shade  
 shall seek for none.

LII

Ne city's towers pollute the lovely view;  
 Unseen is Yanina, though not remote,  
 Veil'd by the screen of hills: here men  
 are few,  
 Scanty the hamlet, rare the lonely cot:  
 But, peering down each precipice, the  
 goat  
 Browseth; and, pensive o'er his scatter'd  
 flock,  
 The little shepherd in his white capote  
 Doth lean his boyish form along the  
 rock,  
 Or in his cave awaits the tempest's short-  
 lived shock.

LIII

Oh! where, Dodona! is thine aged  
 grove,  
 Prophetic fount, and oracle divine?  
 What valley echoed the response of  
 Jove?  
 What trace remaineth of the Thunder-  
 er's shrine?  
 All, all forgotten—and shall man repine  
 That his frail bonds to fleeting life are  
 broke?  
 Cease, fool! the fate of gods may well  
 be thine:  
 Wouldst thou survive the marble or the  
 oak?  
 When nations, tongues, and worlds must  
 sink beneath the stroke!

LIV

Epirus' bounds recede, and mountains  
 fail;  
 Tired of up-gazing still, the wearied eye  
 Reposes gladly on as smooth a vale

As ever Spring yclad in grassy dye:  
 Ev'n on a plain no humble beauties lie,  
 Where some bold river breaks the long  
 expanse,  
 And woods along the banks are waving  
 high,  
 Whose shadows in the glassy waters  
 dance,  
 Or with the moonbeam sleep in midnight's  
 solemn trance.

LV

The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit,  
 And Laos wide and fierce came roaring  
 by;  
 The shades of wonted night were  
 gathering yet,  
 When, down the steep banks winding  
 warily,  
 Childe Harold saw, like meteors in the  
 sky,  
 The glittering minarets of Tepalen,  
 Whose walls o'erlook the stream; and  
 drawing nigh,  
 He heard the busy hum of warrior-men  
 Swelling the breeze that sigh'd along the  
 lengthening glen.

LVI

He pass'd the sacred Haram's silent  
 tower,  
 And underneath the wide o'erarching  
 gate  
 Survey'd the dwelling of this chief of  
 power,  
 Where all around proclaim'd his high  
 estate.  
 Amidst no common pomp the despot  
 sate,  
 While busy preparation shook the  
 court,  
 Slaves, eunuchs, soldiers, guests, and  
 santons wait;  
 Within, a palace, and, without, a fort:  
 Here men of every clime appear to make  
 resort.

LVII

Richly caparison'd, a ready row  
 Of armed horse, and many a warlike  
 store,  
 Circled the wide-extending court below;  
 Above, strange groups adorn'd the  
 corridore;  
 And oft-times through the area's echo-  
 ing door,  
 Some high-capp'd Tartar spurr'd his  
 steed away:  
 The Turk, the Greek, the Albanian, and  
 the Moor,  
 Here mingled in their many-hued array,  
 While the deep war-drum's sound an-  
 nounced the close of day.

## LVIII

The wild Albanian kirtled to his knee,  
 With shawl-girt head and ornamented  
 gun,  
 And gold-embroider'd garments, fair to  
 see;  
 The crimson-scarfed men of Macedon;  
 The Delhi with his cap of terror on,  
 And crooked glaive; the lively, supple  
 Greek;  
 And swarthy Nubia's mutilated son;  
 The bearded Turk, that rarely deigns to  
 speak,  
 Master of all around, too potent to be  
 meek,

## LIX

Are mix'd conspicuous: some recline in  
 groups,  
 Scanning the motley scene that varies  
 round;  
 There some grave Moslem to devotion  
 stoops,  
 And some that smoke, and some that  
 play, are found;  
 Here the Albanian proudly treads the  
 ground;  
 Half whispering there the Greek is  
 heard to prate;  
 Hark! from the mosque the nightly  
 solemn sound,  
 The Muezzin's call doth shake the  
 minaret,  
 'There is no god but God!—to prayer—  
 lo! God is great!'

## LX

Just at this season Ramazani's fast  
 Through the long day its penance did  
 maintain:  
 But when the lingering twilight hour  
 was past,  
 Revel and feast assumed the rule again:  
 Now all was bustle, and the menial train  
 Prepared and spread the plenteous  
 board within;  
 The vacant gallery now seem'd made in  
 vain,  
 But from the chambers came the  
 mingling din,  
 As page and slave anon were passing out  
 and in.

## LXI

Here woman's voice is never heard:  
 apart,  
 And scarce permitted, guarded, veil'd,  
 to move,  
 She yields to one her person and her  
 heart,  
 Tamed to her cage, nor feels a wish to  
 rove:  
 For, not unhappy in her master's love,

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

And joyful in a mother's gentlest cares,  
 Blest cares! all other feelings far above!  
 Herself more sweetly rears the babe she  
 bears,  
 Who never quits the breast, no meaner  
 passion shares.

## LXII

In marble-paved pavilion, where a  
 spring  
 Of living water from the centre rose,  
 Whose bubbling did a genial freshness  
 fling,  
 And soft voluptuous couches breathed  
 repose,  
 Ali reclined, a man of war and woes:  
 Yet in his lineaments ye cannot trace,  
 While Gentleness her milder radiance  
 throws  
 Along that aged venerable face,  
 The deeds that lurk beneath, and stain him  
 with disgrace.

## LXIII

It is not that yon hoary lengthening  
 beard  
 Ill suits the passions which belong to  
 youth;  
 Love conquers age—so Hafiz hath  
 averr'd,  
 So sings the Teian, and he sings in  
 sooth—  
 But crimes that scorn the tender voice  
 of ruth,  
 Beseeching all men ill, but most the man  
 In years, have mark'd him with a tiger's  
 tooth;  
 Blood follows blood, and, through their  
 mortal span,  
 In bloodier acts conclude those who with  
 blood began.

## LXIV

'Mid many things most new to ear and  
 eye  
 The pilgrim rested here his weary feet,  
 And gazed around on Moslem luxury,  
 Till quickly wearied with that spacious  
 seat  
 Of Wealth and Wantonness, the choice  
 retreat  
 Of sated Grandeur from the city's noise:  
 And were it humbler, it in sooth were  
 sweet;  
 But Peace abhorreth artificial joys,  
 And Pleasure, leagued with Pomp, the  
 zest of both destroys.

## LXV

Fierce are Albania's children, yet they  
 lack  
 Not virtues, were those virtues more  
 mature.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO II

Where is the foe that ever saw their back?  
Who can so well the toil of war endure?  
Their native fastnesses not more secure  
Than they in doubtful time of troublous  
need:  
Their wrath how deadly! but their  
friendship sure,  
When Gratitude or Valour bids them bleed  
Unshaken rushing on where'er their chief  
may lead.

### LXVI

Childe Harold saw them in their chief-  
tain's tower  
Thronging to war in splendour and  
success;  
And after view'd them, when, within  
their power,  
Himself awhile the victim of distress;  
That saddening hour when bad men  
hotlier press:  
But these did shelter him beneath their  
roof,  
When less barbarians would have  
cheer'd him less,  
And fellow-countrymen have stood  
aloof—  
In aught that tries the heart how few  
withstand the proof!

### LXVII

It chanced that adverse winds once  
drove his bark  
Full on the coast of Suli's shaggy shore,  
When all around was desolate and dark;  
To land was perilous, to sojourn more;  
Yet for a while the mariners forbore,  
Dubious to trust where treachery might  
lurk:  
At length they ventured forth, though  
doubting sore  
That those who loathe alike the Frank  
and Turk  
Might once again renew their ancient  
butcher-work.

### LXVIII

Vain fear! the Suliotes stretch'd the  
welcome hand,  
Led them o'er rocks and past the dan-  
gerous swamp,  
Kinder than polish'd slaves, though not  
so bland,  
And piled the hearth, and wrung their  
garments damp,  
And fill'd the bowl, and trimm'd the  
cheerful lamp,  
And spread their fare; though homely,  
all they had:  
Such conduct bears Philanthropy's rare  
stamp:  
To rest the weary and to soothe the sad,  
Doth lesson happier men, and shames at  
least the bad.

### LXIX

It came to pass, that when he did address  
Himself to quit at length this mountain-  
land,  
Combined marauders half-way barr'd  
egress,  
And wasted far and near with glaive and  
brand;  
And therefore did he take a trusty band  
To traverse Acarnania's forest wide,  
In war well season'd, and with labours  
tann'd,  
Till he did greet white Achelous' tide,  
And from his further bank Ætolia's wolds  
espied.

### LXX

Where lone Utraiky forms its circling  
cove,  
And weary waves retire to gleam at  
rest,  
How brown the foliage of the green hill's  
grove,  
Nodding at midnight o'er the calm bay's  
breast,  
As winds come lightly whispering from  
the west,  
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep's  
serene:—  
Here Harold was received a welcome  
guest;  
Nor did he pass unmoved the gentle  
scene,  
For many a joy could he from Night's soft  
presence glean.

### LXXI

On the smooth shore the night-fires  
brightly blazed,  
The feast was done, the red wine circling  
fast,  
And he that unawares had there ygzazed  
With gaping wonderment had stared  
aghast;  
For ere night's midmost, stillest hour  
was past,  
The native revels of the troop began;  
Each Palikar his sabre from him cast,  
And bounding hand in hand, man link'd  
to man,  
Yelling their uncouth dirge, long daunced  
the kirtled clan.

### LXXII

Childe Harold at a little distance stood  
And view'd, but not displeased, the  
revelrie,  
Nor hated harmless mirth, however  
rude:  
In sooth, it was no vulgar sight to  
see  
Their barbarous, yet their not indecent,  
glee;

## CANTO II]

And, as the flames along their faces  
gleam'd,  
Their gestures nimble, dark eyes flash-  
ing free,  
The long wild locks that to their girdles  
stream'd,  
While thus in concert they this lay half  
sang, half screamed:—

## 1

TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar  
Gives hope to the valiant, and promise of  
war;  
All the sons of the mountains arise at the  
note,  
Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!

## 2

Oh! who is more brave than a dark Suliote,  
In his snowy camese and his shaggy  
capote?  
To the wolf and the vulture he leaves his  
wild flock,  
And descends to the plain like the stream  
from the rock.

## 3

Shall the sons of Chimari, who never  
forgive  
The fault of a friend, bid an enemy live?  
Let those guns so unerring such vengeance  
forego?  
What mark is so fair as the breast of a foe?

## 4

Macedonia sends forth her invincible race;  
For a time they abandon the cave and the  
chase;  
But those scarfs of blood-red shall be  
redder, before  
The sabre is sheathed and the battle is o'er.

## 5

Then the pirates of Parga that dwell by the  
waves,  
And teach the pale Franks what it is to be  
slaves,  
Shall leave on the beach the long galley  
and oar,  
And track to his covert the captive on  
shore.

## 6

I ask not the pleasures that riches supply,  
My sabre shall win what the feeble must  
buy;  
Shall win the young bride with her long  
flowing hair,  
And many a maid from her mother shall  
tear.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## 7

I love the fair face of the maid in her  
youth,  
Her caresses shall lull me, her music shall  
soothe;  
Let her bring from the chamber her many-  
toned lyre,  
And sing us a song on the fall of her sire.

## 8

Remember the moment when Previsa fell,  
The shrieks of the conquer'd, the con-  
queror's yell;  
The roofs that we fired, and the plunder  
we shared,  
The wealthy we slaughter'd, the lovely we  
spared.

## 9

I talk not of mercy, I talk not of fear;  
He neither must know who would serve  
the Vizier:  
Since the days of our prophet the Crescent  
ne'er saw  
A chief ever glorious like Ali Pashaw.

## 10

Dark Muchtar his son to the Danube is  
sped,  
Let the yellow-hair'd Giaours view his  
horse-tail with dread;  
When his Delhis come dashing in blood  
o'er the banks,  
How few shall escape from the Muscovite  
ranks!

## 11

Selictar! unsheathe then our chief's scimi-  
tar;  
Tambourgi! thy 'larum gives promise of  
war.  
Ye mountains, that see us descend to the  
shore,  
Shall view us as victors, or view us no  
more!

## LXXIII

Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!  
Immortal, though no more; though  
fallen, great!  
Who now shall lead thy scatter'd child-  
ren forth,  
And long accustom'd bondage un-  
create?  
Not such thy sons who whilome did  
await,  
The hopeless warriors of a willing doom,  
In bleak Thermopylæ's sepulchral  
strait—  
Oh! who that gallant spirit shall re-  
sume,  
Leap from Eurota's banks, and call thee  
from the tomb?



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO II

LXXIV

Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's  
brow  
Thou sat'st with Thrasybulus and his  
train,  
Couldst thou forebode the dismal hour  
which now  
Dims the green beauties of thine Attic  
plain?  
Not thirty tyrants now enforce the  
chain,  
But every carle can lord it o'er thy land;  
Nor rise thy sons, but idly rail in vain,  
Trembling beneath the scourge of Turk-  
ish hand;  
From birth till death enslaved; in word, in  
deed, unmann'd.

LXXV

In all save form alone, how changed!  
and who  
That marks the fire still sparkling in  
each eye,  
Who would but deem their bosoms  
burn'd anew  
With thy unquenched beam, lost  
Liberty!  
And many dream withal the hour is nigh  
That gives them back their fathers'  
heritage:  
For foreign arms and aid they fondly  
sigh,  
Nor solely dare encounter hostile rage,  
Or tear their name defiled from Slavery's  
mournful page.

LXXVI

Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not  
Who would be free themselves must  
strike the blow?  
By their right arms the conquest must  
be wrought?  
Will Gaul or Muscovite redress ye? no!  
True, they may lay your proud despoil-  
ers low,  
But not for you will Freedom's altars  
flame.  
Shades of the Helots! triumph o'er your  
foe!  
Greece! change thy lords, thy state is  
still the same;  
Thy glorious day is o'er, but not thy years  
of shame.

LXXVII

The city won for Allah from the Giaour,  
The Giaour from Othman's race again  
may wrest;  
And the Serai's impenetrable tower  
Receive the fiery Frank, her former  
guest;  
Or Wahab's rebel brood, who dared  
divest

The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,  
May wind their path of blood along the  
West;  
But ne'er will freedom seek this fated  
soil,  
But slave succeed to slave through years  
of endless toil.

LXXVIII

Yet mark their mirth—ere lenten days  
begin,  
That penance which their holy rites  
prepare  
To shrive from man his weight of  
mortal sin,  
By daily abstinence and nightly prayer:  
But ere his sackcloth garb Repentance  
wear,  
Some days of joyaunce are decreed to  
all,  
To take of pleasance each his secret  
share,  
In motley robe to dance at masking ball,  
And join the mimic train of merry Carni-  
val.

LXXIX

And whose more rife with merriment  
than thine,  
Oh Stamboul! once the empress of their  
reign?  
Though turbans now pollute Sophia's  
shrine,  
And Greece her very altars eyes in vain:  
(Alas! her woes will still pervade my  
strain!)  
Gay were her minstrels once, for free  
her throng,  
All felt the common joy they now must  
feign,  
Nor oft I've seen such sight, nor heard  
such song,  
As woo'd the eye, and thrill'd the Bos-  
phorus along.

LXXX

Loud was the lightsome tumult on the  
shore,  
Oft Music changed, but never ceased her  
tone,  
And timely echo'd back the measured  
oar,  
And rippling waters made a pleasant  
moan:  
The Queen of tides on high consenting  
shone,  
And when a transient breeze swept o'er  
the wave,  
'Twas, as if darting from her heavenly  
throne,  
A brighter glance her form reflected  
gave,  
Till sparkling billows seem'd to light the  
banks they lave.

## LXXXI

Glanced many a light caïque along the  
foam,  
Danced on the shore the daughters of  
the land,  
No thought had man or maid of rest or  
home,  
While many a languid eye and thrilling  
hand  
Exchanged the look few bosoms may  
withstand,  
Or gently prest, return'd the pressure  
still:  
Oh Love! young Love! bound in thy  
rosy band,  
Let sage or cynic prattle as he will,  
These hours, and only these, redeem Life's  
years of ill!

## LXXXII

But, midst the throng in merry mas-  
querade,  
Lurk there no hearts that throb with  
secret pain,  
Even through the closest searment half  
betray'd?  
To such the gentle murmurs of the main  
Seem to re-echo all they mourn in vain;  
To such the gladness of the gamesome  
crowd  
Is source of wayward thought and stern  
disdain:  
How do they loathe the laughter idly  
loud,  
And long to change the robe of revel for  
the shroud!

## LXXXIII

This must he feel, the true-born son of  
Greece,  
If Greece one true-born patriot still can  
boast:  
Not such as prate of war, but skulk in  
peace,  
The bondsman's peace, who sighs for  
all he lost,  
Yet with smooth smile his tyrant can  
accost,  
And wield the slavish sickle, not the  
sword:  
Ah! Greece! they love thee least who  
owe thee most—  
Their birth, their blood, and that sub-  
lime record  
Of hero sires, who shame thy now de-  
generate horde!

## LXXXIV

When riseth Lacedemon's hardihood,  
When Thebes Epaminondas rears again,  
When Athens' children are with hearts  
endued,  
When Grecian mothers shall give birth  
to men,

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Then may'st thou be restored; but not  
till then.  
A thousand years scarce serve to form  
a state;  
An hour may lay it in the dust: and  
when  
Can man its shatter'd splendour reno-  
vate,  
Recall its virtues back, and vanquish Time  
and Fate?

## LXXXV

And yet how lovely in thine age of woe,  
Land of lost gods and godlike men, art  
thou!  
Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow,  
Proclaim thee Nature's varied favourite  
now:  
Thy fanes, thy temples to thy surface  
bow,  
Commingle slowly with heroic earth,  
Broke by the share of every rustic  
plough:  
So perish monuments of mortal birth,  
So perish all in turn, save well-recorded  
Worth;

## LXXXVI

Save where some solitary column  
mourns  
Above its prostrate brethren of the  
cave;  
Save where Tritonia's airy shrine adorns  
Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the  
wave;  
Save o'er some warrior's half-forgotten  
grave,  
Where the gray stones and unmolested  
grass  
Ages, but not oblivion, feebly brave;  
While strangers only not regardless  
pass,  
Lingering like me, perchance, to gaze, and  
sigh 'Alas!'

## LXXXVII

Yet are thy skies as blue, thy crags as  
wild;  
Sweet are thy groves, and verdant are  
thy fields,  
Thine olive ripe as when Minerva  
smiled,  
And still his honey'd wealth Hymettus  
yields;  
There the blithe bee his fragrant fortress  
builds,  
The freeborn wanderer of thy moun-  
tain-air;  
Apollo still thy long, long summer gilds,  
Still in his beam Mendeli's marbles  
glare;  
Art, Glory, Freedom fail, but Nature still  
is fair.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO II

## LXXXVIII

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground;  
No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould,  
But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,  
And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,  
Till the sense aches with gazing to behold  
The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon;  
Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold  
Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:  
Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares gray Marathon.

## LXXXIX

The sun, the soil, but not the slave, the same;  
Unchanged in all except its foreign lord;  
Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame  
The Battle-field, where Persia's victim horde  
First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword,  
As on the morn to distant Glory dear,  
When Marathon became a magic word;  
Which utter'd, to the hearer's eye appear  
The camp, the host, the fight, the conqueror's career,

## XC

The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow;  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear;  
Mountains above, Earth's, Ocean's plain below;  
Death in the front, Destruction in the rear!  
Such was the scene—what now remaineth here?  
What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground,  
Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?  
The rifled urn, the violated mound,  
The dust thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns around.

## XCI

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past  
Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng;  
Long shall the voyager, with th' Ionian blast,  
Hail the bright clime of battle and of song;

Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue  
Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore;  
Boast of the aged! lesson of the young!  
Which sages venerate and bards adore,  
As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

## XCII

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,  
If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth;  
He that is lonely, hither let him roam,  
And gaze complacent on congenial earth.  
Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth;  
But he whom Sadness sootheth may abide,  
And scarce regret the region of his birth,  
When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,  
Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian died.

## XCIII

Let such approach this consecrated land,  
And pass in peace along the magic waste;  
But spare its relics—let no busy hand  
Deface the scenes, already how defaced!  
Not for such purpose were these altars placed:  
Revere the remnants nations once revered:  
So may our country's name be undisgraced,  
So may'st thou prosper where thy youth was rear'd,  
By every honest joy of love and life endeared!

## XCIV

For thee, who thus in too protracted song  
Hast soothed thine idlesse with inglorious lays,  
Soon shall thy voice be lost amid the throng  
Of louder minstrels in these later days:  
To such resign the strife for fading bays—  
Ill may such contest now the spirit move  
Which heeds nor keen reproach nor partial praise,  
Since cold each kinder heart that might approve,  
And none are left to please when none are left to love.

CANTO II]

XCV

Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!  
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;  
Who did for me what none beside have done,  
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.  
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!  
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,  
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—  
Would they had never been, or were to come!  
Would he had ne'er return'd to find fresh cause to roam!

XCVI

Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!  
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,  
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!  
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.  
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;  
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend;  
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,  
And grief with grief continuing still to blend,  
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend.

XCVII

Then must I plunge again into the crowd,  
And follow all that Peace disdains to seek?  
Where Revel calls, and Laughter, vainly loud,  
False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek,  
To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak;  
Still o'er the features, which perforce they cheer,  
To feign the pleasure or conceal the pique?  
Smiles form the channel of a future tear,  
Or raise the writhing lip with ill-dissembled sneer.

XCVIII

What is the worst of woes that wait on age?  
What stamps the wrinkle deeper on the brow?  
To view each loved one blotted from life's page,  
And be alone on earth, as I am now.

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Before the Chastener humbly let me bow,  
O'er hearts divided and o'er hopes destroy'd:  
Roll on, vain days! full reckless may ye flow,  
Since Time hath reft whate'er my soul enjoy'd,  
And with the ills of Eld mine earlier years alloy'd.

CANTO THE THIRD

*'Afin que cette application vous forcât de penser à autre chose; il n'y a en vérité de remède que celui-là et le temps.'—Lettre du Roi de Prusse à D'Alembert, Sept. 7, 1776.*

I

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!  
ADA! sole daughter of my house and heart?  
When last I saw thy young blue eyes they smiled,  
And then we parted,—not as now we part,  
But with a hope.—  
Awaking with a start,  
The waters heave around me; and on high  
The winds lift up their voices: I depart,  
Whither I know not; but the hour's gone by,  
When Albion's lessening shores could grieve or glad mine eye.

II

Once more upon the waters! yet once more!  
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed  
That knows his rider. Welcome to their roar!  
Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!  
Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,  
And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,  
Still must I on; for I am as a weed,  
Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam to sail  
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.

III

In my youth's summer I did sing of One,  
The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;  
Again I seize the theme, then but begun,  
And bear it with me, as the rushing wind  
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO III

The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,  
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,  
O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

### IV

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,  
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,  
And both may jar: it may be, that in vain I would essay as I have sung to sing.  
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;  
So that it wean me from the weary dream  
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling  
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem  
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.

### V

He, who grown aged in this world of woe,  
In deeds, not years, piercing the depths of life,  
So that no wonder waits him; nor below  
Can love or sorrow, fame, ambition, strife,  
Cut to his heart again with the keen knife  
Of silent, sharp endurance: he can tell  
Why thought seeks refuge in lone caves, yet rife  
With airy images, and shapes which dwell  
Still unimpaired, though old, in the soul's haunted cell.

### VI

'Tis to create, and in creating live  
A being more intense, that we endow  
With form our fancy, gaining as we give  
The life we image, even as I do now.  
What am I? Nothing: but not so art thou,  
Soul of my thought! with whom I traverse earth,  
Invisible but gazing, as I glow  
Mix'd with thy spirit, blended with thy birth,  
And feeling still with thee in my crush'd feelings' dearth.

### VII

Yet must I think less wildly:—I have thought  
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,  
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,  
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:

And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,  
My springs of life were poison'd. 'Tis too late!  
Yet am I changed; though still enough the same  
In strength to bear what time cannot abate,  
And feed on bitter fruits without accusing Fate.

### VIII

Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,  
And the spell closes with its silent seal.  
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last;  
He of the breast which fain no more would feel,  
Wrung with the wounds which kill not, but ne'er heal;  
Yet Time, who changes all, had alter'd him  
In soul and aspect as in age: years steal  
Fire from the mind as vigour from the limb;  
And life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.

### IX

His had been quaff'd too quickly, and he found  
The dregs were wormwood; but he fill'd again,  
And from a purer fount, on holier ground,  
And deem'd its spring perpetual; but in vain!  
Still round him clung invisibly a chain  
Which gall'd for ever, fettering though unseen,  
And heavy though it clank'd not; worn with pain,  
Which pined although it spoke not, and grew keen,  
Entering with every step he took through many a scene.

### X

Secure in guarded coldness, he had mix'd  
Again in fancied safety with his kind,  
And deem'd his spirit now so firmly fix'd  
And sheath'd with an invulnerable mind,  
That, if no joy, no sorrow lurk'd behind;  
And he, as one, might 'midst the many stand  
Unheeded, searching through the crowd to find  
Fit speculation; such as in strange land  
He found in wonder-works of God and Nature's hand.

## XI

But who can view the ripen'd rose, nor  
 seek  
 To wear it? who can curiously behold  
 The smoothness and the sheen of  
 beauty's cheek,  
 Nor feel the heart can never all grow  
 old?  
 Who can contemplate Fame through  
 clouds unfold  
 The star which rises o'er her steep, nor  
 climb?  
 Harold, once more within the vortex,  
 roll'd  
 On with the giddy circle, chasing Time,  
 Yet with a nobler aim than in his youth's  
 fond prime.

## XII

But soon he knew himself the most  
 unfit  
 Of men to herd with Man; with whom  
 he held  
 Little in common; untaught to submit  
 His thoughts to others, though his soul  
 was quell'd  
 In youth by his own thoughts; still un-  
 compell'd,  
 He would not yield dominion of his mind  
 To spirits against whom his own rebell'd;  
 Proud though in desolation; which  
 could find  
 A life within itself, to breathe without  
 mankind.

## XIII

Where rose the mountains, there to him  
 were friends;  
 Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his  
 home;  
 Where a blue sky, and glowing clime,  
 extends,  
 He had the passion and the power to  
 roam;  
 The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's  
 foam,  
 Were unto him companionship; they  
 spake  
 A mutual language, clearer than the  
 tone  
 Of his land's tongue, which he would  
 oft forsake  
 For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams  
 on the lake.

## XIV

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the  
 stars,  
 Till he had peopled them with beings  
 bright  
 As their own beams; and earth, and  
 earthborn jars,  
 And human frailties, were forgotten  
 quite:

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Could he have kept his spirit to that  
 flight  
 He had been happy; but this clay will  
 sink  
 Its spark immortal, envying it the light  
 To which it mounts, as if to break the  
 link  
 That keeps us from yon heaven which  
 woos us to its brink.

## XV

But in Man's dwellings he became a  
 thing  
 Restless and worn, and stern and wear-  
 some,  
 Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with  
 clipt wing,  
 To whom the boundless air alone were  
 home:  
 Then came his fit again, which to o'er-  
 come,  
 As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat  
 His breast and beak against his wiry  
 dome  
 Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the  
 heat  
 Of his impeded soul would through his  
 bosom eat.

## XVI

Self-exiled Harold wanders forth again,  
 With nought of hope left, but with less  
 of gloom;  
 The very knowledge that he lived in vain,  
 That all was over on this side the tomb,  
 Had made Despair a smilingness assume,  
 Which, though 'twere wild,—as on the  
 plunder'd wreck  
 When mariners would madly meet their  
 doom  
 With draughts intemperate on the  
 sinking deck,—  
 Did yet inspire a cheer, which he forbore  
 to check.

## XVII

Stop!—for thy tread is on an Empire's  
 dust!  
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred  
 below!  
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal  
 bust?  
 Nor column trophied for triumphal  
 show?  
 None; but the moral's truth tells simpler  
 so,  
 As the ground was before, thus let it  
 be;—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest  
 grow!  
 And is this all the world has gain'd by  
 thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making  
 Victory?

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO III

XVIII

And Harold stands upon this place of  
skulls,  
The grave of France, the deadly  
Waterloo!  
How in an hour the power which gave  
annuls  
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting  
too!  
In 'pride of place' here last the eagle  
flew,  
Then tore with bloody talon the rent  
plain,  
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations  
through;  
Ambition's life and labours all were  
vain;  
He wears the shatter'd links of the world's  
broken chain.

XIX

Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the  
bit  
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth  
more free?  
Did nations combat to make *One*  
submit;  
Or league to teach all kings true sove-  
reignty?  
What! shall reviving Thralldom again be  
The patch'd-up idol of enlighten'd days?  
Shall we, who struck the Lion down,  
shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage? proffering  
lowly gaze  
And servile knees to thrones? No; *prove*  
before ye praise!

XX

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no  
more!  
In vain fair cheeks were furrow'd with  
hot tears  
For Europe's flowers long rooted up  
before  
The trampler of her vineyards; in vain  
years  
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
Have all been borne, and broken by  
the accord  
Of roused-up millions; all that most  
endears  
Glory, is when the myrtle wreathes a  
sword  
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens'  
tyrant lord.

XXI

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and  
bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and  
brave men;

A thousand hearts beat happily; and  
when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which  
spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like  
a rising knell!

XXII

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the  
wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;  
On with the dance! let joy be uncon-  
fin'd;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and  
Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying  
feet—  
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in  
once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than  
before!  
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's  
opening roar!

XXIII

Within a window'd niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he  
did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's pro-  
phetic ear;  
And when they smiled because he  
deem'd it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too  
well  
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody  
bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone  
could quell;  
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost  
fighting, fell.

XXIV

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and  
fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of  
distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour  
ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own love-  
liness;  
And there were sudden partings, such  
as press  
The life from out young hearts, and  
choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated; who  
could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual  
eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful  
morn could rise!

## XXV

And there was mounting in hot haste:  
 the steed,  
 The mustering squadron, and the clat-  
 tering car,  
 Went pouring forward with impetuous  
 speed,  
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of  
 war;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal  
 afar;  
 And near, the beat of the alarming  
 drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning  
 star;  
 While throng'd the citizens with terror  
 dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—'The foe!  
 they come! they come!'

## XXVI

And wild and high the 'Cameron's  
 gathering' rose!  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's  
 hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her  
 Saxon foes:—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch  
 thrills,  
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath  
 which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the moun-  
 taineers  
 With the fierce native daring which  
 instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand  
 years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each  
 clansman's ears!

## XXVII

And Ardennes waves above them her  
 green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they  
 pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above  
 shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope shall moulder  
 cold and low.

## XXVIII

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound  
 of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—  
 the day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array!

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which  
 when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other  
 clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd  
 and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red  
 burial blent!

## XXIX

Their praise is hymn'd by loftier harps  
 than mine:  
 Yet one I would select from that proud  
 throng,  
 Partly because they blend me with his  
 line,  
 And partly that I did his sire some  
 wrong,  
 And partly that bright names will hal-  
 low song;  
 And his was of the bravest, and when  
 shower'd  
 The death-bolts deadliest the thinn'd  
 files along,  
 Even where the thickest of war's tem-  
 pest lower'd,  
 They reach'd no nobler breast than thine,  
 young gallant Howard!

## XXX

There have been tears and breaking  
 hearts for thee,  
 And mine were nothing had I such to  
 give;  
 But when I stood beneath the fresh  
 green tree,  
 Which living waves where thou didst  
 cease to live,  
 And saw around me the wide field revive  
 With fruits and fertile promise, and the  
 Spring  
 Came forth her work of gladness to  
 contrive,  
 With all her reckless birds upon the  
 wing,  
 I turn'd from all she brought to those she  
 could not bring.

## XXXI

I turn'd to thee, to thousands, of whom  
 each  
 And one as all a ghastly gap did make  
 In his own kind and kindred, whom to  
 teach  
 Forgetfulness were mercy for their sake;  
 The Archangel's trump, not Glory's,  
 must awake  
 Those whom they thirst for; though the  
 sound of Fame  
 May for a moment soothe, it cannot  
 slake  
 The fever of vain longing, and the name  
 So honour'd but assumes a stronger,  
 bitterer claim.



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO III

xxxii

They mourn, but smile at length; and,  
smiling, mourn;  
The tree will wither long before it fall;  
The hull drives on, though mast and  
sail be torn;  
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on  
the hall  
In massy hoariness; the ruin'd wall  
Stands when its wind-worn battlements  
are gone;  
The bars survive the captive they en-  
thral;  
The day drags through, though storms  
keep out the sun;  
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly  
live on

xxxiii

Even as a broken mirror, which the  
glass  
In every fragment multiplies; and makes  
A thousand images of one that was,  
The same, and still the more, the more  
it breaks;  
And thus the heart will do which not  
forsakes,  
Living in shatter'd guise; and still, and  
cold,  
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow  
aches,  
Yet withers on till all without is old,  
Showing no visible sign, for such things  
are untold.

xxxiv

There is a very life in our despair,  
Vitality of poison,—a quick root  
Which feeds these deadly branches; for  
it were  
As nothing did we die; but Life will  
suit  
Itself to Sorrow's most detested fruit,  
Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's  
shore,  
All ashes to the taste: Did man com-  
pute  
Existence by enjoyment, and count o'er  
Such hours 'gainst years of life,—say,  
would he name threescore?

xxxv

The Psalmist number'd out the years of  
man:  
They are enough; and if thy tale be *true*,  
Thou, who didst grudge him even that  
fleeting span,  
More than enough, thou fatal Water-  
loo!  
Millions of tongues record thee, and  
anew  
Their children's lips shall echo them,  
and say—

'Here, where the sword united nations  
drew,  
Our countrymen were warring on that  
day!'  
And this is much, and all which will not  
pass away.

xxxvi

There sunk the greatest, nor the worst  
of men,  
Whose spirit, antithetically mixt,  
One moment of the mightiest, and  
again  
On little objects with like firmness fixt;  
Extreme in all things! hadst thou been  
betwixt,  
Thy throne had still been thine, or  
never been;  
For daring made thy rise as fall: thou  
seek'st  
Even now to re-assume the imperial  
mien,  
And shake again the world, the Thunderer  
of the scene!

xxxvii

Conqueror and captive of the earth art  
thou!  
She trembles at thee still, and thy wild  
name  
Was ne'er more bruited in men's minds  
than now  
That thou art nothing, save the jest of  
Fame,  
Who woo'd thee once, thy vassal, and  
became  
The flatterer of thy fierceness, till thou  
wert  
A god unto thyself; nor less the same  
To the astounded kingdoms all inert,  
Who deem'd thee for a time whate'er thou  
didst assert.

xxxviii

Oh, more or less than man—in high or  
low,  
Batting with nations, flying from the  
field;  
Now making monarchs' necks thy  
footstool, now  
More than thy meanest soldier taught  
to yield;  
An empire thou couldst crush, com-  
mand, rebuild,  
But govern not thy pettiest passion,  
nor,  
However deeply in men's spirits skill'd,  
Look through thine own, nor curb the  
lust of war,  
Nor learn that tempted Fate will leave the  
loftiest star.

## XXXIX

Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the  
 turning tide  
 With that untaught innate philosophy,  
 Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep  
 pride,  
 Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.  
 When the whole host of hatred stood  
 hard by,  
 To watch and mock thee shrinking,  
 thou hast smiled  
 With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—  
 When Fortune fled her spoil'd and  
 favourite child,  
 He stood unbow'd beneath the ills upon  
 him piled.

## XL

Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them  
 Ambition steel'd thee on too far to  
 show  
 That just habitual scorn, which could  
 contemn  
 Men and their thoughts; 'twas wise to  
 feel, not so  
 To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,  
 And spurn the instruments thou wert to  
 use  
 Till they were turn'd unto thine over-  
 throw:  
 'Tis but a worthless world to win or  
 lose;  
 So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot  
 who choose.

## XLI

If, like a tower upon a headland rock,  
 Thou hadst been made to stand or fall  
 alone,  
 Such scorn of man had help'd to brave  
 the shock;  
 But men's thoughts were the steps which  
 paved thy throne,  
 Their admiration thy best weapon  
 shone;  
 The part of Philip's son was thine, not  
 then  
 (Unless aside thy purple had been  
 thrown)  
 Like stern Diogenes to mock at men;  
 For sceptred cynics earth were far too  
 wide a den.

## XLII

But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,  
 And *there* hath been thy bane; there is  
 a fire  
 And motion of the soul which will not  
 dwell  
 In its own narrow being, but aspire  
 Beyond the fitting medium of desire;  
 And, but once kindled, quenchless ever-  
 more,  
 Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,  
 Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever  
 bore.

## XLIII

This makes the madmen who have  
 made men mad  
 By their contagion; Conquerors and  
 Kings,  
 Founders of sects and systems, to whom  
 add  
 Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all un-  
 quiet things  
 Which stir too strongly the soul's  
 secret springs,  
 And are themselves the fools to those  
 they fool;  
 Envied, yet how unenviable! what  
 stings  
 Are theirs! One breast laid open were  
 a school  
 Which would unteach mankind the lust  
 to shine or rule:

## XLIV

Their breath is agitation, and their life  
 A storm whereon they ride, to sink at  
 last,  
 And yet so nursed and bigoted to strife,  
 That should their days, surviving perils  
 past,  
 Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast  
 With sorrow and supineness, and so die;  
 Even as a flame unfed, which runs to  
 waste  
 With its own flickering, or a sword laid  
 by,  
 Which eats into itself, and rusts inglori-  
 ously.

## XLV

He who ascends to mountain-tops,  
 shall find  
 The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds  
 and snow;  
 He who surpasses or subdues mankind,  
 Must look down on the hate of those  
 below.  
 Though high *above* the sun of glory  
 glow,  
 And far *beneath* the earth and ocean  
 spread,  
 Round him are icy rocks, and loudly  
 blow  
 Contending tempests on his naked head,  
 And thus reward the toils which to those  
 summits led.

## XLVI

Away with these! true Wisdom's world  
 will be  
 Within its own creation, or in thine,  
 Maternal Nature! for who teems like  
 thee,  
 Thus on the banks of thy majestic Rhine?

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO III]

There Harold gazes on a work divine,  
A blending of all beauties; streams and  
dells,  
Fruit, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield,  
mountain, vine,  
And chiefless castles breathing stern  
farewells  
From gray but leafy walls, where Ruin  
greenly dwells.

## XLVII

And there they stand, as stands a lofty  
mind,  
Worn, but unstooping to the baser  
crowd,  
All tenantless, save to the crannying  
wind,  
Or holding dark communion with the  
crowd.  
There was a day when they were young  
and proud;  
Banners on high, and battles pass'd  
below;  
But they who fought are in a bloody  
shroud,  
And those which waved are shredless  
dust ere now,  
And the bleak battlements shall bear no  
future blow.

## XLVIII

Beneath those battlements, within those  
walls,  
Power dwelt amidst her passions; in  
proud state  
Each robber chief upheld his armed  
halls,  
Doing his evil will, nor less elate  
Than mightier heroes of a longer date.  
What want these outlaws conquerors  
should have  
But history's purchased page to call  
them great?  
A wider space, an ornamented grave?  
Their hopes were not less warm, their  
souls were full as brave.

## XLIX

In their baronial feuds and single fields,  
What deeds of prowess unrecorded died!  
And Love, which lent a blazon to their  
shields,  
With emblems well devised by amorous  
pride,  
Through all the mail of iron hearts  
would glide;  
But still their flame was fierceness, and  
drew on  
Keen contest and destruction near  
allied,  
And many a tower for some fair mischief  
won,  
Saw the discolour'd Rhine beneath its  
ruin run.

## L

But Thou, exulting and abounding  
river!  
Making thy waves a blessing as they  
flow  
Through banks whose beauty would  
endure for ever  
Could man but leave thy bright creation  
so,  
Nor its fair promise from the surface  
mow  
With the sharp scythe of conflict,—then  
to see  
Thy valley of sweet waters, were to know  
Earth paved like Heaven; and to seem  
such to me,  
Even now what wants thy stream?—that  
it should Lethe be.

## LI

A thousand battles have assail'd thy  
banks,  
But these and half their fame have pass'd  
away,  
And Slaughter heap'd on high his  
weltering ranks;  
Their very graves are gone, and what  
are they?  
Thy tide wash'd down the blood of  
yesterday,  
And all was stainless, and on thy clear  
stream  
Glass'd, with its dancing light, the sunny  
ray;  
But o'er the blacken'd memory's blight-  
ing dream  
Thy waves would vainly roll, all sweeping  
as they seem.

## LII

Thus Harold inly said, and pass'd along,  
Yet not insensible to all which here  
Awoke the jocund birds to early song  
In glens which might have made even  
exile dear:  
Though on his brow were graven lines  
austere,  
And tranquil sternness, which had ta'en  
the place  
Of feelings fierier far but less severe,  
Joy was not always absent from his face,  
But o'er it in such scenes would steal with  
transient trace.

## LIII

Nor was all love shut from him, though  
his days  
Of passion had consumed themselves to  
dust.  
It is in vain that we would coldly gaze  
On such as smile upon us; the heart  
must  
Leap kindly back to kindness, though  
disgust

Hath wean'd it from all worldlings:  
 thus he felt,  
 For there was soft remembrance, and  
 sweet trust  
 In one fond breast, to which his own  
 would melt,  
 And in its tenderer hour on that his bosom  
 dwelt.

## LIV

And he had learn'd to love,—I know not  
 why,  
 For this in such as him seems strange  
 of mood,—  
 The helpless looks of blooming infancy,  
 Even in its earliest nurture; what sub-  
 dued,  
 To change like this, a mind so far im-  
 bued  
 With scorn of man, it little boots to  
 know;  
 But thus it was; and though in solitude  
 Small power the nipp'd affections have  
 to grow,  
 In him this glow'd when all beside had  
 ceased to glow.

## LV

And there was one soft breast, as hath  
 been said,  
 Which unto his was bound by stronger  
 ties  
 Than the church links withal; and,  
 though unwed,  
*That* love was pure, and, far above dis-  
 guise,  
 Had stood the test of mortal enmities  
 Still undivided, and cemented more  
 By peril, dreaded most in female eyes;  
 But this was firm, and from a foreign  
 shore  
 Well to that heart might his these absent  
 greetings pour!

## 1

The castled crag of Drachenfels  
 Frowns o'er the wide and winding  
 Rhine,  
 Whose breast of waters broadly swells  
 Between the banks which bear the vine,  
 And hills all rich with blossom'd trees,  
 And fields which promise corn and  
 wine,  
 And scatter'd cities crowning these,  
 Whose far white walls along them  
 shine,  
 Have strew'd a scene, which I should  
 see  
 With double joy wert *thou* with me.

## 2

And peasant girls, with deep blue eyes,  
 And hands which offer early flowers,  
 Walk smiling o'er this paradise;  
 Above, the frequent feudal towers

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Through green leaves lift their walls  
 of gray;  
 And many a rock which steeply lowers,  
 And noble arch in proud decay,  
 Look o'er this vale of vintage-bowers;  
 But one thing want these banks of  
 Rhine,—  
 Thy gentle hand to clasp in mine!

## 3

I send the lilies given to me;  
 Though long before thy hand they  
 touch,  
 I know that they must wither'd be,  
 But yet reject them not as such;  
 For I have cherish'd them as dear,  
 Because they yet may meet thine eye,  
 And guide thy soul to mine even here,  
 When thou behold'st them drooping  
 nigh,  
 And know'st them gather'd by the  
 Rhine,  
 And offer'd from my heart to thine!

## 4

The river nobly foams and flows,  
 The charm of this enchanted ground,  
 And all its thousand turns disclose  
 Some fresher beauty varying round:  
 The haughtiest breast its wish might  
 bound  
 Through life to dwell delighted here;  
 Nor could on earth a spot be found  
 To nature and to me so dear,  
 Could thy dear eyes in following mine  
 Still sweeten more these banks of  
 Rhine!

## LVI

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,  
 There is a small and simple pyramid,  
 Crowning the summit of the verdant  
 mound;  
 Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,  
 Our enemy's—but let not that forbid  
 Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early  
 tomb  
 Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough  
 soldier's lid,  
 Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,  
 Falling for France, whose rights he battled  
 to resume.

## LVII

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young  
 career,—  
 His mourners were two hosts, his friends  
 and foes;  
 And fitly may the stranger lingering here  
 Pray for his gallant spirit's bright re-  
 pose;  
 For he was Freedom's champion, one of  
 those,

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO III

The few in number, who had not o'er-  
stept  
The charter to chastise which she be-  
stows  
On such as wield her weapons; he had  
kept  
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men  
o'er him wept.

## LVIII

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd  
wall  
Black with the miner's blast, upon her  
height  
Yet shows of what she was, when shell  
and ball  
Rebounding idly on her strength did  
light:  
A tower of victory! from whence the  
flight  
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the  
plain:  
But Peace destroy'd what War could  
never blight,  
And laid those proud roofs bare to Sum-  
mer's rain—  
On which the iron shower for years had  
pour'd in vain.

## LIX

Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long  
delighted  
The stranger fain would linger on his  
way!  
Thine is a scene alike where souls  
united  
Or lonely Contemplation thus might  
stray;  
And could the ceaseless vultures cease  
to prey  
On self-condemning bosoms, it were  
here,  
Where Nature, nor too sombre nor too  
gay,  
Wild but not rude, awful yet not austere,  
Is to the mellow Earth as Autumn to the  
year.

## LX

Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!  
There can be no farewell to scene like  
thine;  
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;  
And if reluctantly the eyes resign  
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely  
Rhine!  
'Tis with the thankful heart of parting  
praise;  
More mighty spots may rise, more glar-  
ing shine,  
But none unite in one attaching maze  
The brilliant, fair, and soft,—the glories  
of old days.

## LXI

The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom  
Of coming ripeness, the white city's  
sheen,  
The rolling stream, the precipice's  
gloom,  
The forest's growth, and Gothic walls  
between,  
The wild rocks shaped as they had  
turrets been,  
In mockery of man's art; and these  
withal  
A race of faces happy as the scene,  
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,  
Still springing o'er thy banks, though Em-  
pires near them fall.

## LXII

But these recede. Above me are the  
Alps,  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy  
scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of  
snow!  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to  
show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet  
leave vain man below.

## LXIII

But ere these matchless heights I dare to  
scan,  
There is a spot should not be pass'd in  
vain,—  
Morat! the proud, the patriot field!  
where man  
May gaze on ghastly trophies of the  
slain,  
Nor blush for those who conquer'd on  
that plain;  
Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless  
host,  
A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
Themselves their monument;—the Sty-  
gian coast  
Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd  
each wandering ghost.

## LXIV

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage  
vies,  
Morat and Marathon twin names shall  
stand;  
They were true Glory's stainless vic-  
tories,  
Won by the unambitious heart and hand  
Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band,  
All unbought champions in no princely  
cause

Of vice-entail'd Corruption; they no land  
Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
Making kings' rights divine, by some  
Draconic clause.

## LXV

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
A gray and grief-worn aspect of old  
days;  
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of  
years,  
And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd  
gaze  
Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
Yet still with consciousness; and there  
it stands  
Making a marvel that it not decays,  
When the coeval pride of human hands,  
Levell'd Adviticum, hath strew'd her  
subject lands.

## LXVI

And there—oh! sweet and sacred be the  
name!—  
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave  
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, be-  
neath a claim  
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a  
father's grave.  
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers  
would crave  
The life she lived in; but the judge was  
just,  
And then she died on him she could not  
save.  
Their tomb was simple, and without a  
bust,  
And held within their urn one mind, one  
heart, one dust.

## LXVII

But these are deeds which should not  
pass away,  
And names that must not wither, though  
the earth  
Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
The enslavers and the enslaved, their  
death and birth;  
The high, the mountain-majesty of worth  
Should be, and shall, survivor of its woe,  
And from its immortality look forth  
In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine  
snow,  
Impersishable pure beyond all things  
below.

## LXVIII

Lake Leman woos me with its crystal  
face,  
The mirror where the stars and moun-  
tains view  
The stillness of their aspect in each trace  
Its clear depth yields of their far height  
and hue:

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

There is too much of man here, to look  
through  
With a fit mind the might which I be-  
hold;  
But soon in me shall Loneliness renew  
Thoughts hid, but not less cherish'd  
than of old,  
Ere mingling with the herd had penn'd me  
in their fold.

## LXIX

To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind:  
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,  
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind  
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil  
In the hot throng, where we become the  
spoil  
Of our infection, till too late and long  
We may deplore and struggle with the  
coil,  
In wretched interchange of wrong for  
wrong  
Midst a contentious world, striving where  
none are strong.

## LXX

There, in a moment we may plunge our  
years  
In fatal penitence, and in the blight  
Of our own soul turn all our blood to tears,  
And colour things to come with hues of  
Night;  
The race of life becomes a hopeless flight  
To those that walk in darkness: on the  
sea  
The boldest steer but where their ports  
invite;  
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity  
Whose bark drives on and on, and an-  
chor'd ne'er shall be.

## LXXI

Is it not better, then, to be alone,  
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?  
By the blue rushing of the arrowy  
Rhône,  
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,  
Which feeds it as a mother who doth  
make  
A fair but froward infant her own care,  
Kissing its cries away as these awake;—  
Is it not better thus our lives to wear,  
Than join the crushing crowd, doom'd to  
inflict or bear?

## LXXII

I live not in myself, but I become  
Portion of that around me; and to me  
High mountains are a feeling, but the  
hum  
Of human cities torture: I can see  
Nothing to loathe in nature, save to be

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO III

A link reluctant in a fleshly chain,  
Class'd among creatures, when the soul  
can flee,  
And with the sky, the peak, the heaving  
plain  
Of ocean, or the stars, mingle, and not in  
vain.

LXXIII

And thus I am absorb'd, and this is life:  
I look upon the peopled desert past,  
As on a place of agony and strife,  
Where, for some sin, to sorrow I was  
cast,  
To act and suffer, but remount at last  
With a fresh pinion; which I feel to  
spring,  
Though young, yet waxing vigorous as  
the blast  
Which it would cope with, on delighted  
wing,  
Spurning the clay-cold bonds which round  
our being cling.

LXXIV

And when, at length, the mind shall be  
all free  
From what it hates in this degraded  
form,  
Reft of its carnal life, save what shall be  
Existent happier in the fly and worm,—  
When elements to elements conform,  
And dust is as it should be, shall I not  
Feel all I see, less dazzling, but more  
warm?  
The bodiless thought? the Spirit of each  
spot?  
Of which, even now, I share at times the  
immortal lot?

LXXV

Are not the mountains, waves, and  
skies, a part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?  
Is not the love of these deep in my heart  
With a pure passion? should I not con-  
tern  
All objects, if compared with these? and  
stem  
A tide of suffering, rather than forego  
Such feelings for the hard and worldly  
phlegm  
Of those whose eyes are only turn'd  
below,  
Gazing upon the ground, with thoughts  
which dare not glow?

LXXVI

But this is not my theme; and I return  
To that which is immediate, and require  
Those who find contemplation in the  
urn,  
To look on One, whose dust was once  
all fire,

A native of the land where I respire  
The clear air for a while—a passing  
guest,  
Where he became a being,—whose  
desire  
Was to be glorious; 'twas a foolish  
quest,  
The which to gain and keep, he sacrificed  
all rest.

LXXVII

Here the self-torturing sophist, wild  
Rousseau,  
The apostle of affliction, he who threw  
Enchantment over passion, and from  
woe  
Wrung overwhelming eloquence, first  
drew  
The breath which made him wretched;  
yet he knew  
How to make madness beautiful, and  
cast  
O'er erring deeds and thoughts a  
heavenly hue  
Of words, like sunbeams, dazzling as  
they past  
The eyes, which o'er them shed tears feel-  
ingly and fast.

LXXVIII

His love was passion's essence:—as a  
tree  
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame  
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to  
be  
Thus, and enamour'd, were in him the  
same.  
But his was not the love of living  
dame,  
Nor of the dead who rise upon our  
dreams,  
But of ideal beauty, which became  
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems  
Along his burning page, distemper'd  
though it seems.

LXXIX

*This* breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*  
Invested her with all that's wild and  
sweet;  
This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss  
Which every morn his fever'd lip would  
greet,  
From hers, who but with friendship his  
would meet;  
But to that gentle touch through brain  
and breast  
Flash'd the thrill'd spirit's love-devour-  
ing heat;  
In that absorbing sigh perchance more  
blest  
Than vulgar minds may be with all they  
seek possess.

## LXXX

His life was one long war with self-sought foes,  
 Or friends by him self-banish'd; for his mind  
 Had grown Suspicion's sanctuary, and chose,  
 For its own cruel sacrifice, the kind,  
 'Gainst whom he raged with fury strange and blind.  
 But he was phrensied,—wherefore, who may know?  
 Since cause might be which skill could never find;  
 But he was phrensied by disease or woe,  
 To that worst pitch of all, which wears a reasoning show.

## LXXXI

For then he was inspired, and from him came,  
 As from the Pythian's mystic cave of yore,  
 Those oracles which set the world in flame,  
 Nor ceased to burn till kingdoms were no more:  
 Did he not this for France? which lay before  
 Bow'd to the inborn tyranny of years?  
 Broken and trembling to the yoke she bore,  
 Till by the voice of him and his compeers  
 Roused up to too much wrath, which follows o'ergrown fears?

## LXXXII

They made themselves a fearful monument!  
 The wreck of old opinions—things which grew,  
 Breathed from the birth of time: the veil they rent,  
 And what behind it lay, all earth shall view.  
 But good with ill they also overthrew,  
 Leaving but ruins, wherewith to rebuild  
 Upon the same foundation, and renew  
 Dungeons and thrones, which the same hour refill'd  
 As heretofore, because ambition was self-will'd.

## LXXXIII

But this will not endure, nor be endured!  
 Mankind have felt their strength, and made it felt.  
 They might have used it better, but, allured  
 By their new vigour, sternly have they dealt  
 On one another; pity ceased to melt

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

With her once natural charities. But they,  
 Who in oppression's darkness caved had dwelt,  
 They were not eagles, nourish'd with the day;  
 What marvel then, at times, if they mistook their prey?

## LXXXIV

What deep wounds ever closed without a scar?  
 The heart's bleed longest, and but heal to wear  
 That which disfigures it; and they who war  
 With their own hopes, and have been vanquish'd, bear  
 Silence, but not submission: in his lair  
 Fix'd Passion holds his breath, until the hour  
 Which shall atone for years; none need despair:  
 It came, it cometh, and will come,—the power  
 To punish or forgive—in *one* we shall be slower.

## LXXXV

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,  
 With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing  
 Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake  
 Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.  
 This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing  
 To waft me from distraction; once I loved  
 Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring  
 Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice improved,  
 That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

## LXXXVI

It is the hush of night, and all between  
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,  
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear  
 Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,  
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear  
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,  
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO III

LXXXVII

He is an evening reveller, who makes  
His life an infancy, and sings his fill;  
At intervals, some bird from out the  
brakes  
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.  
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,  
But that is fancy, for the starlight dews  
All silently their tears of love instil,  
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse  
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her  
hues.

LXXXVIII

Yestars! which are the poetry of heaven!  
If in your bright leaves we would read  
the fate  
Of men and empires,—'tis to be for-  
given,  
That in our aspirations to be great,  
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,  
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are  
A beauty and a mystery, and create  
In us such love and reverence from afar,  
That fortune, fame, power, life, have  
named themselves a star.

LXXXIX

All heaven and earth are still—though  
not in sleep,  
But breathless, as we grow when feeling  
most;  
And silent, as we stand in thoughts too  
deep:—  
All heaven and earth are still: From the  
high host  
Of stars, to the lull'd lake and mountain-  
coast,  
All is concenter'd in a life intense,  
Where not a beam, nor air, nor leaf is lost,  
But hath a part of being, and a sense  
Of that which is of all Creator and defence.

XC

Then stirs the feeling infinite, so felt  
In solitude, where we are *least* alone;  
A truth, which through our being then  
doth melt,  
And purifies from self: it is a tone,  
The soul and source of music, which  
makes known  
Eternal harmony, and sheds a charm  
Like to the fabled Cytherea's zone,  
Binding all things with beauty;—  
'twould disarm  
The spectre Death, had he substantial  
power to harm.

XCI

Not vainly did the early Persian make  
His altar the high places, and the peak  
Of earth-o'ergazing mountains, and  
thus take  
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek

The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are  
weak,  
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and  
compare  
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or  
Greek,  
With Nature's realms of worship, earth  
and air,  
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe  
thy pray'r!

XCII

The sky is changed!—and such a change!  
Oh night,  
And storm, and darkness, ye are won-  
drous strong,  
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light  
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rattling crags  
among  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one  
lone cloud,  
But every mountain now hath found a  
tongue,  
And Jura answers, through her misty  
shroud,  
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her  
aloud!

XCIII

And this is in the night:—Most glorious  
night!  
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me  
be  
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—  
A portion of the tempest and of thee!  
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric  
sea,  
And the big rain comes dancing to the  
earth!  
And now again 'tis black,—and now,  
the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its moun-  
tain-mirth,  
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-  
quake's birth.

XCIV

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his  
way between  
Heights which appear as lovers who  
have parted  
In hate, whose mining depths so inter-  
vene,  
That they can meet no more, though  
broken-hearted;  
Though in their souls, which thus each  
other thwarted,  
Love was the very root of the fond rage  
Which blighted their life's bloom, and  
then departed:  
Itself expired, but leaving them an age  
Of years all winters,—war within them-  
selves to wage.

## XCV

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath  
 cleft his way,  
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en  
 his stand:  
 For here, not one, but many, make their  
 play,  
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand  
 to hand,  
 Flashing and cast around; of all the  
 band,  
 The brightest through these parted hills  
 hath fork'd  
 His lightnings,—as if he did under-  
 stand,  
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,  
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever  
 therein lurk'd.

## XCVI

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake,  
 lightnings! ye!  
 With night, and clouds, and thunder,  
 and a soul  
 To make these felt and feeling, well may  
 be  
 Things that have made me watchful; the  
 far roll  
 Of your departing voices, is the knoll  
 Of what in me is sleepless,—if I rest.  
 But where of ye, O tempests! is the  
 goal?  
 Are ye like those within the human  
 breast?  
 Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some  
 high nest?

## XCVII

Could I embody and unbosom now  
 That which is most within me,—could  
 I wreak  
 My thoughts upon expression, and thus  
 throw  
 Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings,  
 strong or weak,  
 All that I would have sought, and all I  
 seek,  
 Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into  
 one word,  
 And that one word were Lightning, I  
 would speak;  
 But as it is, I live and die unheard,  
 With a most voiceless thought, sheathing  
 it as a sword.

## XCVIII

The morn is up again, the dewy morn,  
 With breath all incense, and with cheek  
 all bloom,  
 Laughing the clouds away with playful  
 scorn,  
 And living as if earth contain'd no  
 tomb,—

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

And glowing into day: we may resume  
 The march of our existence: and thus I,  
 Still on thy shores, fair Leman! may find  
 room  
 And food for meditation, nor pass by  
 Much, that may give us pause, if ponder'd  
 fittingly.

## XCIX

Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of  
 deep Love!  
 Thine air is the young breath of passion-  
 ate thought;  
 Thy trees take root in Love; the snows  
 above  
 The very Glaciers have his colours  
 caught,  
 And sun-set into rose-hues sees them  
 wrought  
 By rays which sleep there lovingly: the  
 rocks,  
 The permanent crags, tell here of Love,  
 who sought  
 In them a refuge from the worldly  
 shocks,  
 Which stir and sting the soul with hope  
 that woos, then mocks.

## C

Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are  
 trod,—  
 Undying Love's, who here ascends a  
 throne  
 To which the steps are mountains;  
 where the god  
 Is a pervading life and light,—so shown  
 Not on those summits solely, nor alone  
 In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower  
 His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath  
 blown,  
 His soft and summer breath, whose  
 tender power  
 Passes the strength of storms in their most  
 desolate hour.

## CI

All things are here of *him*; from the  
 black pines,  
 Which are his shade on high, and the  
 loud roar  
 Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the  
 vines  
 Which slope his green path downward  
 to the shore,  
 Where the bow'd waters meet him, and  
 adore,  
 Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the  
 wood,  
 The covert of old trees, with trunks all  
 hoar,  
 But light leaves, young as joy, stands  
 where it stood,  
 Offering to him, and his, a populous soli-  
 tude.

CII

A populous solitude of bees and birds,  
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd  
things,  
Who worship him with notes more  
sweet than words,  
And innocently open their glad wings,  
Fearless and full of life: the gush of  
springs,  
And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend  
Of stirring branches, and the bud which  
brings  
The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,  
Mingling, and made by Love, unto one  
mighty end.

CIII

He who hath loved not, here would learn  
that lore,  
And make his heart a spirit; he who  
knows  
That tender mystery, will love the more;  
For this is Love's recess, where vain  
men's woes,  
And the world's waste, have driven him  
far from those,  
For 'tis his nature to advance or die;  
He stands not still, but or decays, or  
grows  
Into a boundless blessing, which may vie  
With the immortal lights, in its eternity!

CIV

'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau  
this spot,  
Peopling it with affections; but he found  
It was the scene which Passion must  
allot  
To the Mind's purified beings; 'twas the  
ground  
Where early Love his Psyche's zone  
unbound,  
And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis  
lone,  
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a  
sound,  
And sense, and sight of sweetness; here  
the Rhone  
Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps  
have rear'd a throne.

CV

Lausanne! and Ferney! ye have been  
the abodes  
Of names which unto you bequeath'd a  
name;  
Mortals, who sought and found, by  
dangerous roads,  
A path to perpetuity of fame:  
They were gigantic minds, and their  
steep aim  
Was, Titan-like, on daring doubts to pile

Thoughts which should call down thunder,  
and the flame  
Of Heaven again assail'd, if Heaven the  
while  
On man and man's research could deign  
do more than smile.

CVI

The one was fire and fickleness, a child  
Most mutable in wishes, but in mind  
A wit as various,—gay, grave, sage, or  
wild,—  
Historian, bard, philosopher, combined;  
He multiplied himself among mankind,  
The Proteus of their talents: But his own  
Breathed most in ridicule,—which, as  
the wind,  
Blew where it listed, laying all things  
prone,—  
Now to o'erthrow a fool, and now to shake  
a throne.

CVII

The other, deep and slow, exhausting  
thought,  
And hiving wisdom with each studious  
year,  
In meditation dwelt, with learning  
wrought,  
And shaped his weapon with an edge  
severe,  
Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer;  
The lord of irony,—that master-spell,  
Which stung his foes to wrath, which  
grew from fear,  
And doom'd him to the zealot's ready  
Hell,  
Which answers to all doubts so eloquently  
well.

CVIII

Yet, peace be with their ashes,—for by  
them,  
If merited, the penalty is paid;  
It is not ours to judge,—far less condemn;  
The hour must come when such things  
shall be made  
Known unto all, or hope and dread  
allay'd  
By slumber, on one pillow, in the dust,  
Which, thus much we are sure, must lie  
decay'd;  
And when it shall revive, as is our trust,  
'Twill be to be forgiven, or suffer what is  
just.

CIX

But let me quit man's works, again to  
read  
His Maker's, spread around me, and  
suspend  
This page, which from my reveries I  
feed,  
Until it seems prolonging without end.

CANTO III]

The clouds above me to the white Alps  
tend,  
And I must pierce them, and survey  
whate'er  
May be permitted, as my steps I bend  
To their most great and growing region,  
where  
The earth to her embrace compels the  
powers of air.

CX

Italia! too, Italia! looking on thee,  
Full flashes on the soul the light of ages,  
Since the fierce Carthaginian almost  
won thee,  
To the last halo of the chiefs and sages  
Who glorify thy consecrated pages;  
Thou wert the throne and grave of em-  
pires; still,  
The fount at which the panting mind  
assuages  
Her thirst of knowledge, quaffing there  
her fill,  
Flows from the eternal source of Rome's  
imperial hill.

CXI

Thus far have I proceeded in a theme  
Renew'd with no kind auspices:—to feel  
We are not what we have been, and to  
deem  
We are not what we should be, and to  
steel  
The heart against itself; and to conceal,  
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or  
aught,—  
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or  
zeal,—  
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,  
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is  
taught.

CXII

And for these words, thus woven into  
song,  
It may be that they are a harmless wile,—  
The colouring of the scenes which fleet  
along,  
Which I would seize, in passing, to be-  
guile  
My breast, or that of others, for a while.  
Fame is the thirst of youth, but I am not  
So young as to regard men's frown or  
smile,  
As loss or guerdon of a glorious lot;  
I stood and stand alone,—remember'd or  
forgot.

CXIII

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me;  
I have not flatter'd its rank breath, nor  
bow'd  
To its idolatries a patient knee,

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles, nor cried  
aloud  
In worship of an echo; in the crowd  
They could not deem me one of such; I  
stood  
Among them, but not of them; in a  
shroud  
Of thoughts which were not their  
thoughts, and still could,  
Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself  
subdued.

CXIV

I have not loved the world, nor the world  
me,—  
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,  
Though I have found them not, that  
there may be  
Words which are things, hopes which  
will not deceive,  
And virtues which are merciful, nor  
weave  
Snarers for the failing; I would also deem  
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely  
grieve;  
That two, or one, are almost what they  
seem,  
That goodness is no name, and happiness  
no dream.

CXV

My daughter! with thy name this song  
begun;  
My daughter! with thy name thus much  
shall end;  
I see thee not, I hear thee not, but none  
Can be so wrapt in thee; thou art the  
friend  
To whom the shadows of far years ex-  
tend:  
Albeit my brow thou never shouldst be-  
hold,  
My voice shall with thy future visions  
blend,  
And reach into thy heart, when mine is  
cold,  
A token and a tone, even from thy father's  
mould.

CXVI

To aid thy mind's development, to watch  
Thy dawn of little joys, to sit and see  
Almost thy very growth, to view thee  
catch  
Knowledge of objects,—wonders yet to  
thee!  
To hold thee lightly on a gentle knee,  
And print on thy soft cheek a parent's  
kiss,—  
This, it should seem, was not reserved  
for me;  
Yet this was in my nature: as it is,  
I know not what is there, yet something  
like to this.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO III

CXVII

Yet, though dull Hate as duty should be  
taught,  
I know that thou wilt love me; though  
my name  
Should be shut from thee, as a spell still  
fraught  
With desolation, and a broken claim:  
Though the grave closed between us,—  
'twere the same,  
I know that thou wilt love me; though  
to drain  
My blood from out thy being were an  
aim,  
And an attainment,—all would be in  
vain,—  
Still thou wouldst love me, still that more  
than life retain.

CXVIII

The child of love, though born in bitter-  
ness,  
And nurtured in convulsion. Of thy sire  
These were the elements, and thine no  
less.  
As yet such are around thee, but thy fire  
Shall be more temper'd, and thy hope  
far higher.  
Sweet be thy cradled slumbers! O'er the  
sea  
And from the mountains where I now  
respire,  
Fain would I waft such blessing upon  
thee,  
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have  
been to me.

## CANTO THE FOURTH

'Visto ho Toscana, Lombardia, Romagna,  
Quel Monte che divide, e quel che serra  
Italia, e un mare e l' altro, che la bagna.'  
*Ariosto, Satira iii.*

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ., A.M., F.R.S.,  
&c. &c. &c.

VENICE, January 2, 1818.

MY DEAR HOBHOUSE,

AFTER an interval of eight years between the composition of the first and last cantos of Childe Harold, the conclusion of the poem is about to be submitted to the public. In parting with so old a friend, it is not extraordinary that I should recur to one still older and better,—to one who has beheld the birth and death of the other, and to whom I am far more indebted for the social advantages of an enlightened friendship, than—though not ungrateful—I can, or could be, to Childe Harold, for any public favour reflected through the poem on the poet,—to one, whom I have known long and accompanied far, whom I have found wakeful over my sickness and kind in my sorrow, glad in my prosperity and firm in my adversity, true in counsel and trusty in peril,—to a friend often tried and never found wanting;—to yourself.

In so doing, I recur from fiction to truth; and in dedicating to you in its complete, or at least concluded state, a poetical work which is the longest, the most thoughtful and comprehensive of my compositions, I wish to do honour to myself by the record of many years' intimacy with a man of learning, of talent, of steadiness, and of honour. It is not for minds like ours to give or to receive flattery; yet the praises of sincerity have ever been permitted to the voice of friendship; and it is not for you, nor even for others, but to relieve a heart which has not elsewhere, or lately, been so much accustomed to the encounter of good-will as to withstand the shock firmly, that I thus attempt to commemorate your good qualities, or rather the advantages which I have derived from their exertion. Even the recurrence of the date of this letter, the anniversary of the most unfortunate day of my past existence\*, but which cannot poison my future while I retain the resource of your friendship, and of my own faculties, will henceforth have a more agreeable recollection for both, inasmuch as it will remind us of this my attempt to thank you for an indefatigable regard, such as few men have experienced, and no one could experience without thinking better of his species and of himself.

It has been our fortune to traverse together, at various periods, the countries of chivalry, history, and fable—Spain, Greece, Asia Minor, and Italy; and what Athens and Constantinople were to us a few years ago, Venice and Rome have been more recently. The poem also, or the pilgrim, or both, have accompanied me from first to last; and perhaps it may be a pardonable vanity which induces me to reflect with complacency on a composition which in some degree connects me with the spot where it was produced, and the objects it would fain describe; and however unworthy it may be deemed of those magical and memorable abodes, however short it may fall of our distant conceptions and immediate impressions, yet as a mark of respect for what is venerable, and of feeling for what is glorious, it has been to me a source of pleasure in the production, and I part with it with a kind of regret, which I hardly suspected that events could have left me for imaginary objects.

With regard to the conduct of the last canto, there will be found less of the pilgrim than in any of the preceding, and that little slightly, if at all, separated from the author speaking in his own person. The fact is, that I had become weary of drawing a line which every one seemed determined not to perceive: like the Chinese in Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' whom nobody would believe to be a Chinese, it was in vain that I asserted, and imagined that I had drawn, a distinction between the author and the pilgrim; and the very anxiety to preserve this difference, and disappointment at finding it unavailing, so far crushed my efforts in the composition, that I determined to abandon it altogether—and have done so. The opinions which have been, or may be, formed on that subject are now a matter of indifference; the work is to depend on itself, and not on the writer; and the author, who has no resources in his own mind beyond the reputation, transient or permanent, which is to arise from his literary efforts, deserves the fate of authors.

In the course of the following canto it was my intention, either in the text or in the notes, to have touched upon the present state of Italian literature, and perhaps of manners. But the text, within the limits I proposed, I soon found hardly sufficient

\* His marriage.

## CANTO IV]

for the labyrinth of external objects, and the consequent reflections; and for the whole of the notes, excepting a few of the shortest, I am indebted to yourself, and these were necessarily limited to the elucidation of the text.

It is also a delicate, and no very grateful task, to dissert upon the literature and manners of a nation so dissimilar; and requires an attention and impartiality which would induce us—though perhaps no inattentive observers, nor ignorant of the language or customs of the people amongst whom we have recently abode—to distrust, or at least defer our judgment, and more narrowly examine our information. The state of literary, as well as political party, appears to run, or to have run, so high, that for a stranger to steer impartially between them is next to impossible. It may be enough, then, at least for my purpose, to quote from their own beautiful language—'Mi pare che in un paese tutto poetico, che vanta la lingua la più nobile ed insieme la più dolce, tutte tutte le vie diverse si possono tentare, e che sinche la patria di Alfieri e di Monti non ha perduto l'antico valore, in tutte essa dovrebbe essere la prima.' Italy has great names still—Canova, Monti, Ugo Foscolo, Pindemonte, Visconti, Morelli, Cicognara, Albrizzi, Mezzofanti, Mai, Mustoxidi, Aglietti, and Vacca, will secure to the present generation an honourable place in most of the departments of Art, Science, and Belles Lettres; and in some the very highest—Europe—the World—and but one Canova.

It has been somewhere said by Alfieri, that 'La pianta uomo nasce più robusta in Italia che in qualunque altra terra—e che gli stessi atroci delitti che vi si commettono ne sono una prova.' Without subscribing to the latter part of his proposition, a dangerous doctrine, the truth of which may be disputed on better grounds, namely, that the Italians are in no respect more ferocious than their neighbours, that man must be wilfully blind, or ignorantly heedless, who is not struck with the extraordinary capacity of this people, or, if such a word be admissible, their *capabilities*, the facility of their acquisitions, the rapidity of their conceptions, the fire of their genius, their sense of beauty, and, amidst all the disadvantages of repeated revolutions, the desolation of battles, and the despair of ages, their still unquenched 'longing after immortality,'—the immortality of independence. And when we ourselves, in riding round the walls of Rome, heard the simple lament of the labourers' chorus, 'Roma! Roma! Roma! Roma non è più come era prima!' it was difficult not to contrast this melancholy dirge with the bacchanal roar of the songs of exultation still yelled from the London taverns, over the carnage of Mont St. Jean, and the betrayal of Genoa, of Italy, of France, and of the world, by men whose conduct you yourself have exposed in a work worthy of the better days of our history. For me,—

'Non movero mai corda  
Ove la turba di sue ciance assorda.'

What Italy has gained by the late transfer of nations, it were useless for Englishmen to inquire, till it becomes ascertained that England has acquired something more than a permanent army and a suspended Habeas Corpus; it is enough for them to look at home. For what they have done abroad, and especially in the South, 'Verily they will have their reward,' and at no very distant period.

Wishing you, my dear Hobhouse, a safe and agreeable return to that country whose real welfare

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

can be dearer to none than to yourself, I dedicate to you this poem in its completed state; and repeat once more how truly I am ever

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

BYRON.

### I

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;  
A palace and a prison on each hand:  
I saw from out the wave her structures rise  
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:  
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand  
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles  
O'er the far times, when many a subject land  
Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,  
Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles!

### II

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,  
Rising with her tiara of proud towers  
At airy distance, with majestic motion,  
A ruler of the waters and their powers:  
And such she was;—her daughters had their dowers  
From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East  
Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.  
In purple was she robed, and of her feast  
Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

### III

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And silent rows the songless gondolier;  
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,  
And music meets not always now the ear:  
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here,  
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,  
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,  
The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

### IV

But unto us she hath a spell beyond  
Her name in story, and her long array  
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond  
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway;

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

Ours is a trophy which will not decay  
With the Rialto; Shylock and the Moor,  
And Pierre, cannot be swept or worn  
away—

The keystones of the arch! though all  
were o'er,  
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

### V

The beings of the mind are not of clay;  
Essentially immortal, they create  
And multiply in us a brighter ray  
And more beloved existence: that which  
Fate

Prohibits to dull life, in this our state  
Of mortal bondage, by these spirits  
supplied,  
First exiles, then replaces what we hate;  
Watering the heart whose early flowers  
have died,  
And with a fresher growth replenishing  
the void.

### VI

Such is the refuge of our youth and age,  
The first from Hope, the last from  
Vacancy;  
And this worn feeling peoples many a  
page,  
And, may be, that which grows beneath  
mine eye:  
Yet there are things whose strong reality  
Outshines our fairy-land; in shape and  
hues  
More beautiful than our fantastic sky,  
And the strange constellations which  
the Muse  
O'er her wild universe is skilful to diffuse:

### VII

I saw or dream'd of such,—but let them  
go,—  
They came like truth, and disappear'd  
like dreams;  
And whatso'er they were—are now but  
so:  
I could replace them if I would; still  
teems  
My mind with many a form which aptly  
seems  
Such as I sought for, and at moments  
found;  
Let these too go—for waking Reason  
deems  
Such overweening phantasies unsound,  
And other voices speak, and other sights  
surround.

### VIII

I've taught me other tongues, and in  
strange eyes  
Have made me not a stranger; to the  
mind  
Which is itself, no changes bring sur-  
prise;

Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to  
find  
A country with—ay, or without man-  
kind;

Yet was I born where men are proud to  
be,—  
Not without cause; and should I leave  
behind  
The inviolate island of the sage and  
free,  
And seek me out a home by a remoter  
sea,

### IX

Perhaps I loved it well: and should I  
lay  
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,  
My spirit shall resume it—if we may  
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine  
My hopes of being remember'd in my  
line,  
With my land's language: if too fond  
and far  
These aspirations in their scope in-  
cline,—  
If my fame should be, as my fortunes  
are,  
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull  
Oblivion bar

### X

My name from out the temple where the  
dead  
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be—  
And light the laurels on a loftier head!  
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—  
'Sparta hath many a worthier son than  
he.'  
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor  
need;  
The thorns which I have reap'd are of  
the tree  
I planted: they have torn me, and I  
bleed:  
I should have known what fruit would  
spring from such a seed.

### XI

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her  
lord;  
And, annual marriage now no more re-  
new'd,  
The Bucentaur lies rotting unrestored,  
Neglected garment of her widowhood!  
St. Mark yet sees his lion where he  
stood  
Stand, but in mockery of his wither'd  
power,  
Over the proud Place where an Emperor  
sued,  
And monarchs gazed and envied in the  
hour  
When Venice was a queen with an un-  
equal'd dower.

## XII

The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian  
 reigns—  
 An Emperor tramples where an Emperor  
 knelt;  
 Kingdoms are shrunk to provinces, and  
 chains  
 Clank over sceptred cities; nations melt  
 From power's high pinnacle, when they  
 have felt  
 The sunshine for a while, and downward  
 go  
 Like Lauwine loosen'd from the moun-  
 tain's belt;  
 Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!  
 Th' octogenarian chief, Byzantium's con-  
 quering foe.

## XIII

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of  
 brass,  
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;  
 But is not Doria's menace come to pass?  
 Are they not bridled?—Venice, lost and  
 won,  
 Her thirteen hundred years of freedom  
 done,  
 Sinks, like a seaweed, into whence she  
 rose!  
 Better be whelm'd beneath the waves,  
 and shun,  
 Even in destruction's depth, her foreign  
 foes,  
 From whom submission wrings an in-  
 famous repose.

## XIV

In youth she was all glory,—a new Tyre;  
 Her very by-word sprung from victory,  
 The 'Planter of the Lion,' which  
 through fire  
 And blood she bore o'er subject earth  
 and sea;  
 Though making many slaves, herself  
 still free,  
 And Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Otto-  
 mite;  
 Witness Troy's rival, Candia! Vouch  
 it, ye  
 Immortal waves that saw Lepanto's  
 fight!  
 For ye are none no time nor tyranny can  
 blight.

## XV •

Statues of glass—all shiver'd—the long  
 file  
 Of her dead Doges are declined to dust;  
 But where they dwelt, the vast and  
 sumptuous pile  
 Bespeaks the pageant of their splendid  
 trust;  
 Their sceptre broken, and their sword  
 in rust,

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Have yielded to the stranger: empty  
 halls,  
 Thin streets, and foreign aspects, such  
 as must  
 Too oft remind her who and what en-  
 thrals,  
 Have flung a desolate cloud o'er Venice'  
 lovely walls.

## XVI

When Athens' armies fell at Syracuse,  
 And fetter'd thousands bore the yoke  
 of war,  
 Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse,  
 Her voice their only ransom from afar:  
 See! as they chant the tragic hymn, the  
 car  
 Of the o'ermaster'd victor stops, the  
 reins  
 Fall from his hands, his idle scimitar  
 Starts from its belt—he rends his cap-  
 tive's chains,  
 And bids him thank the bard for freedom  
 and his strains.

## XVII

Thus, Venice, if no stronger claim were  
 thine,  
 Were all thy proud historic deeds forgot,  
 Thy choral memory of the Bard divine,  
 Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the  
 knot  
 Which ties thee to thy tyrants; and thy lot  
 Is shameful to the nations,—most of all,  
 Albion! to thee: the Ocean queen should  
 not  
 Abandon Ocean's children; in the fall  
 Of Venice think of thine, despite thy  
 watery wall.

## XVIII

I loved her from my boyhood; she to me  
 Was as a fairy city of the heart,  
 Rising like water-columns from the sea,  
 Of joy the sojourn, and of wealth the  
 mart;  
 And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shak-  
 speare's art,  
 Had stamp'd her image in me, and even  
 so,  
 Although I found her thus, we did not  
 part;  
 Perchance even dearer in her day of woe,  
 Than when she was a boast, a marvel, and  
 a show.

## XIX

I can repeople with the past—and of  
 The present there is still for eye and  
 thought,  
 And meditation chasten'd down,  
 enough;  
 And more, it may be, than I hoped or  
 sought;



## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

And of the happiest moments which  
were wrought  
Within the web of my existence, some  
From thee, fair Venice! have their col-  
ours caught:  
There are some feelings Time cannot be-  
numb,  
Nor Torture shake, or mine would now be  
cold and dumb.

XX

But from their nature will the Tannen  
grow  
Loftiest on loftiest and least shelter'd  
rocks,  
Rooted in barrenness, where nought  
below  
Of soil supports them 'gainst the Alpine  
shocks  
Of eddy storms; yet springs the  
trunk, and mocks  
The howling tempest, till its height and  
frame  
Are worthy of the mountains from  
whose blocks  
Of bleak, gray granite into life it came,  
And grew a giant tree;—the mind may  
grow the same.

XXI

Existence may be borne, and the deep  
root  
Of life and sufferance make its firm  
abode  
The bare and desolated bosoms: mute  
The camel labours with the heaviest  
load,  
And the wolf dies in silence,—not be-  
stow'd  
In vain should such example be; if they,  
Things of ignoble or of savage mood,  
Endure and shrink not, we of nobler  
clay  
May temper it to bear,—it is but for a  
day.

XXII

All suffering doth destroy, or is de-  
stroy'd,  
Even by the sufferer; and, in each event,  
Ends:—Some, with hope replenish'd  
and rebuoy'd,  
Return to whence they came—with like  
intent,  
And weave their web again; some,  
bow'd and bent,  
Wax gray and ghastly, withering ere  
their time,  
And perish with the reed on which they  
leant;  
Some seek devotion, toil, war, good or  
crime,  
According as their souls were form'd to  
sink or climb.

XXIII

But ever and anon of griefs subdued  
There comes a token like a scorpion's  
sting,  
Scarce seen, but with fresh bitterness  
imbued;  
And slight withal may be the things  
which bring  
Back on the heart the weight which it  
would fling  
Aside for ever: it may be a sound—  
A tone of music—summer's eve—or  
spring—  
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which  
shall wound,  
Striking the electric chain wherewith we  
are darkly bound;

XXIV

And how and why we know not, nor can  
trace  
Home to its cloud this lightning of the  
mind,  
But feel the shock renew'd, nor can  
efface  
The blight and blackening which it  
leaves behind,  
Which out of things familiar, un-  
design'd,  
When least we deem of such, calls up to  
view  
The spectres whom no exorcism can  
bind,—  
The cold, the changed, perchance the  
dead—anew,  
The mourn'd, the loved, the lost—too  
many! yet how few!

XXV

But my soul wanders; I demand it  
back  
To meditate amongst decay, and stand  
A ruin amidst ruins; there to track  
Fall'n states and buried greatness, o'er  
a land  
Which was the mightiest in its old com-  
mand,  
And *is* the loveliest, and must ever be  
The master-mould of Nature's heavenly  
hand;  
Wherein were cast the heroic and the  
free,  
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of earth  
and sea, •

XXVI

The commonwealth of kings, the men  
of Rome!  
And even since, and now, fair Italy!  
Thou art the garden of the world, the  
home  
Of all Art yields, and Nature can  
decree;

Even in thy desert, what is like to thee?  
 Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste  
 More rich than other climes' fertility;  
 Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced  
 With an immaculate charm which cannot  
 be defaced.

## XXVII

The moon is up, and yet it is not night;  
 Sunset divides the sky with her; a sea  
 Of glory streams along the Alpine  
 height  
 Of blue Friuli's mountains; Heaven is  
 free  
 From clouds, but of all colours seems  
 to be,—  
 Melted to one vast Iris of the West,—  
 Where the Day joins the past Eternity,  
 While, on the other hand, meek Dian's  
 crest  
 Floats through the azure air—an island of  
 the blest!

## XXVIII

A single star is at her side, and reigns  
 With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but  
 still  
 Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and re-  
 mains  
 Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhætian  
 hill,  
 As Day and Night contending were,  
 until  
 Nature reclaim'd her order:—gently  
 flows  
 The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues  
 instil  
 The odorous purple of a new-born rose,  
 Which streams upon her stream, and  
 glass'd within it glows,

## XXIX

Fill'd with the face of heaven, which,  
 from afar,  
 Comes down upon the waters; all its  
 hues,  
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,  
 Their magical variety diffuse:  
 And now they change; a paler shadow  
 strews  
 Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting  
 day  
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang  
 imbues  
 With a new colour as it gasps away—  
 The last still loveliest,—till—'tis gone—  
 and all is gray.

## XXX

There is a tomb in Arqua;—rear'd in  
 air,  
 Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose  
 The bones of Laura's lover: here repair  
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

The pilgrims of his genius. He arose  
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim  
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes:  
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's  
 name  
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself  
 to fame.

## XXXI

They keep his dust in Arqua, where he  
 died;  
 The mountain-village where his latter  
 days  
 Went down the vale of years; and 'tis  
 their pride—  
 An honest pride—and let it be their  
 praise,  
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze  
 His mansion and his sepulchre; both  
 plain  
 And venerably simple, such as raise  
 A feeling more accordant with his strain  
 Than if a pyramid form'd his monumental  
 fane.

## XXXII

And the soft quiet hamlet where he dwelt  
 Is one of that complexion which seems  
 made  
 For those who their mortality have felt,  
 And sought a refuge from their hopes  
 decay'd  
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's  
 shade,  
 Which shows a distant prospect far away  
 Of busy cities, now in vain display'd,  
 For they can lure no further; and the ray  
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient  
 holiday,

## XXXIII

Developing the mountains, leaves, and  
 flowers,  
 And shining in the brawling brook,  
 whereby,  
 Clear as its current, glide the sauntering  
 hours  
 With a calm languor, which, though to  
 the eye  
 Idlesse it seem, hath its morality.  
 If from society we learn to live,  
 'Tis solitude should teach us how to die;  
 It hath no flatterers; vanity can give  
 No hollow aid; alone—man with his God  
 must strive:

## XXXIV

Or, it may be, with demons, who impair  
 The strength of better thoughts, and  
 seek their prey  
 In melancholy bosoms, such as were  
 Of moody texture from their earliest  
 day,

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

And loved to dwell in darkness and dismay,  
Deeming themselves predestined to a doom  
Which is not of the pangs that pass away;  
Making the sun like blood, the earth a tomb,  
The tomb a hell, and hell itself a murkier gloom.

XXXV

Ferrara! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,  
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,  
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats  
Of former sovereigns, and the antique brood  
Of Este, which for many an age made good  
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore  
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood  
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore  
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.

XXXVI

And Tasso is their glory and their shame.  
Hark to his strain! and then survey his cell!  
And see how dearly earn'd Torquato's fame,  
And where Alfonso bade his poet dwell:  
The miserable despot could not quell  
The insulted mind he sought to quench, and blend  
With the surrounding maniacs, in the hell  
Where he had plunged it. Glory without end  
Scatter'd the clouds away; and on that name attend

XXXVII

The tears and praises of all time; while thine  
Would rot in its oblivion—in the sink  
Of worthless dust, which from thy boasted line  
Is shaken into nothing—but the link  
Thou formest in his fortunes bids us think  
Of thy poor malice, naming thee with scorn:  
Alfonso! how thy ducal pageants shrink  
From thee! if in another station born,  
Scarce fit to be the slave of him thou madest to mourn:

XXXVIII

Thou! form'd to eat, and be despised,  
and die,  
Even as the beasts that perish, save that thou  
Hadst a more splendid trough and wider sty:  
He! with a glory round his furrow'd brow,  
Which emanated then, and dazzles now,  
In face of all his foes, the Cruscan quire,  
And Boileau, whose rash envy could allow  
No strain which shamed his country's creaking lyre,  
That whetstone of the teeth—monotony in wire!

XXXIX

Peace to Torquato's injured shade!  
'twas his  
In life and death to be the mark where Wrong  
Aim'd with her poison'd arrows,—but to miss.  
Oh, victor unsurpass'd in modern song!  
Each year brings forth its millions; but how long  
The tide of generations shall roll on,  
And not the whole combined and countless throng  
Compose a mind like thine? though all in one  
Condensed their scatter'd rays, they would not form a sun.

XL

Great as thou art, yet parallel'd by those,  
Thy countrymen, before thee born to shine,  
The Bards of Hell and Chivalry: first rose  
The Tuscan father's Comedy Divine;  
Then, not unequal to the Florentine.  
The southern Scott, the minstrel who call'd forth  
A new creation with his magic line,  
And, like the Ariosto of the North,  
Sang ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.

XLI

The lightning rent from Ariosto's bust  
The iron crown of laurel's mimic'd leaves;  
Nor was the ominous element unjust,  
For the true laurel-wreath which Glory weaves  
Is of the tree no bolt of thunder cleaves,  
And the false semblance but disgraced his brow;  
Yet still, if fondly Superstition grieves,  
Know, that the lightning sanctifies below  
Whate'er it strikes;—yon head is doubly sacred now.

## XLII

Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast  
 The fatal gift of beauty, which became  
 A funeral dower of present woes and  
 past,  
 On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd  
 by shame,  
 And annals graved in characters of  
 flame.  
 Oh, God! that thou wert in thy naked-  
 ness  
 Less lovely or more powerful, and  
 couldst claim  
 Thy right, and awe the robbers back,  
 who press  
 To shed thy blood, and drink the tears of  
 thy distress;

## XLIII

Then might'st thou more appal; or, less  
 desired,  
 Be homely and be peaceful, undeplord  
 For thy destructive charms; then, still  
 untired,  
 Would not be seen the armed torrents  
 pour'd  
 Down the deep Alps; nor would the  
 hostile horde  
 Of many-nation'd spoilers from the Po  
 Quaff blood and water; nor the stran-  
 ger's sword  
 Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
 Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of  
 friend or foe.

## XLIV

Wandering in youth, I traced the path  
 of him,  
 The Roman friend of Rome's least-  
 mortal mind,  
 The friend of Tully: as my bark did  
 skim  
 The bright blue waters with a fanning  
 wind,  
 Came Megara before me, and behind  
 Ægina lay, Piræus on the right,  
 And Corinth on the left; I lay re-  
 clined  
 Along the prow, and saw all these unite  
 In ruin, even as he had seen the desolate  
 sight;

## XLV

For Time hath not rebuilt them, but  
 uprear'd  
 Barbaric dwellings on their shatter'd  
 site,  
 Which only make more mourn'd and  
 more endear'd  
 The few last rays of their far-scatter'd  
 light,  
 And the crush'd relics of their vanish'd  
 might.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

The Roman saw these tombs in his own  
 age,  
 These sepulchres of cities, which excite  
 Sad wonder, and his yet surviving page  
 The moral lesson bears, drawn from such  
 pilgrimage.

## XLVI

That page is now before me, and on  
 mine  
 His country's ruin added to the mass  
 Of perish'd states he mourn'd in their  
 decline,  
 And I in desolation: all that *was*  
 Of then destruction *is*; and now, alas!  
 Rome—Rome imperial, bows her to the  
 storm,  
 In the same dust and blackness, and we  
 pass  
 The skeleton of her Titanic form,  
 Wrecks of another world, whose ashes still  
 are warm.

## XLVII

Yet, Italy! through every other land  
 Thy wrongs should ring, and shall, from  
 side to side;  
 Mother of Arts! as once of arms; thy  
 hand  
 Was then our guardian, and is still our  
 guide;  
 Parent of our religion! whom the wide  
 Nations have knelt to for the keys of  
 heaven!  
 Europe, repentant of her parricide,  
 Shall yet redeem thee, and, all backward  
 driven,  
 Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be for-  
 given.

## XLVIII

But Arno wins us to the fair white walls,  
 Where the Etrurian Athens claims and  
 keeps  
 A softer feeling for her fairy halls.  
 Girt by her theatre of hills, she reaps  
 Her corn, and wine, and oil, and Plenty  
 leaps  
 To laughing life, with her redundant  
 horn.  
 Along the banks where smiling Arno  
 sweeps  
 Was modern Luxury of Commerce  
 born,  
 And buried Learning rose, redeem'd to a  
 new morn.

## XLIX

There, too, the Goddess loves in stone,  
 and fills  
 The air around with beauty; we inhale  
 The ambrosial aspect, which, beheld,  
 instils  
 Part of its immortality; the veil

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

Of heaven is half undrawn; within the  
pale  
We stand, and in that form and face be-  
hold  
What Mind can make, when Nature's  
self would fail;  
And to the fond idolaters of old  
Envy the innate flash which such a soul  
could mould:

L

We gaze and turn away, and know not  
where,  
Dazzled and drunk with beauty, till the  
heart  
Reels with its fullness; there—for ever  
there—  
Chain'd to the chariot of triumphal Art,  
We stand as captives, and would not  
depart.  
Away!—there need no words nor terms  
precise,  
The paltry jargon of the marble mart,  
Where Pedantry gulls Folly—we have  
eyes:  
Blood, pulse, and breast confirm the Dar-  
dan Shepherd's prize.

LI

Appear'dst thou not to Paris in this  
guise?  
Or to more deeply blest Anchises? or,  
In all thy perfect Goddess-ship, when lies  
Before thee thy own vanquish'd Lord  
of War?  
And gazing in thy face as toward a star,  
Laid on thy lap, his eyes to thee upturn,  
Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy  
lips are  
With lava kisses melting while they burn,  
Shower'd on his eyelids, brow, and mouth,  
as from an urn?

LII

Glowing, and circumfused in speech-  
less love  
Their full divinity inadequate  
That feeling to express, or to improve,  
The gods become as mortals, and man's  
fate  
Has moments like their brightest; but  
the weight  
Of earth recoils upon us;—let it go!  
We can recall such visions, and create,  
From what has been, or might be, things  
which grow  
Into thy statue's form, and look like gods  
below.

LIII

I leave to learned fingers and wise  
hands,  
The artist and his ape, to teach and tell  
How well his connoisseurship under-  
stands

The graceful bend, and the voluptuous  
swell:  
Let these describe the undescrivable:  
I would not their vile breath should  
crisp the stream  
Wherein that image shall for ever dwell;  
The unruffled mirror of the loveliest  
dream  
That ever left the sky on the deep soul to  
beam.

LIV

In Santa Croce's holy precincts lie  
Ashes which make it holier, dust which is  
Even in itself an immortality,  
Though there were nothing save the  
past, and this,  
The particle of those sublimities  
Which have relapsed to chaos: here  
repose  
Angelo's, Alfieri's bones, and his,  
The starry Galileo, with his woes;  
Here Machiavelli's earth return'd to  
whence it rose.

LIV

These are four minds, which, like the  
elements,  
Might furnish forth creation:—Italy!  
Time, which hath wrong'd thee with ten  
thousand rents  
Of thine imperial garment, shall deny,  
And hath denied, to every other sky,  
Spirits which soar from ruin: thy decay  
Is still impregnate with divinity,  
Which gilds it with revivifying ray;  
Such as the great of yore, Canova is to-day.

LVI

But where repose the all Etruscan three—  
Dante, and Petrarch, and, scarce less  
than they,  
The Bard of Prose, creative spirit! he  
Of the Hundred Tales of love—where  
did they lay  
Their bones, distinguish'd from our  
common clay  
In death as life? Are they resolved to  
dust,  
And have their country's marbles nought  
to say?  
Could not her quarries furnish forth one  
bust?  
Did they not to her breast their filial earth  
entrust?

LVII

Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,  
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding  
shore:  
Thy factions, in their worse than civil  
war,  
Proscribed the bard whose name for  
evermore

## CANTO IV]

Their children's children would in vain  
 adore  
 With the remorse of ages; and the crown  
 Which Petrarch's laureate brow su-  
 preinely wore,  
 Upon a far and foreign soil had grown,  
 His life, his fame, his grave, though rifled—  
 not thine own.

## LVIII

Boccaccio to his parent earth be-  
 queath'd  
 His dust,—and lies it not her great  
 among,  
 With many a sweet and solemn requiem  
 breathed  
 O'er him who form'd the Tuscan's siren  
 tongue?  
 That music in itself, whose sounds are  
 song,  
 The poetry of speech? No;—even his  
 tomb  
 Uptorn, must bear the hyæna bigot's  
 wrong,  
 No more amidst the meaner dead find  
 room,  
 Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told  
 for *whom*!

## LIX

And Santa Croce wants their mighty  
 dust;  
 Yet for this want more noted, as of  
 yore  
 The Cæsar's pageant, shorn of Brutus'  
 bust,  
 Did but of Rome's best Son remind her  
 more:  
 Happier Ravenna! on thy hoary shore,  
 Fortress of falling empire! honour'd  
 sleeps  
 The immortal exile;—Arqua, too, her  
 store  
 Of tuneful relics proudly claims and  
 keeps,  
 While Florence vainly begs her banish'd  
 dead and weeps.

## LX

What is her pyramid of precious stones?  
 Of porphyry, jasper, agate, and all hues  
 Of gem and marble, to encrust the bones  
 Of merchant-dukes? the momentary  
 dews  
 Which, sparkling to the twilight stars,  
 infuse  
 Freshness in the green turf that wraps  
 the dead,  
 Whose names are mausoleums of the  
 Muse,  
 Are gently prest with far more reverent  
 tread  
 Than ever paced the slab which paves the  
 princely head.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## LXI

There be more things to greet the heart  
 and eyes  
 In Arno's dome of Art's most princely  
 shrine,  
 Where Sculpture with her rainbow sis-  
 ter vies;  
 There be more marvels yet—but not for  
 mine;  
 For I have been accustom'd to entwine  
 My thoughts with Nature rather in the  
 fields,  
 Than Art in galleries; though a work  
 divine  
 Calls for my spirit's homage, yet it yields  
 Less than it feels, because the weapon  
 which it wields

## LXII

Is of another temper, and I roam  
 By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles  
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at  
 home;  
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike  
 wiles  
 Come back before me, as his skill be-  
 guiles  
 The host between the mountains and the  
 shore,  
 Where Courage falls in her despairing  
 files,  
 And torrents, swoll'n to rivers with their  
 gore,  
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions  
 scatter'd o'er,

## LXIII

Liketo a forest fell'd by mountain winds;  
 And such the storm of battle on this  
 day,  
 And such the frenzy, whose convulsion  
 blinds  
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the  
 fray,  
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away!  
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his  
 feet,  
 And yawning forth a grave for those  
 who lay  
 Upon their bucklers for a winding-  
 sheet;  
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring  
 nations meet!

## LXIV

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
 Which bore them to Eternity; they saw  
 The Ocean round, but had no time to  
 mark  
 The motions of their vessel; Nature's  
 law,  
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the  
 awe

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

Which reigns when mountains tremble,  
and the birds  
Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and  
withdraw  
From their down-toppling nests; and  
bellowing herds  
Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's  
dread hath no words.

LXV

Far other scene is Thrasimene now;  
Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
Rent by no ravage save the gentle  
plough;  
Her aged trees rise thick as once the  
slain  
Lay where their roots are; but a brook  
hath ta'en—  
A little rill of scanty stream and bed—  
A name of blood from that day's san-  
guine rain;  
And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
Made the earth wet, and turn'd the un-  
willing waters red.

LXVI

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest  
wave  
Of the most living crystal that was e'er  
The haunt of river nymph, to gaze and  
lave  
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou  
dost rear  
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-  
white steer  
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!  
And most serene of aspect, and most  
clear;  
Surely that stream was unprofaned by  
slaughters,  
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest  
daughters!

LXVII

And on thy happy shore a Temple still,  
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,  
Upon a mild declivity of hill,  
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps  
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it  
leaps  
The finny darter with the glittering  
scales,  
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy  
deeps;  
While, chance, some scatter'd water-  
lily sails  
Down where the shallower wave still tells  
its bubbling tales.

LXVIII

Pass not unblest the Genius of the place!  
If through the air a zephyr more serene  
Win to the brow, 'tis his; and if ye trace  
Along his margin a more eloquent green,

If on the heart the freshness of the scene  
Sprinkle its coolness, and from the dry  
dust  
Of weary life a moment lave it clean  
With Nature's baptism,—'tis to him ye  
must  
Pay orisons for this suspension of disgust.

LXIX

The roar of waters!—from the headlong  
height  
Velino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;  
The fall of waters! rapid as the light!  
The flashing mass foams shaking the  
abyss;  
The hell of waters! where they howl and  
hiss,  
And boil in endless torture; while the  
sweat  
Of their great agony, wrung out from this  
Thy Phlegethon, curls round the rocks  
of jet  
That guard the gulf around, in pitiless  
horror set,

LXX

And mounts in spray the skies, and  
thence again  
Returns in an unceasing shower, which  
round,  
With its unemptied cloud of gentle rain,  
Is an eternal April to the ground,  
Making it all one emerald:—how pro-  
found  
The gulf! and how the giant element  
From rock to rock leaps with delirious  
bound,  
Crushing the cliffs, which, downward  
worn and rent  
With his fierce footsteps, yield in chasms  
a fearful vent!

LXXI

To the broad column which rolls on,  
and shows  
More like the fountain of an infant sea  
Torn from the womb of mountains by  
the throes  
Of a new world, than only thus to be  
Parent of rivers, which flow gushingly,  
With many windings, through the  
vale:—Look back!  
Lo! where it comes like an eternity,  
As if to sweep down all things in its track,  
Charming the eye with dread,—a match-  
less cataract,

LXXII

Horribly beautiful! but on the verge,  
From side to side, beneath the glittering  
morn,  
An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge,  
Like Hope upon a death-bed, and, un-  
worn

## CANTO IV]

Its steady dyes, while all around is torn  
By the distracted waters, bears serene  
Its brilliant hues with all their beams  
unshorn:

Resembling, 'mid the torture of the  
scene,  
Love watching Madness with unalterable  
mien.

## LXXXIII

Once more upon the woody Apennine,  
The infant Alps, which—had I not be-  
fore  
Gazed on their mightier parents, where  
the pine  
Sits on more shaggy summits, and where  
roar  
The thundering Lauwine—might be  
worshipp'd more;  
But I have seen the soaring Jungfrau rear  
Her never-trodden snow, and seen the  
hoar  
Glaciers of bleak Mont Blanc both far  
and near,  
And in Chimari heard the thunder-hills of  
fear,

## LXXXIV

Th' Acroceraunian mountains of old  
name;  
And on Parnassus seen the eagles fly  
Like spirits of the spot, as 'twere for  
fame,  
For still they soared unutterably high:  
I've look'd on Ida with a Trojan's eye;  
Athos, Olympus, Ætna, Atlas, made  
These hills seem things of lesser dignity,  
All, save the lone Soracte's height, dis-  
play'd  
Not *now* in snow, which asks the lyric  
Roman's aid

## LXXXV

For our remembrance, and from out the  
plain  
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to  
break,  
And on the curl hangs pausing: not in  
vain  
May he, who will, his recollections rake,  
And quote in classic raptures, and awake  
The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd  
Too much, to conquer for the poet's  
sake,  
The drill'd dull lesson, forced down  
word by word  
In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to  
record

## LXXXVI

Aught that recalls the daily drug which  
turn'd  
My sickening memory; and, though  
Time hath taught

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

My mind to meditate what then it  
learn'd,  
Yet such the fix'd inveteracy wrought  
By the impatience of my early thought,  
That, with the freshness wearing out  
before  
My mind could relish what it might have  
sought,  
If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
its health; but what it then detested, still  
abhor.

## LXXXVII

Then farewell, Horace; whom I hated so,  
Not for thy faults, but mine; it is a curse  
To understand, not feel thy lyric flow,  
To comprehend, but never love thy verse:  
Although no deeper Moralist rehearse  
Our little life, nor Bard prescribe his art,  
Nor livelier Satirist the conscience  
pierce,  
Awakening without wounding the  
touch'd heart,  
Yet fare thee well—upon Soracte's ridge  
we part.

## LXXXVIII

Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!  
The orphans of the heart must turn to  
thee,  
Lone mother of dead empires! and con-  
trol  
In their shut breasts their petty misery.  
What are our woes and sufferance? Come  
and see  
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your  
way  
O'er steps of broken thrones and tem-  
ples, Ye!  
Whose agonies are evils of a day—  
A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

## LXXXIX

The Niobe of nations! there she stands,  
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless  
woe;  
An empty urn within her wither'd hands,  
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;  
The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes  
now;  
The very sepulchres lie tenantless  
Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,  
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle  
her distress.

## LXXX

The Goth, the Christian, Time, War,  
Flood, and Fire,  
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's  
pride;  
She saw her glories star by star expire,  
And up the steep barbarian monarchs  
ride,



## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

Where the car climb'd the Capitol; far  
and wide  
Temple and tower went down, nor left a  
site:  
Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the  
void,  
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar  
light,  
And say, 'here was, or is,' where all is  
doubly night?

LXXXI

The double night of ages, and of her,  
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt  
and wrap  
All round us: we but feel our way to  
err:  
The ocean hath its chart, the stars their  
map,  
And Knowledge spreads them on her  
ample lap;  
But Rome is as the desert, where we  
steer  
Stumbling o'er recollections; now we  
clap  
Our hands, and cry 'Eureka!' it is  
clear—  
When but some false mirage of ruin rises  
near.

LXXXII

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!  
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the  
day  
When Brutus made the dagger's edge  
surpass  
The conqueror's sword in bearing fame  
away!  
Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,  
And Livy's pictured page!—but these  
shall be  
Her resurrection; all beside—decay.  
Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see  
That brightness in her eye she bore when  
Rome was free!

LXXXIII

Oh thou, whose chariot roll'd on For-  
tune's wheel,  
Triumphant Sylla! Thou, who didst sub-  
due  
Thy country's foes ere thou wouldst  
pause to feel  
The wrath of thy own wrongs, or reap  
the due  
Of hoarded vengeance till thine eagles  
flew  
O'er prostrate Asia;—thou, who with  
thy frown  
Annihilated senates—Roman, too,  
With all thy vices, for thou didst lay  
down  
With an atoning smile a more than earthly  
crown—

LXXXIV

The dictatorial wreath—couldst thou  
divine  
To what would one day dwindle that  
which made  
Thee more than mortal? and that so supine  
By aught than Romans Rome should  
thus be laid?  
She who was named Eternal, and array'd  
Her warriors but to conquer—she who  
veil'd  
Earth with her haughty shadow, and  
display'd,  
Until the o'er-canopied horizon fail'd,  
Her rushing wings—Oh! she who was Al-  
mighty hail'd!

LXXXV

Sylla was first of victors; but our own,  
The sagest of usurpers, Cromwell!—he  
Too swept off senates while he hew'd the  
throne  
Down to a block—immortal rebel! See  
What crimes it costs to be a moment free,  
And famous through all ages! but be-  
neath  
His fate the moral lurks of destiny;  
His day of double victory and death  
Beheld him win two realms, and, happier,  
yield his breath.

LXXXVI

The third of the same moon whose for-  
mer course  
Had all but crown'd him, on the self-  
same day  
Deposed him gently from his throne of  
force,  
And laid him with the earth's preceding  
clay.  
And show'd not Fortune thus how fame  
and sway,  
And all we deem delightful, and consume  
Our souls to compass through each  
arduous way,  
Are in her eyes less happy than the  
tomb?  
Were they but so in man's, how different  
were his doom!

LXXXVII

And thou, dread statue! yet existent in  
The austere form of naked majesty,  
Thou who beheldest, 'mid the assassins'  
din,  
At thy bathed base the bloody Caesar lie,  
Folding his robe in dying dignity,  
An offering to thine altar from the queen  
Of gods and men, great Nemesis! did he  
die,  
And thou, too, perish, Pompey? have ye  
been  
Victors of countless kings, or puppets of  
a scene?

## LXXXVIII

And thou, the thunder-stricken nurse of  
Rome!  
She-wolf! whose brazen-imag'd dugs  
impart  
The milk of conquest yet within the  
dome  
Where, as a monument of antique art,  
Thou standest:—Mother of the mighty  
heart,  
Which the great founder suck'd from  
thy wild teat,  
Scorch'd by the Roman Jove's ethereal  
dart,  
And thy limbs black with lightning—  
dost thou yet  
Guard thine immortal cubs, nor thy fond  
charge forget?

## LXXXIX

Thou dost; but all thy foster-babes are  
dead—  
The men of iron: and the world hath  
rear'd  
Cities from out their sepulchres: men bled  
In imitation of the things they fear'd,  
And fought and conquer'd, and the  
same course steer'd,  
At apish distance; but as yet none have,  
Nor could, the same supremacy have  
near'd,  
Save one vain man, who is not in the grave,  
But, vanquish'd by himself, to his own  
slaves a slave—

## XC

The fool of false dominion—and a kind  
Of bastard Cæsar, following him of old  
With steps unequal; for the Roman's  
mind  
Was modell'd in a less terrestrial mould,  
With passions fiercer, yet a judgment cold,  
And an immortal instinct which re-  
deem'd  
The frailties of a heart so soft, yet bold,  
Alcides with the distaff now he seem'd  
At Cleopatra's feet,—and now himself he  
beam'd,

## XCI

And came—and saw—and conquer'd!  
But the man  
Who would have tamed his eagles down  
to flee,  
Like a train'd falcon, in the Gallic van,  
Which he, in sooth, long led to victory,  
With a deaf heart, which never seem'd  
to be  
A listener to itself, was strangely framed;  
With but one weakest weakness—  
vanity,  
Coquettish in ambition, still he aim'd—  
At what? can he avouch, or answer what  
he claim'd?

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## XCII

And would be all or nothing—nor could  
wait  
For the sure grave to level him; few years  
Had fix'd him with the Cæsars in his fate,  
On whom we tread: For *this* the con-  
queror rears  
The arch of triumph and for this the tears  
And blood of earth flow on as they have  
flow'd,  
An universal deluge, which appears  
Without an ark for wretched man's abode,  
And ebbs but to reflow! Renew thy rain-  
bow, God!

## XCIII

What from this barren being do we reap?  
Our senses narrow, and our reason frail,  
Life short, and truth a gem which loves  
the deep,  
And all things weigh'd in custom's fals-  
est scale;  
Opinion an omnipotence,—whose veil  
Mantles the earth with darkness, until  
right  
And wrong are accidents, and men  
grow pale  
Lest their own judgments should become  
too bright,  
And their free thoughts be crimes, and  
earth have too much light.

## XCIV

And thus they plod in sluggish misery,  
Rotting from sire to son, and age to age,  
Proud of their trampled nature, and so  
die,  
Bequeathing their hereditary rage  
To the new race of inborn slaves, who  
wage  
War for their chains, and rather than  
be free,  
Bleed gladiator-like, and still engage  
Within the same arena where they see  
Their fellows fall before, like leaves of the  
same tree.

## XCV

I speak not of men's creeds—they rest  
between  
Man and his Maker—but of things  
allow'd,  
Averr'd, and known, and daily, hourly  
seen—  
The yoke that is upon us doubly bow'd,  
And the intent of tyranny avow'd,  
The edict of Earth's rulers, who are  
grown  
The apes of him who humbled once the  
proud,  
And shook them from their slumbers  
on the throne:  
Too glorious, were this all his mighty arm  
had done.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

XCVI

Can tyrants but by tyrants conquer'd be,  
And Freedom find no champion and no  
child  
Such as Columbia saw arise when she  
Sprung forth a Pallas, arm'd and un-  
defiled?  
Or must such minds be nourish'd in the  
wild,  
Deep in the unpruned forest, 'midst the  
roar  
Of cataracts, where nursing Nature  
smiled  
On infant Washington? Has Earth no  
more  
Such seeds within her breast, or Europe  
no such shore?

XCVII

But France got drunk with blood to  
vomit crime,  
And fatal have her Saturnalia been  
To Freedom's cause, in every age and  
clime;  
Because the deadly days which we have  
seen,  
And vile Ambition, that built up be-  
tween  
Man and his hopes an adamant wall,  
And the base pageant last upon the  
scene,  
Are grown the pretext for the eternal  
thrall  
Which nips life's tree, and dooms man's  
worst—his second fall.

XCVIII

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn, but  
flying,  
Streams like the thunder-storm *against*  
the wind;  
Thy trumpet voice, though broken now  
and dying,  
The loudest still the tempest leaves be-  
hind;  
Thy tree hath lost its blossoms, and the  
rind,  
Chopp'd by the axe, looks rough and  
little worth,  
But the sap lasts,—and still the seed  
we find  
Sown deep, even in the bosom of the  
North;  
So shall a better spring less bitter fruit  
bring forth.

XCIX

There is a stern round tower of other  
days,  
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,  
Such as an army's baffled strength de-  
lays,  
Standing with half its battlements alone,

And with two thousand years of ivy  
grown,  
The garland of eternity, where wave  
The green leaves over all by time o'er-  
thrown;—  
What was this tower of strength? within  
its cave  
What treasure lay so lock'd, so hid?—A  
woman's grave.

C

But who was she, the lady of the  
dead,  
Tomb'd in a palace? Was she chaste  
and fair?  
Worthy a king's, or more—a Roman's  
bed?  
What race of chiefs and heroes did she  
bear?  
What daughter of her beauties was the  
heir?  
How lived, how loved, how died she?  
Was she not  
So honoured—and conspicuously there,  
Where meaner relics must not dare to  
rot,  
Placed to commemorate a more than mor-  
tal lot?

CI

Was she as those who love their lords, or  
they  
Who love the lords of others? such have  
been  
Even in the olden time, Rome's annals  
say.  
Was she a matron of Cornelia's mien,  
Or the light air of Egypt's graceful  
queen,  
Profuse of joy—or 'gainst it did she war  
Inveterate in virtue? Did she lean  
To the soft side of the heart, or wisely  
bar  
Love from amongst her griefs?—for such  
the affections are.

CII

Perchance she died in youth: it may be,  
bow'd  
With woes far heavier than the ponder-  
ous tomb  
That weigh'd upon her gentle dust, a  
cloud  
Might gather o'er her beauty, and a  
gloom  
In her dark eye, prophetic of the doom  
Heaven gives its favourites—early  
death; yet shed  
A sunset charm around her, and illume  
With hectic light, the Hesperus of the  
dead,  
Of her consuming cheek the autumnal  
leaf-like red.

## CIII

Perchance she died in age—surviving all,  
 Charms, kindred, children—with the  
 silver gray  
 On her long tresses, which might yet re-  
 call,  
 It may be, still a something of the day  
 When they were braided, and her proud  
 array  
 And lovely form were envied, praised,  
 and eyed  
 By Rome—But whither would Conjec-  
 ture stray?  
 Thus much alone we know—Metella  
 died,  
 The wealthiest Roman's wife: Behold his  
 love or pride!

## CIV

I know not why—but standing thus by  
 thee  
 It seems as if I had thine inmate known,  
 Thou Tomb! and other days come back  
 on me  
 With recollected music, though the tone  
 Is changed and solemn, like the cloudy  
 groan  
 Of dying thunder on the distant wind;  
 Yet could I seat me by this ivied stone  
 Till I had bodied, forth the heated mind,  
 Forms from the floating wreck which Ruin  
 leaves behind;

## CV

And from the planks, far shatter'd o'er  
 the rocks,  
 Built me a little bark of hope, once more  
 To battle with the ocean and the shocks  
 Of the loud breakers, and the ceaseless  
 roar  
 Which rushes on the solitary shore  
 Where all lies founder'd that was ever  
 dear:  
 But could I gather from the wave-worn  
 store  
 Enough for my rude boat, where should  
 I steer?  
 There woos no home, nor hope, nor life,  
 save what is here.

## CVI

Then let the winds howl on! their har-  
 mony  
 Shall henceforth be my music, and the  
 night  
 The sound shall temper with the owlets'  
 cry,  
 As I now hear them, in the fading light  
 Dim o'er the bird of darkness' native  
 site,  
 Answering each other on the Palatine,  
 With their large eyes, all glistening gray  
 and bright,

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

And sailing pinions.—Upon such a  
 shrine  
 What are our petty griefs?—let me not  
 number mine.

## CVII

Cypress and ivy, weed and wallflower  
 grown,  
 Matted and mass'd together, hillocks  
 heap'd  
 On what were chambers, arch crush'd,  
 column strown  
 In fragments, choked up vaults, and  
 frescos steep'd  
 In subterranean damp, where the owl  
 peep'd,  
 Deeming it midnight:—Temples, baths,  
 or halls?  
 Pronounce who can; for all that Learn-  
 ing reap'd  
 From her research hath been, that these  
 are walls—  
 Behold the Imperial Mount! 'tis thus the  
 mighty falls.

## CVIII

There is the moral of all human tales;  
 'Tis but the same rehearsal of the past,  
 First Freedom, and then Glory—when  
 that fails,  
 Wealth, vice, corruption,—barbarism  
 at last.  
 And History, with all her volumes vast,  
 Hath but *one* page,—'tis better writ-  
 ten here  
 Where gorgeous Tyranny hath thus  
 amass'd  
 All treasures, all delights, that eye o'er,  
 Heart, soul, could seek, tongue ask—  
 Away with words! draw near,

## CIX

Admire, exult, despise, laugh, weep,—  
 for here  
 There is such matter for all feeling:—  
 Man!  
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear,  
 Ages and realms are crowded in this span,  
 This mountain, whose obliterated plan  
 The pyramid of empires pinnacled,  
 Of Glory's gewgaws shining in the van  
 Till the sun's rays with added flame were  
 fill'd!  
 Where are its golden roofs? where those  
 who dared to build?

## CX

Tully was not so eloquent as thou,  
 Thou nameless column with the buried  
 base!  
 What are the laurels of the Cæsar's  
 brow?  
 Crown me with ivy from his dwelling-  
 place.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

Whose arch or pillar meets me in the  
face,  
Titus or Trajan's? No—'tis that of  
Time:  
Triumph, arch, pillar, all he doth dis-  
place  
Scoffing; and apostolic statues climb  
To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes  
slept sublime,

CXI

Buried in air, the deep blue sky of  
Rome,  
And looking to the stars: they had con-  
tain'd  
A spirit which with these would find a  
home,  
The last of those who o'er the whole  
earth reign'd,  
The Roman globe, for after none sus-  
tain'd,  
But yielded back his conquests:—he  
was more  
Than a mere Alexander, and, unstain'd  
With household blood and wine, serenely  
wore  
His sovereign virtues—still we Trajan's  
name adore.

CXII

Where is the rock of Triumph, the high  
place  
Where Rome embraced her heroes?  
where the steep  
Tarpeian? fittest goal of Treason's race,  
The promontory whence the Traitor's  
Leap  
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors  
heap  
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field  
below,  
A thousand years of silenced factions  
sleep—  
The Forum, where the immortal accents  
glow,  
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns  
with Cicero!

CXIII

The field of freedom, faction, fame, and  
blood:  
Here a proud people's passions were  
exhaled,  
From the first hour of empire in the bud  
To that when further worlds to conquer  
fail'd;  
But long before had Freedom's face  
been veil'd,  
And Anarchy assumed her attributes;  
Till every lawless soldier who assail'd  
Trod on the trembling senate's slavish  
mutes,  
Or raised the venal voice of baser prosti-  
tutes.

CXIV

Then turn we to her latest tribune's name,  
From her ten thousand tyrants turn to  
thee,  
Redeemer of dark centuries of shame—  
The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—  
Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree  
Of freedom's wither'd trunk puts forth  
a leaf  
Even for thy tomb a garland let it be—  
The forum's champion, and the people's  
chief—  
Her new-born Numa thou—with reign,  
alas! too brief.

CXV

Egeria! sweet creation of some heart  
Which found no mortal resting-place  
so fair  
As thine ideal breast; whate'er thou art  
Or wert,—a young Aurora of the air,  
The nympholepsy of some fond despair;  
Or, it might be, a beauty of the earth,  
Who found a more than common votary  
there  
Too much adoring; whatsoe'er thy birth,  
Thou wert a beautiful thought, and softly  
bodied forth.

CXVI

The mosses of thy fountain still are  
sprinkled  
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face  
Of thy cave-guarded spring with years  
unwrinkled,  
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the  
place,  
Whose green, wild margin now no more  
erases  
Art's works; nor must the delicate  
waters sleep,  
Prison'd in marble—bubbling from the  
base  
Of the cleft statue, with a gentle leap  
The rill runs o'er—and round—fern, flowers,  
and ivy creep,

CXVII

Fantastically tangled: the green hills  
Are clothed with early blossoms,  
through the grass  
The quick-eyed lizard rustles, and the  
bills  
Of summer-birds sing welcome as ye  
pass;  
Flowers fresh in hue, and many in their  
class,  
Implore the pausing step, and with their  
dyes,  
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass;  
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue  
eyes,  
Kiss'd by the breath of heaven seems  
colour'd by its skies.

## CXVIII

Here didst thou dwell, in this enchanted  
cover,  
Egeria! thy all heavenly bosom beating  
For the far footsteps of thy mortal lover;  
The purple Midnight veil'd that mystic  
meeting  
With her most starry canopy, and seat-  
ing  
Thyself by thine adorer, what befell?  
This cave was surely shaped out for the  
greeting  
Of an enamour'd Goddess, and the cell  
Haunted by holy Love—the earliest oracle!

## CXIX

And didst thou not, thy breast to his  
replying,  
Blend a celestial with a human heart;  
And Love, which dies as it was born, in  
sighing,  
Share with immortal transports? could  
thine art  
Make them indeed immortal, and impart  
The purity of heaven to earthly joys,  
Expel the venom and not blunt the  
dart—  
The dull satiety which all destroys—  
And root from out the soul the deadly  
weed which cloy's?

## CXX

Alas! our young affections run to waste,  
Or water but the desert; whence arise  
But weeds of dark luxuriance, tares of  
haste,  
Rank at the core, though tempting to the  
eyes,  
Flowers whose wild odours breathe but  
agonies,  
And trees whose gums are poisons; such  
the plants  
Which spring beneath her steps as  
Passion flies  
O'er the world's wilderness, and vainly  
pants  
For some celestial fruit forbidden to our  
wants.

## CXXI

Oh, Love! no habitant of earth thou  
art—  
An unseen seraph, we believe in thee,—  
A faith whose martyrs are the broken  
heart,—  
But never yet hath seen, nor e'er shall see  
The naked eye, thy form, as it should be;  
The mind hath made thee, as it peopled  
heaven,  
Even with its own desiring phantasy,  
And to a thought such shape and image  
given,  
As haunts the unquench'd soul—parch'd,  
wearied, wrung, and riven.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## CXXXII

Of its own beauty is the mind diseased,  
And fevers into false creation:—where,  
Where are the forms the sculptor's soul  
hath seiz'd?  
In him alone. Can Nature show so fair?  
Where are the charms and virtues which  
we dare  
Conceive in boyhood and pursue as  
men,  
The unreach'd Paradise of our despair,  
Which o'er-informs the pencil and the  
pen,  
And overpowers the page where it would  
bloom again?

## CXXXIII

Who loves, raves—'tis youth's frenzy  
—but the cure  
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm un-  
winds  
Which robed our idols, and we see too  
sure  
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out  
the mind's  
Ideal shape of such; yet still it binds  
The fatal spell, and still it draws us on,  
Reaping the whirlwind from the oft-  
sown winds;  
The stubborn heart, its alchemy begun,  
Seems ever near the prize—wealthiest  
when most undone.

## CXXXIV

We wither from our youth, we gasp  
away—  
Sick—sick; unfound the boon, unslaked  
the thirst,  
Though to the last, in verge of our decay,  
Some phantom lures, such as we sought  
at first—  
But all too late,—so are we doubly curst.  
Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis  
the same,  
Each idle, and all ill, and none the  
worst—  
For all are meteors with a different name,  
And Death the sable smoke where van-  
ishes the flame.

## CXXXV

Few—none—find what they love or  
could have loved,  
Though accident, blind contact, and the  
strong  
Necessity of loving, have removed  
Antipathies—but to recur, ere long,  
Envenom'd with irrevocable wrong;  
And Circumstance, that unspiritual god  
And miscreator, makes and helps along  
Our coming evils with a crutch-like rod,  
Whose touch turns Hope to dust,—the  
dust we all have trod.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

CXXXI

Our life is a false nature: 'tis not in  
The harmony of things,—this hard de-  
cree,  
This unradicable taint of sin,  
This boundless upas, this all-blasting  
tree,  
Whose root is earth, whose leaves and  
branches be  
The skies which rain their plagues on  
men like dew—  
Disease, death, bondage—all the woes  
we see,  
And worse, the woes we see not—which  
throb through  
The immedicable soul, with heart-aches  
ever new.

CXXXVII

Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base  
Abandonment of reason to resign  
Our right of thought—our last and only  
place  
Of refuge; this, at least, shall still be  
mine:  
Though from our birth the faculty  
divine  
Is chain'd and tortured—cabin'd,  
cribb'd, confined,  
And bred in darkness, lest the truth  
should shine  
Too brightly on the unprepared mind,  
The beam pours in, for time and skill will  
couch the blind.

CXXXVIII

Arches on arches! as it were that Rome,  
Collecting the chief trophies of her  
line,  
Would build up all her triumphs in one  
dome,  
Her Coliseum stands; the moonbeams  
shine  
As 'twere its natural torches, for divine  
Should be the light which streams here  
to illumine  
This long-explored but still exhaustless  
mine  
Of contemplation; and the azure gloom  
Of an Italian night, where the deep skies  
assume

CXXXIX

Hues which have words, and speak to  
ye of heaven,  
Floats o'er this vast and wondrous  
monument,  
And shadows forth its glory. There is  
given  
Unto the things of earth, which Time  
hath bent,  
A spirit's feeling, and where he hath  
leant

His hand, but broke his scythe, there is  
a power  
And magic in the ruin'd battlement,  
For which the palace of the present hour  
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are  
its dower.

CXXX

Oh Time! the beautifier of the dead,  
Adorner of the ruin, comforter  
And only healer when the heart hath bled;  
Time! the corrector where our judg-  
ments err,  
The test of truth, love—sole philosopher,  
For all beside are sophists—from thy  
thrill,  
Which never loses though it doth defer—  
Time, the avenger! unto thee I lift  
My hands, and eyes, and heart, and crave  
of thee a gift:

CXXXI

Amidst this wreck, where thou hast  
made a shrine  
And temple more divinely desolate,  
Among thy mightier offerings here are  
mine,  
Ruins of years, though few, yet full of  
fate:  
If thou hast ever seen me too elate,  
Hear me not; but if calmly I have borne  
Good, and reserved my pride against the  
hate  
Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not  
have worn  
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they*  
not mourn?

CXXXII

And thou, who never yet of human  
wrong  
Left the unbalanced scale, great Neme-  
sis!  
Here, where the ancient paid thee hom-  
age long—  
Thou who didst call the Furies from the  
abyss,  
And round Orestes bade them howl and  
hiss  
For that unnatural retribution—just,  
Had it but been from hands less near—  
in this  
Thy former realm, I call thee from the  
dust!  
Dost thou not hear my heart?—Awake!  
thou shalt, and must.

CXXXIII

It is not that I may not have incurr'd  
For my ancestral faults or mine the  
wound  
I bleed withal, and, had it been con-  
ferr'd  
With a just weapon, it had flow'd un-  
bound;

## CANTO IV]

But now my blood shall not sink in the ground;  
 To thee I do devote it—*thou* shalt take  
 The vengeance, which shall yet be sought and found,  
 Which if I have not taken for the sake—  
 But let that pass—I sleep, but thou shalt yet awake.

## CXXXIV

And if my voice break forth, 'tis not that now  
 I shrink from what is suffer'd: let him speak  
 Who hath beheld decline upon my brow,  
 Or seen my mind's convulsion leave it weak;  
 But in this page a record will I seek.  
 Not in the air shall these my words disperse,  
 Though I be ashes; a far hour shall wreak  
 The deep prophetic fulness of this verse,  
 And pile on human heads the mountain of my curse!

## CXXXV

That curse shall be Forgiveness.—Have I not—  
 Hear me, my mother Earth! behold it, Heaven!  
 Have I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
 Have I not suffer'd things to be forgiven?  
 Have I not had my brain sear'd, my heart riven,  
 Hopes sapp'd, name blighted, Life's life lied away?  
 And only not to desperation driven,  
 Because not altogether of such clay  
 As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.

## CXXXVI

From mighty wrongs to petty perfidy  
 Have I not seen what human things could do?  
 From the loud roar of foaming calumny  
 To the small whisper of the aspaltry few,  
 And subtler venom of the reptile crew,  
 The Janus glance of whose significant eye,  
 Learning to lie with silence, would seem true,  
 And without utterance, save the shrug or sigh,  
 Deal round to happy fools its speechless obloquy.

## CXXXVII

But I have lived, and have not lived in vain:  
 My mind may lose its force, my blood its fire,  
 And my frame perish even in conquering pain;

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

But there is that within me which shall tire  
 Torture and Time, and breathe when I expire;  
 Something unearthly, which they deem not of,  
 Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,  
 Shall on their soften'd spirits sink, and move  
 In hearts all rocky now the late remorse of love.

## CXXXVIII

The seal is set.—Now welcome, thou dread power!  
 Nameless, yet thus omnipotent, which here  
 Walk'st in the shadow of the midnight hour  
 With a deep awe, yet all distinct from fear;  
 Thy haunts are ever where the dead walls rear  
 Their ivy mantles, and the solemn scene  
 Derives from thee a sense so deep and clear  
 That we become a part of what has been,  
 And grow unto the spot, all-seeing but unseen.

## CXXXIX

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,  
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,  
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man.  
 And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but because  
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,  
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not?  
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws  
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listed spot?  
 Both are but theatres—where the chief actors rot.

## CXL

I see before me the Gladiator lie:  
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch who won.



# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

## CXLI

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes  
Were with his heart, and that was far  
away;  
Hereck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
But where his rude hut by the Danube  
lay,  
There were his young barbarians all at  
play,  
There was their Dacian mother—he,  
their sire,  
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—  
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he  
expire  
And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut  
your ire!

## CXLII

But here, where Murder breathed her  
bloody steam;  
And here, where buzzing nations choked  
the ways,  
And roar'd or murmur'd like a moun-  
tain stream  
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;  
Here, where the Roman million's blame  
or praise  
Was death or life, the playthings of a  
crowd,  
My voice sounds much—and fall the  
stars' faint rays  
On the arena void—seats crush'd—  
walls bow'd—  
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes  
strangely loud.

## CXLIII

A ruin—yet what ruin! from its mass  
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been  
rear'd;  
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,  
And marvel where the spoil could have  
appear'd.  
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but  
clear'd?  
Alas! developed, opens the decay,  
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd:  
It will not bear the brightness of the day,  
Which streams too much on all—years—  
man—have reft away.

## CXLIV

But when the rising moon begins to  
climb  
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses  
there;  
When the stars twinkle through the  
loops of time,  
And the low night-breeze waves along  
the air  
The garland-forest, which the gray walls  
wear,  
Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's  
head;

When the light shines serene but doth  
not glare,  
Then in this magic circle raise the dead:  
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their  
dust ye tread.

## CXLV

'While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall  
stand;  
'When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall  
fall;  
'And when Rome falls—the World.'  
From our own land  
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty  
wall  
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call  
Ancient; and these three mortal things  
are still  
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;  
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's  
skill,  
The World, the same wide den—of thieves,  
or what ye will.

## CXLVI

Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime—  
Shrine of all saints and temple of all  
gods,  
From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest  
by time;  
Looking tranquillity, while falls or nods  
Arch, empire, each thing round thee,  
and man plods  
His way through thorns to ashes—  
glorious dome!  
Shalt thou not last? Time's scythe and  
tyrants' rods  
Shiver upon thee—sanctuary and home  
Of art and piety—Pantheon!—pride of  
Rome!

## CXLVII

Relic of nobler days, and noblest arts!  
Despoil'd yet perfect, with thy circle  
spreads  
A holiness appealing to all hearts—  
To art a model; and to him who treads  
Rome for the sake of ages, Glory sheds  
Her light through thy sole aperture; to  
those  
Who worship, here are altars for their  
beads;  
And they who feel for genius may repose  
Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts  
around them close.

## CXLVIII

There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear  
light  
What do I gaze on? Nothing: Look  
again!  
Two forms are slowly shadow'd on my  
sight—  
Two insulated phantoms of the brain:

It is not so; I see them full and plain—  
 An old man, and a female young and  
 fair,  
 Fresh as a nursing mother, in whose  
 vein  
 The blood is nectar:—but what doth  
 she there,  
 With her unmantled neck, and bosom  
 white and bare?

## CXLIX

Full swells the deep pure fountain of  
 young life,  
 Where *on* the heart and *from* the heart  
 we took  
 Our first and sweetest nurture, when the  
 wife,  
 Blest into mother, in the innocent look,  
 Or even the piping cry of lips that brook  
 No pain and small suspense, a joy per-  
 ceives  
 Man knows not, when from out its  
 cradled nook  
 She sees her little bud put forth its  
 leaves—  
 What may the fruit be yet? I know not—  
 Cain was Eve's.

## CL

But here youth offers to old age the  
 food,  
 The milk of his own gift: it is her  
 sire  
 To whom she renders back the debt of  
 blood  
 Born with her birth. No; he shall not  
 expire  
 While in those warm and lovely veins  
 the fire  
 Of health and holy feeling can pro-  
 vide  
 Great Nature's Nile, whose deep stream  
 rises higher  
 Than Egypt's river: from that gentle  
 side  
 Drink, drink and live, old man! Heaven's  
 realm holds no such tide.

## CLI

The starry fable of the milky way  
 Has not thy story's purity; it is  
 A constellation of a sweeter ray,  
 And sacred Nature triumphs more in  
 this  
 Reverse of her decree, than in the  
 abyss  
 Where sparkle distant worlds:—Oh,  
 holiest nurse!  
 No drop of that clear stream its way  
 shall miss  
 To thy sire's heart, replenishing its  
 source  
 With life, as our freed souls rejoin the  
 universe.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## CLII

Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd  
 on high,  
 Imperial mimic of old Egypt's piles,  
 Colossal copyist of deformity  
 Whose travell'd phantasy from the far  
 Nile's  
 Enormous model, doom'd the artist's  
 toils  
 To build for giants, and for his vain  
 earth,  
 His shrunken ashes, raise this dome:  
 How smiles  
 The gazer's eye with philosophic mirth,  
 To view the huge design which sprung  
 from such a birth!

## CLIII

But lo! the dome—the vast and won-  
 drous dome,  
 To which Diana's marvel was a cell—  
 Christ's mighty shrine above his mar-  
 tyr's tomb!  
 I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle;—  
 Its columns strew the wilderness, and  
 dwell  
 The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;  
 I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs  
 swell  
 Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have  
 survey'd  
 Its sanctuary the while the usurping Mos-  
 lem pray'd;

## CLIV

But thou, of temples old, or altars new,  
 Standest alone, with nothing like to  
 thee—  
 Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.  
 Since Zion's desolation, when that He  
 Forsook his former city, what could be,  
 Of earthly structures, in his honour  
 piled,  
 Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,  
 Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty all  
 are aisled  
 In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.

## CLV

Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee  
 not;  
 And why? It is not lessen'd; but thy  
 mind,  
 Expanded by the genius of the spot,  
 Has grown colossal, and can only find  
 A fit abode wherein appear enshrined  
 Thy hopes of immortality; and thou  
 Shalt one day, if found worthy, so de-  
 fined,  
 See thy God face to face, as thou dost  
 now  
 His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his  
 brow.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

## CLVI

Thou movest, but increasing with the  
advance,  
Like climbing some great Alp, which  
still doth rise,  
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;  
Vastness which grows, but grows to  
harmony—  
All musical in its immensities;  
Rich marbles, richer painting—shrines  
where flame  
The lamps of gold—and haughty dome  
which vies  
In air with Earth's chief structures,  
though their frame  
Sits on the firm-set ground, and this the  
clouds must claim.

## CLVII

Thou seest not all; but piecemeal thou  
must break,  
To separate contemplation, the great  
whole;  
And as the ocean many bays will make  
That ask the eye—so here condense thy  
soul  
To more immediate objects, and control  
Thy thoughts until thy mind hath got by  
heart  
Its eloquent proportions, and unroll  
In mighty graduations, part by part,  
The glory which at once upon thee did not  
dart,

## CLVIII

Not by its fault—but thine: Our out-  
ward sense  
Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is  
That what we have of feeling most in-  
tense  
Outstrips our faint expression; even so  
this  
Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice  
Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the  
great  
Defies at first our Nature's littleness,  
Till, growing with its growth, we thus  
dilate  
Our spirits to the size of that they contem-  
plate.

## CLIX

Then pause, and be enlighten'd; there is  
more  
In such a survey than the sating gaze  
Of wonder pleased, or awe which would  
adore  
The worship of the place, or the mere  
praise  
Of art and its great masters, who could  
raise  
What former time, nor skill, nor thought  
could plan;  
The fountain of sublimity displays

Its depth, and thence may draw the  
mind of man  
Its golden sands, and learn what great  
conceptions can.

## CLX

Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—  
A father's love and mortal's agony  
With an immortal's patience blending:  
—Vain  
The struggle; vain, against the coiling  
strain  
And gripe, and deepening of the dra-  
gon's grasp,  
The old man's clench; the long en-  
venom'd chain  
Rivets the living links,—the enormous  
asp  
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on  
gasp.

## CLXI

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,  
The God of life, and poesy, and light—  
The Sun in human limbs array'd, and  
brow  
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;  
The shaft hath just been shot—the  
arrow bright  
With an immortal's vengeance; in his  
eye  
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might  
And majesty, flash their full lightnings  
by,  
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

## CLXII

But in his delicate form—a dream of  
Love,  
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose  
breast  
Long'd for a deathless lover from above,  
And madden'd in that vision—are ex-  
prest  
All that ideal beauty ever bless'd  
The mind with in its most unearthly  
mood,  
When each conception was a heavenly  
guest—  
A ray of immortality—and stood  
Starlike, around, until they gather'd to a  
god!

## CLXIII

And if it be Prometheus stole from  
Heaven  
The fire which we endure, it was repaid  
By him to whom the energy was given  
Which this poetic marble hath array'd  
With an eternal glory—which, if made  
By human hands, is not of human  
thought;

## CANTO IV]

And Time himself hath hallow'd it, nor  
laid  
One ringlet in the dust—nor hath it  
caught  
A tinge of years, but breathes the flame  
with which 'twas wrought.

## CLXIV

But where is he, the Pilgrim of my song,  
The being who upheld it through the  
past?  
Methinks he cometh late and tarries  
long.  
He is no more—these breathings are his  
last;  
His wanderings done, his visions ebbing  
fast,  
And he himself as nothing:—if he was  
Aught but a phantasy, and could be  
class'd  
With forms which live and suffer—let  
that pass—  
His shadow fades away into Destruction's  
mass,

## CLXV

Which gathers shadow, substance, life,  
and all  
That we inherit in its mortal shroud,  
And spreads the dim and universal pall  
Through which all things grow phan-  
toms; and the cloud  
Between us sinks and all which ever  
glow'd,  
Till Glory's self is twilight, and displays  
A melancholy halo scarce allow'd  
To hover on the verge of darkness; rays  
Sadder than saddest night, for they dis-  
tract the gaze,

## CLXVI

And send us prying into the abyss,  
To gather what we shall be when the  
frame  
Shall be resolved to something less than  
this  
Its wretched essence; and to dream of  
fame,  
And wipe the dust from off the idle  
name  
We never more shall hear,—but never  
more,  
Oh, happier thought! can we be made  
the same:  
It is enough in sooth that *once* we bore  
These fardels of the heart—the heart  
whose sweat was gore.

## CLXVII

Hark! forth from the abyss a voice pro-  
ceeds,  
A long low distant murmur of dread  
sound,  
Such as arises when a nation bleeds

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

With some deep and immedicable  
wound;  
Through storm and darkness yawns the  
rending ground,  
The gulf is thick with phantoms, but the  
chief  
Seems royal still, though with her head  
discrown'd,  
And pale, but lovely, with maternal  
grief  
She clasps a babe, to whom her breast  
yields no relief.

## CLXVIII

Scion of chiefs and monarchs, where  
art thou?  
Fond hope of many nations, art thou  
dead?  
Could not the grave forget thee, and lay  
low  
Some less majestic, less beloved head?  
In the sad midnight, while thy heart still  
bled,  
The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,  
Death hush'd that pang for ever: with  
thee fled  
The present happiness and promised joy  
Which fill'd the imperial isles so full it  
seem'd to cloy.

## CLXIX

Peasants bring forth in safety.—Can it  
be,  
Oh thou that wert so happy, so adored!  
Those who weep not for kings shall  
weep for thee,  
And Freedom's heart, grown heavy,  
cease to hoard  
Her many griefs for ONE; for she had  
pour'd  
Her orisons for thee, and o'er thy head  
Beheld her Iris.—Thou, too, lonely lord,  
And desolate consort—vainly wert thou  
wed!  
The husband of a year! the father of the  
dead!

## CLXX

Of sackcloth was thy wedding garment  
made;  
Thy bridal's fruit is ashes: in the dust  
The fair-hair'd Daughter of the Isles is  
laid,  
The love of millions! How we did in-  
trust  
Futurity to her! and, though it must  
Darken above our bones, yet fondly  
deem'd  
Our children should obey her child, and  
bless'd  
Her and her hoped-for seed, whose  
promise seem'd  
Like stars to shepherd's eyes:—'twas but  
a meteor beam'd.

# CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

CLXXI

Woe unto us, not her; for she sleeps  
well:  
The fickle reek of popular breath, the  
tongue  
Of hollow counsel, the false oracle,  
Which from the birth of monarchy hath  
rung  
Its knell in princely ears, till the o'er-  
stung  
Nations have arm'd in madness, the  
strange fate  
Which tumbles mightiest sovereigns,  
and hath flung  
Against their blind omnipotence a  
weight  
Within the opposing scale, which crushes  
soon or late,—

CLXXII

These might have been her destiny; but  
no,  
Our hearts deny it: and so young, so fair,  
Good without effort, great without a  
foe;  
But now a bride and mother—and now  
there!  
How many ties did that stern moment  
tear!  
From thy Sire's to his humblest subject's  
breast  
Is link'd the electric chain of that de-  
spair,  
Whose shock was as an earthquake's,  
and oppress  
The land which loved thee so that none  
could love thee best.

CLXXIII

Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills  
So far, that the uprooting wind which  
tears  
The oak from his foundation, and which  
spills  
The ocean o'er its boundary, and bears  
Its form against the skies, reluctant  
spares  
The oval mirror of thy glassy lake;  
And calm as cherish'd hate, its surface  
wears  
A deep cold settled aspect nought can  
shake,  
All coil'd into itself and round, as sleeps  
the snake.

CLXXIV

And near, Albano's scarce divided  
waves  
Shine from a sister valley;—and afar  
The Tiber winds, and the broad ocean  
laves  
The Latian coast where sprung the Epic  
war,

'Arms and the man,' whose re-ascend-  
ing star  
Rose o'er an empire:—but beneath thy  
right  
Tully reposed from Rome;—and where  
yon bar  
Of girdling mountains intercepts the  
sight  
The Sabine farm was till'd, the weary  
bard's delight.

CLXXV

But I forget.—My Pilgrim's shrine is  
won,  
And he and I must part,—so let it be,—  
His task and mine alike are nearly done;  
Yet once more let us look upon the sea;  
The midland ocean breaks on him and  
me,  
And from the Alban Mount we now  
behold  
Our friend of youth, that Ocean, which  
when we  
Beheld it last by Calpe's rock unfold  
Those waves, we follow'd on till the dark  
Euxine roll'd

CLXXVI

Upon the blue Symplegades: long  
years—  
Long, though not very many—since  
have done  
Their work on both; some suffering and  
some tears  
Have left us nearly where we had begun:  
Yet not in vain our mortal race hath  
run;  
We have had our reward, and it is  
here,—  
That we can yet feel gladden'd by the  
sun,  
And reap from earth, sea, joy almost as  
dear  
As if there were no man to trouble what is  
clear.

CLXXVII

Oh! that the Desert were my dwelling-  
place,  
With one fair Spirit for my minister,  
That I might all forget the human race,  
And, hating no one, love but only her!  
Ye elements!—in whose ennobling stir  
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not  
Accord me such a being? Do I err  
In deeming such inhabit many a spot?  
Though with them to converse can rarely  
be our lot.

CLXXVIII

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society, where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar:

I love not Man the less, but Nature  
 more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I  
 steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all  
 conceal.

## CLXXXIX

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue  
 Ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in  
 vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his  
 control  
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery  
 plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth  
 remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of  
 rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling  
 groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd,  
 and unknown.

## CLXXX

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy  
 fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost  
 arise  
 And shake him from thee; the vile  
 strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all de-  
 pise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the  
 skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy play-  
 ful spray  
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply  
 lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or  
 bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth:—there  
 let him lay.

## CLXXXI

The armaments which thunderstrike  
 the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations  
 quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs  
 make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy  
 flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which  
 mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of  
 Trafalgar.

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## CLXXXII

Thy shores are empires, changed in all  
 save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what  
 are they?  
 Thy waters wash'd them power while  
 they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; their shores  
 obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their  
 decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so  
 thou;—  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves'  
 play,  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure  
 brow:  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou  
 rollest now.

## CLXXXIII

Thou glorious mirror, where the Al-  
 mighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—  
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or  
 storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and  
 sublime,  
 The image of eternity, the throne  
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy  
 slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made;  
 each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread,  
 fathomless, alone.

## CLXXXIV

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my  
 joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to  
 be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from  
 a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to  
 me  
 Were a delight; and if the freshening  
 sea  
 Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing  
 fear,  
 For I was as it were a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do  
 here.

## CLXXXV

My task is done, my song hath ceased,  
 my theme  
 Has died into an echo; it is fit  
 The spell should break of this protracted  
 dream.  
 The torch shall be extinguish'd which  
 hath lit

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

[CANTO IV

My midnight lamp—and what is writ,  
is writ;  
Would it were worthier! but I am not  
now  
That which I have been—and my visions  
flit  
Less palpably before me—and the  
glow  
Which in my spirit dwelt is fluttering,  
faint, and low.

CLXXXVI

Farewell! a word that must be, and hath  
been—

A sound which makes us linger;—yet—  
farewell!  
Ye! who have traced the Pilgrim to the  
scene  
Which is his last, if in your memories  
dwell  
A thought which once was his, if on ye  
swell  
A single recollection, not in vain  
He wore his sandal-shoon and scallop-  
shell;  
Farewell! with *him* alone may rest the  
pain,  
If such there were—with *you*, the moral of  
his strain.

## TALES THE GIAOUR

### A FRAGMENT OF A TURKISH TALE

'One fatal remembrance—one sorrow that throws  
Its bleak shade alike o'er our joys and our woes—  
To which Life nothing darker nor brighter can bring,  
For which joy hath no balm—and affliction no sting.—MOORE.

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, ESQ.

AS A SLIGHT BUT MOST SINCERE TOKEN OF ADMIRATION FOR HIS GENIUS, RESPECT FOR  
HIS CHARACTER, AND GRATITUDE FOR HIS FRIENDSHIP,

THIS PRODUCTION IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND AFFECTIONATE SERVANT,

BYRON.

LONDON, May, 1813.

### ADVERTISEMENT

THE tale which these disjointed fragments present is founded upon circumstances now less common in the East than formerly; either because the ladies are more circumspect than in the 'olden time,' or because the Christians have better fortune, or less enterprise.

The story, when entire, contained the adventures of a female slave, who was thrown, in the Mussulman manner, into the sea for infidelity, and avenged by a young Venetian, her lover, at the time the Seven Islands were possessed by the Republic of Venice, and soon after the Arnauts were beaten back from the Morea, which they had ravaged for some time subsequent to the Russian invasion. The desertion of the Mainotes, on being refused the plunder of Misitra, led to the abandonment of that enterprise, and to the desolation of the Morea; during which the cruelty exercised on all sides was unparalleled even in the annals of the faithful.

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff,  
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,  
High o'er the land he saved in vain; 5  
When shall such hero live again?

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,

Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the  
sight, 10  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing tides that lave  
These Edens of the eastern wave: 15  
And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,

## THE GIAOUR

Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That wakes and wafts the odours there!  
For there the Rose, o'er crag or vale, 21  
Sultana of the Nightingale,

The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs are heard on high,  
Blossoms blushing to her lover's tale: 25  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,  
Far from the winters of the west,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by nature given 30  
In softest incense back to heaven;  
And grateful yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that love might  
share, 35

And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest;  
Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar 40  
Is heard, and seen the evening star;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
And turn to groans his roundelay. 45  
Strange—that where Nature loved to  
trace,

As if for gods, a dwelling-place,  
And every charm and grace hath mix'd  
Within the paradise she fix'd,  
There man, enamour'd of distress, 50  
Should mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
That tasks not one laborious hour;  
Nor claims the culture of his hand  
To bloom along the fairy land, 55  
But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him—but to spare!  
Strange—that where all is peace beside,  
There passion riots in her pride,  
And lust and rapine wildly reign 60  
To darken o'er the fair domain.  
It is as though the fiends prevail'd  
Against the seraphs they assail'd,  
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should  
dwell 65  
The freed inheritors of hell;  
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,  
So curst the tyrants that destroy!

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness, 70  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there, 75  
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the placid cheek,

And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy 81  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart

The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon;  
Yes, but for these and these alone, 85  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous  
hour,

He still might doubt the tyrant's power;  
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
The first, last look by death reveal'd!  
Such is the aspect of this shore; 90

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.

Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting  
breath; 95

But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd  
away! 100

Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly  
birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its  
cherish'd earth!

Clime of the unforgotten brave!  
Whose land from plain to mountain-  
cave

Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave!  
Shrine of the mighty! can it be, 106  
That this is all remains of thee?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave:

Say, is not this Thermopylæ?  
These waters blue that round you  
lave, — 110

Oh servile offspring of the free,  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis!

These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own; 115  
Snatch from the ashes of your shres

The embers of their former fires;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear

That Tyranny shall quake to hear, 120  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame:

For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won. 125

Bear witness, Greece, thy living page!  
Attest it many a deathless age!  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,

Have left a nameless pyramid, 129  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb,  
A mightier monument command,

The mountains of their native land!



## THE GIAOUR

There points thy Muse to stranger's eye  
 The graves of those that cannot die!  
 'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace, 136  
 Each step from splendour to disgrace;  
 Enough—no foreign foe could quell  
 Thy soul, till from itself it fell;  
 Yes! Self-abasement paved the way 140  
 To villain-bonds and despot sway.  
 What can he tell who treads thy shore?  
 No legend of thine olden time,  
 No theme on which the Muse might soar  
 High as thine own in days of yore, 145  
 When man was worthy of thy clime.  
 The hearts within thy valleys bred,  
 The fiery souls that might have led  
 Thy sons to deeds sublime,  
 Now crawl from cradle to the grave, 150  
 Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave,  
 And callous, save to crime;  
 Stain'd with each evil that pollutes  
 Mankind, where least above the brutes;  
 Without even savage virtue blest, 155  
 Without one free or valiant breast,  
 Still to the neighbouring ports they waft  
 Proverbial wiles and ancient craft;  
 In this the subtle Greek is found,  
 For this, and this alone, renown'd. 160  
 In vain might Liberty invoke  
 The spirit to its bondage broke,  
 Or raise the neck that courts the yoke:  
 No more her sorrows I bewail,  
 Yet this will be a mournful tale, 165  
 And they who listen may believe,  
 Who heard it first had cause to grieve.

Far, dark, along the blue sea glancing,  
 The shadows of the rocks advancing  
 Start on the fisher's eye like boat 170  
 Of island-pirate or Mainote;  
 And fearful for his light caique,  
 He shuns the near but doubtful creek:  
 Though worn and weary with his toil,  
 And cumber'd with his scaly spoil, 175  
 Slowly, yet strongly, plies the oar,  
 Till Port Leone's safer shore  
 Receives him by the lovely light  
 That best becomes an Eastern night.

Who thundering comes on blackest  
 steed, 180  
 With slacken'd bit and hoof of speed?  
 Beneath the clattering iron's sound  
 The cavern'd echoes wake around  
 In lash for lash, and bound for bound;  
 The foam that streaks the courser's side  
 Seems gather'd from the ocean-tide: 186  
 Though weary waves are sunk to rest,  
 There's none within his rider's breast;  
 And though to-morrow's tempest lower,  
 'Tis calmer than thy heart, young Giaour!  
 I know thee not, I loathe thy race, 191  
 But in thy lineaments I trace  
 What Time shall strengthen, not efface:

Though young and pale, that fallow front  
 Is scathed by fiery passion's brunt; 195  
 Though bent on earth thine evil eye,  
 As meteor-like thou glidest by,  
 Right well I view and deem thee one  
 Whom Othman's sons should slay or shun.

On—on he hasten'd, and he drew 200  
 My gaze of wonder as he flew:  
 Though like a demon of the night  
 He pass'd, and vanish'd from my sight,  
 His aspect and his air impress'd  
 A troubled memory on my breast, 205  
 And long upon my startled ear  
 Rung his dark courser's hoofs of fear.  
 He spurs his steed; he nears the steep,  
 That, jutting, shadows o'er the deep;  
 He winds around; he hurries by; 210  
 The rock relieves him from mine eye;  
 For well I ween unwelcome he  
 Whose glance is fix'd on those that flee;  
 And not a star but shines too bright  
 On him who takes such timeless flight.  
 He wound along; but ere he pass'd, 216  
 One glance he snatch'd, as if his last,  
 A moment check'd his wheeling steed,  
 A moment breathed him from his speed,  
 A moment on his stirrup stood— 220  
 Why looks he o'er the olive wood?  
 The crescent glimmers on the hill,  
 The Mosque's high lamps are quivering  
 still:  
 Though too remote for sound to wake  
 In echoes of the far tophaike, 225  
 The flashes of each joyous peal  
 Are seen to prove the Moslem's zeal.  
 To-night, set Rhamazani's sun;  
 To-night, the Bairam feast's begun;  
 To-night—but who and what art thou 230  
 Of foreign garb and fearful brow?  
 And what are these to thine or thee,  
 That thou shouldst either pause or flee?

He stood—some dread was on his  
 face,  
 Soon Hatred settled in its place: 235  
 It rose not with the reddening flush  
 Of transient Anger's hasty blush,  
 But pale as marble o'er the tomb,  
 Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.  
 His brow was bent, his eye was glazed; 240  
 He raised his arm, and fiercely raised,  
 And sternly shook his hand on high,  
 As doubting to return or fly;  
 Impatient of his flight delay'd,  
 Here loud his raven charger neigh'd—  
 Down glanced that hand, and grasp'd his  
 blade; 246  
 That sound had burst his waking dream,  
 As Slumber starts at owl's scream,  
 The spur hath lanced his courser's sides;  
 Away, away, for life he rides: 250  
 Swift as the hurl'd on high jerreed  
 Springs to the touch his startled steed:

## THE GIAOUR

The rock is doubled, and the shore  
Shakes with the clattering tramp no more;  
The crag is won, no more is seen 255  
His Christian crest and haughty mien.  
'Twas but an instant he restrain'd  
That fiery barb so sternly rein'd;  
'Twas but a moment that he stood,  
Then sped as if by death pursued; 260  
But in that instant o'er his soul  
Winters of Memory seem'd to roll,  
And gather in that drop of time  
A life of pain, an age of crime.  
O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears, 265  
Such moment pours the grief of years:  
What felt *he* then, at once oppress  
By all that most distracts the breast?  
That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,  
Oh, who its dreary length shall date! 270  
Though in Time's record nearly nought,  
It was Eternity to Thought!  
For infinite as boundless space  
The thought that Conscience must embrace,  
Which in itself can comprehend 275  
Woe without name, or hope, or end.

The hour is past, the Giaour is gone;  
And did he fly or fall alone?  
Woe to that hour he came or went!  
The curse for Hassan's sin was sent 280  
To turn a palace to a tomb;  
He came, he went, like the simoom,  
That harbinger of fate and gloom,  
Beneath whose widely-wasting breath  
The very cypress droops to death— 285  
Dark tree, still sad when others' grief is  
fled,  
The only constant mourner o'er the dead!

The steed is vanish'd from the stall;  
No serf is seen in Hassan's hall;  
The lonely spider's thin gray pall 290  
Waves slowly widening o'er the wall;  
The bat builds in his haram bower,  
And in the fortress of his power  
The owl usurps the beacon-tower;  
The wild-dog howls o'er the fountain's  
brim, 295  
With baffled thirst, and famine, grim;  
For the stream has shrunk from its marble  
bed,  
Where the weeds and the desolate dust are  
spread.

'Twas sweet of yore to see it play  
And chase the sultriness of day, 300  
As springing high the silver dew  
In whirls fantastically flew,  
And flung luxurious coolness round  
The air, and verdure o'er the ground.  
'Twas sweet, when cloudless stars were  
bright, 305  
To view the wave of watery light,  
And hear its melody by night.  
And oft had Hassan's Childhood play'd  
Around the verge of that cascade;

And oft upon his mother's breast 310  
That sound had harmonized his rest;  
And oft had Hassan's Youth along  
Its bank been soothed by Beauty's song;  
And softer seem'd each melting tone  
Of Music mingled with its own. 315  
But ne'er shall Hassan's Age repose  
Along the brink at twilight's close:  
The stream that fill'd that font is fled—  
The blood that warm'd his heart is  
shed!

And here no more shall human voice  
Be heard to rage, regret, rejoice. 321  
The last sad note that swell'd the gale  
Was woman's wildest funeral wail:  
That quench'd in silence, all is still,  
But the lattice that flaps when the wind  
is shrill: 325  
Though raves the gust, and floods the  
rain,

No hand shall close its clasp again.  
On desert sands 'twere joy to scan  
The rudest steps of fellow man,  
So here the very voice of Grief 330  
Might wake an Echo like relief—  
At least 'twould say, 'All are not  
gone;

There lingers Life, though but in one'—  
For many a gilded chamber's there,  
Which Solitude might well forbear;  
Within that dome as yet Decay 336  
Hath slowly work'd her cankering  
way—

But gloom is gather'd o'er the gate,  
Nor there the Fakir's self will wait;  
Nor there will wandering Dervise stay.  
For bounty cheers not his delay; 341  
Nor there will weary stranger halt  
To bless the sacred 'bread and salt.'  
Alike must Wealth and Poverty  
Pass heedless and unheeded by, 345  
For Courtesy and Pity died  
With Hassan on the mountain side.  
His roof, that refuge unto men,  
Is Desolation's hungry den.  
The guest flies the hall, and the vassal from  
labour, 350  
Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's  
sabre!

I hear the sound of coming feet,  
But not a voice mine ear to greet;  
More near—each turban I can scan,  
And silver-sheathed ataghan; 355  
The foremost of the band is seen  
An Emir by his garb of green:  
'Ho! who art thou?'—'This low salam  
Replies of Moslem faith I am.'  
'The burthen ye so gently bear 360  
Seems one that claims your utmost care,  
And, doubtless, holds some precious  
freight—  
My humble bark would gladly wait.'

## THE GIAOUR

'Thou speakest sooth: thy skiff unmoor,  
And waft us from the silent shore; 365  
Nay, leave the sail still furl'd, and ply  
The nearest oar that's scatter'd by,  
And midway to those rocks where sleep  
The channell'd waters dark and deep.  
Rest from your task—so—bravely done,  
Our course has been right swiftly run; 371  
Yet 'tis the longest voyage, I trow,  
That one of—

Sullen it plunged, and slowly sank,  
The calm wave rippled to the bank; 375  
I watch'd it as it sank, methought  
Some motion from the current caught  
Bestirr'd it more,—'twas but the beam  
That checker'd o'er the living stream:  
I gaz'd, till vanishing from view, 380  
Like lessening pebble it withdrew;  
Still less and less, a speck of white  
That gemm'd the tide, then mock'd the  
sight;  
And all its hidden secrets sleep,  
Known but to Geni of the deep, 385  
Which, trembling in their coral caves,  
They dare not whisper to the waves.

As rising on its purple wing  
The insect queen of eastern spring,  
O'er emerald meadows of Kashmeer 390  
Invites the young pursuer near,  
And leads him on from flower to flower  
A weary chase and wasted hour,  
Then leaves him as it soars on high,  
With panting heart and tearful eye: 395  
So Beauty lures the full-grown child,  
With hue as bright, and wing as wild;  
A chase of idle hopes and fears,  
Begun in folly, closed in tears.  
If won, to equal ills betray'd, 400  
Woe waits the insect and the maid;  
A life of pain, the loss of peace,  
From infant's play, and man's caprice:  
The lovely toy so fiercely sought  
Hath lost its charm by being caught, 405  
For every touch that woo'd its stay  
Hath brush'd its brightest hues away,  
Till charm, and hue, and beauty gone,  
'Tis left to fly or fall alone.  
With wounded wing, or bleeding breast,  
Ah! where shall either victim rest? 411  
Can this with faded pinion soar  
From rose to tulip as before?  
Or Beauty, blighted in an hour,  
Find joy within her broken bow? 415  
No: gayer insects fluttering by  
Ne'er droop the wing o'er those that die,  
And lovelier things have mercy shown  
To every failing but their own,  
And every woe a tear can claim 420  
Except an erring sister's shame.

The Mind, that broods o'er guilty woes,  
Is like the Scorpion girt by fire;  
In circle narrowing as it glows,  
The flames around their captive close,  
Till inly search'd by thousand throes, 426  
And maddening in her ire,  
One sad and sole relief she knows,  
The sting she nourish'd for her foes,  
Whose venom never yet was vain, 430  
Gives but one pang and cures all pain,  
And darts into her desperate brain:  
So do the dark in soul expire,  
Or live like Scorpion girt by fire;  
So writhes the mind Remorse hath riven,  
Unfit for earth, undoom'd for heaven,  
Darkness above, despair beneath, 437  
Around it flame, within it death!

Black Hassan from the Haram flies,  
Nor bends on woman's form his eyes;  
The unwonted chase each hour employs,  
Yet shares he not the hunter's joys.  
Not thus was Hassan wont to fly  
When Leila dwelt in his Serai.  
Doth Leila there no longer dwell? 445  
That tale can only Hassan tell:  
Strange rumours in our city say  
Upon that eve she fled away  
When Rhamazan's last sun was set,  
And flashing from each minaret 450  
Millions of lamps proclaim'd the feast  
Of Bairam through the boundless East.  
'Twas then she went as to the bath,  
Which Hassan vainly search'd in wrath;  
For she was flown her master's rage 455  
In likeness of a Georgian page,  
And far beyond the Moslem's power  
Had wrong'd him with the faithless Giaour.  
Somewhat of this had Hassan deem'd;  
But still so fond, so fair she seem'd, 460  
Too well he trusted to the slave  
Whose treachery deserved a grave:  
And on that eve had gone to mosque,  
And thence to feast in his kiosk.  
Such is the tale his Nubians tell, 465  
Who did not watch their charge too well;  
But others say, that on that night,  
By pale Phingari's trembling light,  
The Giaour upon his jet-black steed  
Was seen, but seen alone to speed 470  
With bloody spur along the shore,  
Nor maid nor page behind him bore.

Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell,  
But gaze on that of the Gazelle,  
It will assist thy fancy well; 475  
As large, as languishingly dark,  
But Soul beam'd forth in every spark  
That darted from beneath the lid,  
Bright as the jewel of Giamschid. 479  
Yea, *Soul*, and should our prophet say  
That form was nought but breathing clay,

By Alla! I would answer nay;  
 Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood,  
 Which totters o'er the fiery flood,  
 With Paradise within my view, 485  
 And all his Houris beckoning through.  
 Oh! who young Leila's glance could read  
 And keep that portion of his creed  
 Which saith that woman is but dust,  
 A soulless toy for tyrant's lust? 490  
 On her might Muftis gaze, and own  
 That through her eye the Immortal shone;  
 On her fair cheek's unfading hue  
 The young pomegranate's blossoms strew  
 Their bloom in blushes ever new; 495  
 Her hair in hyacinthine flow,  
 When left to roll its folds below,  
 As midst her handmaids in the hall  
 She stood superior to them all,  
 Hath swept the marble where her feet 500  
 Gleam'd whiter than the mountain sleet  
 Ere from the cloud that gave it birth  
 It fell, and caught one stain of earth.  
 The cygnet nobly walks the water;  
 So moved on earth Circassia's daughter,  
 The loveliest bird of Frangestan! 506  
 As rears her crest the ruffled Swan,  
 And spurns the waves with wings of pride,  
 When pass the steps of stranger man  
 Along the banks that bound her tide;  
 Thus rose fair Leila's whiter neck:— 511  
 Thus arm'd with beauty would she check  
 Intrusion's glance, till Folly's gaze  
 Shrunk from the charms it meant to praise.  
 Thus high and graceful was her gait; 515  
 Her heart as tender to her mate;  
 Her mate—stern Hassan, who was he?  
 Alas! that name was not for thee!

Stern Hassan hath a journey ta'en  
 With twenty vassals in his train, 520  
 Each arm'd, as best becomes a man,  
 With arquebuss and ataghan;  
 The chief before, as deck'd for war,  
 Bears in his belt the scimitar  
 Stain'd with the best of Arnaut blood, 525  
 When in the pass the rebels stood,  
 And few return'd to tell the tale  
 Of what befell in Parne's vale.  
 The pistols which his girdle bore  
 Were those that once a pasha wore, 530  
 Which still, though germ'd and boss'd  
 with gold,  
 Even robbers tremble to behold.  
 'Tis said he goes to woo a bride  
 More true than her who left his side;  
 The faithless slave that broke her bower,  
 And, worse than faithless, for a Giaour!

The sun's last rays are on the hill,  
 And sparkle in the fountain rill, 538  
 Whose welcome waters, cool and clear,  
 Draw blessings from the mountaineer:

Here may the loitering merchant Greek  
 Find that repose 'twere vain to seek  
 In cities lodged too near his lord,  
 And trembling for his secret hoard—  
 Here may he rest where none can see, 545  
 In crowds a slave, in deserts free;  
 And with forbidden wine may stain  
 The bowl a Moslem must not drain.

The foremost Tartar's in the gap  
 Conspicuous by his yellow cap; 550  
 The rest in lengthening line the while  
 Wind slowly through the long defile:  
 Above, the mountain rears a peak,  
 Where vultures whet the thirsty beak,  
 And theirs may be a feast to-night, 555  
 Shall tempt them down ere morrow's  
 light;

Beneath, a river's wintry stream  
 Has shrunk before the summer beam,  
 And left a channel bleak and bare,  
 Save shrubs that spring to perish there;  
 Each side the midway path there lay 561  
 Small broken crags of granite gray,  
 By time, or mountain lightning, riven  
 From summits clad in mists of heaven;  
 For where is he that hath beheld 565  
 The peak of Liakura unveil'd?

They reach the grove of pine at last;  
 'Bismillah! now the peril's past;  
 For yonder view the opening plain,  
 And there we'll prick our steeds again:'  
 The Chiaus spake, and as he said, 571  
 A bullet whistles o'er his head;  
 The foremost Tartar bites the ground!

Scarce had they time to check the rein,  
 Swift from their steeds the riders bound;  
 But three shall never mount again: 576  
 Unseen the foes that gave the wound,

The dying ask revenge in vain.  
 With steel unsheath'd, and carbine bent,  
 Some o'er their courser's harness leant,  
 Half shelter'd by the steed; 581

Some fly behind the nearest rock,  
 And there await the coming shock,  
 Nor tamely stand to bleed

Beneath the shaft of foes unseen, 585  
 Who dare not quit their craggy screen.  
 Stern Hassan only from his horse  
 Disdains to light, and keeps his course,  
 Till fiery flashes in the van

Proclaim too sure the robber-clan 590  
 Have well secured the only way  
 Could now avail the promised prey;  
 Then curl'd his very beard with ire,  
 And glared his eye with fiercer fire;  
 'Though far and near the bullets hiss, 595  
 I've scaped a bloodier hour than this.'

And now the foe their covert quit,  
 And call his vassals to submit;  
 But Hassan's frown and furious word  
 Are dreaded more than hostile sword, 600

## THE GIAOUR

Nor of his little band a man  
Resign'd carbine or ataghan,  
Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!  
In fuller sight, more near and near,  
The lately ambush'd foes appear, 605  
And issuing from the grove, advance  
Some who on battle-charger prance.  
Who leads them on with foreign brand  
Far flashing in his red right hand?  
'Tis he! 'tis he! I know him now; 610  
I know him by his pallid brow;  
I know him by the evil eye  
That aids his envious treachery;  
I know him by his jet-black barb;  
Though now array'd in Arnaut garb, 615  
Apostate from his own vile faith,  
It shall not save him from the death:  
'Tis he! well met in any hour,  
Lost Leila's love, accursed Giaour!

As rolls the river into ocean, 620  
In sable torrent wildly streaming;  
As the sea-tide's opposing motion,  
In azure column proudly gleaming,  
Beats back the current many a rood,  
In curling foam and mingling flood, 625  
While eddying whirl, and breaking wave,  
Roused by the blast of winter, rave;  
Through sparkling spray, in thundering  
clash,  
The lightnings of the waters flash  
In awful whiteness o'er the shore, 630  
That shines and shakes beneath the roar;  
Thus—as the stream and ocean greet,  
With waves that madden as they meet—  
Thus join the bands, whom mutual wrong,  
And fate, and fury, drive along. 635  
The bickering sabres' shivering jar;  
And pealing wide or ringing near  
Its echoes on the throbbing ear,  
The deathshot hissing from afar;  
The shock, the shout, the groan of war,  
Reverberate along that vale, 641  
More suited to the shepherd's tale:  
Though few the numbers—theirs the  
strife,  
That neither spares nor speaks for life!  
Ah! fondly youthful hearts can press, 645  
To seize and share the dear caress;  
But Love itself could never part  
For all that Beauty sighs to grant  
With half the fervour Hate bestows  
Upon the last embrace of foes, 650  
When grappling in the fight they fold  
Those arms that ne'er shall lose their hold:  
Friends meet to part; Love laughs at faith;  
True foes, once met, are join'd till death!

With sabre shiver'd to the hilt, 655  
Yet dripping with the blood he spilt;  
Yet strain'd within the sever'd hand  
Which quivers round that faithless brand;

His turban far behind him roll'd,  
And cleft in twain its firmest fold; 660  
His flowing robe by falchion torn,  
And crimson as those clouds of morn  
That, streak'd with dusky red, portend  
The day shall have a stormy end;  
A stain on every bush that bore 665  
A fragment of his palampore;  
His breast with wounds unnumber'd riven,  
His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
Fall'n Hassan lies—his unclosed eye  
Yet lowering on his enemy, 670  
As if the hour that seal'd his fate  
Surviving left his quenchless hate;  
And o'er him bends that foe with brow  
As dark as his that bled below.—

'Yes, Leila sleeps beneath the wave, 675  
But his shall be a redder grave;  
Her spirit pointed well the steel  
Which taught that felon heart to feel.  
He call'd the Prophet, but his power  
Was vain against the vengeful Giaour:  
He call'd on Alla, but the word 681  
Arose unheeded or unheard.  
Thou Paynim fool! could Leila's prayer  
Be pass'd, and thine accorded there?  
I watch'd my time, I leagu'd with these,  
The traitor in his turn to seize; 686  
My wrath is wreak'd, the deed is done,  
And now I go—but go alone.'

The browsing camels' bells are tinkling:  
His mother look'd from her lattice high—  
She saw the dew's of eve besprinkling  
The pasture green beneath her eye, 692  
She saw the planets faintly twinkling:  
'Tis twilight—sure his train is nigh.'  
She could not rest in the garden-bower,  
But gazed through the grate of his steepest  
tower: 696  
'Why comes he not? his steeds are fleet,  
Nor shrink they from the summer heat;  
Why sends not the Bridegroom his promis-  
ed gift?  
Is his heart more cold, or his barb less  
swift? 700  
Oh, false reproach! yon Tartar now  
Has gain'd our nearest mountain's brow,  
And warily the steep descends,  
And now within the valley bends;  
And he bears the gift at his saddle-bow—  
How could I deem his courser slow? 706  
Right well my largess shall repay  
His welcome speed and weary way.'

The Tartar lighted at the gate,  
But scarce upheld his fainting weight: 710  
His swarthy visage spake distress,  
But this might be from weariness;

His garb with sanguine spots was dyed,  
 But these might be from his courser's side;  
 He drew the token from his vest— 715  
 Angel of Death! 'tis Hassan's cloven crest!  
 His calpac rent—his caftan red—  
 'Lady, a fearful bride thy son hath wed:  
 Me, not from mercy, did they spare,  
 But this empurpled pledge to bear. 720  
 Peace to the brave! whose blood is spilt:  
 Woe to the Giaour! for his the guilt.'

A turban carved in coarsest stone,  
 A pillar with rank weeds o'ergrown,  
 Whereon can now be scarcely read 725  
 The Koran verse that mourns the dead,  
 Point out the spot where Hassan fell  
 A victim in that lonely dell.  
 There sleeps as true an Osmanlie  
 As e'er at Mecca bent the knee; 730  
 As ever scorn'd forbidden wine,  
 Or pray'd with face towards the shrine,  
 In orisons resumed anew  
 At solemn sound of 'Alla Hu!'  
 Yet died he by a stranger's hand, 735  
 And stranger in his native land;  
 Yet died he as in arms he stood,  
 And unavenged, at least in blood.  
 But him the maids of Paradise  
 Impatient to their halls invite, 740  
 And the dark heaven of Houris' eyes  
 On him shall glance for ever bright;  
 They come—their kerchiefs green they wave,  
 And welcome with a kiss the brave!  
 Who falls in battle 'gainst a Giaour 745  
 Is worthiest an immortal bower.

But thou, false Infidel! shalt writhe  
 Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe;  
 And from its torment 'scape alone  
 To wander round lost Eblis' throne; 750  
 And fire unquench'd, unquenchable,  
 Around, within, thy heart shall dwell;  
 Nor ear can hear nor tongue can tell  
 The tortures of that inward hell!  
 But first, on earth as Vampire sent, 755  
 Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent:  
 Then ghastly haunt thy native place,  
 And suck the blood of all thy race;  
 There from thy daughter, sister, wife,  
 At midnight drain the stream of life; 760  
 Yet loathe the banquet which perforce  
 Must feed thy livid living corse:  
 Thy victims ere they yet expire  
 Shall know the demon for their sire,  
 As cursing thee, thou cursing them, 765  
 Thy flowers are wither'd on the stem.  
 But one that for thy crime must fall,  
 The youngest, most beloved of all,  
 Shall bless thee with a *father's* name—  
 That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!  
 Yet must thou end thy task, and mark 771  
 Her cheek's last tinge, her eye's last spark,

And the last glassy glance must view  
 Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;  
 Then with unhallow'd hand shalt tear 775  
 The tresses of her yellow hair,  
 Of which in life a lock when shorn,  
 Affection's fondest pledge was worn,  
 But now is borne away by thee,  
 Memorial of thine agony! 780  
 Wet with thine own best blood shall drip  
 Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip;  
 Then stalking to thy sullen grave,  
 Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave;  
 Till these in horror shrink away 785  
 From spectre more accursed than they!

'How name ye yon lone Caloyer?  
 His features I have scann'd before  
 In mine own land: 'tis many a year,  
 Since, dashing by the lonely shore, 790  
 I saw him urge as fleet a steed  
 As ever served a horseman's need.  
 But once I saw that face, yet then  
 It was so mark'd with inward pain,  
 I could not pass it by again; 795  
 It breathes the same dark spirit now,  
 As death were stamp'd upon his brow.

'Tis twice three years at summer tide  
 Since first among our freres he came;  
 And here it soothes him to abide 800  
 For some dark deed he will not name.  
 But never at our vesper prayer,  
 Nor e'er before confession chair  
 Kneels he, nor recks he when arise  
 Incense or anthem to the skies, 805  
 But broods within his cell alone,  
 His faith and race alike unknown.  
 The sea from Paynim land he crost,  
 And here ascended from the coast;  
 Yet seems he not of Othman race, 810  
 But only Christian in his face:  
 I'd judge him some stray renegade,  
 Repentant of the change he made,  
 Save that he shuns our holy shrine, 814  
 Nor tastes the sacred bread and wine.  
 Great largess to these walls be brought,  
 And thus our abbot's favour bought;  
 But were I prior, not a day  
 Should brook such stranger's further stay.  
 Or pent within our penance cell 820  
 Should doom him there for aye to dwell.  
 Much in his visions mutters he  
 Of maiden whelm'd beneath the sea;  
 Of sabres clashing, foemen flying,  
 Wrongs avenged, and Moslem dying. 825  
 On cliff he hath been known to stand,  
 And rave as to some bloody hand  
 Fresh sever'd from its parent limb,  
 Invisible to all but him,  
 Which beckons onward to his grave, 830  
 And lures to leap into the wave.'

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## THE GIAOUR

Dark and unearthly is the scowl  
That glares beneath his dusky cowl.  
The flash of that dilating eye  
Reveals too much of times gone by; 835  
Though varying, indistinct its hue,  
Oft will his glance the gazer rue,  
For in it lurks that nameless spell,  
Which speaks, itself unspeakable,  
A spirit yet unquell'd and high, 840  
That claims and keeps ascendancy;  
And like the bird whose pinions quake,  
But cannot fly the gazing snake,  
Will others quail beneath his look,  
Nor 'scape the glance they scarce 845  
brook.

From him the half-affrighted Friar  
When met alone would fain retire,  
As if that eye and bitter smile  
Transferr'd to others fear and guile:  
Not oft to smile descendeth he, 850  
And when he doth 'tis sad to see  
That he but mocks at Misery.  
How that pale lip will curl and quiver!  
Then fix once more as if for ever;  
As if his sorrow or disdain 855  
Forbade him e'er to smile again.  
Well were it so—such ghastly mirth  
From joyance ne'er derived its birth.  
But sadder still it were to trace  
What once were feelings in that face: 860  
Time hath not yet the features fix'd,  
But brighter traits with evil mix'd;  
And there are hues not always faded,  
Which speak a mind not all degraded  
Even by the crimes through which it 865  
waded:

The common crowd but see the gloom  
Of wayward deeds, and fitting doom;  
The close observer can espy  
A noble soul, and lineage high:  
Alas! though both bestow'd in vain, 870  
Which Grief could change, and Guilt  
could stain,  
It was no vulgar tenement  
To which such lofty gifts were lent,  
And still with little less than dread  
On such the sight is riveted. 875  
The roofless cot, decay'd and rent,  
Will scarce delay the passer by;  
The tower by war or tempest bent;  
While yet may frown one battlement,  
Demands and daunts the stranger's 880  
eye;

Each ivied arch, and pillar lone,  
Pleads haughtily for glories gone!

His floating robe around him folding,  
Slow sweeps he through the column'd  
aisle;  
With dread beheld, with gloom behold- 885  
ing

The rites that sanctify the pile.  
But when the anthem shakes the choir,  
And kneel the monks, his steps retire;

By yonder lone and wavering torch  
His aspect glares within the porch; 890  
There will he pause till all is done—  
And hear the prayer, but utter none.  
See—by the half-illumin'd wall  
His hood fly back, his dark hair fall,  
That pale brow wildly wreathing round,  
As if the Gorgon there had bound 896  
The sablest of the serpent-braid  
That o'er her fearful forehead stray'd:  
For he declines the convent oath,  
And leaves those locks unhallow'd growth  
But wears our garb in all beside; 901  
And, not from piety but pride,  
Gives wealth to walls that never heard  
Of his one holy vow nor word.  
Lo!—mark ye, as the harmony 905  
Peals louder praises to the sky,  
That livid cheek, that stony air  
Of mix'd defiance and despair!  
Saint Francis, keep him from the shrine!  
Else may we dread the wrath divine 910  
Made manifest by awful sign.  
If ever evil angel bore  
The form of mortal, such he wore;  
By all my hope of sins forgiven,  
Such looks are not of earth nor heaven!'

To love the softest hearts are prone, 916  
But such can ne'er be all his own;  
Too timid in his woes to share,  
Too meek to meet, or brave despair;  
And sterner hearts alone may feel 920  
The wound that time can never heal.  
The rugged metal of the mine  
Must burn before its surface shine,  
But plunged within the furnace-flame,  
It bends and melts—though still the 925  
same;

Then temper'd to thy want, or will,  
'Twill serve thee to defend or kill;  
A breastplate for thine hour of need,  
Or blade to bid thy foeman bleed;  
But if a dagger's form it bear, 930  
Let those who shape its edge beware!  
Thus passion's fire, and woman's art,  
Can turn and tame the sterner heart;  
From these its form and tone are ta'en,  
And what they make it, must remain, 935  
But break—before it bend again.

If solitude succeed to grief,  
Release from pain is slight relief;  
The vacant bosom's wilderness 939  
Might thank the pang that made it less.  
We loathe what none are left to share:  
Even bliss—'twere woe alone to bear;  
The heart once thus left desolate  
Must fly at last for ease—to hate.  
It is as if the dead could feel 945  
The icy worm around them steal,  
And shudder, as the reptiles creep  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep,

Without the power to scare away  
The cold consumers of their clay! 950  
It is as if the desert bird,  
Whose beak unlocks her bosom's  
stream

To still her famish'd nestlings' scream,  
Nor mourns a life to them transferr'd,  
Should rend her rash devoted breast, 955  
And find them flown her empty nest.  
The keenest pangs the wretched find

Are rapture to the dreary void,  
The leafless desert of the mind,  
The waste of feelings unemploy'd. 960  
Who would be doom'd to gaze upon  
A sky without a cloud or sun?

Less hideous far the tempest's roar  
Than ne'er to brave the billows more—  
Thrown, when the war of winds is o'er,  
A lonely wreck on fortune's shore, 966  
'Mid sullen calm, and silent bay,  
Unseen to drop by dull decay;—  
Better to sink beneath the shock  
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock!

'Father! thy days have pass'd in peace,  
'Mid counted beads, and countless  
prayer;

To bid the sins of others cease,  
Thyself without a crime or care,  
Save transient ills that all must bear, 975  
Has been thy lot from youth to age;  
And thou wilt bless thee from the rage  
Of passions fierce and uncontroll'd,  
Such as thy penitents unfold,  
Whose secret sins and sorrows rest 980  
Within thy pure and pitying breast.  
My days, though few, have pass'd below  
In much of joy, but more of woe;  
Yet still in hours of love or strife,  
I've 'scaped the weariness of life: 985  
Now leagu'd with friends, now grit by  
foes,

I loathed the languor of repose.  
Now nothing left to love or hate,  
No more with hope or pride elate,  
I'd rather be the thing that crawls, 990  
Most noxious o'er a dungeon's walls,  
Than pass my dull, unvarying days,  
Condemn'd to meditate and gaze.  
Yet, lurks a wish within my breast  
For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest. 995  
Soon shall my fate that wish fulfil;

And I shall sleep without the dream  
Of what I was, and would be still,

Dark as to thee my deeds may seem:  
My memory now is but the tomb 1000  
Of joys long dead; my hope, their doom:  
Though better to have died with those  
Than bear a life of lingering woes.  
My spirit shrunk not to sustain  
The searching throes of ceaseless pain;  
Nor sought the self-accorded grave 1006  
Of ancient fool and modern knave:

Yet death I have not fear'd to meet;  
And in the field it had been sweet,  
Had danger woo'd me on to move 1010  
The slave of glory, not of love.

I've braved it—not for honour's boast;  
I smile at laurels won or lost;  
To such let others carve their way,  
For high renown, or hireling pay: 1015  
But place again before my eyes  
Aught that I deem a worthy prize—  
The maid I love, the man I hate—  
And I will hunt the steps of fate,  
To save or slay, as these require, 1020  
Through rending steel and rolling fire:  
Nor need'st thou doubt this speech from  
one

Who would but do—what he *hath* done.  
Death is but what the haughty brave,  
The weak must bear, the wretch must  
crave; 1025

Then let life go to Him who gave:  
I have not quail'd to danger's brow  
When high and happy—need I *now*?

'I loved her, Friar! nay, adored—  
But these are words that all can use—  
I proved it more in deed than word; 1031  
There 's blood upon that dinted sword,

A stain its steel can never lose:  
'Twas shed for her, who died for me,  
It warm'd the heart of one abhorr'd:  
Nay, start not—no—nor bend thy knee,

Nor midst my sins such act record;  
Thou wilt absolve me from the deed,  
For he was hostile to thy creed!  
The very name of Nazarene 1040  
Was wormwood to his Paynim spleen.

Ungrateful fool! since but for brands  
Well wielded in some hardy hands,  
And wounds by Galileans given,  
The surest pass to Turkish heaven, 1045  
For him his Houris still might wait  
Impatient at the Prophet's gate.

I loved her—love will find its way  
Through paths where wolves would fear  
to prey;

And if it dares enough, 'twere hard 1050  
If passion met not some reward—  
No matter how, or where, or why,  
I did not vainly seek, nor sigh:

Yet sometimes, with remorse, in vain  
I wish she had not loved again. 1055  
She died—I dare not tell thee how;  
But look—'tis written on my brow!

There read of Cain the curse and crime,  
In characters unworn by time: 1059  
Still, ere thou dost condemn me, pause;  
Not mine the act, though I the cause.

Yet did he but what I had done  
Had she been false to more than one,  
Faithless to him, he gave the blow;  
But true to me, I laid him low: 1065



## THE GIAOUR

Howe'er deserved her doom might be,  
 Her treachery was truth to me;  
 To me she gave her heart, that all  
 Which tyranny can ne'er enthrall:  
 And I, alas! too late to save! 1070  
 Yet all I then could give, I gave,  
 'Twas some relief, 'on foe a grave.  
 His death sits lightly; but her fate  
 Has made me—what thou well may'st  
 hate.  
 His doom was seal'd—he knew it well,  
 Warn'd by the voice of stern Taheer, 1076  
 Deep in whose darkly boding ear  
 The deathshot peal'd of murder near  
 As filed the troop to where they fell!  
 He died too in the battle broil, 1080  
 A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;  
 One cry to Mahomet for aid,  
 One prayer to Alla all he made:  
 He knew and cross'd me in the fray—  
 I gazed upon him where he lay, 1085  
 And watch'd his spirit ebb away;  
 Though pierced like pard by hunter's steel,  
 He felt not half that now I feel.  
 I search'd, but vainly search'd, to find  
 The workings of a wounded mind; 1090  
 Each feature of that sullen corse  
 Betray'd his rage, but no remorse.  
 Oh, what had Vengeance given to trace  
 Despair upon his dying face!  
 The late repentance of that hour, 1095  
 When Penitence hath lost her power  
 To tear one terror from the grave,  
 And will not soothe, and cannot save.

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'The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
 Their love can scarce deserve the name;  
 But mine was like the lava flood 1101  
 That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.  
 I cannot prate in puling strain  
 Of lady-love and beauty's chain: 1104  
 If changing cheek, and scorching vein,  
 Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,  
 If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,  
 And daring deed, and vengeful steel,  
 And all that I have felt, and feel,  
 Betoken love—that love was mine, 1110  
 And shown by many a bitter sign.  
 'Tis true, I could not whine nor sigh,  
 I knew but to obtain or die.  
 I die—but first I have possess'd,  
 And come what may, I *have been* bless'd.  
 Shall I the doom I sought upbraid? 1116  
 No—reft of all, yet undismay'd  
 But for the thought of Leila slain,  
 Give me the pleasure with the pain,  
 So would I live and love again. 1120  
 I grieve, but not, my holy guide!  
 For him who dies, but her who died:  
 She sleeps beneath the wandering wave—  
 Ah! had she but an earthly grave, 1124  
 This breaking heart and throbbing head  
 Should seek and share her narrow bed.

She was a form of life and light,  
 That, seen, became a part of sight;  
 And rose, where'er I turn'd mine eye,  
 The Morning-star of Memory! 1130

'Yes, Love indeed is light from heaven;  
 A spark of that immortal fire  
 With angels shared, by Alla given,  
 To lift from earth our low desire.  
 Devotion wafts the mind above, 1135  
 But Heaven itself descends in love;  
 A feeling from the Godhead caught,  
 To wean from self each sordid thought;  
 A Ray of him who form'd the whole;  
 A Glory circling round the soul! 1140  
 I grant *my* love imperfect, all  
 That mortals by the name miscall;  
 Then deem it evil, what thou wilt;  
 But say, oh say, *hers* was not guilt!  
 She was my life's unerring light: 1145  
 That quench'd, what beam shall break my  
 night?

Oh! would it shone to lead me still,  
 Although to death or deadliest ill!  
 Why marvel ye, if they who lose  
 This present joy, this future hope, 1150  
 No more with sorrow meekly cope;  
 In phrensy then their fate accuse;  
 In madness do those fearful deeds  
 That seem to add but guilt to woe?  
 Alas! the breast that inly bleeds 1155  
 Hath nought to dread from outward  
 blow:  
 Who falls from all he knows of bliss,  
 Cares little into what abyss.  
 Fierce as the gloomy vulture's now  
 To thee, old man, my deeds appear:  
 I read abhorrence on thy brow, 1161  
 And this too was I born to bear!  
 'Tis true, that, like that bird of prey,  
 With havoc have I mark'd my way:  
 But this was taught me by the dove, 1165  
 To die—and know no second love.  
 This lesson yet hath man to learn,  
 Taught by the thing he dares to spurn:  
 The bird that sings within the brake,  
 The swan that swims upon the lake, 1170  
 One mate, and one alone, will take.  
 And let the fool still prone to range,  
 And sneer on all who cannot change,  
 Partake his jest with boasting boys;  
 I envy not his varied joys, 1175  
 But deem such feeble, heartless man  
 Less than yon solitary swan;  
 Far, far beneath the shallow maid  
 He left believing and betray'd. 1179  
 Such shame at least was never mine—  
 Leila! each thought was only thine!  
 My good, my guilt, my weal, my woe,  
 My hope on high—my all below.  
 Earth holds no other like to thee,  
 Or, if it doth, in vain for me: 1185  
 For worlds I dare not view the dame  
 Resembling thee, yet not the same.

The very crimes that mar my youth,  
This bed of death—attest my truth!  
'Tis all too late—thou wert, thou art  
The cherish'd madness of my heart! 1191

'And she was lost—and yet I breathed,  
But not the breath of human life:  
A serpent round my heart was wreathed,  
And stung my every thought to strife.  
Alike all time, abhorr'd all place, 1196  
Shuddering I shrunk from Nature's face,  
Where every hue that charm'd before  
The blackness of my bosom wore.  
The rest thou dost already know, 1200  
And all my sins, and half my woe.  
But talk no more of penitence;  
Thou seest I soon shall part from hence;  
And if thy holy tale were true, 1204  
The deed that's done canst *thou* undo?  
Think me not thankless—but this grief  
Looks not to priesthood for relief.  
My soul's estate in secret guess:  
But wouldst thou pity more, say less.  
When thou canst bid my Leila live, 1210  
Then will I sue thee to forgive;  
Then plead my cause in that high place  
Where purchased masses proffer grace.  
Go, when the hunter's hand hath wrung  
From forest-cave her shrieking young,  
And calm the lonely lioness: 1216  
But soothe not—mock not *my* distress!

'In earlier days, and calmer hours,  
When heart with heart delights to bind,  
Where bloom my native valley's bowers,  
I had—Ah! have I now?—a friend!  
To him this pledge I charge thee send,  
Memorial of a youthful vow; 1223  
I would remind him of my end:  
Though souls absorb'd like mine allow  
Brief thought to distant friendship's claim,  
Yet dear to him my blighted name. 1227  
'Tis strange—he prophesied my doom,  
And I have smiled—I then could smile—  
When Prudence would his voice assume,  
And warn—I reck'd not what—the  
while: 1231  
But now remembrance whispers o'er  
Those accents scarcely mark'd before.  
Say—that his bodings came to pass,  
And he will start to hear their truth,  
And wish his words had not been sooth:  
Tell him, unheeding as I was, 1237  
Through many a busy bitter scene  
Of all our golden youth had been,  
In pain, my faltering tongue had tried  
To bless his memory ere I died; 1241  
But Heaven in wrath would turn away  
If Guilt should for the guiltless pray.  
I do not ask him not to blame,  
Too gentle he to wound my name; 1245  
And what have I to do with fame?  
I do not ask him not to mourn,  
Such cold request might sound like scorn;

And what than friendship's manly tear  
May better grace a brother's bier? 1250  
But bear this ring, his own of old,  
And tell him—what thou dost behold!  
The wither'd frame, the ruin'd mind,  
The wrack by passion left behind,  
A shrivell'd scroll, a scatter'd leaf, 1255  
Sear'd by the autumn blast of grief!

'Tell me no more of fancy's gleam,  
No, father, no, 'twas not a dream;  
Alas! the dreamer first must sleep,—  
I only watch'd, and wish'd to weep, 1260  
But could not, for my burning brow  
Throbb'd to the very brain as now:  
I wish'd but for a single tear,  
As something welcome, new, and dear:  
I wish'd it then, I wish it still; 1265  
Despair is stronger than my will.  
Waste not thine orison, despair  
Is mightier than thy pious prayer:  
I would not, if I might, be blest;  
I want no paradise, but rest. 1270  
'Twas then, I tell thee, father! then  
I saw her; yes, she lived again;  
And shining in her white symar,  
As through yon pale gray cloud the  
star  
Which now I gaze on, as on her, 1275  
Who look'd and looks far lovelier;  
Dimly I view its trembling spark;  
To-morrow's night shall be more dark;  
And I, before its rays appear,  
That lifeless thing the living fear. 1280  
I wander, father! for my soul  
Is fleeting towards the final goal.  
I saw her, friar! and I rose  
Forgetful of our former woes; 1284  
And rushing from my couch, I dart,  
And clasp her to my desperate heart;  
I clasp—what is it that I clasp?  
No breathing form within my grasp,  
No heart that beats reply to mine—  
Yet, Leila! yet the form is thine! 1290  
And art thou, dearest, changed so much  
As meet my eye, yet mock my touch?  
Ah! were thy beauties e'er so cold,  
I care not so my arms enfold  
The all they ever wish'd to hold. 1295  
Alas! around a shadow prest  
They shrink upon my lonely breast;  
Yet still 'tis there! In silence stands,  
And beckons with beseeching hands!  
With braided hair, and bright-black eye—  
I knew 'twas false—she could not die!  
But he is dead! within the dell 1302  
I saw him buried where he fell;  
He comes not, for he cannot break  
From earth; why then art thou awake?  
They told me wild waves roll'd above  
The face I view, the form I love; 1307  
They told me—'twas a hideous tale!—  
I'd tell it, but my tongue would fail:

## THE GIAOUR

If true, and from thine ocean-cave 1310  
 Thou com'st to claim a calmer grave,  
 Oh! pass thy dewy fingers o'er  
 This brow that then will burn no more;  
 Or place them on my hopeless heart:  
 But, shape or shade! whate'er thou  
 art,  
 In mercy ne'er again depart! 1316  
 Or farther with thee bear my soul  
 Than winds can waft or waters roll!

: : : : :

'Such is my name, and such my tale.  
 Confessor! to thy secret ear 1320

I breathe the sorrows I bewail,  
 And thank thee for the generous tear  
 This glazing eye could never shed.  
 Then lay me with the humblest dead,  
 And, save the cross above my head, 1325  
 Be neither name nor emblem spread,  
 By prying stranger to be read,  
 Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread.'

He pass'd—nor of his name and race  
 Hath left a token or a trace, 1330  
 Save what the father must not say  
 Who shrived him on his dying day:  
 This broken tale was all we knew  
 Of her he loved, or him he slew.

## THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

### A TURKISH TALE,

'Had we never loved so kindly,  
 Had we never loved so blindly,  
 Never met or never parted,  
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.'—BURNS.

TO

THE RIGHT HON. LORD HOLLAND,

THIS TALE IS INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF REGARD AND RESPECT,  
 BY HIS GRATEFULLY OBLIGED AND SINCERE FRIEND,

BYRON.

### CANTO THE FIRST

I

KNOW ye the land where the cypress and  
 myrtle

Are emblems of deeds that are done in  
 their clime?

Where the rage of the vulture, the love of  
 the turtle,

Now melt into sorrow, now madden to  
 crime!

Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams  
 ever shine; 6

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd  
 with perfume,

Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gúl in her  
 bloom;

Where the citron and olive are fairest of  
 fruit,

And the voice of the nightingale never is  
 mute: 10

Where the tints of the earth, and the hues  
 of the sky,

In colour though varied, in beauty may  
 vie,

And the purple of ocean is deepest in  
 dye;

Where the virgins are soft as the roses they  
 twine, 14

And all, save the spirit of man, is divine?  
 'Tis the clime of the East; 'tis the land of  
 the Sun—

Can he smile on such deeds as his children  
 have done?

Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell  
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the  
 tales which they tell.

II

Begin with many a gallant slave, 20

Apparell'd as becomes the brave,

Awaiting each his lord's behest

To guide his steps, or guard his rest,  
 Old Giafir sate in his Divan: 24

Deep thought was in his aged eye;

And though the face of Mussulman

Not oft betrays to standers by

The mind within, well skill'd to hide

All but unconquerable pride,

His pensive cheek and pondering brow  
 Did more than he was wont avow. 31

## III

'Let the chamber be clear'd.'—The train  
disappear'd.—

'Now call me the chief of the Haram  
guard.'

With Giaffir is none but his only son,  
And the Nubian awaiting the sire's  
award. 35

'Haroun—when all the crowd that  
wait

Are pass'd beneath the outer gate,  
(Woe to the head whose eye beheld  
My child Zuleika's face unveil'd!)  
Hence, lead my daughter from her  
tower; 40

Her fate is fix'd this very hour:  
Yet not to her repeat my thought;  
By me alone be duty taught!'

'Pacha! to hear is to obey.' 44

No more must slave to despot say—  
Then to the tower had ta'en his way,

But here young Selim silence brake,

First lowly rendering reverence meet;  
And downcast look'd, and gently spake,

Still standing at the Pacha's feet:

For son of Moslem must expire, 51  
Ere dare to sit before his sire!

'Father! for fear that thou shouldst  
chide

My sister, or her sable guide, 54

Know—for the fault, if fault there be,

Was mine, then fall thy frowns on me—

So lovelily the morning shone,

That—let the old and weary sleep—

I could not; and to view alone 59

The fairest scenes of land and deep,

With none to listen and reply

To thoughts with which my heart beat  
high

Were irksome—for whate'er my mood,  
In sooth I love not solitude;

I on Zuleika's slumber broke, 65

And, as thou knowest that for me

Soon turns the Haram's grating key,

Before the guardian slaves awoke

We to the cypress groves had flown,

And made earth, main, and heaven our  
own! 70

There linger'd we, beguiled too long

With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song;

Till I, who heard the deep tambour

Beat thy Divan's approaching hour,

To thee, and to my duty true, 75

Warn'd by the sound, to greet thee flew:

But there Zuleika wanders yet—

Nay, Father, rage not—nor forget

That none can pierce that secret bower

But those who watch the women's  
tower.' 80

## IV

'Son of a slave'—the Pacha said—

'From unbelieving mother bred,

Vain were a father's hope to see

Aught that becometh a man in thee.

Thou, when thine arm should bend the  
bow, 85

And hurl the dart, and curb the steed,

Thou, Greek in soul if not in creed,

Must pore where babbling waters flow,

And watch unfolding roses blow.

Would that yon orb, whose matin glow

Thy listless eyes so much admire, 91

Would lend thee something of his fire!

Thou, who wouldst see this battlement

By Christian cannon piecemeal rent;

Nay, tamely view old Stambol's wall

Before the dogs of Moscow fall, 96

Nor strike one stroke for life and death

Against the curs of Nazareth!

Go—let thy less than woman's hand

Assume the distaff—not the brand.

But, Haroun!—to my daughter speed,

And hark—of thine own head take  
heed— 102

If thus Zuleika oft takes wing—

Thou see'st yon bow—it hath a string!'

## V

No sound from Selim's lip was heard,

At least that met old Giaffir's ear,

But every frown and every word 107

Pierced keener than a Christian's sword.

'Son of a slave!—reproach'd with fear!

Those gibes had cost another dear.

Son of a slave!—and *who* my sire?'

Thus held his thoughts their dark

career;

And glances ev'n of more than ire

Flash forth, then faintly disappear.

Old Giaffir gazed upon his son 115

And started; for within his eye

He read how much his wrath had done;

He saw rebellion there begun:

'Come hither, boy—what, no reply?

I mark thee—and I know thee too; 120

But there be deeds thou dar'st not do:

But if thy beard had manlier length,

And if thy hand had skill and strength,

I'd joy to see thee break a lance,

Albeit against my own perchance.' 125

As sneeringly these accents fell,

On Selim's eye he fiercely gazed:

That eye return'd him glance for

glance,

And proudly to his sire's was raised,

Till Giaffir's quail'd and shrunk

askance— 130

And why—he felt, but durst not tell.

'Much I misdoubt this wayward boy

Will one day work me more annoy:

I never loved him from his birth,

And—but his arm is little worth, 135

And scarcely in the chase could cope

With timid fawn or antelope,

Far less would venture into strife

# THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

[CANTO I

Where man contends for fame and  
life—

I would not trust that look or tone: 140  
No—not the blood so near my own.  
That blood—he hath not heard—no  
more—

I'll watch him closer than before.  
He is an Arab to my sight, 144  
Or Christian crouching in the fight—  
But hark!—I hear Zuleika's voice;

Like Houris' hymn it meets mine ear:  
She is the offspring of my choice;

Oh! more than ev'n her mother dear,  
With all to hope, and nought to fear—  
My Peri! ever welcome here! 151

Sweet, as the desert fountain's wave  
To lips just cool'd in time to save—  
Such to my longing sight art thou;  
Nor can thy waft to Mecca's shrine  
More thanks for life, than I for thine,  
Who blest thy birth and bless thee  
now.'

## VI

Fair, as the first that fell of womankind,  
When on that dread yet lovely serpent  
smiling,

Whose image then was stamp'd upon her  
mind— 160

But once beguil'd—and ever more be-  
guiling;  
Dazzling, as that, oh! too transcendent  
vision

To Sorrow's phantom-peopled slumber  
given,

When heart meets heart again in dreams  
Elysian,

And paints the lost on Earth revived in  
Heaven; 165

Soft, as the memory of buried love;  
Pure, as the prayer which Childhood  
wafts above,

Was she—the daughter of that rude old  
Chief,

Who met the maid with tears—but not of  
grief.

Who hath not proved how feebly words  
essay 170

To fix one spark of Beauty's heavenly ray?  
Who doth not feel, until his failing sight  
Faints into dimness with its own delight,  
His changing cheek, his sinking heart  
confess 174

The might, the majesty of Loveliness?  
Such was Zuleika, such around her shone  
The nameless charms unmark'd by her  
alone—

The light of love, the purity of grace,  
The mind, the Music breathing from her  
face,

The heart whose softness harmonized the  
whole, 180

And oh! that eye was in itself a Soul!

Her graceful arms in meekness bending  
Across her gently-budding breast;

At one kind word those arms extending  
To clasp the neck of him who blest

His child caressing and carest, 186  
Zuleika came—and Giaffir felt

His purpose half within him melt:  
Not that against her fancied weal

His heart though stern could ever feel;  
Affection chain'd her to that heart; 191

Ambition tore the links apart.

## VII

'Zuleika! child of gentleness!

How dear this very day must tell,  
When I forget my own distress, 195

In losing what I love so well,  
To bid thee with another dwell:

Another! and a braver man  
Was never seen in battle's van.

We Moslem reck not much of blood; 200  
But yet the line of Carasman

Unchanged, unchangeable hath stood  
First of the bold Timariot bands

That won and well can keep their lands.  
Enough that he who comes to woo

Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou: 206  
His years need scarce a thought employ:

I would not have thee wed a boy.  
And thou shalt have a noble dower:

And his and my united power 210  
Will laugh to scorn the death-firman,

Which others tremble but to scan,  
And teach the messenger what fate

The bearer of such boon may wait.  
And now thou know'st thy father's

will: 215  
All that thy sex hath need to know:

'Twas mine to teach obedience still—  
The way to love, thy lord may show.'

## VIII

In silence bow'd the virgin's head;  
And if her eye was fill'd with tears

That stifled feeling dare not shed, 221  
And changed her cheek from pale to

red,  
And red to pale, as through her ears

Those winged words like arrows sped,  
What could such be but maiden

fears? 225  
So bright the tear in Beauty's eye,

Love half regrets to kiss it dry;  
So sweet the blush of Bashfulness,

Even Pity scarce can wish it less!

Whate'er it was the sire forgot; 230  
Or if remember'd, mark'd it not;

Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his  
steed,

Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque,  
And mounting featly for the mead,

With Maugrabee and Mameluke,  
His way amid his Delis took, 236  
To witness many an active deed  
With sabre keen, or blunt jerreed.  
The Kislar only and his Moors  
Watch well the Haram's massy doors.

## IX

His head was leant upon his hand, 241  
His eye look'd o'er the dark blue  
water

That swiftly glides and gently swells  
Between the winding Dardanelles;  
But yet he saw nor sea nor strand, 245  
Nor even his Pacha's turban'd band

Mix in the game of mimic slaughter,  
Careering cleave the folded felt,  
With sabre stroke right sharply dealt;  
Nor mark'd the javelin-darting crowd  
Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud—

He thought but of old Giaffir's  
daughter! 252

## X

No word from Selim's bosom broke;  
One sigh Zuleika's thoughts bespoke:  
Still gazed he through the lattice grate,  
Pale, mute, and mournfully sedate. 256

To him Zuleika's eyes was turn'd,  
But little from his aspect learn'd:  
Equal her grief, yet not the same;  
Her heart confess'd a gentler flame: 260

But yet that heart, alarm'd or weak,  
She knew not why, forbade to speak.  
Yet speak she must—but when essay?

'How strange he thus should turn away!  
Not thus we e'er before have met; 265  
Nor thus shall be our parting yet.'

Thrice paced she slowly through the  
room,

And watch'd his eye—it still was fix'd:  
She snatch'd the urn wherein was  
mix'd

The Persian Atar-gul's perfume, 270

And sprinkled all its odours o'er  
The pictured roof and marble floor:

The drops, that through his glittering  
vest

The playful girl's appeal address'd,  
Unheeded o'er his bosom flew, 275

As if that breast were marble too.

'What, sullen yet? it must not be—

Oh! gentle Selim, this from thee!'

She saw in curious order set

The fairest flowers of eastern land—

'He loved them once; may touch them  
yet, 281

If offer'd by Zuleika's hand.'

The childish thought was hardly  
breathed

Before the rose was pluck'd and  
wreathed;

The next fond moment saw her seat

Her fairy form at Selim's feet: 286

## THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

'This rose to calm my brother's cares  
A message from the Bulbul bears;  
It says to-night he will prolong  
For Selim's ear his sweetest song; 290  
And though his note is somewhat sad,  
He'll try for once a strain more glad,  
With some faint hope his alter'd lay  
May sing these gloomy thoughts away.

## XI

'What! not receive my foolish flower?  
Nay then I am indeed unblest: 296  
On me can thus thy forehead lower?

And know'st thou not who loves thee  
best?

Oh, Selim dear! oh, more than dearest!  
Say, is it me thou hat'st or fearest?  
Come, lay thy head upon my breast,  
And I will kiss thee into rest,  
Since words of mine, and songs must  
fail,

Ev'n from my fabled nightingale.

I knew our sire at times was stern, 305

But this from thee had yet to learn:

Too well I know he loves thee not;

But is Zuleika's love forgot?

Ah! deem I right? the Pacha's plan—

This kinsman Bey of Carasman, 310

Perhaps may prove some foe of thine.

If so, I swear by Mecca's shrine,—

If shrines that ne'er approach allow

To woman's step admit her vow,—

Without thy free consent, command,

The Sultan should not have my hand!

Think'st thou that I could bear to part

With thee, and learn to halve my heart?

Ah! were I sever'd from thy side,

Where were thy friend—and who my

guide? 320

Years have not seen, Time shall not see.

The hour that tears my soul from thee:

Ev'n Azrael, from his deadly quiver

When flies that shaft, and fly it must,

That parts all else, shall doom for ever  
Our hearts to undivided dust! 326

## XII

He lived, he breathed, he moved, he

felt;

He raised the maid from where she

knelt;

His trance was gone, his keen eye shone

With thoughts that long in darkness

dwelt; 330

With thoughts that burn—in rays that

melt.

As the stream late conceal'd

By the fringe of its willows,

When it rushes reveal'd

In the light of its billows; 335

As the bolt bursts on high

From the black cloud that bound it,

Flash'd the soul of that eye

Through the long lashes round it.

# THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

[CANTO I

A war-horse at the trumpet's sound,  
A lion roused by heedless hound, 341  
A tyrant waked to sudden strife  
By graze of ill-directed knife,  
Starts not to more convulsive life  
Than he, who heard that vow, dis-  
play'd, 345  
And all, before repress'd, betray'd:  
'Now thou art mine, for ever mine,  
With life to keep, and scarce with life  
resign;  
Now thou art mine, that sacred oath,  
Though sworn by one, hath bound us  
both. 350  
Yes, fondly, wisely hast thou done;  
That vow hath saved more heads than  
one:  
But blench not thou—thy simplest tress  
Claims more from me than tenderness;  
I would not wrong the slenderest hair  
That clusters round thy forehead fair,  
For all the treasures buried far 357  
Within the caves of Istakar.  
This morning clouds upon me lower'd,  
Reproaches on my head were shower'd,  
And Giaffir almost call'd me coward!  
Now I have motive to be brave; 362  
The son of his neglected slave,  
Nay, start not, 'twas the term he gave,  
May show, though little apt to vaunt,  
A heart his words nor deeds can  
daunt. 366  
*His* son, indeed!—yet, thanks to thee,  
Perchance I am, at least shall be;  
But let our plighted secret vow  
Be only known to us as now. 370  
I know the wretch who dares demand  
From Giaffir thy reluctant hand;  
More ill-got wealth, a meaner soul  
Holds not a Musselim's control:  
Was he not bred in Egripo? 375  
A viler race let Israel show!  
But let that pass—to none be told  
Our oath; the rest shall time unfold.  
To me and mine leave Osman Bey;  
I've partisans for peril's day: 380  
Think not I am what I appear;  
I've arms, and friends, and vengeance  
near.

## XIII

'Think not thou art what thou appear-  
est!  
My Selim, thou art sadly changed:  
This morn I saw thee gentlest, dearest;  
But now thou'rt from thyself es-  
tranged. 386  
My love thou surely knew'st before,  
It ne'er was less, nor can be more.  
To see thee, hear thee, near thee stay,  
And hate the night I know not why,  
Save that we meet not but by day;  
With thee to live, with thee to die,  
I dare not to my hope deny:

Thy cheek, thine eyes, thy lips to kiss,  
Like this—and this—no more than  
this; 395  
For, Allah! sure thy lips are flame:  
What fever in thy veins is flushing?  
My own have nearly caught the same,  
At least I feel my cheek, too, blush-  
ing.  
To soothe thy sickness, watch thy  
health, 400  
Partake, but never waste thy wealth,  
Or stand with smiles unmurmuring by,  
And lighten half thy poverty;  
Do all but close thy dying eye,  
For that I could not live to try; 405  
To these alone my thoughts aspire:  
More can I do? or thou require?  
But, Selim, thou must answer why  
We need so much of mystery?  
The cause I cannot dream nor tell, 410  
But be it, since thou say'st 'tis well;  
Yet what thou mean'st by "arms" and  
"friends,"  
Beyond my weaker sense extends.  
I meant that Giaffir should have heard  
The very vow I plighted thee; 415  
His wrath would not revoke my word:  
But surely he would leave me free.  
Can this fond wish seem strange in  
me,  
To be what I have ever been?  
What other hath Zuleika seen 420  
From simple childhood's earliest hour?  
What other can she seek to see  
Than thee, companion of her bowyer,  
The partner of her infancy?  
These cherish'd thoughts with life  
begun, 425  
Say, why must I no more avow?  
What change is wrought to make me  
shun  
The truth; my pride, and thine till  
now?  
To meet the gaze of stranger's eyes  
Our law, our creed, our God denies;  
Nor shall one wandering thought of  
mine 431  
At such, our Prophet's will, repine:  
No! happier made by that decree,  
He left me all in leaving thee.  
Deep were my anguish, thus compell'd  
To wed with one I ne'er beheld: 436  
This wherefore should I not reveal?  
Why wilt thou urge me to conceal?  
I know the Pacha's haughty mood  
To thee hath never boded good; 440  
And he so often storms at nought,  
Allah! forbid that e'er he ought!  
And why I know not, but within  
My heart concealment weighs like sin.  
If then such secrecy be crime, 445  
And such it feels while lurking here;  
Oh, Selim! tell me yet in time,  
Nor leave me thus to thoughts of fear.

Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar,  
My father leaves the mimic war; 450  
I tremble now to meet his eye—  
Say, Selim, canst thou tell me why?’

## XIV

‘Zuleika—to thy tower’s retreat  
Betake thee—Giaffir I can greet:  
And now with him I fain must prate  
Of firmans, imposts, levies, state. 456  
There’s fearful news from Danube’s  
banks,  
Our Vizier nobly thins his ranks,  
For which the Giaour may give him  
thanks!

Our Sultan hath a shorter way 460  
Such costly triumph to repay.  
But, mark me, when the twilight drum  
Hath warn’d the troops to food and  
sleep,

Unto thy cell will Selim come: 464  
Then softly from the Haram creep  
Where we may wander by the deep:  
Our garden battlements are steep;  
Nor these will rash intruder climb  
To list our words, or stint our time;  
And if he doth, I want not steel 470  
Which some have felt, and more may  
feel.

Then shalt thou learn of Selim more  
Than thou hast heard or thought be-  
fore:

Trust me, Zuleika—fear not me! 474  
Thou know’st I hold a Haram key.’  
‘Fear thee, my Selim! ne’er till now  
Did word like this—

‘Delay not thou;  
I keep the key—and Haroun’s guard  
Have *some*, and hope of *more* reward.  
To-night, Zuleika, thou shalt hear 480  
My tale, my purpose, and my fear:  
I am not, love! what I appear.’

## CANTO THE SECOND

## I

THE winds are high on Helle’s wave,  
As on that night of stormy water  
When Love, who sent, forgot to save  
The young, the beautiful, the brave,  
The lonely hope of Sestos’ daughter.  
Oh! when alone along the sky 6  
Her turret-torch was blazing high,  
Though rising gale, and breaking foam,  
And shrieking sea-birds warn’d him  
home;

And clouds aloft and tides below, 10  
With signs and sounds, forbade to go,  
He could not see, he would not hear,  
Or sound or sign foreboding fear;  
His eye but saw that light of love,  
The only star it hail’d above; 15  
His ear but rang with Hero’s song,  
‘Ye waves, divide not lovers long!’—

## THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

That tale is old, but love anew  
May nerve young hearts to prove as  
true. 19

## II

The winds are high, and Helle’s tide  
Rolls darkly heaving to the main;  
And Night’s descending shadows hide  
That field with blood bedew’d in vain,  
The desert of old Priam’s pride; 24  
The tombs, sole relics of his reign,  
All—save immortal dreams that could  
beguile  
The blind old man of Scio’s rocky isle!

## III

Oh! yet—for there my steps have been;  
These feet have press’d the sacred  
shore,  
These limbs that buoyant wave hath  
borne— 30  
Minstrel! with thee to muse, to mourn,  
To trace again those fields of yore,  
Believing every hillock green  
Contains no fabled hero’s ashes,  
And that around the undoubted scene  
Thine own ‘broad Hellespont’ still  
dashes, 36  
Be long my lot! and cold were he  
Who there could gaze denying thee!

## IV

The night hath closed on Helle’s  
stream,  
Nor yet hath risen on Ida’s hill 40  
That moon, which shone on his high  
theme:  
No warrior chides her peaceful beam,  
But conscious shepherds bless it still.  
Their flocks are grazing on the mound  
Of him who felt the Dardan’s arrow:  
That mighty heap of gather’d ground  
Which Ammon’s son ran proudly round  
By nations raised, by monarchs crown’d,  
Is now a lone and nameless barrow!  
Within—thy dwelling-place how nar-  
row! 50  
Without—can only strangers breathe  
The name of him that *was* beneath:  
Dust long outlasts the storied stone;  
But Thou—thy very dust is gone!

## V

Late, late to-night will Dian cheer 55  
The swain, and chase the boatman’s  
fear;  
Till then—no beacon on the cliff  
May shape the course of struggling  
skiff;  
The scatter’d lights that skirt the bay,  
All, one by one, have died away; 60  
The only lamp of this lone hour  
Is glimmering in Zuleika’s tower.



Yes! there is light in that lone chamber,  
And o'er her silken ottoman  
Are thrown the fragrant beads of  
amber, 65

O'er which her fairy fingers ran;  
Near these, with emerald rays beset,  
(How could she thus that gem forget?)  
Her mother's sainted amulet,  
Whereon engraved the Koorsee text,  
Could smooth this life, and win the  
next; 71

And by her comboloio lies  
A Koran of illumined dyes;  
And many a bright emblazon'd rhyme  
By Persian scribes redeem'd from time;  
And o'er those scrolls, not oft so  
mute, 76

Reclines her now neglected lute;  
And round her lamp of fretted gold  
Bloom flowers in urns of China's  
mould;

The richest work of Iran's loom, 80  
And Sheeraz' tribute of perfume;  
All that can eye or sense delight

Are gather'd in that gorgeous room:  
But yet it hath an air of gloom.  
She, of this Peri cell the sprite, 85  
What doth she hence, and on so rude  
a night?

## VI

Wrapt in the darkest sable vest,  
Which none save noblest Moslem  
wear,  
To guard from winds of heaven the  
breast

As heaven itself to Selim dear, 90  
With cautious steps the thicket thread-  
ing,

And starting oft, as through the glade  
The gust its hollow moanings made,  
Till on the smoother pathway tread-  
ing,

More free her timid bosom beat, 95  
The maid pursued her silent guide;  
And though her terror urged retreat,  
How could she quit her Selim's side?  
How teach her tender lips to chide?

## VII

They reach'd at length a grotto, hewn  
By nature, but enlarged by art, 101  
Where oft her lute she wont to tune,  
And oft her Koran conn'd apart;  
And oft in youthful reverie 104  
She dream'd what Paradise might be:  
Where woman's parted soul shall go  
Her Prophet had disdain'd to show;  
But Selim's mansion was secure,  
Nor deem'd she, could he long endure  
His bower in other worlds of bliss 110  
Without *her*, most beloved in this!  
Oh! who so dear with him could dwell?  
What Houri soothe him half so well?

## VIII

Since last she visited the spot  
Some change seem'd wrought within  
the grot: 115

It might be only that the night  
Disguised things seen by better light:  
That brazen lamp but dimly threw  
A ray of no celestial hue;  
But in a nook within the cell 120  
Her eye on stranger objects fell.  
There arms were piled, not such as  
wield

The turban'd Delis in the field;  
But brands of foreign blade and hilt,  
And one was red—perchance with  
guilt! 125

Ah! how without can blood be spilt?  
A cup too on the board was set  
That did not seem to hold sherbet.  
What may this mean? she turn'd to see  
Her Selim—'Oh! can this be he?' 130

## IX

His robe of pride was thrown aside,  
His brow no high-crown'd turban  
bore,

But in its stead a shawl of red,  
Wreathed lightly round, his temples  
wore: 134

That dagger, on whose hilt the gem  
Were worthy of a diadem,  
No longer glitter'd at his waist,  
Where pistols unadorn'd were braced;  
And from his belt a sabre swung, 139  
And from his shoulder loosely hung  
The cloak of white, the thin capote  
That decks the wandering Candiot;  
Beneath—his golden plated vest  
Clung like a cuirass to his breast;  
The graves below his knee that wound  
With silvery scales were sheathed and  
bound. 146

But were it not that high command  
Spake in his eye, and tone, and hand,  
All that a careless eye could see  
In him was some young Galiongée.

## X

'I said I was not what I seem'd'; 151  
And now thou see'st my words were  
true:

I have a tale thou hast not dream'd,  
If sooth—its truth must others rue.  
My story now 'twere vain to hide, 155  
I must not see thee Osman's bride:  
But had not thine own lips declared  
How much of that young heart I shared,  
I could not, must not, yet have shown  
The darker secret of my own. 160  
In this I speak not now of love;  
That, let time, truth, and peril prove:  
But first—Oh! never wed another—  
Zuleika! I am not thy brother!'

## XI

'Oh! not my brother!—yet unsay—  
 God! am I left alone on earth 166  
 To mourn—I dare not curse—the day  
 That saw my solitary birth?  
 Oh! thou wilt love me now no more!  
 My sinking heart foreboded ill; 170  
 But know *me* all I was before,  
 Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still.  
 Thou led'st me here perchance to kill;  
 If thou hast cause for vengeance, see!  
 My breast is offer'd—take thy fill! 175  
 Far better with the dead to be  
 Than live thus nothing now to thee!  
 Perhaps far worse, for now I know  
 Why Giaffir always seem'd thy foe;  
 And I, alas! am Giaffir's child, 180  
 For whom thou wert contemn'd, reviled.  
 If not thy sister—wouldst thou save  
 My life, oh! bid me be thy slave!'

## XII

'My slave, Zuleika!—nay, I'm thine:  
 But, gentle love, this transport calm.  
 Thy lot shall yet be link'd with mine;  
 I swear it by our Prophet's shrine,  
 And be that thought thy sorrow's  
 balm.  
 So may the Koran verse display'd  
 Upon its steel direct my blade, 190  
 In danger's hour to guard us both,  
 As I preserve that awful oath!  
 The name in which thy heart hath  
 prided  
 Must change; but, my Zuleika, know,  
 That tie is widen'd, not divided, 195  
 Although thy Sire's my deadliest foe.  
 My father was to Giaffir all  
 That Selim late was deem'd to thee:  
 That brother wrought a brother's fall,  
 But spared, at least, my infancy;  
 And lull'd me with a vain deceit 201  
 That yet a like return may meet.  
 He rear'd me, not with tender help,  
 But like the nephew of a Cain;  
 He watch'd me like a lion's whelp, 205  
 That gnaws and yet may break his  
 chain.  
 My father's blood in every vein  
 Is boiling; but for thy dear sake  
 No present vengeance will I take;  
 Though here I must no more remain.  
 But first, beloved Zuleika! hear 211  
 How Giaffir wrought this deed of fear.

## XIII

'How first their strife to rancour grew,  
 If love or envy made them foes,  
 It matters little if I knew; 215  
 In fiery spirits, slights, though few  
 And thoughtless, will disturb repose.  
 In war Abdallah's arm was strong,  
 Remember'd yet in Bosniac song,

And Paswan's rebel hordes attest 220  
 How little love they bore such guest:  
 His death is all I need relate,  
 The stern effect of Giaffir's hate;  
 And how my birth disclosed to me,  
 Whate'er beside it makes, hath made  
 me free. 225

## XIV

'When Paswan, after years of strife,  
 At last for power, but first for life,  
 In Widdin's walls too proudly sat,  
 Our Pachas rallied round the state;  
 Nor last nor least in high command,  
 Each brother led a separate band; 231  
 They gave their horse-tails to the  
 wind,  
 And mustering in Sophia's plain  
 Their tents were pitch'd, their post  
 assign'd;  
 To one, alas! assign'd in vain! 235  
 What need of words! the deadly bowl,  
 By Giaffir's order drugged and given,  
 With venom subtle as his soul,  
 Dismiss'd Abdallah's hence to heaven.  
 Reclined and feverish in the bath, 240  
 He, when the hunter's sport was up,  
 But little deem'd a brother's wrath  
 To quench his thirst had such a  
 cup:  
 The bowl a bribed attendant bore;  
 He drank one draught, nor needed  
 more! 245  
 If thou my tale, Zuleika, doubt,  
 Call Haroun—he can tell it out.

## XV

'The deed once done, and Paswan's  
 feud  
 In part suppress'd, though ne'er sub-  
 qued, 249  
 Abdallah's Pachalick was gain'd:—  
 Thou know'st not what in our Divan  
 Can wealth procure for worse than  
 man—  
 Abdallah's honours were obtain'd  
 By him a brother's murder stain'd;  
 'Tis true, the purchase nearly drain'd  
 His ill-got treasure, soon replaced. 256  
 Wouldst question whence? Survey the  
 waste,  
 And ask the squalid peasant how  
 His gains repay his boiling brow!—  
 Why me the stern usurper spared, 260  
 Why thus with me his palace shared,  
 I know not. Shame, regret, remorse,  
 And little fear from infant's force;  
 Besides, adoption as a son  
 By him whom Heaven accorded none,  
 Or some unknown cabal, caprice, 266  
 Preserved me thus;—but not in peace:  
 He cannot curb his haughty mood,  
 Nor I forgive a father's blood.

## XVI

'Within thy father's house are foes;  
Not all who break his bread are  
true: 271

To these should I my birth disclose,  
His days, his very hours were few:  
They only want a heart to lead,  
A hand to point them to the deed. 275  
But Haroun only knows, or knew,  
This tale, whose close is almost nigh:  
He in Abdallah's palace grew,  
And held that post in his Serai  
Which holds he here—he saw him  
die: 280

But what could single slavery do?  
Avenge his lord? alas! too late;  
Or save his son from such a fate?  
He chose the last, and when elate  
With foes subdued, or friends be-  
tray'd, 285

Proud Giaffir in high triumph sate,  
He led me helpless to his gate,  
And not in vain it seems essay'd  
To save the life for which he pray'd.  
The knowledge of my birth secured  
From all and each, but most from  
me; 291

Thus Giaffir's safety was insured.  
Removed he too from Roumelie  
To this our Asiatic side,  
Far from our seats by Danube's tide,  
With none but Haroun, who retains  
Such knowledge—and that Nubian feels  
A tyrant's secrets are but chains,  
From which the captive gladly steals,  
And this and more to me reveals: 300  
Such still to guilt just Allah sends—  
Slaves, tools, accomplices—no friends!

## XVII

'All this, Zuleika, harshly sounds;  
But harsher still my tale must be:  
Howe'er my tongue thy softness  
wounds, 305  
Yet I must prove all truth to thee.  
I saw thee start this garb to see,  
Yet is it one I oft have worn,  
And long must wear: this Galingée,  
To whom thy plighted vow is sworn,  
Is leader of those pirate hordes, 311  
Whose laws and lives are on their  
swords;

To hear whose desolating tale  
Would make thy waning cheek more  
pale:  
Those arms thou see'st my band have  
brought, 315  
The hands that wield are not remote;  
This cup too for the rugged knaves  
Is fill'd—once quaff'd, they ne'er  
repine:

Our Prophet might forgive the slaves;  
They're only infidels in wine. 320

## XVIII

'What could I be? Proscribed at home,  
And taunted to a wish to roam;  
And listless left—for Giaffir's fear  
Denied the courser and the spear—  
Though oft—Oh, Mahomet! how oft!—  
In full Divan the despot scoff'd, 326  
As if my weak unwilling hand  
Refused the bridle or the brand:  
He ever went to war alone, 329  
And pent me here untried—unknown;  
To Haroun's care with women left,  
By hope unblest, of fame bereft,  
While thou—whose softness long en-  
dear'd,  
Though it unmann'd me, still had  
cheer'd—

To Brusa's walls for safety sent, 335  
Awaited'st there the field's event.  
Haroun, who saw my spirit pining  
Beneath inaction's sluggish yoke,  
His captive, though with dread resign-  
ing,

My thralldom for a season broke,  
On promise to return before 341  
The day when Giaffir's charge was o'er.  
'Tis vain—my tongue cannot impart  
My almost drunkenness of heart,  
When first this liberated eye 345  
Survey'd Earth, Ocean, Sun, and Sky,  
As if my spirit pierced them through,  
And all their inmost wonders knew!  
One word alone can paint to thee  
That more than feeling—I was Free!  
E'en for thy presence ceased to pine;  
The World—nay, Heaven itself was  
mine!

## XIX

'The shallop of a trusty Moor  
Convey'd me from this idle shore;  
I long'd to see the isles that gem 355  
Old Ocean's purple diadem:  
I sought by turns, and saw them all;  
But when and where I join'd the crew,  
With whom I'm pledged to rise or fall,  
When all that we design to do 360  
Is done, 'twill then be time more meet  
To tell thee, when the tale's complete.

## XX

'Tis true, they are a lawless brood,  
But rough in form, nor mild in mood;  
And every creed, and every race, 365  
With them hath found—may find a  
place;  
But open speech, and ready hand,  
Obedience to their chief's command;  
A soul for every enterprise,  
That never sees with terror's eyes; 370  
Friendship for each, and faith to all,  
And vengeance vow'd for those who  
fall,

Have made them fitting instruments  
 For more than ev'n my own intents.  
 And some—and I have studied all 375  
 Distinguish'd from the vulgar rank,  
 But chiefly to my council call  
 The wisdom of the cautious Frank—  
 And some to higher thoughts aspire,  
 The last of Lambro's patriots there  
 Anticipated freedom share; 381  
 And oft around the cavern fire  
 On visionary schemes debate,  
 To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.  
 So let them ease their hearts with prate  
 Of equal rights, which man ne'er knew;  
 I have a love for freedom too. 387  
 Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam,  
 Or only know on land the Tartar's home!  
 My tent on shore, my galley on the sea,  
 Are more than cities and Serais to me:  
 Borne by my steed, or wafted by my sail,  
 Across the desert, or before the gale,  
 Bound where thou wilt, my barb! or glide,  
 my prow!  
 But be the star that guides the wanderer,  
 Thou! 395  
 Thou, my Zuleika, share and bless my  
 bark;  
 The Dove of peace and promise to mine  
 ark!  
 Or, since that hope denied in worlds of  
 strife,  
 Be thou the rainbow to the storms of  
 life!  
 The evening beam that smiles the clouds  
 away, 400  
 And tints to-morrow with prophetic ray!  
 Blest—as the Muezzin's strain from  
 Mecca's wall  
 To pilgrims pure and prostrate at his call;  
 Soft—as the melody of youthful days,  
 That steals the trembling tear of speech-  
 less praise; 405  
 Dear—as his native song to Exile's ears,  
 Shall sound each tone thy long-loved  
 voice endears.  
 For thee in those bright isles is built a  
 bower  
 Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.  
 A thousand swords, with Selim's heart and  
 hand, 410  
 Wait—wave—defend—destroy—at thy  
 command!  
 Girt by my band, Zuleika at my side,  
 The spoil of nations shall bedeck my  
 bride.  
 The Haram's languid years of listless ease  
 Are well resign'd for cares—for joys like  
 these: 415  
 Not blind to fate, I see, where'er I rove,  
 Unnumber'd perils—but one only love!  
 Yet well my toils shall that fond breast  
 repay,  
 Though fortune frown, or falser friends  
 betray.

How dear the dream in darkest hours of  
 ill, 420  
 Should all be changed, to find thee faithful  
 still!  
 Be but thy soul, like Selim's, firmly shown;  
 To thee be Selim's tender as thine own;  
 To soothe each sorrow, share in each  
 delight,  
 Blend every thought, do all—but disunite!  
 Once free, 'tis mine our horde again to  
 guide; 426  
 Friends to each other, foes to aught be-  
 side:  
 Yet there we follow but the bent assign'd  
 By fatal Nature to man's warring kind:  
 Mark! where his carnage and his con-  
 quests cease! 430  
 He makes a solitude, and calls it—peace!  
 I, like the rest, must use my skill or  
 strength,  
 But ask no land beyond my sabre's  
 length:  
 Power sways but by division—her re-  
 source 434  
 The blest alternative of fraud or force!  
 Ours be the last; in time deceit may come  
 When cities cage us in a social home:  
 There ev'n thy soul might err—how oft  
 the heart  
 Corruption shakes which peril could not  
 part!  
 And woman, more than man, when death  
 or woe, 440  
 Or even Disgrace, would lay her lover low,  
 Sunk in the lap of Luxury will shame—  
 Away suspicion!—*not* Zuleika's name!  
 But life is hazard at the best; and here  
 No more remains to win, and much to  
 fear: 445  
 Yes, fear! the doubt, the dread of losing  
 thee,  
 By Osman's power, and Giaffir's stern  
 decree.  
 That dread shall vanish with the favouring  
 gale,  
 Which Love to-night hath promised to my  
 sail:  
 No danger daunts the pair his smile hath  
 blest, 450  
 Their steps still roving, but their hearts at  
 rest.  
 With thee all toils are sweet, each clime  
 hath charms;  
 Earth—sea alike—our world within our  
 arms!  
 Ay—let the loud winds whistle o'er the  
 deck,  
 So that those arms cling closer round my  
 neck: 455  
 The deepest murmur of this lip shall be  
 No sigh for safety, but a prayer for thee!  
 The war of elements no fears impart  
 To Love, whose deadliest bane is human  
 Art:

## THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

[CANTO II

There lie the only rocks our course can  
check; 460  
Here moments menace—there are years  
of wreck!  
But hence ye thoughts that rise in Horror's  
shape!  
This hour bestows, or ever bars escape.  
Few words remain of mine my tale to  
close;  
Of thine but *one* to waft us from our foes;  
Yea—foes—to me will Giaffir's hate de-  
cline? 466  
And is not Osman, who would part us,  
thine?

### XXI

'His head and faith from doubt and  
death  
Return'd in time my guard to save;  
Few heads, none told, that o'er the  
wave 470  
From isle to isle I roved the while;  
And since, though parted from my band  
Too seldom now I leave the land,  
No deed they've done, nor deed shall  
do,  
Ere I have heard and doom'd it too:  
I form the plan, decree the spoil, 476  
'Tis fit I oftener share the toil.  
But now too long I've held thine ear;  
Time presses, floats my bark, and here  
We leave behind but hate and fear.  
To-morrow Osman with his train 481  
Arrives—to-night must break thy chain:  
And wouldst thou save that haughty  
Bey,—  
Perchance *his* life who gave thee  
thine,—  
With me this hour away—away! 485  
But yet, though thou art plighted  
mine,

Wouldst thou recall thy willing vow,  
Appall'd by truths imparted now,  
Here rest I—not to see thee wed:  
But be that peril on *my* head!' 490

### XXII

Zuleika, mute and motionless,  
Stood like that statue of distress,  
When, her last hope for ever gone,  
The mother harden'd into stone:  
All in the maid that eye could see 495  
Was but a younger Niobé.  
But ere her lip, or even her eye,  
Essay'd to speak, or look reply,  
Beneath the garden's wicket porch 499  
Far flashed on high a blazing torch!  
Another—and another—and another—  
'Oh! fly—no more—yet now my more  
than brother!'  
Far, wide, through every thicket spread  
The fearful lights are gleaming red;  
Nor these alone—for each right hand  
Is ready with a sheathless brand. 506

They part, pursue, return, and wheel  
With searching flambeau, shining steel;  
And last of all, his sabre waving,  
Stern Giaffir in his fury raving: 510  
And now almost they touch the cave—  
Oh! must that grot be Selim's grave?

### XXIII

Dauntless he stood—'Tis come—soon  
past—  
One kiss, Zuleika—'tis my last: 514  
But yet my band not far from shore  
May hear this signal, see the flash;  
Yet now too few—the attempt were  
rash:  
No matter—yet one effort more.'  
Forth to the cavern mouth he step;  
His pistol's echo rang on high, 520  
Zuleika started not, nor wept,  
Despair benumb'd her breast and  
eye!—  
'They hear me not, or if they ply  
Their oars, 'tis but to see me die;  
That sound hath drawn my foes more  
nigh.  
Then forth my father's scimitar, 526  
Thou ne'er hast seen less equal war!  
Farewell, Zuleika!—sweet! retire:  
Yet stay within—here linger safe,  
At thee his rage will only chafe. 530  
Stir not—lest even to thee perchance  
Some erring blade or ball should glance.  
Fear'st thou for him?—may I expire  
If in this strife I seek thy sire! 534  
No—though by him that poison pour'd;  
No—though again he call me coward!  
But tamely shall I meet their steel?  
No—as each crest save *his* may feel!'

### XXIV

One bound he made, and gain'd the  
sand:  
Already at his feet hath sunk 540  
The foremost of the prying band,  
A gasping head, a quivering trunk:  
Another falls—but round him close  
A swarming circle of his foes; 544  
From right to left his path he cleft,  
And almost met the meeting wave:  
His boat appears—not five oars'  
length—  
His comrades strain with desperate  
strength—  
Oh! are they yet in time to save?  
His feet the foremost breakers lave;  
His band are plunging in the bay, 551  
Their sabres glitter through the spray;  
Wet—wild—unworned to the strand  
They struggle—now they touch the  
land!  
They come—'tis but to add to slaugh-  
ter— 555  
His heart's best blood is on the water.

## XXV

Escaped from shot, unharm'd by steel,  
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel,  
Had Selim won, betray'd, beset, 559  
To where the strand and billows met;  
There as his last step left the land—  
And the last death-blow dealt his  
hand—

Ah! wherefore did he turn to look  
For her his eye but sought in vain?  
That pause, that fatal gaze he took,  
Hath doom'd his death, or fix'd his  
chain. 566

Sad proof, in peril and in pain,  
How late will Lover's hope remain!  
His back was to the dashing spray;  
Ehinde, but close, his comrades lay, 570  
When, at the instant, hiss'd the ball—  
'So may the foes of Giaffir fall!'

Whose voice is heard? whose carbine  
rang?

Whose bullet through the night-air  
sang,

Too nearly, deadly aim'd to err? 575  
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!

The father slowly rued thy hate,  
The son hath found a quicker fate:  
Fast from his breast the blood is  
bubbling,

The whiteness of the sea-foam trou-  
bling— 580

If aught his lips essay'd to groan,  
The rushing billows choked the tone!

## XXVI

Morn slowly rolls the clouds away;

Few trophies of the fight are there:  
The shouts that shook the midnight-bay  
Are silent; but some signs of fray 586

That strand of strife may bear,  
And fragments of each shiver'd brand;  
Steps stamp'd; and dash'd into the sand  
The print of many a struggling hand

May there be mark'd; nor far remote  
A broken torch, an oarless boat;

And tangled on the weeds that heap  
The beach where shelving to the deep

There lies a white capote! 595  
'Tis rent in twain—one dark-red stain

The wave yet ripples o'er in vain;  
But where is he who wore?

Ye! who would o'er his relics weep,  
Go, seek them where the surges sweep

Their burthen round Sigæum's steep  
And cast on Lemnos' shore:

The sea-birds shriek above the prey,  
O'er which their hungry beaks delay,

As shaken on his restless pillow, 605  
His head heaves with the heaving  
billow;

That hand, whose motion is not life,  
Yet feebly seems to menace strife,

Flung by the tossing tide on high,

Then level'd with the wave— 610

What recks it, though that corse shall lie  
Within a living grave?

The bird that tears that prostrate form  
Hath only robb'd the meaner worm;

The only heart, the only eye 615  
Had bled or wept to see him die,

Had seen those scatter'd limbs composed,  
And mourn'd above his turban-stone,

That heart hath burst—that eye was  
closed—

Yea—closed before his own! 620

## XXVII

By Helle's stream there is a voice of wail!  
And woman's eye is wet—man's cheek is  
pale:

Zuleika! last of Giaffir's race,  
Thy destined lord is come too late:

He sees not—ne'er shall see thy face!  
Can he not hear 626

The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear?  
Thy handmaids weeping at the gate,

The Koran-chanters of the hymn of fate,  
The silent slaves with folded arms that  
wait, 630

Sighs in the hall, and shrieks upon the gale,  
Tell him thy tale!

Thou didst not view thy Selim fall!  
That fearful moment when he left the  
cave

Thy heart grew chill: 635  
He was thy hope—thy joy—thy love—  
thine all,

And that last thought on him thou couldst  
not save

Sufficed to kill;  
Burst forth in one wild cry—and all was  
still,

Peace to thy broken heart, and virgin  
grave! 640

Ah! happy! but of life to lose the worst!  
That grief—though deep—though fatal—  
was thy first!

Thrice happy ne'er to feel nor fear the force  
Of absence, shame, pride, hate, revenge,

remorse!  
And, oh! that pang where more than mad-  
ness lies! 645

The worm that will not sleep—and never  
dies;

Thought of the gloomy day and ghastly  
night,

That dreads the darkness, and yet loathes  
the light,

That winds around, and tears the quiver-  
ing heart!

Ah! wherefore not consume it—and de-  
part! 650

Woe to thee, rash and unrelenting chief!  
Vainly thou heap'st the dust upon thy  
head,

Vainly the sackcloth o'er thy limbs dost  
spread:

## THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

[CANTO II

By that same hand Abdallah—Selim  
bled,  
Now let it tear thy beard in idle grief:  
Thy pride of heart, thy bride for Osman's  
bed, 656  
She, whom thy sultan had but seen to  
wed,  
Thy Daughter's dead!  
Hope of thine age, thy twilight's lonely  
beam,  
The Star hath set that shone on Helle's  
stream. 660  
What quench'd its ray?—the blood that  
thou hast shed!  
Hark! to the hurried question of Despair:  
'Where is my child?'—an Echo answers—  
'Where?'

### XXVIII

Within the place of thousand tombs  
That shine beneath, while dark above  
The sad but living cypress glooms 666  
And withers not, though branch and  
leaf  
Are stamp'd with an eternal grief,  
Like early unrequited Love,  
One spot exists, which ever blooms,  
Ev'n in that deadly grove— 671  
A single rose is shedding there  
Its lonely lustre, meek and pale:  
It looks as planted by Despair—  
So white—so faint—the slightest gale  
Might whirl the leaves on high; 676  
And yet, though storms and blight  
assail,  
And hands more rude than wintry sky  
May wring it from the stem—in  
vain—  
To-morrow sees it bloom again: 680  
The stalk some spirit gently rears,  
And waters with celestial tears;  
For well may maids of Helle deem  
That this can be no earthly flower,  
Which mocks the tempest's withering  
hour, 685  
And buds unshelter'd by a bower;  
Nor droops though Spring refuse her  
shower,  
Nor woos the summer beam:

To it the livelong night there sings  
A bird unseen—but not remote: 691  
Invisible his airy wings,  
But soft as harp that Houri strings  
His long entrancing note!  
It were the Bulbul; but his throat,  
Though mournful, pours not such a  
strain: 695  
For they who listen cannot leave  
The spot, but linger there and grieve,  
As if they loved in vain!  
And yet so sweet the tears they shed,  
'Tis sorrow so unmix'd with dread,  
They scarce can bear the morn to break  
That melancholy spell,  
And longer yet would weep and wake,  
He sings so wild and well!  
But when the day-blush bursts from  
high 705  
Expires that magic melody.  
And some have been who could believe,  
(So fondly youthful dreams deceive,  
Yet harsh be they that blame,)  
That note so piercing and profound  
Will shape and syllable its sound 711  
Into Zuleika's name.  
'Tis from her cypress summit heard,  
That melts in air the liquid word:  
'Tis from her lowly virgin earth 715  
That white rose takes its tender birth.  
There late was laid a marble stone;  
Eye saw it placed—the Morrow gone!  
It was no mortal arm that bore  
That deep-fix'd pillar to the shore;  
For there, as Helle's legends tell, 721  
Next morn 'twas found where Selim fell;  
Lash'd by the tumbling tide, whose  
wave  
Denied his bones a holier grave:  
And there by night, reclin'd, 'tis said,  
Is seen a ghastly turban'd head: 726  
And hence extended by the billow,  
'Tis named the 'Pirate-phantom's  
pillow!'  
Where first it lay that mourning flower  
Hath flourish'd; flourisheth this hour,  
Alone and dewy, coldly pure and pale;  
As weeping Beauty's cheek at Sorrow's  
tale! 732

# THE CORSAIR

## A TALE

—'I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno.'  
TASSO, *Gerusalemme Liberata*, canto x.

TO

THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

MY DEAR MOORE,

I DEDICATE to you the last production with which I shall trespass on public patience, and your indulgence, for some years; and I own that I feel anxious to avail myself of this latest and only opportunity of adorning my pages with a name, consecrated by unshaken public principle, and the most undoubted and various talents. While Ireland ranks you among the firmest of her patriots; while you stand alone the first of her bards in her estimation, and Britain repeats and ratifies the decree, permit one, whose only regret, since our first acquaintance, has been the years he had lost before it commenced, to add the humble but sincere suffrage of friendship to the voice of more than one nation. It will at least prove to you, that I have neither forgotten the gratification derived from your society, nor abandoned the prospect of its renewal, whenever your leisure or inclination allows you to atone to your friends for too long an absence. It is said among those friends, I trust truly, that you are engaged in the composition of a poem whose scene will be laid in the East; none can do those scenes so much justice. The wrongs of your own country, the magnificent and fiery spirit of her sons, the beauty and feeling of her daughters, may there be found; and Collins, when he denominated his *Oriental* his *Irish Eclogues*, was not aware how true, at least, was a part of his parallel. Your imagination will create a warmer sun, and less clouded sky; but wildness, tenderness, and originality, are part of your national claim of oriental descent, to which you have already thus far proved your title more clearly than the most zealous of your country's antiquarians.

May I add a few words on a subject on which all men are supposed to be fluent, and none agreeable?—Self. I have written much, and published more than enough to demand a longer silence than I now meditate; but, for some years to come, it is my intention to tempt no further the award of 'Gods, men, nor columas.' In the present composition I have attempted not the most difficult, but, perhaps the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative; though, I confess, it is the measure most after my own heart: Scott alone, of the present generation, has hitherto completely triumphed over the fatal facility of the octo-syllabic verse; and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius: in blank verse, Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists, are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification, in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future regret.

With regard to my story, and stories in general, I should have been glad to have rendered my personages more perfect and amiable, if possible, inasmuch as I have been sometimes criticised, and considered no less responsible for their deeds and qualities than if all had been personal. Be it so—if I have deviated into the gloomy vanity of 'drawing from self,' the pictures are probably like, since they are unfavourable; and if not, those who know me are undeceived, and those who do not, I have little interest in deceiving. I have no particular desire that any but my acquaintance should think the author better than the beings of his imagining; but I cannot help a little surprise, and perhaps amusement, at some odd critical exceptions in the present instance, when I see several bards (far more deserving, I allow) in very reputable plight, and quite exempted from all participation in the faults of those heroes, who, nevertheless, might be found with little more morality than 'The Giaour,' and perhaps—but no—I must admit Childe Harold to be a very repulsive personage; and as to his identity, those who like it must give him whatever 'alias' they please.

If, however, it were worth while to remove the impression, it might be of some service to me, that the man who is alike the delight of his readers and his friends, the poet of all circles, and the idol of his own, permits me here and elsewhere to subscribe myself,

Most truly,

And affectionately,  
His obedient servant,

BYRON.

January 2, 1814.



# THE CORSAIR

## CANTO THE FIRST

'———nessun maggior dolore,  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nelle miseria,———'—DANTE.

### I

'O'er the glad waters of the dark blue  
sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls  
as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows  
foam,  
Survey our empire, and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limits to their  
sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey. <sup>5</sup>  
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.  
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious  
slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving  
wave; <sup>10</sup>  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and  
ease!  
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure  
cannot please—  
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath  
tried,  
And danced in triumph o'er the waters  
wide,  
The exulting sense—the pulse's madden-  
ing play, <sup>15</sup>  
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless  
way?  
That for itself can woo the approaching  
fight,  
And turn what some deem danger to de-  
light;  
That seeks what cravens shun with more  
than zeal, <sup>19</sup>  
And where the feebler faint can only feel—  
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?  
No dread of death if with us die our foes—  
Save that it seems even duller than re-  
pose:  
Come when it will—we snatch the life of  
life— <sup>25</sup>  
When lost—what reck's it but disease or  
strife?  
Let him who crawls enamour'd of decay,  
Cling to his couch, and sicken years away:  
Heave his thick breath, and shake his  
palsied head;  
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish  
bed. <sup>30</sup>  
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his  
soul,  
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes  
control.

His corse may boast its urn and narrow  
cave,  
And they who loath'd his life may gild his  
grave:  
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely  
shed, <sup>35</sup>  
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our  
dead.  
For us, even banquets fond regret supply  
In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
When those who win at length divide the  
prey, <sup>40</sup>  
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er  
each brow,  
How had the brave who fell exulted now!'

### II

Such were the notes that from the Pirate's  
isle  
Around the kindling watch-fire rang the  
while:  
Such were the sounds that thrill'd the  
rocks along, <sup>45</sup>  
And unto ears as rugged seem'd a song!  
In scatter'd groups upon the golden sand,  
They game—carouse—converse—or whet  
the brand:  
Select the arms—to each his blade assign,  
And careless eye the blood that dims its  
shine, <sup>50</sup>  
Repair the boat, replace the helm or oar,  
While others straggling muse along the  
shore;  
For the wild bird the busy springes set,  
Or spread beneath the sun the dripping  
net;  
Gaze where some distant sail a speck  
supplies, <sup>55</sup>  
With all the thirsting eye of Enterprise:  
Tell o'er the tales of many a night of toil,  
And marvel where they next shall seize a  
spoil:  
No matter where—their chief's allotment  
this;  
Theirs, to believe no prey nor plan amiss.  
But who that CHIEF? his name on every  
shore <sup>61</sup>  
Is famed and fear'd—they ask and know  
no more.  
With these he mingles not but to com-  
mand;  
Few are his words, but keen his eye and  
hand.  
Ne'er seasons he with mirth their jovial  
mess, <sup>65</sup>  
But they forgive his silence for success.  
Ne'er for his lip the purpling cup they  
fill,  
That goblet passes him untasted still—

And for his fare—the rudest of his crew  
Would that, in turn, have pass'd untasted  
too;

Earth's coarsest bread, the garden's homeliest roots,

And scarce the summer luxury of fruits,  
His short repast in humbleness supply  
With all a hermit's board would scarce deny.

But while he shuns the grosser joys of sense,

His mind seems nourish'd by that abstinence.

'Steer to that shore!'—they sail. 'Do this!'—'tis done:

'Now form and follow me!'—the spoil is won.

Thus prompt his accents and his actions still,

And all obey and few inquire his will; 80

To such, brief answer and contemptuous eye

Convey reproof, nor further deign reply.

## III

'A sail!—a sail!'—a promised prize to Hope!

Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope?

No prize, alas! but yet a welcome sail: 85

The blood-red signal glitters in the gale. Yes—she is ours—a home - returning bark—

Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.

Already doubled is the cape—our bay

Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray. 90

How gloriously her gallant course she goes! Her white wings flying—never from her foes—

She walks the waters like a thing of life, And seems to dare the elements to strife.

Who would not brave the battle-fire, the wreck, 95

To move the monarch of her peopled deck?

## IV

Hoarse o'er her side the rustling cable rings;

The sails are furl'd; and anchoring round she swings;

And gathering loiterers on the land discern

Her boat descending from the latticed stern. 100

'Tis mann'd—the oars keep concert to the strand,

Till grates her keel upon the shallow sand. Hail to the welcome shout!—the friendly speech!

When hand grasps hand uniting on the beach;

The smile, the question, and the quick reply,

And the heart's promise of festivity! 105

## V

The tidings spread, and gathering grows the crowd;

The hum of voices, and the laughter loud, And woman's gentler anxious tone is heard—

Friends', husbands', lovers' names in each dear word: 110

'Oh! are they safe? we ask not of success—

But shall we see them? will their accents bless?

From where the battle roars, the billows chafe,

They doubtless boldly did—but who are safe?

Here let them haste to gladden and surprise, 115

And kiss the doubt from these delighted eyes!'

## VI

'Where is our chief? for him we bear report—

And doubt that joy—which hails our coming—short;

Yet thus sincere, 'tis cheering, though so brief;

But, Juan! instant guide us to our chief: Our greeting paid, we'll feast on our return, 121

And all shall hear what each may wish to learn.'

Ascending slowly by the rock-hewn way, To where his watch-tower beetles o'er the bay,

By bushy brake, and wild flowers blossoming, 125

And freshness breathing from each silver spring,

Whose scatter'd streams from granite basins burst,

Leap into life, and sparkling woo your thirst;

From crag to cliff they mount—Near yonder cave,

What lonely straggler looks along the wave? 130

In pensive posture leaning on the brand, Not oft a resting-staff to that red hand?

'Tis he—'tis Conrad—here, as wont, alone;

On—Juan!—on—and make our purpose known.

The bark he views—and tell him we would greet 135

His ear with tidings he must quickly meet

We dare not yet approach—thou know'st his mood

When strange or uninvited steps intrude.'

# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO I

VII

Him Juan sought, and told of their intent;—  
 He spake not, but a sign express'd assent.  
 These Juan calls—they come—to their salute<sup>141</sup>  
 He bends him slightly, but his lips are mute.  
 'These letters, Chief, are from the Greek  
 —the spy,  
 Who still proclaims our spoil or peril nigh:  
 Whate'er his tidings, we can well report,  
 Much that'—'Peace, peace!'—he cuts their prating short.<sup>146</sup>  
 Wondering they turn, abash'd, while each to each  
 Conjecture whispers in his muttering speech:  
 They watch his glance with many a stealing look,  
 To gather how that eye the tidings took;  
 But, this as if he guess'd, with head aside,  
 Perchance from some emotion, doubt, or pride,<sup>152</sup>  
 He read the scroll—'My tablets, Juan, hark—  
 Where is Gonsalvo?'  
 'In the anchor'd bark.'  
 'There let him stay—to him this order bear—'<sup>155</sup>  
 Back to your duty—for my course prepare:  
 Myself this enterprise to-night will share.'  
 'To-night, Lord Conrad!'

'Ay! at set of sun:  
 The breeze will freshen when the day is done.  
 My corslet, cloak—one hour and we are gone.<sup>160</sup>  
 Sling on thy bugle—see that free from rust  
 My carbine-lock springs worthy of my trust;  
 Be the edge sharpen'd of my boarding-brand,  
 And give its guard more room to fit my hand.  
 This let the armourer with speed dispose;  
 Last time, it more fatigued my arm than foes:<sup>166</sup>  
 Mark that the signal-gun be duly fired,  
 To tell us when the hour of stay's expired.'

VIII

They make obeisance, and retire in haste,  
 Too soon to seek again the watery waste:  
 Yet they repine not—so that Conrad guides;<sup>171</sup>  
 And who dare question aught that he decides?  
 That man of loneliness and mystery  
 Scarce seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh;

Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,<sup>175</sup>  
 And tints each swarthy cheek with sal-  
 lower hue;  
 Still sways their souls with that commanding art  
 That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart.  
 What is that spell, that thus his lawless train  
 Confess and envy, yet oppose in vain?  
 What should it be, that thus their faith can bind?<sup>181</sup>  
 The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind!  
 Link'd with success, assumed and kept with skill,  
 That moulds another's weakness to its will;  
 Wields with their hands, but, still to these unknown,<sup>185</sup>  
 Makes even their mightiest deeds appear his own.  
 Such hath it been—shall be—beneath the sun  
 The many still must labour for the one!  
 'Tis Nature's doom—but let the wretch who toils  
 Accuse not, hate not *him* who wears the spoils.<sup>190</sup>  
 Oh! if he knew the weight of splendid chains,  
 How light the balance of his humbler pains!

IX

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,  
 Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,  
 In Conrad's form seems little to admire,  
 In his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire:<sup>196</sup>  
 Robust but not Herculean—to the sight  
 No giant frame sets forth his common height;  
 Yet, in the whole, who paused to look again,  
 Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;<sup>200</sup>  
 They gaze and marvel how—and still confess  
 That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.  
 Sun-burnt his cheek, his forehead high and pale  
 The sable curls in wild profusion veil;  
 And oft perforce his rising lip reveals<sup>205</sup>  
 The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.  
 Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,  
 Still seems there something he would not have seen:  
 His features' deepening lines and varying hue  
 At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,

As if within that murkiness of mind <sup>211</sup>  
 Work'd feelings fearful, and yet unde-  
 fined;

Such might it be—that none could truly  
 tell—

Too close inquiry his stern glance would  
 quell.

There breathe but few whose aspect might  
 defy <sup>215</sup>

The full encounter of his searching eye;  
 He had the skill, when Cunning's gaze  
 would seek

To probe his heart and watch his chang-  
 ing cheek,

At once the observer's purpose to espy,  
 And on himself roll back his scrutiny,  
 Lest he to Conrad rather should betray  
 Some secret thought, than drag that chief's  
 to day.

There was a laughing Devil in his sneer,  
 That raised emotions both of rage and fear;  
 And where his frown of hatred darkly  
 fell, <sup>225</sup>

Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd  
 farewell!

## X

Slight are the outward signs of evil  
 thought,

Within—within—'twas there the spirit  
 wrought!

Love shows all changes—Hate, Ambition,  
 Guile,

Betray no further than the bitter smile;  
 The lip's least curl, the lightest paleness  
 thrown <sup>231</sup>

Along the govern'd aspect, speak alone  
 Of deeper passions; and to judge their  
 mien,

He, who would see, must be himself un-  
 seen.

Then—with the hurried tread, the up-  
 ward eye, <sup>235</sup>

The clenched hand, the pause of agony,  
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near

Approach intrusive on that mood of fear;  
 Then—with each feature working from  
 the heart,

With feelings, loosed to strengthen—not  
 depart, <sup>240</sup>

That rise, convulse, contend—that freeze,  
 or glow,

Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the  
 brow;

Then, Stranger! if thou canst, and tremb-  
 lest not,

Behold his soul—the rest that soothes his  
 lot!

Mark how that lone and blighted bosom  
 sears <sup>245</sup>

The scathing thought of execrated years!  
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall  
 see,

Man as himself—the secret spirit free?

## XI

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent  
 To lead the guilty—guilt's worse instru-  
 ment— <sup>250</sup>

His soul was changed, before his deeds  
 had driven

Him forth to war with man and forfeit  
 heaven.

Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's  
 school,

In words too wise, in conduct *there* a fool;  
 Too firm to yield, and far too proud to  
 stoop, <sup>255</sup>

Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,  
 He cursed those virtues as the cause of ill,

And not the traitors who betray'd him  
 still;

Nor deem'd that gifts bestow'd on better  
 men

Had left him joy, and means to give  
 again. <sup>260</sup>

Fear'd, shunn'd, belied, ere youth had  
 lost her force,

He hated man too much to feel remorse,  
 And thought the voice of wrath a sacred  
 call,

To pay the injuries of some on all.  
 He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd

The rest no better than the thing he  
 seem'd; <sup>266</sup>

And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid  
 Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.

He knew himself detested, but he knew  
 The hearts that loath'd him, crouch'd

And dreaded too. <sup>270</sup>

Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike  
 exempt

From all affection and from all contempt;  
 His name could sadden, and his acts sur-  
 prise;

But they that fear'd him dared not to  
 despise;

Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he  
 wake <sup>275</sup>

The slumbering venom of the folded  
 snake:

The first may turn, but not avenge the  
 blow;

The last expires, but leaves no living foe;  
 Fast to the doom'd offender's form it  
 clings,

And he may crush—not conquer—still it  
 stings! <sup>280</sup>

## XII

None are all evil—quickenings round his  
 heart

One softer feeling would not yet depart;  
 Oft could he sneer at others as beguiled

By passions worthy of a fool or child;  
 Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he  
 strove, <sup>285</sup>

And even in him it asks the name of Love!

# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO I

Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged,  
Felt but for one from whom he never ranged;  
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,  
He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by;  
Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd bower,  
None ever sooth'd his most unguarded hour.  
Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness  
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,  
Unmoved by absence, firm in every clime,  
And yet—oh more than all! untired by time;  
Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,  
Could render sullen were she near to smile,  
Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent  
On her one murmur of his discontent;  
Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,  
Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;  
Which nought removed, nor menaced to remove—  
If there be love in mortals—this was love!  
He was a villain—ay, reproaches shower  
On him—but not the passion, nor its power,  
Which only proved, all other virtues gone,  
Not guilt itself could quench this loveliest one!

## XIII

He paused a moment—till his hastening men  
Pass'd the first winding downward to the glen.  
'Strange tidings!—many a peril have I pass'd,  
Nor know I why this next appears the last!  
Yet so my heart forebodes, but must not fear,  
Nor shall my followers find me falter here.  
'Tis rash to meet, but surer death to wait  
Till here they hunt us to undoubted fate;  
And, if my plan but hold, and Fortune smile,  
We'll furnish mourners for our funeral pile.  
Ay, let them slumber—peaceful be their dreams!  
Morn ne'er awoke them with such brilliant beams  
As kindle high to-night (but blow, thou breeze!)  
To warm these slow avengers of the seas.

Now to Medora—Oh! my sinking heart,  
Long may her own be lighter than thou art!  
Yet was I brave—mean boast where all are brave!  
Ev'n insects sting for aught they seek to save.  
This common courage which with brutes we share,  
That owes its deadliest efforts to despair,  
Small merit claims—but 'twas my nobler hope  
To teach my few with numbers still to cope;  
Long have I led them—not to vainly bleed:  
No medium now—we perish or succeed;  
So let it be—it irks not me to die;  
But thus to urge them whence they cannot fly.  
My lot hath long had little of my care,  
But chafes my pride thus baffled in the snare:  
Is this my skill? my craft? to set at last  
Hope, power, and life upon a single cast?  
Oh, Fate!—accuse thy folly, not thy fate!  
She may redeem thee still, nor yet too late.'

## XIV

Thus with himself communion held he, till  
He reach'd the summit of his tower-crown'd hill:  
There at the portal paused—for wild and soft  
He heard those accents never heard too oft;  
Through the high lattice far yet sweet they rung,  
And these the notes his bird of beauty sung:

### 1

'Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells,  
Lonely and lost to light for evermore,  
Save when to thine my heart responsive swells,  
Then trembles into silence as before.

### 2

'There, in its centre, a sepulchral lamp  
Burns the slow flame, eternal, but unseen;  
Which not the darkness of despair can damp,  
Though vain its ray as it had never been.

### 3

'Remember me—Oh! pass not thou my grave  
Without one thought whose relics there recline:  
The only pang my bosom dare not brave  
Must be to find forgetfulness in thine.

'My fondest, faintest, latest accents  
 hear—  
 Grief for the dead not virtue can re-  
 prove; 360  
 Then give me all I ever ask'd—a tear,  
 The first—last—sole reward of so much  
 love!'

He pass'd the portal, cross'd the corridor,  
 And reach'd the chamber as the strain  
 gave o'er:

'My own Medora! sure thy song is  
 sad—' 365

'In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have  
 it glad?

Without thine ear to listen to my lay,  
 Still must my song my thoughts, my soul  
 betray:

Still must each action to my bosom suit,  
 My heart unhush'd, although my lips were  
 mute! 370

Oh! many a night on this lone couch re-  
 clined,

My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd  
 the wind,

And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd  
 thy sail

The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;  
 Though soft, it seem'd the low prophetic  
 dirge, 375

That mourn'd thee floating on the savage  
 surge;

Still would I rise to rouse the beacon fire,  
 Lest spies less true should let the blaze  
 expire;

And many a restless hour outwatch'd each  
 star,

And morning came—and still thou wert  
 afar. 380

Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom  
 blew,

And day broke dreary on my troubled  
 view,

And still I gazed and gazed—and not a  
 prow

Was granted to my tears, my truth, my  
 vow!

At length 'twas noon—I hail'd and blest  
 the mast 385

That met my sight—it near'd—Alas! it  
 pass'd!

Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at  
 last!

Would that those days were over! wilt  
 thou ne'er,

My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to  
 share?

Sure thou hast more than wealth, and  
 many a home 390

As bright as this invites us not to roam:  
 Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,  
 I only tremble when thou art not here;

Then not for mine, but that far dearer  
 life,  
 Which flies from love and languishes for  
 strife— 395  
 How strange that heart, to me so tender  
 still,  
 Should war with nature and its better  
 will!

'Yea, strange indeed—that heart hath  
 long been changed;

Worm-like 'twas trampled, adder-like  
 avenged,

Without one hope on earth beyond thy  
 love, 400

And scarce a glimpse of mercy from above.  
 Yet the same feeling which thou dost con-  
 demn,

My very love to thee is hate to them,  
 So closely mingling here, that disen-  
 twined,

I cease to love thee when I love mankind:  
 Yet dread not this—the proof of all the  
 past 406

Assures the future that my love will last;  
 But—oh, Medora! nerve thy gentler heart;

This hour again—but not for long—we  
 part. 410

'This hour we part—my heart forebode  
 this:

Thus ever fade my fairy dreams of bliss.  
 This hour—it cannot be—this hour  
 away! 416

Yon bark hath hardly anchor'd in the  
 bay:

Her consort still is absent, and her crew  
 Have need of rest before they toil anew:

My love! thou mock'st my weakness; and  
 wouldst steel 416

My breast before the time when it must feel;  
 But trifle now no more with my mistress,

Such mirth hath less of play than bitter-  
 ness.

Be silent, Conrad!—dearest! come and  
 share 420

The feast these hands delighted to pre-  
 pare;

Light toil! to cull and dress thy frugal fare!  
 See, I have pluck'd the fruit that promised  
 best,

And where not sure, perplex'd, but pleased,  
 I guess'd

At such as seem'd the fairest; thrice the  
 hill 425

My steps have wound to try the coolest  
 rill;

Yes! thy sherbet to-night will sweetly flow,  
 See how it sparkles in its vase of snow!

The grapes' gay juice thy bosom never  
 cheers;

Thou more than Moslem when the cup  
 appears: 430

Think not I mean to chide—for I rejoice  
 What others deem a penance is thy choice.

# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO I

But come, the board is spread; our silver  
 lamp  
 Is trimm'd, and heeds not the sirocco's  
 damp:  
 Then shall my handmaids while the time  
 along,  
 And join with me the dance, or wake the  
 song;  
 Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to  
 hear,  
 Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex  
 thine ear,  
 We'll turn the tale, by Ariosto told,  
 Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.  
 Why, thou wert worse than he who broke  
 his vow  
 To that lost damsel, shouldst thou leave  
 me now;  
 Or even that traitor chief—I've seen thee  
 smile,  
 When the clear sky show'd Ariadne's  
 Isle,  
 Which I have pointed from these cliffs the  
 while:  
 And thus half sportive, half in fear, I  
 said,  
 Lest time should raise that doubt to more  
 than dread,  
 Thus Conrad, too, will quit me for the  
 main;  
 And he deceived me—for he came again!  
 'Again, again—and oft again—my love!  
 If there be life below, and hope above,  
 He will return—but now, the moments  
 bring  
 The time of parting with redoubled wing:  
 The why, the where—what boots it now  
 to tell?  
 Since all must end in that wild word—  
 farewell!  
 Yet would I fain—did time allow—dis-  
 close—  
 Fear not—these are no formidable foes;  
 And here shall watch a more than wonted  
 guard,  
 For sudden siege and long defence pre-  
 pared:  
 Nor be thou lonely, though thy lord's  
 away,  
 Our matrons and thy handmaids with  
 thee stay;  
 And this thy comfort—that, when next  
 we meet,  
 Security shall make repose more sweet.  
 List!—'tis the bugle!'—Juan shrilly  
 blew—  
 'One kiss—one more—another—Oh!  
 Adieu!'  
 She rose—she sprang—she clung to his  
 embrace,  
 Till his heart heaved beneath her hidden  
 face:

He dared not raise to his that deep-blue  
 eye,  
 Which downcast droop'd in tearless  
 agony.  
 Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his  
 arms,  
 In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms;  
 Scarce beat that bosom where his image  
 dwelt  
 So full—that feeling seem'd almost un-  
 felt!  
 Hark—peals the thunder of the signal-  
 gun!  
 It told 'twas sunset, and he cursed that  
 sun.  
 Again—again—that form he madly  
 press'd,  
 Which mutely clasp'd, imploringly car-  
 ess'd!  
 And tottering to the couch his bride he  
 bore,  
 One moment gazed, as if to gaze no more;  
 Felt that for him earth held but her  
 alone,  
 Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Con-  
 rad gone?

XV

'And is he gone?' on sudden solitude  
 How oft that fearful question will intrude!  
 'Twas but an instant past, and here he  
 stood!  
 And now—without the portal's porch  
 she rush'd,  
 And then at length her tears in freedom  
 gush'd;  
 Big, bright, and fast, unknown to her they  
 fell;  
 But still her lips refused to send—'Fare-  
 well!'  
 For in that word—that fatal word—how-  
 e'er  
 We promise, hope, believe, there breathes  
 despair.  
 O'er every feature of that still, pale face,  
 Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er  
 erase:  
 The tender blue of that large loving eye  
 Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy,  
 Till—Oh, how far!—it caught a glimpse  
 of him,  
 And then it flow'd, and phrensied seem'd  
 to swim,  
 Through those long, dark, and glistening  
 lashes dew'd  
 With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.  
 'He's gone!'—against her heart that  
 hand is driven,  
 Convulsed and quick—then gently raised  
 to heaven:  
 She look'd and saw the heaving of the  
 main;  
 The white sail set—she dared not look  
 again;

But turn'd with sickening soul within the  
gate—  
'It is no dream—and I am desolate!'

## XVI

From crag to crag descending, swiftly sped  
Stern Conrad down, nor once he turn'd  
his head; 506  
But shrunk when'er the windings of his way  
Forced on his eye what he would not  
survey,

His lone but lovely dwelling on the steep,  
That hail'd him first when homeward from  
the deep: 510

And she—the dim and melancholy star,  
Whose ray of beauty reach'd him from  
afar,

On her he must not gaze, he must not think,  
There he might rest—but on Destruction's  
brink:

Yet once almost he stopp'd, and nearly  
gave 515

His fate to chance, his projects to the wave:  
But no—it must not be—a worthy chief  
May melt, but not betray to woman's  
grief.

He sees his bark, he notes how fair the  
wind, 519

And sternly gathers all his might of mind:  
Again he hurries on—and as he hears  
The clang of tumult vibrate on his ears,  
The busy sounds, the bustle of the shore,  
The shout, the signal, and the dashing oar;  
As marks his eye the seaway on the mast,  
The anchors rise, the sails unfurling fast,  
The waving kerchiefs of the crowd that  
urge

That mute adieu to those who stem the  
surge;

And more than all, his blood-red flag aloft,  
He marvell'd how his heart could seem so  
soft. 530

Fire in his glance, and wildness in his  
breast,

He feels of all his former self possess;  
He bounds—he flies—until his footsteps  
reach

The verge where ends the cliff, begins the  
beach,

There checks his speed; but pauses less to  
breathe 535

The breezy freshness of the deep beneath,  
Than there his wonted statelier step renew;  
Nor rush, disturb'd by haste, to vulgar  
view:

For well had Conrad learn'd to curb the  
crowd,

By arts that veil, and oft preserve the proud;  
His was the lofty port, the distant mien,  
That seems to shun the sight—and awes if  
seen: 542

The solemn aspect, and the high-born eye,  
That checks low mirth, but lacks not  
courtesy;

All these he wielded to command assent:  
But where he wish'd to win, so well unbent,  
That kindness cancell'd fear in those who  
heard, 547

And others' gifts show'd mean beside his  
word,

When echo'd to the heart as from his own  
His deep yet tender melody of tone:

But such was foreign to his wonted mood,  
He cared not what he soften'd, but sub-  
dued: 552

The evil passions of his youth had made  
Him value less who loved—than what  
obey'd.

## XVII

Around him mustering ranged his ready  
guard, 555

Before him Juan stands—'Are all pre-  
pared?'

'They are—nay more—embark'd: the  
latest boat

Waits but my Chief—'

'My sword, and my capote.'

Soon firmly girded on, and lightly slung,  
His belt and cloak were o'er his shoulders  
flung: 560

'Call Pedro here!' He comes—and Con-  
rad bends,

With all the courtesy he deign'd his friends;  
'Receive these tablets, and peruse with  
care,

Words of high trust and truth are graven  
there;

Double the guard, and when Anselmo's  
bark 565

Arrives, let him alike these orders mark:  
In three days (serve the breeze) the sun

shall shine  
On our return—till then all peace be  
thine!'

This said, his brother Pirate's hand he  
wrung,

Then to his boat with haughty gesture  
sprung. 570

Flash'd the dipt oars, and sparkling with  
the stroke,

Around the waves' phosphoric brightness  
broke;

They gain the vessel—on the deck he  
stands,—

Shrieks the shrill whistle, ply the busy  
hands—

He marks how well the ship her helm  
obeys, 575

How gallant all her crew, and deigns to  
praise.

His eyes of pride to young Gonsalvo  
turn—

Why doth he start, and inly seem to  
mourn?

Alas! those eyes beheld his rocky tower  
And live a moment o'er the parting hour;



# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO I

She—his Medora—did she mark the  
prow? <sup>581</sup>

Ah! never loved he half so much as now!  
But much must yet be done ere dawn of  
day—

Again he mans himself and turns away;  
Down to the cabin with Gonsalvo bends,  
And there unfolds his plan, his means, and  
ends; <sup>586</sup>

Before them burns the lamp, and spreads  
the chart,  
And all that speaks and aids the naval art;  
They to the midnight watch protract de-  
bate;

To anxious eyes what hour is ever late?  
Meantime, the steady breeze serenely  
blew, <sup>591</sup>

And fast and falcon-like the vessel flew;  
Pass'd the high headlands of each cluster-  
ing isle,

To gain their port—long—long ere morn-  
ing smile:

And soon the night-glass through the  
nar-ow bay <sup>595</sup>

Discovers where the Pacha's galleys lay.  
Count they each sail, and mark how there  
supine

The lights in vain o'er heedless Moslem  
shine.

Secure, unnoted, Conrad's prow pass'd by,  
And anchor'd where his ambush meant  
to lie; <sup>600</sup>

Screen'd from espial by the jutting cape,  
That rears on high its rude fantastic shape,  
Then rose his band to duty—not from  
sleep—

Equipp'd for deeds alike on land or deep;  
While lean'd their leader o'er the fretting  
flood, <sup>605</sup>

And calmly talk'd—and yet he talk'd of  
blood!

## CANTO THE SECOND

\*Conoscete i dubiosi desiri?—DANTE

I

IN Coron's bay floats many a galley light,  
Through Coron's lattices the lamps are  
bright,

For Seyd, the Pacha, makes a feast-to-night:  
A feast for promised triumph yet to come,  
When he shall drag the fetter'd Rovers  
home; <sup>5</sup>

This hath he sworn by Allah and his sword,  
And faithful to his firman and his word,  
His summon'd prows collect along the coast,  
And great the gathering crews, and loud  
the boast;

Already shared the captives and the prize,  
Though far the distant foe they thus  
despise; <sup>11</sup>

'Tis but to sail—no doubt to-morrow's Sun  
Will see the Pirates bound, their haven  
won!

Meantime the watch may slumber, if they  
will,

Nor only wake to war, but dreaming kill.  
Though all, who can, disperse on shore  
and seek <sup>16</sup>

To flesh their glowing valour on the Greek;  
How well such deed becomes the turban'd  
brave—

To bare the sabre's edge before a slave!  
Infest his dwelling—but forbear to slay,  
Their arms are strong, yet merciful to-day,  
And do not deign to smite because they  
may! <sup>22</sup>

Unless some gay caprice suggests the blow,  
To keep in practice for the coming foe,  
Revel and rout the evening hours beguile,  
And they who wish to wear a head must  
smile; <sup>26</sup>

For Moslem mouths produce their choicest  
cheer,

And hoard their curses, till the coast is  
clear.

II

High in his hall reclines the turban'd Seyd;  
Around—the bearded chiefs he came to  
lead. <sup>30</sup>

Removed the banquet, and the last pilaff—  
Forbidden draughts, 'tis said, he dared to  
quaff,

Though to the rest the sober berry's juice  
The slaves bear round for rigid Moslems'  
use;

The long chibouque's dissolving cloud  
supply, <sup>35</sup>

While dance the Almas to wild minstrelsy.  
The rising morn will view the chiefs em-  
bark;

But waves are somewhat treacherous in  
the dark:

And revellers may more securely sleep  
On silken couch than o'er the rugged deep:  
Feast there who can—nor combat till they  
must, <sup>41</sup>

And less to conquest than to Korans trust:  
And yet the numbers crowded in his host  
Might warrant more than even the Pacha's  
boast.

III

With cautious reverence from the outer  
gate <sup>45</sup>

Slow stalks the slave, whose office there to  
wait,

Bows his bent head, his hand salutes the  
floor,

Ere yet his tongue the trusted tidings bore:  
'A captive Dervise, from the Pirate's nest  
Escaped, is here—himself would tell the  
rest.' <sup>50</sup>

He took the sign from Seyd's assenting eye,  
And led the holy man in silence nigh.  
His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,  
His step was feeble, and his look deprest;

Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than  
 years, 55  
 And pale his cheek with penance, not from  
 fears.  
 Vow'd to his God—his sable locks he  
 wore,  
 And these his lofty cap rose proudly o'er:  
 Around his form his loose long robe was  
 thrown,  
 And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven  
 alone; 60  
 Submissive, yet with self-possession  
 mann'd,  
 He calmly met the curious eyes that  
 scann'd;  
 And question of his coming fain would  
 seek,  
 Before the Pacha's will allow'd to speak.

## IV

'Whence com'st thou, Dervise?'  
 'From the outlaw's den, 65  
 A fugitive—'  
 'Thy capture where and when?'  
 'From Scalanovo's port to Scio's isle,  
 The Saick was bound; but Allah did not  
 smile  
 Upon our course—the Moslem mer-  
 chant's gains  
 The Rovers won; our limbs have worn  
 their chains. 70  
 I had no death to fear, nor wealth to boast,  
 Beyond the wandering freedom which I  
 lost;  
 At length a fisher's humble boat by night  
 Afforded hope, and offer'd chance of  
 flight;  
 I seized the hour, and find my safety  
 here— 75  
 With thee—most mighty Pacha! who can  
 fear?'

'How speed the outlaws? stand they well  
 prepared,  
 Their plunder'd wealth, and robber's rock,  
 to guard?  
 Dream they of this our preparation,  
 doom'd  
 To view with fire their scorpion nest con-  
 sumed?' 80

'Pacha! the fetter'd captive's mourning eye,  
 that weeps for flight, but ill can play the  
 spy;  
 I only heard the reckless waters roar,  
 Those waves that would not bear me from  
 the shore; 84  
 I only mark'd the glorious sun and sky,  
 Too bright, too blue, for my captivity;  
 And felt that all which Freedom's bosom  
 cheers,  
 Must break my chain before it dried my  
 tears.

This may'st thou judge, at least, from my  
 escape,  
 They little deem of aught in peril's shape;  
 Else vainly had I pray'd or sought the  
 chance 91  
 That leads me here—if eyed with vigilance:  
 The careless guard that did not see me fly  
 May watch as idly when thy power is nigh.  
 Pacha! my limbs are faint—and nature  
 craves 95  
 Food for my hunger, rest from tossing  
 waves:  
 Permit my absence—peace be with thee!  
 Peace  
 With all around!—now grant repose—  
 release.'

'Stay, Dervise! I have more to question—  
 stay,  
 I do command thee—sit—dost hear?—  
 obey! 100  
 More I must ask, and food the slaves shall  
 bring;  
 Thou shalt not pine where all are han-  
 queting:  
 The supper done—prepare thee to reply,  
 Clearly and full—I love not mystery.'  
 'Twere vain to guess what shook the pious  
 man, 105  
 Who look'd not lovingly on that Divan;  
 Nor show'd high relish for the banquet  
 prest,  
 And less respect for every fellow guest.  
 'Twas but a moment's peevish hectic pass'd  
 Along his cheek, and tranquillised as fast:  
 He sate him down in silence, and his look  
 Resumed the calmness which before for-  
 sook: 112  
 The feast was usher'd in, but sumptuous fare  
 He shunn'd as if some poison mingled  
 there.  
 For one so long condemn'd to toil and  
 fast, 115  
 Methinks he strangely spares the rich re-  
 past.

'What ails thee, Dervise? eat—dost thou  
 suppose  
 This feast a Christian's? or my friends thy  
 foes?  
 Why dost thou shun the salt? that sacred  
 pledge,  
 Which, once partaken, blunts the sabre's  
 edge, 120  
 Makes ev'n contending tribes in peace  
 unite,  
 And hated hosts seem brethren to the  
 sight!'

'Salt seasons dainties—and my food is still  
 The humblest root, my drink the simplest  
 rill;  
 And my stern vow and order's laws oppose  
 To break or mingle bread with friends or  
 foes; 126

## THE CORSAIR

[CANTO II

It may seem strange—if there be aught to  
dread,

That peril rests upon my single head;  
But for thy sway—nay more—thy Sultan's  
throne,

I taste nor bread nor banquet—save alone;  
Infringed our order's rule, the Prophet's  
rage<sup>131</sup>

To Mecca's dome might bar my pil-  
grimage.'

'Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—  
One question answer; then in peace de-  
part.

How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?  
What star—what sun is bursting on the  
bay?<sup>136</sup>

It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!  
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!  
The galleys feed the flames!—and I afar!

Accursed Dervise!—these thy tidings—  
thou<sup>140</sup>

Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—  
slay him now!

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of  
light,

Nor less his change of form appall'd the  
sight:

Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,  
But like a warrior bounding on his barb,  
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe  
away—<sup>146</sup>

Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his  
sabre's ray!

His close but glittering casque, and sable  
plume,

More glittering eye, and black brow's  
sabler gloom,

Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit  
sprite,<sup>150</sup>

Whose demon death-blow left no hope for  
fight.

The wild confusion, and the swarthy glow  
Of flames on high, and torches from be-  
low;

The shriek of terror, and the mingling  
yell—

For swords began to clash, and shouts to  
swell—<sup>155</sup>

Flung o'er that spot of earth the air of hell!  
Distracted, to and fro, the flying slaves

Behold but bloody shore and fiery waves;  
Nought heeded they the Pacha's angry cry,

They seize that Dervise!—seize on Za-  
tanai!<sup>160</sup>

He saw their terror—check'd the first  
despair

That urged him but to stand and perish  
there,

Since far too early and too well obey'd,  
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;

He saw their terror—from his baldric  
drew<sup>165</sup>

His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly  
blew;

'Tis answered—'Well ye speed, my gallant  
crew!

Why did I doubt their quickness of career?  
And deem design had left me single here?'

Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirl-  
ing sway<sup>170</sup>

Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;  
Completes his fury what their fear begun,

And makes the many basely quail to one.  
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber  
spread,

And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its  
head:<sup>175</sup>

Even Seyd, convulsed, o'erwhelm'd, with  
rage, surprise,

Retreats before him, though he still defies.  
No craven he—and yet he dreads the blow,

So much Confusion magnifies his foe!  
His blazing galleys still distract his sight,

He tore his beard, and foaming fled the  
fight;<sup>181</sup>

For now the pirates pass'd the Haram gate,  
And burst within—and it were death to  
wait;

Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneel-  
ing throws

The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'er-  
flows!<sup>185</sup>

The Corsairs pouring, haste to where  
within

Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din  
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,

Proclaim'd how well he did the work of  
strife.

They shout to find him grim and lonely  
there,<sup>190</sup>

A glutted tiger mangling in his lair!  
But short their greeting, shorter his reply—

'Tis well—but Seyd escapes, and he must  
die—

Much hath been done, but more remains  
to do—

Their galleys blaze—why not their city  
too?'<sup>195</sup>

v

Quick at the word they seized him each a  
torch,

And fire the dome from minaret to porch.  
A stern delight was fix'd in Conrad's eye,

But sudden sunk—for on his ear the cry  
Of women struck, and like a deadly knell

Knock'd at that heart unmoved by battle's  
yell.<sup>201</sup>

'Oh! burst the Haram—wrong not on  
your lives

One female form—remember—we have  
wives.

On them such outrage Vengeance will repay;  
Man is our foe, and such 'tis ours to slay;

But still we spared—must spare the weaker  
prey.<sup>206</sup>

Oh! I forgot—but Heaven will not forgive  
 If at my word the helpless cease to live;  
 Follow who will—I go—we yet have time  
 Our souls to lighten of at least a crime.  
 He climbs the crackling stair, he bursts the  
 door, 211  
 Nor feels his feet glow scorching with the  
 floor;  
 His breath choked gasping with the vol-  
 umed smoke,  
 But still from room to room his way he  
 broke.  
 They search—they find—they save: with  
 lusty arms 215  
 Each bears a prize of unregarded charms;  
 Calm their loud fears; sustain their sinking  
 frames  
 With all the care defenceless beauty  
 claims:  
 So well could Conrad tame their fiercest  
 mood,  
 And check the very hands with gore im-  
 brued. 220  
 But who is she? whom Conrad's arms  
 convey  
 From reeking pile and combat's wreck  
 away—  
 Who but the love of him he dooms to  
 bleed?  
 The Haram queen—but still the slave of  
 Seyd!

## VI

Brief time had Conrad now to greet  
 Gulnare, 225  
 Few words to re-assure the trembling fair;  
 For in that pause compassion snatch'd  
 from war,  
 The foe before retiring, fast and far,  
 With wonder saw their footsteps unpur-  
 sued,  
 First slowlier fled—then rallied—then  
 withstood. 230  
 This Seyd perceives, then first perceives  
 how few,  
 Compared with his, the Corsair's roving  
 crew,  
 And blushes o'er his error, as he eyes  
 The ruin wrought by panic and surprise.  
 Alla il Alla! Vengeance swells the cry—  
 Shame mounts to rage that must atone or  
 die! 236  
 And flame for flame and blood for blood  
 must tell,  
 The tide of triumph ebbs that flow'd too  
 well—  
 When wrath returns to renovated strife,  
 And those who fought for conquest strike  
 for life. 240  
 Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld  
 His followers faint by freshening foes re-  
 pell'd:  
 'One effort—one—to break the circling  
 host!'

They form—unite—charge—waver—all  
 is lost!  
 Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,  
 Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle  
 yet— 246  
 Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,  
 Hemm'd in, cut off, cleft down, and tram-  
 pled o'er,  
 But each strikes singly, silently, and home,  
 And sinks outwearied rather than o'er-  
 come, 250  
 His last faint quittance rendering with his  
 breath,  
 Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of  
 death!

## VII

But first, ere came the rallying host to  
 blows,  
 And rank to rank, and hand to hand  
 oppose,  
 Gulnare and all her Haram handmaids  
 freed, 255  
 Safe in the dome of one who held their  
 creed,  
 By Conrad's mandate safely were be-  
 stow'd,  
 And dried those tears for life and fame that  
 flow'd:  
 And when that dark-eyed lady, young  
 Gulnare,  
 Recall'd those thoughts late wandering in  
 despair, 260  
 Much did she marvel o'er the courtesy  
 That smooth'd his accents; soften'd in his  
 eye:  
 'Twas strange—that robber thus with gore  
 bedew'd  
 Seem'd gentler then than Seyd in fondest  
 mood.  
 The Pacha woo'd as if he deem'd the slave  
 Must seem delighted with the heart he  
 gave; 266  
 The Corsair vow'd protection, soothed af-  
 fright,  
 As if his homage were a woman's right.  
 'The wish is wrong—nay, worse for fe-  
 male—vain: 269  
 Yet much I long to view that chief again;  
 If but to thank for, what my fear forgot,  
 The life my loving lord remember'd not!'

## VIII

And him she saw, where thickest carnage  
 spread,  
 But gather'd breathing from the happier  
 dead;  
 Far from his band, and battling with a  
 host 275  
 That deem'd right dearly won the field he lost,  
 Fell'd—bleeding—baffled of the death he  
 sought,  
 And snatch'd to expiate all the ills he  
 wrought;

# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO II

Preserved to linger and to live in vain,  
While Vengeance ponder'd o'er new plans  
of pain,<sup>280</sup>  
And stanch'd the blood she saves to shed  
again—  
But drop for drop, for Seyd's unglutted  
eye  
Would doom him ever dying—ne'er to  
die!  
Can this be he? triumphant late she saw,  
When his red hand's wild gesture waved  
a law!<sup>285</sup>  
'Tis he indeed—disarm'd but undeprest,  
His sole regret the life he still possess;  
His wounds too slight, though taken with  
that will,

Which would have kiss'd the hand that  
then could kill.  
Oh were there none, of all the many given,  
To send his soul—he scarcely ask'd to  
heaven?<sup>291</sup>  
Must he alone of all retain his breath,  
Who more than all had striven and struck  
for death?  
He deeply felt—what mortal hearts must  
feel,  
When thus reversed on faithless fortune's  
wheel,<sup>295</sup>  
For crimes committed, and the victor's  
threat  
Of lingering tortures to repay the debt—  
He deeply, darkly felt; but evil pride  
That led to perpetrate, now serves to  
hide.  
Still in his stern and self-collected mien  
A conqueror's more than captive's air is  
seen,<sup>301</sup>  
Though faint with wasting toil and stiffen-  
ing wound,  
But few that saw—so calmly gazed  
around:  
Though the far shouting of the distant  
crowd,<sup>304</sup>  
Their tremors o'er, rose insolently loud,  
The better warriors who beheld him near,  
Insulted not the foe who taught them fear;  
And the grim guards that to his durance  
led,  
In silence eyed him with a secret dread.

## IX

The Leech was sent—but not in mercy—  
there,<sup>310</sup>  
To note how much the life yet left could  
bear;  
He found enough to load with heaviest  
chain,  
And promise feeling for the wrench of  
pain;  
To-morrow—yea—to-morrow's evening  
sun  
Will sinking see impalement's pangs  
begun,<sup>315</sup>  
And rising with the wonted blush of morn

Behold how well or ill those pangs are  
borne.  
Of torments this the longest and the worst,  
Which adds all other agony to thirst,  
That day by day death still forbears to  
slake,<sup>320</sup>  
While famish'd vultures flit around the  
stake.  
'Oh! water—water!'—smiling Hate  
denies  
The victim's prayer, for if he drinks he  
dies.  
This was his doom;—the Leech, the guard  
were gone,  
And left proud Conrad fetter'd and alone.

## X

'Twere vain to paint to what his feelings  
grew—<sup>326</sup>  
It even were doubtful if their victim knew.  
There is a war, a chaos of the mind,  
When all its elements convulsed, com-  
bined,  
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,  
And gnashing with impenitent Remorse—  
That juggling fiend, who never spake  
before,<sup>332</sup>  
But cries 'I warn'd thee!' when the deed  
is o'er.  
Vain voice! the spirit burning but unbent,  
May writhe, rebel—the weak alone repent!  
Even in that lonely hour when most it  
feels,<sup>336</sup>  
And, to itself, all, all that self reveals,—  
No single passion, and no ruling thought  
That leaves the rest, as once, unseen, un-  
sought,  
But the wild prospect when the soul re-  
views,<sup>340</sup>  
All rushing through their thousand  
avenues—  
Ambition's dreams expiring, love's regret,  
Endanger'd glory, life itself beset;  
The joy untasted, the contempt or hate  
'Gainst those who fain would triumph in  
our fate;<sup>345</sup>  
The hopeless past, the hasting future  
driven  
Too quickly on to guess of hell or heaven;  
Deeds, thoughts, and words, perhaps re-  
member'd not  
So keenly till that hour, but ne'er forgot;  
Things light or lovely in their acted time,  
But now to stern reflection each a crime;  
The withering sense of evil unreveal'd,  
Not cankering less because the more con-  
ceal'd—<sup>353</sup>  
All, in a word, from which all eyes must  
start.  
That opening sepulchre—the naked heart  
Bares with its buried woes, till Pride  
awake,<sup>356</sup>  
To snatch the mirror from the soul—and  
break.

Ay, Pride can veil, and Courage brave it  
all—  
All—all—before—beyond—the deadliest  
fall.

Each hath some fear, and he who least  
betrays, 360

The only hypocrite deserving praise:  
Not the loud recreant wretch who boasts  
and flies;

But he who looks on death—and silent dies.  
So steel'd by pondering o'er his far career,  
He half-way meets him should he menace  
near! 365

## XI

In the high chamber of his highest tower  
Sate Conrad, fetter'd in the Pacha's power.  
His palace perish'd in the flame—this fort  
Contain'd at once his captive and his  
court.

Not much could Conrad of his sentence  
blame, 370

His foe, if vanquish'd, had but shared the  
same:—

Alone he sate—in solitude had scann'd  
His guilty bosom, but that breast he  
mann'd:

One thought alone he could not—dared  
not meet—

'Oh, how these tidings will Medora greet?'  
Then—only then—his clanking hands he  
raised, 376

And strain'd with rage the chain on which  
he gazed;

But soon he found, or feign'd, or dream'd  
relief,

And smiled in self-derision of his grief,  
'And now come torture when it will—or  
may, 380

More need of rest to nerve me for the day!'  
This said, with languor to his mat he crept,  
And, whatsoe'er his visions, quickly slept.

'Twas hardly midnight when that fray  
began,

For Conrad's plans matured, at once were  
done: 385

And Havoc loathes so much the waste of  
time,

She scarce had left an uncommitted crime.  
One hour beheld him since the tide he  
stemm'd—

Disguised, discover'd, conquering, ta'en,  
condemn'd— 389

A chief on land, an outlaw on the deep—  
Destroying, saving, prison'd, and asleep!

## XII

He slept in calmest seeming, for his breath  
Was hush'd so deep—Ah! happy if in  
death!

He slept—Who o'er his placid slumber  
bends?

His foes are gone, and here he hath no  
friends; 395

Is it some seraph sent to grant him grace?  
No, 'tis an earthly form with heavenly  
face!

Its white arm raised a lamp—yet gently hid,  
Lest the ray flash abruptly on the lid

Of that closed eye, which opens but to  
pain, 400

And once unclosed—but once may close  
again.

That form, with eye so dark, and cheek so  
fair,

And auburn waves of gemm'd and braided  
hair;

With shape of fairy lightness—naked foot,  
That shines like snow, and falls on earth as  
mute— 405

Through guards and dunest night how  
came it there?

Ah! rather ask what will not woman dare?  
Whom youth and pity lead like thee,  
Gulnare!

She could not sleep—and while the  
Pacha's rest

In muttering dreams yet saw his pirate-  
guest, 410

She left his side—his signet-ring she bore,  
Which oft in sport adorn'd her hand  
before—

And with it, scarcely question'd, won her  
way

Through drowsy guards that must that  
sign obey.

Worn out with toil, and tired with chang-  
ing blows, 415

Their eyes had envied Conrad his repose;  
And chill and nodding at the turret door,

They stretch their listless limbs, and watch  
no more;

Just raised their heads to hail the signet-  
ring,

Nor ask or what or who the sign may  
bring. 420

## XIII

She gazed in wonder, 'Can he calmly sleep,  
While other eyes his fall or ravage weep?

And mine in restlessness are wandering  
here—

What sudden spell hath made this man so  
dear?

True—'tis to him my life, and more, I owe,  
And me and mine he spared from worse  
than woe: 426

'Tis late to think—but soft, his slumber  
breaks—

How heavily he sighs!—he starts—  
awakes!

He raised his head, and dazzled with the  
light,

His eye seem'd dubious if it saw aright:  
He moved his hand—the grating of his  
chain 431

Too harshly told him that he lived again.

# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO II

'What is that form? if not a shape of air,  
Methinks, my jailor's face shows wondrous fair!'

'Pirate! thou know'st me not—but I am  
one, 435  
Grateful for deeds thou hast too rarely  
done;

Look on me—and remember her, thy hand  
Snatch'd from the flames, and thy more  
fearful band.

I come through darkness—and I scarce  
know why—

Yet not to hurt—I would not see thee die.'

'If so, kind lady! thine the only eye 441  
That would not here in that gay hope delight:

Theirs is the chance—and let them use  
their right.

But still I thank their courtesy or thine,  
That would confess me at so fair a shrine!'  
Strange though it seem—yet with extreme  
grief 446

Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—  
That playfulness of Sorrow ne'er beguiles,  
And smiles in bitterness—but still it  
smiles;

And sometimes with the wisest and the  
best, 450

Till even the scaffold echoes with their  
jest!

Yet not the joy to which it seems akin—  
It may deceive all hearts, save that within.  
Whate'er it was that flash'd on Conrad,  
now

A laughing wildness half unbent his brow  
And these his accents had a sound of  
mirth, 456

As if the last he could enjoy on earth;  
Yet 'gainst his nature—for through that  
short life,

Few thoughts had he to spare from gloom  
and strife.

XIV

'Corsair! thy doom is named—but I have  
power 460

To soothe the Pacha in his weaker hour.  
Thee would I spare—nay more—would  
save thee now,

But this—time—hope—nor even thy  
strength allow;

But all I can, I will: at least, delay

The sentence that remits thee scarce a day.  
More now were ruin—even thyself were  
loth 466

The vain attempt should bring but doom  
to both.'

'Yes! loth indeed:—my soul is nerved to  
all,

Or fall'n too low to fear a further fall:  
Tempt not thyself with peril—me with  
hope 470

Of flight from foes with whom I could not  
cope:

Unfit to vanquish, shall I meanly fly,  
The one of all my band that would not die?  
Yet there is one to whom my memory  
clings,

Till to these eyes her own wild softness  
springs. 475

My sole resources in the path I trod  
Were these—my bark, my sword, my love,  
my God!

The last I left in youth!—he leaves me  
now—

And Man but works his will to lay me low.  
I have no thought to mock his throne with  
prayer 480

Wrung from the coward crouching of  
despair;

It is enough—I breathe, and I can bear.  
My sword is shaken from the worthless  
hand

That might have better kept so true a  
brand;

My bark is sunk or captive—but my  
love— 485

For her in sooth my voice would mount  
above:

Oh! she is all that still to earth can bind—  
And this will break a heart so more than  
kind,

And blight a form—till thine appear'd,  
Gulnare!

Mine eye ne'er ask'd if others were as  
fair.' 490

'Thou lov'st another then?—but what to  
me

Is this—'tis nothing—nothing e'er can be:  
But yet—thou lov'st—and—Oh! I envy  
those

Whose hearts on hearts as faithful can  
repose,

Who never feel the void—the wandering  
thought 495

That sighs o'er visions—such as mine hath  
wrought.'

'Lady, methought thy love was his, for  
whom

This arm redeem'd thee from a fiery tomb.'

'My love stern Seyd's! Oh—No—No—  
not my love—

Yet much this heart, that strives no more,  
once strove 500

To meet his passion—but it would not be.  
I felt—I feel—love dwells with—with the  
free.

I am a slave, a favour'd slave at best,  
To share his splendour, and seem very  
blest!

Oft must my soul the question undergo,  
Of—'Dost thou love?' and burn to  
answer, 'No!'  
506

Oh! hard it is that fondness to sustain,  
And struggle not to feel averse in vain;  
But harder still the heart's recoil to bear,  
And hide from one—perhaps another  
there.

He takes the hand I give not, nor withhold—<sup>510</sup>

Its pulse nor check'd, nor quicken'd—  
calmly cold:

And when resign'd, it drops a lifeless  
weight

From one I never loved enough to hate.  
No warmth these lips return by his im-  
prest,

And chill'd remembrance shudders o'er  
the rest.

Yes—had I ever proved that passion's zeal,  
The change to hatred were at least to feel:  
But still he goes unmourn'd, returns un-  
sought,

And oft when present—absent from my  
thought.

Or when reflection comes—and come it  
must—

I fear that henceforth 'twill but bring dis-  
gust;

I am his slave—but, in despite of pride,  
'Twere worse than bondage to become his  
bride.

Oh! that this dotage of his breast would  
cease:

Or seek another and give mine release,  
But yesterday—I could have said, to  
peace!

Yes, if unwonted fondness now I feign,  
Remember, captive! 'tis to break thy chain;  
Repay the life that to thy hand I owe; <sup>530</sup>  
To give thee back to all endear'd below,  
Who share such love as I can never know.  
Farewell, morn breaks, and I must now  
away:

'Twill cost me dear—but dread no death  
to-day!'

## xv

She press'd his fetter'd fingers to her heart,  
And bow'd her head, and turn'd her to de-  
part,

And noiseless as a lovely dream is gone.  
And was she here? and is he now alone?  
What gem hath dropp'd and sparkles o'er  
his chain?

The tear most sacred, shed for others'  
pain,

That starts at once—bright—pure—from  
Pity's mine,

Already polish'd by the hand divine!

Oh! too convincing—dangerously dear—  
In woman's eye the unanswerable tear!  
That weapon of her weakness she can  
wield,

To save, subdue—at once her spear and  
shield:

Avoid it—Virtue ebbs and Wisdom errs,  
Too fondly gazing on that grief of hers!  
What lost a world, and bade a hero fly?  
The timid tear in Cleopatra's eye. <sup>550</sup>  
Yet be the soft triumvir's fault forgiven;  
By this—how many lose not earth—but  
heaven!

Consign their souls to man's eternal foe,  
And seal their own to spare some wanton's  
woe!

## xvi

'Tis morn, and o'er his alter'd features  
play

The beams—without the hope of yester-  
day.

What shall he be ere night? perchance a  
thing

O'er which the raven flaps her funeral  
wing,

By his closed eye unheeded and unfelt;  
While sets that sun, and dews of evening  
melt,

Chill, wet, and misty round each stiffen'd  
limb,

Refreshing earth—reviving all but him!

## CANTO THE THIRD

'Come vedi—ancor non m'abbandona.'—DANTE.

## I

SLOW sinks, more lovely ere his race be run,  
Along Morea's hills the setting sun;

Not, as in Northern climes, obscurely  
bright,

But one unclouded blaze of living light!  
O'er the hush'd deep the yellow beam he  
throws,

Gilds the green wave, that trembles as it  
glows.

On old Ægina's rock and Idra's isle,  
The god of gladness sheds his parting  
smile;

O'er his own regions lingering, loves to  
shine,

Though there his altars are no more  
divine.

Descending fast the mountain shadows  
kiss

Thy glorious gulf, unconquer'd Salamis!  
Their azure arches through the long ex-  
panse

More deeply purpled meet his mellowing  
glance,

And tenderest tints, along their summits  
driven,

Mark his gay course, and own the hues of  
heaven;

Till, darkly shaded from the land and deep,  
Behind his Delphian cliff he sinks to sleep.

On such an eve, his palest beam he cast,  
When—Athens! here thy Wisest look'd  
his last.



# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO III

How watch'd thy better sons his farewell  
ray,  
That closed their murder'd sage's latest  
day!

Not yet—not yet—Sol pauses on the hill—  
The precious hour of parting lingers still;  
But sad his light to agonising eyes, 25  
And dark the mountain's once delightful  
dyes:

Gloom o'er the lovely land he seem'd to  
pour,  
The land, where Phœbus never frown'd  
before;

But ere he sank below Cithæron's head,  
The cup of woe was quaff'd—the spirit  
fled; 30

The soul of him who scorn'd to fear or fly—  
Who lived and died, as none can live or die!

But lo! from high Hymettus to the plain,  
The queen of night asserts her silent reign.  
No murky vapour, herald of the storm,  
Hides her fair face, nor girds her glowing  
form; 36

With cornice glimmering as the moon-  
beams play,  
There the white column greets her grateful  
ray,

And, bright around with quivering beams  
beset,  
Her emblem sparkles o'er the minaret:  
The groves of olive scatter'd dark and  
wide 41

Where meek Cephissus pours his scanty  
tide,

The cypress saddening by the sacred  
mosque,

The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk,  
And, dun and sombre 'mid the holy calm,  
Near Theseus' fane yon solitary palm, 46

All tinged with varied hues arrest the  
eye—

And dull were his that pass'd them heed-  
less by,

Again the Ægean, heard no more afar,  
Lulls his chafed breast from elemental  
war; 50

Again his waves in milder tints unfold  
Their long array of sapphire and of gold,  
Mix'd with the shades of many a distant  
isle,

That frown—where gentler ocean seems  
to smile.

## II

Not now my theme—why turn my thoughts  
to thee? 55

Oh! who can look along thy native sea,  
Nor dwell upon thy name, whate'er the  
tale,

So much its magic must o'er all prevail?  
Who that beheld that Sun upon thee set,  
Fair Athens! could thine evening face for-  
get? 60

Not he—whose heart nor time nor dis-  
tance frees,

Spell-bound within the clustering Cy-  
clades!

Nor seems this homage foreign to its  
strain,

His Corsair's isle was once thine own do-  
main—

Would that with freedom it were thine  
again! 65

## III

The Sun hath sunk—and, darker than the  
night,

Sinks with its beam upon the beacon  
height

Medora's heart—the third day's come and  
gone—

With it he comes not—sends not—faith-  
less one!

The wind was fair though light; and storms  
were none. 70

Last eve Anselmo's bark return'd, and  
yet

His only tidings that they had not met!  
Though wild, as now, far different were  
the tale

Had Conrad waited for that single sail.

The night-breeze freshens—she that day  
had pass'd 75

In watching all that Hope proclaim'd a  
mast;

Sadly she sate on high—Impatience bore  
At last her footsteps to the midnight shore,

And there she wander'd, heedless of the  
spray

That dash'd her garments oft, and warn'd  
away: 80

She saw not, felt not this—nor dared de-  
part,

Nor deem'd it cold—her chill was at her  
heart;

Till grew such certainty from that sus-  
pense—

His very sight had shock'd from life or  
sense! 84

It came at last—a sad and shatter'd boat,  
Whose inmates first beheld whom first  
they sought;

Some bleeding—all most wretched—these  
the few—

Scarce knew they how escaped—*this* all  
they knew.

In silence, darkling, each appear'd to wait  
His fellow's mournful guess at Conrad's  
fate: 90

Something they would have said; but  
seem'd to fear

To trust their accents to Medora's ear.  
She saw at once, yet sunk not—trembled  
not—

Beneath that grief, that loneliness of lot;

Within that meek fair form were feelings  
 high,  
 That deem'd not, till they found, their  
 energy.

While yet was Hope they soften'd, flutter'd,  
 wept—

All lost—that softness died not—but it  
 slept;

And o'er its slumber rose that Strength  
 which said,

'With nothing left to love, there's nought  
 to dread.'

'Tis more than nature's; like the burning  
 might

Delirium gathers from the fever's height.

'Silent you stand—nor would I hear you  
 tell

What—speak not—breathe not—for I  
 know it well—

Yet would I ask—almost my lip denies  
 The—quick your answer—tell me where  
 he lies.'

'Lady! we know not—scarce with life we  
 fled;

But here is one denies that he is dead:  
 He saw him bound: and bleeding—but  
 alive.'

She heard no further—'twas in vain to  
 strive—

So throb'd each vein—each thought—  
 till then withstood;

Her own dark soul—these words at once  
 subdued:

She totters—falls—and senseless had the  
 wave

Perchance but snatched her from another  
 grave,

But that with hands though rude, yet  
 weeping eyes,

They yield such aid as Pity's haste supplies:  
 Dash o'er her deathlike cheek the ocean dew,

Raise, fan, sustain—till life returns anew;  
 Awake her handmaids, with the matrons  
 leave

That fainting form o'er which they gaze  
 and grieve;

Then seek Anselmo's cavern, to report  
 The tale too tedious—when the triumph  
 short.

## IV

In that wild council words wax'd warm  
 and strange

With thoughts of ransom, rescue, and re-  
 venge;

All, save repose or flight: still lingering  
 there

Breathed Conrad's spirit, and forbade  
 despair;

Whate'er his fate—the breasts he form'd  
 and led

Will save him living, or appease him dead.

Woe to his foes! there yet survive a few,  
 Whose deeds are daring, as their hearts  
 are true.

## V

Within the Haram's secret chamber sate  
 Stern Seyd, still pondering o'er his Cap-  
 tive's fate;

His thoughts on love and hate alternate  
 dwell,

Now with Gulnare, and now in Conrad's  
 cell;

Here at his feet the lovely slave reclined  
 Surveys his brow—would soothe his gloom  
 of mind;

While many an anxious glance her large  
 dark eye

Sends in its idle search for sympathy,  
 His only bends in seeming o'er his beads,

But inly views his victim as he bleeds.  
 'Pacha! the day is thine; and on thy crest  
 Sits Triumph—Conrad taken—fall'n the  
 rest!

His doom is fix'd—he dies; and well his  
 fate

Was earn'd—yet much too worthless for  
 thy hate:

Methinks, a short release, for ransom  
 told

With all his treasure, not unwisely sold;  
 Report speaks largely of his pirate-  
 hoard—

Would that of this my Pacha were the  
 lord!

While baffled, weaken'd by this fatal  
 fray—

Watch'd—follow'd—he were then an  
 easier prey;

But once cut off—the remnant of his band  
 Embark their wealth, and seek a safer  
 strand.'

'Gulnare!—if for each drop of blood a  
 gem

Were offer'd rich as Stamboul's diadem;  
 If for each hair of his a massy mine

Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;  
 If all our Arab tales divulge or dream

Of wealth were here—that gold should not  
 redeem!

It had not now redeem'd a single hour,  
 But that I know him fetter'd, in my power;

And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still  
 On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill.'

'Nay, Seyd! I seek not to restrain thy  
 rage,

Too justly moved for mercy to assuage;  
 My thoughts were only to secure for thee  
 His riches—thus released, he were not free:

Disabled, shorn of half his might and  
 band,

His capture could but wait thy first com-  
 mand.'

# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO III

'His capture *could*!—and shall I then  
resign

One day to him—the wretch already mine?  
Release my foe!—at whose remonstrance?  
—thine! 171

Fair suitor!—to thy virtuous gratitude,  
That thus repays this Giaour's relenting  
mood,

Which thee and thine alone of all could  
spare,

No doubt—regardless if the prize were  
fair, 175

My thanks and praise alike are due—now  
hear!

I have a counsel for thy gentler ear:  
I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word  
Of thine stamps truth on all Suspicion  
heard.

Borne in his arms through fire from yon  
Serai— 180

Say, wert thou lingering there with him  
to fly?

Thou need'st not answer—thy confession  
speaks,

Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks;  
Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and be-  
ware! 184

'Tis not *his* life alone may claim such care!  
Another word and—nay—I need no more.

Accused was the moment when he bore  
Thee from the flames, which better far—  
but no—

I then had mourn'd thee with a lover's  
woe—

Now 'tis thy lord that warns—deceitful  
thing! 190

Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton  
wing?

In words alone I am not wont to chafe:  
Look to thyself, nor deem thy falsehood  
safe!

He rose—and slowly, sternly thence with-  
drew,

Rage in his eye and threats in his adieu:  
Ah! little reck'd that chief of woman-  
hood— 196

Which frowns ne'er quell'd, nor menaces  
subdued;

And little deem'd he what thy heart, Gul-  
nare!

When soft could feel, and when incensed  
could dare.

His doubts appear'd to wrong—nor yet  
she knew 200

How deep the root from whence com-  
passion grew—

She was a slave—from such may captives  
claim

A fellow-feeling, differing but in name;  
Still half unconscious—heedless of his  
wrath,

Again she ventured on the dangerous  
path, 205

Again his rage repell'd—until arose  
That strife of thought, the source of  
woman's woes!

VI

Meanwhile, long, anxious, weary, still the  
same

Roll'd day and night: his soul could terror  
tame—

This fearful interval of doubt and dread,  
When every hour might doom him worse  
than dead, 211

When every step that echo'd by the gate,  
Might entering lead where axe and stake  
await;

When every voice that grated on his ear  
Might be the last that he could ever hear;  
Could terror tame—that spirit stern and  
high 216

Had proved unwilling as unfit to die;  
'Twas worn—perhaps decay'd—yet silent  
bore

That conflict, deadlier far than all before:  
The heat of fight, the hurry of the gale,  
Leave scarce one thought inert enough to  
quail; 221

But bound and fix'd in fetter'd solitude,  
To pine, the prey of every changing mood;  
To gaze on thine own heart; and meditate  
Irrevocable faults, and coming fate—  
Too late the last to shun—the first to  
mend— 226

To count the hours that struggle to thine  
end,

With not a friend to animate, and tell  
To other ears that death became thee well;  
Around thee foes to forge the ready lie,  
And blot life's latest scene with calumny;  
Before thee tortures, which the soul can  
dare.

Yet doubts how well the shrinking flesh  
may bear;

But deeply feels a single cry would shame—  
To valour's praise thy last and dearest  
claim; 235

The life thou leav'st below, denied above  
By kind monopolists of heavenly love;  
And more than doubtful paradise—thy  
heaven

Of earthly hope—thy loved one from thee  
riven.

Such were the thoughts that outlaw must  
sustain, 240

And govern pangs surpassing mortal pain:  
And those sustain'd he—boots it well or  
ill?

Since not to sink beneath, is something  
still!

VII

The first day pass'd—he saw not her—  
Gulnare—

The second, third—and still she came not  
there; 245

But what her words avouch'd, her charms  
had done,  
Or else he had not seen another sun.  
The fourth day roll'd along, and with the  
night

Came storm and darkness in their ming-  
ling night. <sup>249</sup>

Oh! how he listen'd to the rushing deep,  
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;  
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,  
Roused by the roar of his own element!  
Oft had he ridden on that winged wave,  
And loved its roughness for the speed it  
gave; <sup>255</sup>

And now its dashing echo'd on his ear,  
A long known voice—alas! too vainly near!  
Loud sung the wind above; and, doubly  
loud,

Shook o'er his turret cell the thunder-  
cloud;

And flash'd the lightning by the latticed  
bar, <sup>260</sup>

To him more genial than the midnight star:  
Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd  
his chain;

And hoped *that* peril might not prove in  
vain.

He raised his iron hand to Heaven, and  
pray'd

One pitying flash to mar the form it made:  
His steel and impious prayer attract  
alike— <sup>266</sup>

The storm roll'd onward, and disdain'd to  
strike;

Its peal wax'd fainter—ceased—he felt  
alone,

As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his  
groan!

## VIII

The midnight pass'd, and to the massy  
door <sup>270</sup>

A light step came—it paused—it moved  
once more;

Slow turns the grating bolt and sullen key:  
'Tis as her heart foreboded—that fair she!  
Whate'er her sins, to him a guardian saint,  
And beauteous still as hermit's hope can  
paint; <sup>275</sup>

Yet changed since last within that cell she  
came,

More pale her cheek, more tremulous her  
frame:

On him she cast her dark and hurried eye,  
Which spoke before her accents—"Thou  
must die!

Yes, thou must die—there is but one  
resource, <sup>280</sup>

The last—the worst—if torture were not  
worse.'

'Lady! I look to none; my lips proclaim  
What last proclaim'd they—Conrad still  
the same:

Why shouldst thou seek an outlaw's life to  
spare,

And change the sentence I deserve to bear?  
Well have I earn'd—nor here alone—the  
meed <sup>286</sup>

Of Seyd's revenge, by many a lawless  
deed.'

'Why should I seek? because—Oh! didst  
thou not

Redeem my life from worse than slavery's  
lot?

Why should I seek?—hath misery made  
thee blind <sup>290</sup>

To the fond workings of a woman's mind?  
And must I say?—albeit my heart rebel

With all that woman feels, but should not  
tell—

Because, despite thy crimes, that heart is  
moved:

It fear'd thee, thank'd thee, pitied, mad-  
den'd, loved. <sup>295</sup>

Reply not, tell not now thy tale again,  
Thou lov'st another, and I love in vain:

Though fond as mine her bosom, form  
more fair,

I rush through peril which she would not  
dare.

If that thy heart to hers were truly dear,  
Were I thine own thou wert not lonely  
here: <sup>301</sup>

An outlaw's spouse and leave her lord to  
roam!

What hath such gentle dame to do with  
home?

But speak not now—o'er thine and o'er  
my head

Hangs the keen sabre by a single thread;  
If thou hast courage still, and wouldst be  
free, <sup>306</sup>

Receive this poniard—rise and follow me!

'Ay—in my chains! my steps will gently  
tread,

With these adornments, o'er each slumber-  
ing head! <sup>309</sup>

Thou hast forgot—is this a garb for fight?  
Or is that instrument more fit for fight?'

'Misdoubting Corsair! I have gain'd the  
guard,

Ripe for revolt, and greedy for reward.

A single word of mine removes that chain:  
Without some aid how here could I re-  
main? <sup>315</sup>

Well, since we met, hath sped my busy  
time,

If in aught evil, for thy sake the crime:

The crime—'tis none to punish those of  
Seyd.

That hated tyrant, Conrad—he must  
bleed!

I see thee shudder, but my soul is changed—  
Wrong'd, spurn'd, reviled, and it shall be  
avenged— <sup>321</sup>

## THE CORSAIR

[CANTO III

Accused of what till now my heart dis-  
dain'd—

Too faithful, though to bitter bondage  
chain'd.

Yes, smile!—but he had little cause to  
sneer,

I was not treacherous then, nor thou too  
dear:

But he has said it—and the jealous well—  
Those tyrants, teasing, tempting to rebel—  
Deserve the fate their fretting lips foretell.  
I never loved—he bought me—somewhat  
high—

Since with me came a heart he could not  
buy.

I was a slave unmurmuring; he hath said,  
But for his rescue I with thee had fled.

'Twas false thou know'st—but let such  
augurs rue,

Their words are omens insult renders true.  
Nor was thy respite granted to my prayer;

This fleeting grace was only to prepare  
New torments for thy life, and my despair.

Mine too he threatens; but his dotage still  
Would fain reserve me for his lordly will:

When wearier of these fleeting charms and  
me,

There yawns the sack, and yonder rolls the  
sea!

What, am I then a toy for dotard's play,  
To wear but till the gilding frets away?

I saw thee—loved thee—owe thee all—  
would save,

If but to show how grateful is a slave.  
But had he not thus menaced fame and  
life—

(And well he keeps his oaths pronounced  
in strife)—

I still had saved thee, but the Pacha spared.  
Now I am all thine own, for all prepared:

Thou lov'st me not, nor know'st—or but  
the worst.

Alas! *this* love—that hatred—are the  
first—

Oh! couldst thou prove my truth, thou  
wouldest not start,

Nor fear the fire that lights an Eastern heart;  
'Tis now the beacon of thy safety—now

It points within the port a Mainote prow:  
But in one chamber, where our path must  
lead,

There sleeps—he must not wake—the op-  
pressor Seyd!

'Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now  
My abject fortune, wither'd fame so low:

Seyd is mine enemy; had swept my band  
From earth with ruthless but with open  
hand,

And therefore came I, in my bark of war,  
To smite the smiter with the scimitar;

Such is my weapon—not the secret knife;  
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's  
life.

Thine saved I gladly, Lady—not for this;  
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.  
Now fare thee well—more peace be with  
thy breast!

Night wears apace, my last of earthly  
rest!

'Rest! rest! by sunrise must thy sinews  
shake,

And thy limbs writhe around the ready  
stake.

I heard the order—saw—I will not see—  
If thou wilt perish, I will fall with thee.

My life, my love, my hatred—all below  
Are on this cast—Corsair! 'tis but a blow!

Without it flight were idle—how evade  
His sure pursuit?—my wrongs too un-  
repaid,

My youth disgraced, the long, long wasted  
years,

One blow shall cancel with our future  
fears;

But since the dagger suits thee less than  
brand,

I'll try the firmness of a female hand.  
The guards are gain'd—one moment all  
were o'er—

Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;  
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud

Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my  
shroud.'

### IX

She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could re-  
ply,

But his glance follow'd far with eager eye;  
And gathering, as he could, the links that  
bound

His form, to curl their length, and curb  
their sound,

Since bar and bolt no more his steps pre-  
clude,

He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.  
'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not  
where

That passage led; nor lamp nor guard was  
there:

He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek  
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak?

Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems  
to bear

Full on his brow, as if from morning air;  
He reach'd an open gallery—on his eye

Gleam'd the last star of night, the clearing  
sky:

Yet scarcely heeded these—another light  
From a lone chamber struck upon his  
sight.

Towards it he moved; a scarcely closing  
door

Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.  
With hasty step a figure outward pass'd,

Then paused, and turn'd—and paused—  
'tis she at last!

No poniard in that hand, nor sign of ill—  
‘Thanks to that softening heart—she  
could not kill!’

Again he look’d, the wildness of her eye  
Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.  
She stopp’d—threw back her dark far-  
floating hair, <sup>410</sup>

That nearly veil’d her face and bosom fair,  
As if she late had bent her leaning head  
Above some object of her doubt or dread.  
They meet—upon her brow—unknown,  
forgot—

Her hurrying hand had left—’twas but a  
spot— <sup>415</sup>

Its hue was all he saw, and scarce with-  
stood—

Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—  
’tis blood!

## x

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone  
O’er promised pangs to sentenced guilt  
foreshown;

He had been tempted, chasten’d, and the  
chain <sup>420</sup>

Yet on his arms might ever there remain:  
But ne’er from strife, captivity, remorse—  
From all his feelings in their inmost  
force—

So thrill’d, so shudder’d every creeping  
vein,

As now they froze before that purple stain.  
That spot of blood, that light but guilty  
streak, <sup>426</sup>

Had banish’d all the beauty from her  
cheek!

Blood he had view’d, could view un-  
moved—but then

It flow’d in combat, or was shed by men!

## xi

‘Tis done—he nearly waked—but it is  
done. <sup>430</sup>

Corsair! he perish’d—thou art dearly won.  
All ways would now be vain—away—  
away!

Our bark is tossing—’tis already day.  
The few gain’d over, now are wholly mine,  
And these thy yet surviving band shall  
join: <sup>435</sup>

Anon my voice shall vindicate my hand,  
When once our sail forsakes this hated  
strand.’

## xii

She clapp’d her hands, and through the  
gallery pour,

Equipp’d for flight, her vassals—Greek  
and Moor;

Silent but quick they stoop, his chains un-  
bind; <sup>440</sup>

Once more his limbs are free as mountain  
wind!

But on his heavy heart such sadness sate,  
As if they there transferr’d that iron  
weight.

No words are utter’d—at her sign, a door  
Reveals the secret passage to the shore:

The city lies behind—they speed, they  
reach <sup>446</sup>

The glad waves dancing on the yellow  
beach;

And Conrad following, at her beck, obey’d,  
Nor cared he now if rescued or betray’d;

Resistance were as useless as if Seyd  
Yet lived to view the doom his ire decreed.

## xiii

Embark’d, the sail unfurl’d, the light  
breeze blew—

How much had Conrad’s memory to re-  
view!

Sunk he in contemplation, till the cape  
Where last he anchor’d rear’d its giant  
shape. <sup>455</sup>

Ah! since that fatal night, though brief the  
time,

Had swept an age of terror, grief, and  
crime.

As its far shadow frown’d above the mast,  
He veil’d his face, and sorrow’d as he  
pass’d;

He thought of all—Gonsalvo and his  
band, <sup>460</sup>

His fleeting triumph and his failing hand;  
He thought on her afar, his lonely bride:

He turn’d and saw—Gulnare, the homi-  
cide!

## xiv

She watch’d his features till she could not  
bear <sup>464</sup>

Their freezing aspect and averted air;  
And that strange fierceness, foreign to her  
eye,

Fell quench’d in tears, too late to shed or  
dry.

She knelt beside him and his hand she  
press’d,

‘Thou may’st forgive, though Allah’s self  
detest;

But for that deed of darkness what wert  
thou? <sup>470</sup>

Reproach me—but not yet—Oh! spare me  
now!

I am not what I seem—this fearful night  
My brain bewilder’d—do not madden  
quite!

If I had never loved, though less my guilt,  
Thou hadst not lived to—hate me—if thou  
wilt. <sup>475</sup>

## xv

She wrongs his thoughts, they more him-  
self upbraid

Than her, though undesign’d, the wretch  
he made;

## THE CORSAIR

[CANTO III

But speechless all, deep, dark, and unexpressed,  
They bleed within that silent cell—their breast.

Still onward, fair the breeze, nor rough the surge,<sup>480</sup>

The blue waves sport around the stern they urge;

Far on the horizon's verge appears a speck,  
A spot—a mast—a sail—an armed deck!  
Their little bark her men of watch descried,  
And ampler canvas woos the wind from high;<sup>485</sup>

She bears her down majestically near,  
Speed on her prow, and terror in her tier;  
A flash is seen—the ball beyond their bow  
Booms harmless, hissing to the deep below.<sup>489</sup>

Uprose keen Conrad from his silent trance,  
A long, long absent gladness in his glance;  
'Tis mine—my blood-red flag! again—again—

I am not all deserted on the main!  
They own the signal, answer to the hail,  
Hoist out the boat at once, and slacken sail.<sup>495</sup>

'Tis Conrad! Conrad!' shouting from the deck,  
Command nor duty could their transport check!

With light alacrity and gaze of pride,  
They view him mount once more his vessel's side;

A smile relaxing in each rugged face,<sup>500</sup>  
Their arms can scarce forbear a rough embrace.

He, half forgetting danger and defeat,  
Returns their greeting as a chief may greet,  
Wrings with a cordial grasp Anselmo's hand,

And feels he yet can conquer and command!<sup>505</sup>

XVI

These greetings o'er, the feelings that o'erflow,

Yet grieve to win him back without a blow;

They sail'd prepared for vengeance—had they known

A woman's hand secured that deed her own,

She were their queen—less scrupulous are they<sup>510</sup>

Than haughty Conrad how they win their way.

With many an asking smile, and wondering stare,

They whisper round, and gaze upon Gulnare;

And her—at once above—beneath her sex,

Whom blood appall'd not, their regards perplex.<sup>515</sup>

To Conrad turns her faint imploring eye,  
She drops her veil, and stands in silence by;

Her arms are meekly folded on that breast,  
Which—Conrad safe—to fate resign'd the rest.

Though worse than frenzy could that bosom fill,<sup>520</sup>

Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,  
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!

XVII

This Conrad mark'd, and felt—ah! could he less?—

Hate of that deed, but grief for her distress;

What she has done no tears can wash away,<sup>525</sup>

And Heaven must punish on its angry day:

But—it was done: he knew, whate'er her guilt,

For him that poniard smote, that blood was spilt;

And he was free! and she for him had given

Her all on earth, and more than all in heaven!<sup>530</sup>

And now he turn'd him to that dark-eyed slave

Whose brow was bow'd beneath the glance he gave,

Who now seem'd changed and humbled, faint and meek,

But varying oft the colour of her cheek  
To deeper shades of paleness—all its red<sup>535</sup>

That fearful spot which stain'd it from the dead!

He took that hand—it trembled—now too late—

So soft in love, so wildly nerved in hate;  
He clasp'd that hand—it trembled—and his own

Had lost its firmness, and his voice its tone.<sup>540</sup>

'Gulnare!'—but she replied not—'dear Gulnare!'

She raised her eye—her only answer there—

At once she sought and sunk in his embrace:

If he had driven her from that resting-place,

His had been more or less than mortal heart,<sup>545</sup>

But—good or ill—it bade her not depart.

Perchance, but for the bodings of his breast,

His latest virtue then had join'd the rest.  
Yet even Medora might forgive the kiss

That ask'd from form so fair no more than this,<sup>550</sup>

The first, the last that Frailty stole from  
Faith—  
To lips where Love had lavish'd all his  
breath,  
To lips—whose broken sighs such frag-  
rance fling,  
As he had fann'd them freshly with his  
wing!

## XVIII

They gain by twilight's hour their lonely  
isle.  
To them the very rocks appear to smile;  
The haven hums with many a cheering  
sound,  
The beacons blaze their wonted stations  
round,  
The boats are darting o'er the curly bay,  
And sportive dolphins bend them through  
the spray;  
Even the hoarse sea-bird's shrill, dis-  
cordant shriek  
Greets like the welcome of his tuneless  
beak!  
Beneath each lamp that through its lattice  
gleams,  
Their fancy paints the friends that trim  
the beams.  
Oh! what can sanctify the joys of home,  
Like Hope's gay glance from Ocean's  
troubled foam?

## XIX

The lights are high on beacon and from  
bower,  
And 'midst them Conrad seeks Medora's  
tower:  
He looks in vain—'tis strange—and all  
remark,  
Amid so many, hers alone is dark.  
'Tis strange—of yore its welcome never  
fail'd,  
Nor now, perchance, extinguish'd, only  
veil'd.  
With the first boat descends he for the  
shore,  
And looks impatient on the lingering oar.  
Oh! for a wing beyond the falcon's flight,  
To bear him like an arrow to that height!  
With the first pause the resting rowers  
gave,  
He waits not, looks not—leaps into the  
wave,  
Strives through the surge, bestrides the  
beach, and high  
Ascends the path familiar to his eye.  
He reach'd his turret door—he paused—  
no sound  
Broke from within; and all was night  
around.  
He knock'd, and loudly—footstep nor  
reply  
Announced that any heard or deem'd him  
nigh;

He knock'd, but faintly—for his trembling  
hand  
Refused to aid his heavy heart's demand.  
The portal opens—'tis a well-known face,  
But not the form he panted to embrace.  
Its lips are silent—twice his own essay'd,  
And fail'd to frame the question they  
delay'd;  
He snatch'd the lamp—its light will answer  
all—

It quits his grasp, expiring in the fall.  
He would not wait for that reviving ray—  
As soon could he have linger'd there for  
day;  
But, glimmering through the dusky cor-  
ridor,  
Another chequers o'er the shadow'd floor;  
His steps the chamber gain—his eyes be-  
hold  
All that his heart believed not—yet fore-  
told!

## XX

He turn'd not—spoke not—sunk not—  
fix'd his look,  
And set the anxious frame that lately  
shook:  
He gazed—how long we gaze despite of  
pain,  
And know, but dare not own, we gaze in  
vain!  
In life itself she was so still and fair,  
That death with gentler aspect wither'd  
there;  
And the cold flowers her colder hand con-  
tain'd,  
In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd  
As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,  
And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
The long dark lashes fringed her lids of  
snow,  
And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that  
lurk'd below—  
Oh! o'er the eye Death most exerts his  
might,  
And hurls the spirit from her throne of  
light;  
Sinks those blue orbs in that long last  
eclipse,  
But spares, as yet, the charm around her  
lips—  
Yet, yet they seem as they forbore to  
smile,  
And wish'd repose,—but only for a while;  
But the white shroud, and each extended  
tress,  
Long, fair—but spread in utter lifeless-  
ness,  
Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to  
bind;  
These—and the pale pure cheek, became  
the bier—  
But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?



# THE CORSAIR

[CANTO III

XXI

He ask'd no question—all were answer'd  
 now  
 By the first glance on that still, marble  
 brow.  
 It was enough—she died—what reck'd it  
 how? 625  
 The love of youth, the hope of better  
 years,  
 The source of softest wishes, tenderest  
 fears,  
 The only living thing he could not hate,  
 Was reft at once—and he deserved his  
 fate,  
 But did not feel it less;—the good ex-  
 plore, 630  
 For peace, those realms where guilt can  
 never soar:  
 The proud, the wayward—who have fix'd  
 below  
 Their joy, and find this earth enough for  
 woe,  
 Lose in that one their all—perchance a  
 mite—  
 But who in patience parts with all de-  
 light? 635  
 Full many a stoic eye and aspect stern  
 Mask hearts where grief hath little left to  
 learn;  
 And many a withering thought lies hid,  
 not lost,  
 In smiles that least befit who wear them  
 most. 639

XXII

By those, that deepest feel, is ill exprest  
 The indistinctness of the suffering breast;  
 Where thousand thoughts begin to end in  
 one,  
 Which seeks from all the refuge found in  
 none;  
 No words suffice the secret soul to show,  
 For Truth denies all eloquence to Woe.  
 On Conrad's stricken soul exhaustion  
 prest, 646  
 And stupor almost lull'd it into rest;  
 So feeble now—his mother's softness crept  
 To those wild eyes, which like an infant's  
 wept:  
 It was the very weakness of his brain,  
 Which thus confess'd without relieving  
 pain. 651  
 None saw his trickling tears—perchance,  
 if seen,  
 That useless flood of grief had never been:  
 Nor long they flow'd—he dried them to  
 depart,  
 In helpless—hopeless—brokenness of  
 heart: 655  
 The sun goes forth, but Conrad's day is  
 dim;  
 And the night cometh—ne'er to pass from  
 him.

There is no darkness like the cloud of  
 mind,  
 On Grief's vain eye—the blindest of the  
 blind!  
 Which may not—dare not see—but turns  
 aside 660  
 To blackest shade—nor will endure a  
 guide!

XXIII

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd  
 to wrong;  
 Betray'd too early, and beguiled too long;  
 Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping  
 dew  
 Within the grot—like that had harden'd  
 too; 665  
 Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials  
 pass'd,  
 But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.  
 Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves  
 the rock;  
 If such his heart, so shatter'd it the  
 shock.  
 There grew one flower beneath its rugged  
 brow, 670  
 Though dark the shade—it shelter'd—  
 saved till now.  
 The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted  
 both,  
 The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's  
 growth:  
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell  
 Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it  
 fell; 675  
 And of its cold protector, blacken round  
 But shiver'd fragments on the barren  
 ground!

XXIV

'Tis morn—to venture on his lonely  
 hour  
 Few dare; though now Anselmo sought  
 his tower.  
 He was not there, nor seen along the  
 shore; 680  
 Ere night, alarm'd, their isle is traversed  
 o'er:  
 Another morn—another bids them seek,  
 And shout his name till echo waxeth  
 weak;  
 Mount, grotto, cavern, valley search'd in  
 vain,  
 They find on shore a sea-boat's broken  
 chain: 685  
 Their hope revives—they follow o'er the  
 main.  
 'Tis idle all—moons roll on moons away,  
 And Conrad comes not, came not since  
 that day:  
 Nor trace, nor tidings of his doom de-  
 clare  
 Where lives his grief, or perish'd his  
 despair! 690

Long mourn'd his band whom none could  
 mourn beside;  
 And fair the monument they gave his  
 bride:  
 For him they raise not the recording  
 stone—

His death yet dubious, deeds too widely  
 known;  
 He left a Corsair's name to other  
 times,  
 Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand  
 crimes.

## LARA

## CANTO THE FIRST

## I

THE Serfs are glad through Lara's wide  
 domain,  
 And Slavery half forgets her feudal chain;  
 He, their unhop'd, but unforgotten lord,  
 The long self-exiled chieftain, is restored:  
 There be bright faces in the busy hall, 5  
 Bowls on the board, and banners on the  
 wall;  
 Far checking o'er the pictured window,  
 plays  
 The unwonted faggot's hospitable blaze;  
 And gay retainers gather round the  
 hearth,  
 With tongues all loudness, and with eyes  
 all mirth. 10

## II

The chief of Lara is returned again:  
 And why had Lara cross'd the bounding  
 main?  
 Left by his sire, too young such loss to  
 know,  
 Lord of himself,—that heritage of woe,  
 That fearful empire which the human  
 breast 15  
 But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—  
 With none to check, and few to point in  
 time  
 The thousand paths that slope the way to  
 crime;  
 Then, when he most required command-  
 ment, then  
 Had Lara's daring boyhood govern'd  
 men. 20  
 It skills not, boots not step by step to  
 trace  
 His youth through all the mazes of its  
 race;  
 Short was the course his restlessness had  
 run,  
 But long enough to leave him half undone.

## III

And Lara left in youth his father-land;  
 But from the hour he waved his parting  
 hand 26  
 Each trace wax'd fainter of his course, till  
 all  
 Had nearly ceased his memory to recall.

His sire was dust, his vassals could de-  
 clare,  
 'Twas all they knew, that Lara was not  
 there; 30  
 Nor sent, nor came he, till conjecture  
 grew  
 Cold in the many, anxious in the few.  
 His hall scarce echoes with his wonted  
 name,  
 His portrait darkens in its fading frame,  
 Another chief consoled his destined bride,  
 The young forgot him, and the old had  
 died; 36  
 'Yet doth he live!' exclaims the impatient  
 heir,  
 And sighs for sables which he must not  
 wear.  
 A hundred scutcheons deck with gloomy  
 grace  
 The Laras' last and longest dwelling-  
 place; 40  
 But one is absent from the mouldering  
 file,  
 That now were welcome in that Gothic  
 pile.

## IV

He comes at last in sudden loneliness,  
 And whence they know not, why they  
 need not guess;  
 They more might marvel, when the greet-  
 ing's o'er, 45  
 Not that he came, but came not long  
 before:  
 No train is his beyond a single page,  
 Of foreign aspect, and of tender age.  
 Years had roll'd on, and fast they speed  
 away  
 To those that wander as to those that  
 stay; 50  
 But lack of tidings from another clime  
 Had lent a flagging wing to weary Time.  
 They see, they recognise, yet almost deem  
 The present dubious, or the past a dream.

He lives, nor yet is past his manhood's  
 prime. 55  
 Though scar'd by toil, and something  
 touch'd by time;  
 His faults, whate'er they were, if scarce  
 forgot,  
 Might be untaught him by his varied lot;

Nor good nor ill of late were known, his  
name

Might yet uphold his patrimonial fame;  
His soul in youth was haughty, but his  
sins

No more than pleasure from the stripling  
wins;

And such, if not yet harden'd in their  
course,

Might be redeem'd, nor ask a long re-  
morse.

## v

And they indeed were changed—'tis  
quickly seen,

Whate'er he be, 'twas not what he had  
been:

That brow in furrow'd lines had fix'd at  
last,

And spake of passions, but of passion  
past:

The pride, but not the fire, of early days,  
Coldness of mien, and carelessness of  
praise;

A high demeanour, and a glance that took  
Their thoughts from others by a single  
look;

And that sarcastic levity of tongue,  
The stinging of a heart the world hath  
stung,

That darts in seeming playfulness around,  
And makes those feel that will not own  
the wound;

All these seem'd his, and something more  
beneath

Than glance could well reveal, or accent  
breathe.

Ambition, glory, love, the common aim,  
That some can conquer, and that all would  
claim,

Within his breast appear'd no more to  
strive,

Yet seem'd as lately they had been alive;  
And some deep feeling it were vain to  
trace

At moments lighten'd o'er his livid face.

## vi

Not much he loved long question of the  
past,

Nor told of wondrous wilds, and deserts  
vast,

In those far lands where he had wander'd  
lone,

And—as himself would have it seem—un-  
known;

Yet these in vain his eye could scarcely  
scan,

Nor glean experience from his fellow  
man;

But what he had beheld he shunn'd to  
show,

As hardly worth a stranger's care to  
know;

know;

know;

know;

If still more prying such inquiry grew,  
His brow fell darker, and his words more  
few.

## vii

Not unrejoiced to see him once again,  
Warm was his welcome to the haunts of  
men;

Born of high lineage, link'd in high com-  
mand,

He mingled with the magnates of his land;  
Join'd the carousals of the great and  
gay,

And saw them smile or sigh their hours  
away;

But still he only saw, and did not share,  
The common pleasure or the general care;

He did not follow what they all pursued  
With hope still baffled, still to be renew'd;

Nor shadowy honour, nor substantial  
gain,

Nor beauty's preference, and the rival's  
pain;

Around him some mysterious circle  
thrown

Repell'd approach, and show'd him still  
alone;

Upon his eye sat something of reproof,  
That kept at least frivolity aloof;

And things more timid that beheld him  
near

In silence gazed, or whisper'd mutual fear;  
And they the wiser, friendlier few con-  
fess'd

They deem'd him better than his air ex-  
press'd.

## viii

'Twas strange—in youth all action and all  
life,

Burning for pleasure, not averse from  
strife;

Woman, the field, the ocean, all that gave  
Promise of gladness, peril of a grave,

In turn he tried—he ransack'd all be-  
low,

And found his recompense in joy or woe,  
No tame, trite medium; for his feelings  
sought

In that intenseness an escape from thought;  
The tempest of his heart in scorn had  
gazed

On that the feeble elements had raised;  
The rapture of his heart had look'd on  
high,

And ask'd if greater dwelt beyond the  
sky:

Chain'd to excess, the slave of each ex-  
treme,

How woke he from the wildness of that  
dream?

Alas! he told not—but he did awake  
To curse the wither'd heart that would not  
break.

break.

break.

break.

break.

## IX

Books, for his volume heretofore was  
Man,

With eye more curious he appear'd to  
scan,

And oft, in sudden mood, for many a day,  
From all communion he would start  
away:

And then, his rarely call'd attendants said,  
Through night's long hours would sound  
his hurried tread 136

O'er the dark gallery, where his fathers  
frown'd

In rude but antique portraiture around:  
They heard, but whisper'd—'that must  
not be known—

The sound of words less earthly than his  
own. 140

Yes, they who chose might smile, but some  
had seen

They scarce knew what, but more than  
should have been.

Why gazed he so upon the ghastly head  
Which hands profane had gather'd from  
the dead,

That still beside his open'd volume lay,  
As if to startle all save him away? 146

Why slept he not when others were at rest?  
Why heard no music, and received no  
guest?

All was not well, they deem'd—but where  
the wrong?

Some knew perchance—but 'twere a tale  
too long; 150

And such besides were too discreetly wise,  
To more than hint their knowledge in sur-  
mise;

But if they would—they could'—around  
the board

Thus Lara's vassals prattled of their lord.

## X

It was the night—and Lara's glassy stream  
The stars are studding, each with imaged  
beam; 156

So calm, the waters scarcely seem to stray,  
And yet they glide like happiness away;  
Reflecting far and fairy-like from high  
The immortal lights that live along the  
sky: 160

Its banks are fringed with many a goodly  
tree,

And flowers the fairest that may feast the  
bee;

Such in her chaplet infant Dian wove,  
And Innocence would offer to her love.

These deck the shore; the waves their  
channel make 165

In windings bright and mazy like the  
snake.

All was so still, so soft in earth and air,  
You scarce would start to meet a spirit  
there;

Secure that nought of evil could delight  
To walk in such a scene, on such a night!

It was a moment only for the good: 171  
So Lara deem'd, nor longer there he stood,

But turn'd in silence to his castle-gate;  
Such scene his soul no more could con-  
template:

Such scene reminded him of other days,  
Of skies more cloudless, moons of purer

blaze, 176

Of nights more soft and frequent, hearts  
that now—

No—no—the storm may beat upon his  
brow,

Unfelt, unsparing—but a night like this,  
A night of beauty, mock'd such breast as  
his. 180

## XI

He turn'd within his solitary hall,  
And his high shadow shot along the wall:

There were the painted forms of other  
times,

'Twas all they left of virtues or of crimes,  
Save vague tradition; and the gloomy  
vaults 185

That hid their dust, their foibles, and their  
faults;

And half a column of the pompous page,  
That speeds the specious tale from age to

age;

Where history's pen its praise or blame  
supplies,

And lies like truth, and still most truly  
lies. 190

He wandering mused, and as the moon-  
beam shone

Through the dim lattice o'er the floor of  
stone,

And the high fretted roof, and saints, that  
there

O'er Gothic windows knelt in pictured  
prayer,

Reflected in fantastic figures grew, 195  
Like life, but not like mortal life to view:

His bristling locks of sable, brow of  
gloom,

And the wide waving of his shaken plume,  
Glanced like a spectre's attributes, and

gave  
His aspect all that terror gives the grave.

## XII

'Twas midnight—all was slumber; the  
lone light 201

Dimm'd in the lamp, as loth to break the  
night.

Hark! there be murmurs heard in Lara's  
hall—

A sound, a voice, a shriek, a fearful call!  
A long, loud shriek—and silence—did  
they hear 205

That frantic echo burst the sleeping ear?

They heard and rose, and, tremulously  
 brave,  
 Rush where the sound invoked their aid  
 to save;  
 They come with half-lit tapers in their  
 hands,  
 And snatch'd in startled haste unbelted  
 brands. 210

## XIII

Cold as the marble where his length was  
 laid,  
 Pale as the beam that o'er his features  
 play'd,  
 Was Lara stretch'd; his half-drawn sabre  
 near,  
 Dropp'd it should seem in more than  
 nature's fear;  
 Yet he was firm, or had been firm till  
 now, 215  
 And still defiance knit his gather'd brow;  
 Though mix'd with terror, senseless as he  
 lay,  
 There lived upon his lip the wish to slay;  
 Some half-form'd threat in utterance there  
 had died, 219  
 Some imprecation of despairing pride;  
 His eye was almost seal'd, but not forsook,  
 Even in its trance, the gladiator's look,  
 That oft awake his aspect could disclose,  
 And now was fix'd in horrible repose.  
 They raise him—bear him:—hush! he  
 breathes, he speaks, 225  
 The swarthy blush recolours in his cheeks,  
 His lip resumes its red, his eye, though  
 dim,  
 Rolls wide and wild, each slowly quivering  
 limb  
 Recalls its function, but his words are  
 strung  
 In terms that seem not of his native  
 tongue; 230  
 Distinct but strange, enough they under-  
 stand  
 To deem them accents of another land;  
 And such they were, and meant to meet an  
 ear  
 That hears him not—alas! that cannot  
 hear!

## XIV

His page approach'd, and he alone ap-  
 pear'd 235  
 To know the import of the words they  
 heard;  
 And, by the changes of his cheek and  
 brow,  
 They were not such as Lara should avow,  
 Nor he interpret,—yet with less surprise  
 Than those around their chieftain's state  
 he eyes, 240  
 But Lara's prostrate form he bent beside,  
 And in that tongue which seem'd his own  
 replied,

And Lara heeds those tones that gently  
 seem  
 To soothe away the horrors of his dream—  
 If dream it were that thus could over-  
 throw 245  
 A breast that needed not ideal woe.

## XV

Whate'er his frenzy dream'd or eye be-  
 held,—  
 If yet remember'd ne'er to be reveal'd,—  
 Rests at his heart: the custom'd morning  
 came,  
 And breathed new vigour in his shaken  
 frame; 250  
 And solace sought he none from priest  
 nor leech,  
 And soon the same in movement and in  
 speech,  
 As heretofore he fill'd the passing hours,  
 Nor less he smiles, nor more his forehead  
 lowers,  
 Than these were wont; and if the coming  
 night 255  
 Appear'd less welcome now to Lara's sight,  
 He to his marvelling vassals show'd it not,  
 Whose shuddering proved *their* fear was  
 less forgot.  
 In trembling pairs (alone they dared not)  
 crawl  
 The astonish'd slaves, and shun the fated  
 hall; 260  
 The waving banner, and the clapping  
 door,  
 The rustling tapestry, and the echoing  
 floor;  
 The long dim shadows of surrounding  
 trees,  
 The flapping bat, the night song of the  
 breeze;  
 Aught they behold or hear their thought  
 appals, 265  
 As evenings sadden o'er the dark grey walls.

## XVI

Vain thought! that hour of ne'er un-  
 ravell'd gloom  
 Came not again, or Lara could assume  
 A seeming of forgetfulness, that made  
 His vassals more amazed nor less afraid.  
 Had memory vanish'd then with sense re-  
 stored? 271  
 Since word, nor look, nor gesture of their  
 lord  
 Betray'd a feeling that recall'd to these  
 That fever'd moment of his mind's disease.  
 Was it a dream? was his the voice that  
 spoke 275  
 Those strange wild accents; his the cry  
 that broke  
 Their slumber? his the oppress'd, o'er-  
 labour'd heart  
 That ceased to beat, the look that made  
 them start?

Could he who thus had suffer'd so forget,  
When such as saw that suffering shudder  
yet? <sup>280</sup>

Or did that silence prove his memory fix'd  
Too deep for words, indelible, unmix'd  
In that corroding secrecy which gnaws  
The heart to show the effect, but not the  
cause?

Not so in him; his breast had buried  
both, <sup>285</sup>

Nor common gazers could discern the  
growth

Of thoughts that mortal lips must leave  
half told;

They choke the feeble words that would  
unfold.

## XVII

In him inexplicably mix'd appear'd  
Much to be loved and hated, sought and  
fear'd; <sup>290</sup>

Opinion varying o'er his hidden lot,  
In praise or railing ne'er his name forgot;  
His silence form'd a theme for others'  
prate—

They guess'd, they gazed, they fain would  
know his fate.

What had he been? what was he, thus un-  
known, <sup>295</sup>

Who walk'd their world, his lineage only  
known?

A hater of his kind? yet some would  
say,

With them he could seem gay amidst the  
gay;

But own'd that smile, if oft observed and  
near,

Waned in its mirth, and wither'd to a  
sneer; <sup>300</sup>

That smile might reach his lip, but pass'd  
not by,

None e'er could trace its laughter to his  
eye:

Yet there was softness too in his regard,  
At times, a heart as not by nature hard,

But once perceived, his spirit seem'd to  
chide <sup>305</sup>

Such weakness, as unworthy of its pride,  
And steel'd itself, as scorning to redeem

One doubt from others' half-withheld  
esteem;

In self-inflicted penance of a breast  
Which tenderness might once have wrung  
from rest; <sup>310</sup>

In vigilance of grief that would compel  
The soul to hate for having loved too well.

## XVIII

There was in him a vital scorn of all:  
As if the worst had fall'n which could be-  
fall,

He stood a stranger in this breathing  
world, <sup>315</sup>

An erring spirit from another hurl'd;

A thing of dark imaginings, that shaped  
By choice the perils he by chance escaped;  
But 'scaped in vain, for in their memory  
yet

His mind would half exult and half re-  
gret: <sup>320</sup>

With more capacity for love than earth  
Bestows on most of mortal mould and  
birth,

His early dreams of good outstripp'd the  
truth,

And troubled manhood follow'd baffled  
youth;

With thought of years in phantom chase  
mis-spent, <sup>325</sup>

And wasted powers for better purpose lent;  
And fiery passions that had pour'd their  
wrath

In hurried desolation o'er his path,  
And left the better feelings all at strife

In wild reflection o'er his stormy life;  
But haughty still, and loth himself to blame,

He call'd on Nature's self to share the  
shame,

And charged all faults upon the fleshly  
form

She gave to clog the soul, and feast the  
worm; <sup>334</sup>

Till he at last confounded good and ill,  
And half mistook for fate the acts of will:

Too high for common selfishness, he could  
At times resign his own for others' good,

But not in pity, not because he ought,  
But in some strange perversity of thought,

That sway'd him onward with a secret  
pride <sup>341</sup>

To do what few or none would do beside;  
And this same impulse would, in tempting  
time,

Mislead his spirit equally to crime;  
So much he soar'd beyond, or sunk be-  
neath, <sup>345</sup>

The men with whom he felt condemn'd to  
breathe,

And long'd by good or ill to separate  
Himself from all who shared his mortal  
state;

His mind abhorring this, had fix'd her  
throne

Far from the world, in regions of her  
own: <sup>350</sup>

Thus coldly passing all that pass'd below,  
His blood in temperate seeming now  
would flow:

Ah! happier if it ne'er with guilt had  
glow'd,

But ever in that icy smoothness flow'd!  
'Tis true, with other men their path he  
walk'd, <sup>355</sup>

And like the rest in seeming did and talk'd,  
Nor outraged Reason's rules by flaw nor  
start,

His madness was not of the head, but  
heart;

And rarely wander'd in his speech, or  
drew  
His thoughts so forth as to offend the  
view. 360

## XIX

With all that chilling mystery of mien,  
And seeming gladness to remain unseen,  
He had (if 'twere not nature's boon) an  
art  
Of fixing memory on another's heart:  
It was not love perchance, nor hate, nor  
aught 365  
That words can image to express the  
thought;  
But they who saw him did not see in vain,  
And once beheld, would ask of him again:  
And those to whom he spake remember'd  
well,  
And on the words, however light, would  
dwell: 370  
None knew nor how, nor why, but he en-  
twined  
Himself perforce around the hearer's mind;  
There he was stamp'd, in liking, or in hate,  
If greeted once; however brief the date  
That friendship, pity, or aversion knew,  
Still there within the inmost thought he  
grew. 376  
You could not penetrate his soul, but  
found,  
Despite your wonder, to your own he  
wound;  
His presence haunted still; and from the  
breast  
He forced an all unwilling interest: 380  
Vain was the struggle in that mental net,  
His spirit seem'd to dare you to forget!

## XX

There is a festival, where knights and  
dames,  
And aught that wealth or lofty lineage  
claims,  
Appear—a high-born and a welcome  
guest 385  
To Otho's hall came Lara with the rest.  
The long carousal shakes the illumined  
hall,  
Well speeds alike the banquet and the  
ball;  
And the gay dance of bounding Beauty's  
train  
Links grace and harmony in happiest  
chain: 390  
Blest are the early hearts and gentle hands  
That mingle there in well according bands;  
It is a sight the careful brow might smooth,  
And make Age smile, and dream itself to  
youth,  
And Youth forget such hour was past on  
earth, 395  
So springs the exulting bosom to that  
mirth!

## XXI

And Lara gazed on these, sedately glad,  
His brow belied him if his soul was sad;  
And his glance follow'd fast each fluttering  
fair,  
Whose steps of lightness woke no echo  
there: 400  
He lean'd against the lofty pillar nigh,  
With folded arms and long attentive eye,  
Nor mark'd a glance so sternly fix'd on  
his—  
Ill brook'd high Lara scrutiny like this:  
At length he caught it, 'tis a face un-  
known, 405  
But seems as searching his, and his alone;  
Prying and dark, a stranger's by his mien,  
Who still till now had gazed on him un-  
seen:  
At length encountering meets the mutual  
gaze 409  
Of keen inquiry, and of mute amaze;  
On Lara's glance emotion gathering grew,  
As if distrusting that the stranger threw;  
Along the stranger's aspect, fix'd and  
stern,  
Flash'd more than thence the vulgar eye  
could learn.

## XXII

'Tis he!' the stranger cried, and those  
that heard 415  
Re-echoed fast and far the whisper'd  
word.  
'Tis he!'—'Tis who?' they question far  
and near,  
Till louder accents rung on Lara's ear;  
So widely spread, few bosoms well could  
brook  
The general marvel, or that single look:  
But Lara stirr'd not, changed not, the sur-  
prise 421  
That sprung at first to his arrested eyes  
Seem'd now subsided, neither sunk nor  
raised  
Glanced his eye round, though still the  
stranger gazed;  
And drawing nigh, exclaim'd, with  
haughty sneer, 425  
'Tis he! how came he thence?—what  
doth he here?'

## XXIII

It were too much for Lara to pass by  
Such questions, so repeated fierce and  
high;  
With look collected, but with accent cold,  
More mildly firm than petulantly bold,  
He turn'd, and met the inquisitorial tone—  
'My name is Lara!—when thine own is  
known, 432  
Doubt not my fitting answer to requite  
The unlook'd-for courtesy of such a  
knight.

'Tis Lara!—further wouldst thou mark  
or ask? <sup>435</sup>  
I shun no question, and I wear no mask.'

'Thou shunn'st no question! Ponder—is  
there none  
Thy heart must answer, though thine ear  
would shun?  
And deem'st thou me unknown too?  
Gaze again!

At least thy memory was not given in  
vain. <sup>440</sup>  
Oh! never canst thou cancel half her debt,  
Eternity forbids thee to forget.'

With slow and searching glance upon his  
face  
Grew Lara's eyes, but nothing there could  
trace

They knew, or chose to know—with  
dubious look <sup>445</sup>

He deign'd no answer, but his head he  
shook,

And half contemptuous turn'd to pass  
away;

But the stern stranger motion'd him to  
stay.

'A word!—I charge thee stay, and answer  
here

To one, who, wert thou noble, were thy  
peer, <sup>450</sup>

But as thou wast and art—nay, frown not,  
lord,

If false, 'tis easy to disprove the word—  
But as thou wast and art, on thee looks  
down,

Distrusts thy smiles, but shakes not at thy  
frown.

Art thou not he? whose deeds—'

'Whate'er I be,  
Words wild as these, accusers like to  
thee, <sup>456</sup>

I list no further; those with whom they  
weigh

May hear the rest, nor venture to gainsay  
The wondrous tale no doubt thy tongue  
can tell,

Which thus begins so courteously and  
well. <sup>460</sup>

Let Otho cherish here his polish'd guest,  
To him my thanks and thoughts shall be  
express'd.'

And here their wondering host hath inter-  
posed—

'Whate'er there be between you undis-  
closed, <sup>464</sup>

This is no time nor fitting place to mar  
The mirthful meeting with a wordy war.

If thou, Sir Ezzelin, hast aught to show  
Which it befits Count Lara's ear to know,

To-morrow, here, or elsewhere, as may  
best

Beseem your mutual judgment, speak the  
rest; <sup>470</sup>

I pledge myself for thee, as not unknown,

Though, like Count Lara, now return'd  
alone

From other lands, almost a stranger  
grown;

And if from Lara's blood and gentle birth  
I augur right of courage and of worth,

He will not that untainted line belie, <sup>476</sup>  
Nor aught that knighthood may accord,  
deny.'

'To-morrow be it,' Ezzelin replied,  
'And here our several worth and truth be  
tried;

I gage my life, my falchion to attest <sup>480</sup>  
My words, so may I mingle with the blest!'

What answers Lara? to its centre shrunk  
His soul, in deep abstraction sudden sunk;

The words of many, and the eyes of all  
That there were gather'd, seem'd on him  
to fall; <sup>485</sup>

But his were silent, his appear'd to stray  
In far forgetfulness away—away—

Alas! that heedlessness of all around  
Bespoke remembrance only too profound.

## XXIV

'To-morrow!—ay, to-morrow!' further  
word <sup>490</sup>

Than those repeated none from Lara  
heard:

Upon his brow no outward passion spoke;  
From his large eye no flashing anger broke;

Yet there was something fix'd in that low  
tone,

Which show'd resolve, determined, though  
unknown. <sup>495</sup>

He seized his cloak—his head he slightly  
bow'd,

And passing Ezzelin, he left the crowd;  
And as he pass'd him, smiling met the  
frown

With which that chieftain's brow would  
bear him down:

It was nor smile of mirth, nor struggling  
pride <sup>500</sup>

That curbs to scorn the wrath it cannot  
hide;

But that of one in his own heart secure  
Of all that he would do, or could endure.

Could this mean peace? the calmness of  
the good?

Or guilt grown old in desperate hardi-  
hood? <sup>505</sup>

Alas! too like in confidence are each,  
For man to trust to mortal look or speech;

From deeds, and deeds alone, may he dis-  
cern

Truths which it wrings the unpractised  
heart to learn.

## XXV

And Lara call'd his page, and went his  
way— <sup>510</sup>

Well could that stripling word or sign obey:



# LARA

[CANTO I

His only follower from those climes afar,  
Where the soul glows beneath a brighter  
star;

For Lara left the shore from whence he  
sprung,

In duty patient, and sedate though young;  
Silent as him he served, his faith appears  
Above his station, and beyond his years.  
Though not unknown the tongue of Lara's  
land,

In such from him he rarely heard com-  
mand;

But fleet his step, and clear his tones  
would come,

When Lara's lip breathed forth the words  
of home:

Those accents, as his native mountains  
dear,

Awake their absent echoes in his ear,  
Friends', kindred's, parents' wonted voice  
recall,

Now lost, abjured, for one—his friend, his  
all:

For him earth now disclosed no other  
guide;

What marvel then he rarely left his side?

## XXVI

Light was his form, and darkly delicate  
That brow whereon his native sun had  
sate,

But had not marr'd, though in his beams  
he grew,

The cheek where oft the unbidden blush  
shone through;

Yet not such blush as mounts when health  
would show

All the heart's hue in that delighted glow;  
But 'twas a hectic tint of secret care

That for a burning moment fever'd there;  
And the wild sparkle of his eye seem'd

caught  
From high, and lighten'd with electric  
thought,

Though its black orb those long low  
lashes' fringe

Had temper'd with a melancholy tinge;  
Yet less of sorrow than of pride was there,

Or, if 'twere grief, a grief that none should  
share:

And pleased not him the sports that please  
his age,

The tricks of youth, the frolics of the  
page;

For hours on Lara he would fix his glance,  
As all-forgotten in that watchful trance;

And from his chief withdrawn, he wan-  
der'd lone,

Brief were his answers, and his questions  
none;

His walk the wood, his sport some foreign  
book;

His resting-place the bank that curbs the  
brook;

He seem'd, like him he served, to live  
apart

From all that lures the eye, and fills the  
heart;

To know no brotherhood, and take from  
earth

No gift beyond that bitter boon—our birth.

## XXVII

If aught he loved, 'twas Lara; but was  
shown

His faith in reverence and in deeds alone;  
In mute attention; and his care, which

guess'd  
Each wish, fulfill'd it ere the tongue ex-  
press'd.

Still there was haughtiness in all he did,  
A spirit deep that brook'd not to be chid;

His zeal, though more than that of servile  
hands,

In act alone obeys, his air commands;  
As if 'twas Lara's less than *his* desire

That thus he served, but surely not for hire.  
Slight were the tasks enjoin'd him by his

lord,  
To hold the stirrup, or to bear the sword;

To tune his lute, or, if he will'd it more,  
On tomes of other times and tongues to

pore;

But ne'er to mingle with the menial train,  
To whom he show'd nor deference nor dis-  
dain,

But that well-worn reserve which proved  
he knew

No sympathy with that familiar crew:  
His soul, whate'er his station or his stem,

Could bow to Lara, not descend to them.  
Of higher birth he seem'd, and better days,

Nor mark of vulgar toil that hand betrays,  
So femininely white it might bespeak

Another sex, when match'd with that  
smooth cheek,

But for his garb, and something in his gaze,  
More wild and high than woman's eye

betrays;

A latent fierceness that far more became  
His fiery climate than his tender frame:

True, in his words it broke not from his  
breast,

But from his aspect might be more than  
guess'd.

Kaled his name, though rumour said he  
bore

Another ere he left his mountain-shore;  
For sometimes he would hear, however

nigh,  
That name repeated loud without reply,

As unfamiliar, or, if roused again,  
Start to the sound, as but remember'd

then;  
Unless 'twas Lara's wonted voice that

spake,  
For then, ear, eyes, and heart would all  
awake.

## XXVIII

He had look'd down upon the festive  
hall,  
And mark'd that sudden strife so mark'd  
of all:

And when the crowd around and near him  
told

Their wonder at the calmness of the bold,  
Their marvel how the high-born Lara bore  
Such insult from a stranger, doubly sore,  
The colour of young Kaled went and came,  
The lip of ashes, and the cheek of flame;  
And o'er his brow the dampening heart-  
drops threw

The sickening iciness of that cold dew,  
That rises as the busy bosom sinks  
With heavy thoughts from which reflection  
shrinks.

Yes—there be things which we must dream  
and dare,

And execute ere thought be half aware:  
Whate'er might Kaled's be, it was enow  
To seal his lip, but agonise his brow.  
He gazed on Ezzelin till Lara cast

That sidelong smile upon the knight he  
pass'd;

When Kaled saw that smile his visage fell,  
As if on something recognised right well:  
His memory read in such a meaning more  
Than Lara's aspect unto others wore:

Forward he sprang—a moment, both were  
gone,

And all within that hall seem'd left alone;  
Each had so fix'd his eye on Lara's mien,  
All had so mix'd their feelings with that  
scene,

That when his long dark shadow through  
the porch

No more relieves the glare of yon high  
torch,

Each pulse beats quicker, and all bosoms  
seem

To bound as doubting from too black a  
dream,

Such as we know is false, yet dread in  
sooth,

Because the worst is ever nearest truth.  
And they are gone—but Ezzelin is there,  
With thoughtful visage and imperious air;  
But long remain'd not; ere an hour expired  
He waved his hand to Otho and retired.

## XXIX

The crowd are gone, the revellers at rest;  
The courteous host, and all-approving  
guest,

Again to that accustom'd couch must  
creep

Where joy subsides, and sorrow sighs to  
sleep,

And man, o'erlabour'd with his being's  
strife,

Shrinks to that sweet forgetfulness of life:

There lie love's feverish hope, and cun-  
ning's guile,

Hate's working brain, and lull'd am-  
bition's wile;

O'er each vain eye oblivion's pinions wave,  
And quench'd existence crouches in a  
grave.

What better name may slumber's bed be-  
come?

Night's sepulchre, the universal home,  
Where weakness, strength, vice, virtue,  
sunk supine,

Alike in naked helplessness recline;  
Glad for a while to heave unconscious  
breath,

Yet wake to wrestle with the dread of  
death,

And shun, though day but dawn on ills in-  
creased,

That sleep, the loveliest, since it dreams  
the least.

## CANTO THE SECOND

## I

NIGHT wanes—the vapours round the  
mountains curl'd

Melt into morn, and Light awakes the  
world,

Man has another day to swell the past,  
And lead him near, to little but his last:

But mighty Nature bounds as from her  
birth,

The sun is in the heavens, and life on  
earth;

Flowers in the valley, splendour in the  
beam,

Health on the gale, and freshness in the  
stream.

Immortal man! behold her glories shine,  
And cry, exulting inly, 'They are thine!'

Gaze on, while yet thy gladden'd eye may  
see:

A morrow comes when they are not for  
thee:

And grieve what may above thy senseless  
bier,

Nor earth nor sky will yield a single tear;  
Nor cloud shall gather more, nor leaf

shall fall,

Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee,  
for all;

But creeping things shall revel in their  
spoil,

And fit thy clay to fertilise the soil.

## II

'Tis morn—'tis noon—assembled in the  
hall,

The gather'd chieftains come to Otho's  
call;

'Tis now the promised hour, that must  
proclaim

The life or death of Lara's future fame;

When Ezzelin his charge may here unfold,  
And whatsoever the tale, it must be told.  
His faith was pledged, and Lara's promise  
given,<sup>25</sup>  
To meet it in the eye of man and heaven.  
Why comes he not? Such truths to be  
divulged,  
Methinks the accuser's rest is long in-  
dulged.

## III

The hour is past, and Lara too is there,  
With self-confiding, coldly patient air;<sup>30</sup>  
Why comes not Ezzelin? The hour is past,  
And murmurs rise, and Otho's brow's  
o'ercast.

'I know my friend! his faith I cannot fear,  
If yet he be on earth, expect him here;  
The roof that held him in the valley stands  
Between my own and noble Lara's lands;  
My halls from such a guest had honour  
gain'd,

Nor had Sir Ezzelin his host disdain'd,  
But that some previous proof forbade his  
stay,<sup>39</sup>  
And urged him to prepare against to-day;  
The word I pledged for his I pledge again,  
Or will myself redeem his knighthood's  
stain.'

He ceased—and Lara answered, 'I am here  
To lend at thy demand a listening ear  
To tales of evil from a stranger's tongue,  
Whose words already might my heart have  
wrung,<sup>46</sup>

But that I deem'd him scarcely less than mad,  
Or, at the worst, a foe ignobly bad.  
I know him not—but me it seems he knew  
In lands where—but I must not trifle too:  
Produce this babbler—or redeem the  
pledge;<sup>51</sup>  
Here in thy hold, and with thy falchion's  
edge.'

Proud Otho on the instant, reddening,  
threw  
His glove on earth, and forth his sabre flew.  
'The last alternative befits me best,<sup>55</sup>  
And thus I answer for mine absent guest.'  
With cheek unchanging from its sallow  
gloom,

However near his own or other's tomb;  
With hand, whose almost careless coolness  
spoke

Its grasp well used to deal the sabre-stroke;  
With eye, though calm, determin'd not to  
spare,<sup>61</sup>

Did Lara too his willing weapon bare.  
In vain the circling chieftains round them  
closed,

For Otho's frenzy would not be opposed;  
And from his lip those words of insult  
fell—<sup>65</sup>

His sword is good who can maintain them  
well.

## IV

Short was the conflict; furious, blindly  
rash,

Vain Otho gave his bosom to the gash:  
He bled, and fell; but not with deadly  
wound,

Stretch'd by a dexterous sleight along the  
ground.<sup>70</sup>

'Demand thy life!' He answer'd not: and  
then

From that red floor he ne'er had risen  
again,

For Lara's brow upon the moment grew  
Almost to blackness in its demon hue;  
And fiercer shook his angry falchion now  
Than when his foe's was levell'd at his  
brow;<sup>76</sup>

Then all was stern collectedness and art,  
Now rose the unleaven'd hatred of his  
heart;

So little sparing to the foe he fell'd,  
That when the approaching crowd his arm  
withheld,<sup>80</sup>

He almost turn'd the thirsty point on those  
Who thus for mercy dared to interpose;  
But to a moment's thought that purpose  
bent;

Yet look'd he on him still with eye intent,  
As if he loathed the ineffectual strife;<sup>85</sup>  
That left a foe, howe'er o'ercome, with life;  
As if to search how far the wound he gave  
Had sent its victim onward to his grave.

## V

They raised the bleeding Otho, and the  
Leech

Forbade all present question, sign, and  
speech:<sup>90</sup>

The others met within a neighbouring hall,  
And he, incensed, and heedless of them  
all,

The cause and conqueror in this sudden  
fray,

In haughty silence slowly strode away;  
He back'd his steed, his homeward path he  
took,<sup>95</sup>

Nor cast on Otho's towers a single look.

## VI

But where was he? that meteor of a night,  
Who menaced but to disappear with light.  
Where was this Ezzelin? who came and  
went,

To leave no other trace of his intent.<sup>100</sup>

He left the dome of Otho long ere morn,  
In darkness, yet so well the path was worn  
He could not miss it: near his dwelling lay;  
But there he was not, and with coming day  
Came fast inquiry, which unfolded nought,  
Except the absence of the chief it sought.

A chamber tenantless, a steed at rest,  
His host alarm'd, his murmuring squires  
distress'd:

Their search extends along, around the  
 path,  
 In dread to meet the marks of prowlers'  
 wrath: <sup>110</sup>  
 But none are there, and not a brake hath  
 borne  
 Nor gout of blood, nor shred of mantle  
 torn;  
 Nor fall nor struggle hath defaced the  
 grass,  
 Which still retains a mark where murder  
 was; <sup>114</sup>  
 Nor dabbling fingers left to tell the tale,  
 The bitter print of each convulsive nail,  
 When agonised hands that cease to guard,  
 Wound in the pang that smoothness of the  
 sword.  
 Some such had been, if here a life was  
 left,  
 But these were not; and doubting hope is  
 left; <sup>120</sup>  
 And strange suspicion, whispering Lara's  
 name,  
 Now daily mutters o'er his blacken'd  
 fame;  
 Then sudden silent when his form ap-  
 pear'd,  
 Awaits the absence of the thing it fear'd,  
 Again its wonted wondering to renew, <sup>125</sup>  
 And dye conjecture with a darker hue.

## VII

Days roll along, and Otho's wounds are  
 heal'd,  
 But not his pride; and hate no more con-  
 ceal'd:  
 He was a man of power, and Lara's foe,  
 The friend of all who sought to work him  
 woe, <sup>130</sup>  
 And from his country's justice now de-  
 mands  
 Account of Ezzelin at Lara's hands.  
 Who else than Lara could have cause to  
 fear  
 His presence? who had made him dis-  
 appear,  
 If not the man on whom his menaced  
 charge <sup>135</sup>  
 Had sate too deeply were he left at large?  
 The general rumour ignorantly loud,  
 The mystery dearest to the curious crowd;  
 The seeming friendlessness of him who  
 strove  
 To win no confidence, and wake no love;  
 The sweeping fierceness which his soul  
 betray'd, <sup>141</sup>  
 The skill with which he wielded his keen  
 blade;  
 Where had his arm unwarlike caught that  
 art?  
 Where had that fierceness grown upon his  
 heart? <sup>144</sup>  
 For it was not the blind capricious rage  
 A word can kindle and a word assuage;

But the deep working of a soul unmix'd  
 With aught of pity where its wrath had  
 fix'd;  
 Such as long power and overgorged  
 success  
 Concentrates into all that's merciless:  
 These, link'd with that desire which ever  
 sways <sup>151</sup>  
 Mankind, the rather to condemn than  
 praise,  
 'Gainst Lara gathering raised at length a  
 storm,  
 Such as himself might fear, and foes would  
 form, <sup>154</sup>  
 And he must answer for the absent head  
 Of one that haunts him still, alive or dead.

## VIII

Within that land was many a malcontent,  
 Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent;  
 That soil full many a wringing despot saw  
 Who work'd his wantonness in form of  
 law; <sup>160</sup>  
 Long war without and frequent broil with-  
 in  
 Had made a path for blood and giant sin,  
 That waited but a signal to begin  
 New havoc, such as civil discord blends,  
 Which knows no neuter, owns but foes or  
 friends; <sup>165</sup>  
 Fix'd in his feudal fortress each was lord,  
 In word and deed obey'd, in soul abhorr'd.  
 Thus Lara had inherited his lands,  
 And with them pining hearts and sluggish  
 hands;  
 But that long absence from his native  
 clime <sup>170</sup>  
 Had left him stainless of oppression's  
 crime,  
 And now, diverted by his milder sway,  
 All dread by slow degrees had worn away.  
 The menials felt their usual awe alone,  
 But more for him than them that fear was  
 grown; <sup>175</sup>  
 They deem'd him now unhappy, though at  
 first  
 Their evil judgment augur'd of the worst,  
 And each long restless night, and silent  
 mood,  
 Was traced to sickness, fed by solitude:  
 And though his lonely habits threw of  
 late <sup>180</sup>  
 Gloom o'er his chamber, cheerful was his  
 gate;  
 For thence the wretched ne'er unsoothed  
 withdrew,  
 For them, at least, his soul compassion  
 knew.  
 Cold to the great, contemptuous to the  
 high,  
 The humble pass'd not his unheeding eye;  
 Much he would speak not, but beneath his  
 roof <sup>186</sup>  
 They found asylum oft, and ne'er reproof.

And they who watch'd might mark that,  
 day by day,  
 Some new retainers gather'd to his sway;  
 But most of late, since Ezzelin was lost,  
 He play'd the courteous lord and bounte-  
 ous host: 191  
 Perchance his strife with Otho made him  
 dread  
 Some snare prepared for his obnoxious  
 head;  
 Whate'er his view, his favour more obtains  
 With these, the people, than his fellow  
 thanes. 195  
 If this were policy, so far 'twas sound,  
 The million judged but of him as they  
 found;  
 From him by sterner chiefs to exile driven  
 They but required a shelter, and 'twas given.  
 By him no peasant mourn'd his rifled cot,  
 And scarce the Serf could murmur o'er his  
 lot; 201  
 With him old avarice found its hoard secure,  
 With him contempt forbore to mock the  
 poor;  
 Youth present cheer and promised recom-  
 pense  
 Detain'd, till all too late to part from thence:  
 To hate he offer'd, with the coming  
 change, 206  
 The deep reversion of delay'd revenge;  
 To love, long baffled by the unequal match,  
 The well-won charms success was sure to  
 snatch. 209  
 All now was ripe, he waits but to proclaim  
 That slavery nothing which was still a name.  
 The moment came, the hour when Otho  
 thought  
 Secure at last the vengeance which he  
 sought: 213  
 His summons found the destined criminal  
 Begirt by thousands in his swarming hall,  
 Fresh from their feudal fetters newly riven,  
 Defying earth, and confident of heaven.  
 That morning he had freed the soil-bound  
 slaves,  
 Who dig no land for tyrants but their  
 graves!  
 Such is their cry—some watchword for the  
 fight 220  
 Must vindicate the wrong, and warp the  
 right;  
 Religion — freedom — vengeance — what  
 you will,  
 A word 's enough to raise mankind to kill;  
 Some factious phrase by cunning caught  
 and spread,  
 That guilt may reign, and wolves and  
 worms be fed! 225

IX

Throughout that clime the feudal chiefs  
 had gain'd  
 Such sway, their infant monarch hardly  
 reign'd;

Now was the hour for faction's rebel  
 growth,  
 The Serfs contemn'd the one, and hated  
 both: 229  
 They waited but a leader, and they found  
 One to their cause inseparably bound;  
 By circumstance compell'd to plunge  
 again,  
 In self-defence, amidst the strife of men.  
 Cut off by some mysterious fate from those  
 Whom birth and nature meant not for his  
 foes, 235  
 Had Lara from that night, to him accurst,  
 Prepared to meet, but not alone, the worst:  
 Some reason urged, whate'er it was, to  
 shun  
 Inquiry into deeds at distance done; 239  
 By mingling with his own the cause of all,  
 E'en if he fail'd, he still delay'd his fall.  
 The sullen calm that long his bosom kept,  
 The storm that once had spent itself and  
 slept,  
 Roused by events that seem'd foredoom'd  
 to urge  
 His gloomy fortunes to their utmost verge,  
 Burst forth, and made him all he once had  
 been, 246  
 And is again; he only changed the scene.  
 Light care had he for life, and less for fame,  
 But not less fitted for the desperate game:  
 He deem'd himself mark'd out for others'  
 hate, 250  
 And mock'd at ruin so they shared his fate.  
 What cared he for the freedom of the  
 crowd?  
 He raised the humble but to bend the  
 proud.  
 He had hoped quiet in his sullen lair,  
 But man and destiny beset him there:  
 Inured to hunters, he was found at bay;  
 And they must kill, they cannot snare the  
 prey. 257  
 Stern, unambitious, silent, he had been  
 Henceforth a calm spectator of life's scene;  
 But dragg'd again upon the arena, stood  
 A leader not unequal to the feud; 261  
 In voice, mien, gesture, savage nature  
 spoke,  
 And from his eye the gladiator broke.

X

What boots the oft-repeated tale of strife,  
 The feast of vultures, and the waste of life?  
 The varying fortune of each separate field,  
 The fierce that vanquish, and the faint that  
 yield? 267  
 The smoking ruin, and the crumbled wall?  
 In this the struggle was the same with all;  
 Save that distemper'd passions lent their  
 force 270  
 In bitterness that banish'd all remorse.  
 None sued, for Mercy knew her cry was  
 vain,  
 The captive died upon the battle-slain:

In either cause, one rage alone possess'd  
 The empire of the alternate victor's breast;  
 And they that smote for freedom or for  
 sway, 276  
 Deem'd few were slain, while more re-  
 main'd to slay.  
 It was too late to check the wasting brand,  
 And Desolation reap'd the famish'd land;  
 The torch was lighted, and the flame was  
 spread, 280  
 And Carnage smiled upon her daily dead.

## XI

Fresh with the nerve the new-born impulse  
 strung,  
 The first success to Lara's numbers clung:  
 But that vain victory hath ruin'd all;  
 They form no longer to their leader's call:  
 In blind confusion on the foe they press,  
 And think to snatch is to secure success.  
 The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate,  
 Lure on the broken brigands to their fate:  
 In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,  
 To check the headlong fury of that crew;  
 In vain their stubborn ardour he would  
 tame, 292  
 The hand that kindles cannot quench the  
 flame;  
 The wary foe alone hath turn'd their  
 mood,  
 And shown their rashness to that erring  
 brood: 295  
 The feign'd retreat, the nightly ambus-  
 cade,  
 The daily harass, and the fight delay'd,  
 The long privation of the hoped supply,  
 The tentless rest beneath the humid sky,  
 The stubborn wall that mocks the leaguer's  
 art, 300  
 And palls the patience of his baffled heart,  
 Of these they had not deem'd: the battle-  
 day  
 They could encounter as a veteran may;  
 But more prefer'd the fury of the strife,  
 And present death, to hourly suffering  
 life: 305  
 And famine wrings, and fever sweeps away  
 His numbers melting fast from their array;  
 Intemperate triumph fades to discontent,  
 And Lara's soul alone seems still unbent:  
 But few remain to aid his voice and hand,  
 And thousands dwindled to a scanty band:  
 Desperate, though few, the last and best  
 remain'd 312  
 To mourn the discipline they late dis-  
 dain'd.  
 One hope survives, the frontier is not far,  
 And thence they may escape from native  
 war; 315  
 And bear within them to the neighbour-  
 ing state  
 An exile's sorrows, or an outlaw's hate:  
 Hard is the task their father-land to quit,  
 But harder still to perish or submit.

## XII

It is resolved—they march—consenting  
 Night 320  
 Guides with her star their dim and torch-  
 less flight;  
 Already they perceive its tranquil beam  
 Sleep on the surface of the barrier stream;  
 Already they descry—Is yon the bank?  
 Away! 'tis lined with many a hostile rank.  
 Return or fly!—What glitters in the rear?  
 'Tis Otho's banner—the pursuer's spear!  
 Are those the shepherds' fires upon the  
 height?  
 Alas! they blaze too widely for the flight:  
 Cut off from hope, and compass'd in the  
 toil, 330  
 Less blood perchance hath bought a  
 richer spoil!

## XIII

A moment's pause—'tis but to breathe  
 their band,  
 Or shall they onward press, or here with-  
 stand?  
 It matters little—if they charge the foes  
 Who by their border-stream their march  
 oppose, 335  
 Some few, perchance, may break and pass  
 the line,  
 However link'd to baffle such design.  
 'The charge be ours! to wait for their  
 assault  
 Were fate well worthy of a coward's halt.'  
 Forth flies each sabre, rein'd is every steed,  
 And the next word shall scarce outstrip  
 the deed: 341  
 In the next tone of Lara's gathering  
 breath  
 How many shall but hear the voice of  
 death!

## XIV

His blade is bared,—in him there is an air  
 As deep, but far too tranquil for despair;  
 A something of indifference more 'than  
 then 346  
 Becomes the bravest, if they feel for men.  
 He turn'd his eye on Kaled, ever near,  
 And still too faithful to betray one fear;  
 Perchance 'twas but the moon's dim twi-  
 light threw 350  
 Along his aspect an unwonted hue  
 Of mournful paleness, whose deep tint ex-  
 press'd  
 The truth, and not the terror of his breast.  
 This Lara mark'd, and laid his hand on  
 his: 354  
 It trembled not in such an hour as this;  
 His lip was silent, scarcely beat his heart,  
 His eye alone proclaim'd, 'We will not  
 part!  
 Thy band may perish, or thy friends may  
 flee,  
 Farewell to life, but not adieu to thee!'

The word hath pass'd his lips, and onward  
driven, <sup>360</sup>

Pours the link'd band through ranks  
asunder riven:

Well has each steed obey'd the armed heel,  
And flash the scimitars, and rings the steel;  
Outnumber'd, not outbraved, they still  
oppose

Despair to daring, and a front to foes;  
And blood is mingled with the dashing  
stream, <sup>366</sup>

Which runs all redly till the morning beam.

## xv

Commanding, aiding, animating all,  
Where foe appear'd to press, or friend to  
fall,

Cheers Lara's voice, and waves or strikes  
his steel, <sup>370</sup>

Inspiring hope himself had ceased to feel.  
None fled, for well they knew that flight  
were vain;

But those that waver turn to smite again,  
While yet they find the firmest of the foe  
Recoil before their leader's look and blow:  
Now girt with numbers, now almost alone,  
He foils their ranks, or re-unites his own;  
Himself he spared not—once they seem'd  
to fly— <sup>378</sup>

Now was the time, he waved his hand on  
high,

And shook—Why sudden droops that  
plumed crest? <sup>380</sup>

The shaft is sped—the arrow's in his  
breast!

That fatal gesture left the unguarded side,  
And Death has stricken down yon arm of  
pride.

The word of triumph faintest from his  
tongue;

That hand, so raised, how droopingly it  
hung! <sup>385</sup>

But yet the sword instinctively retains,  
Though from its fellow shrink the falling  
reins;

These Kaled snatches: dizzy with the blow,  
And senseless bending o'er his saddle-bow,  
Perceives not Lara that his anxious page  
Beguiles his charger from the combat's  
rage: <sup>391</sup>

Meantime his followers charge, and  
charge again;

Too mix'd the slayers now to heed the slain!

## xvi

Day glimmers on the dying and the dead,  
The cloven cuirass and the helmless head;  
The war-horse masterless is on the earth,  
And that last gasp hath burst his bloody  
girth; <sup>397</sup>

And near, yet quivering with what life re-  
main'd,

The heel that urged him and the hand that  
rein'd;

And some too near that rolling torrent lie,  
Whose waters mock the lip of those that  
die; <sup>401</sup>

That panting thirst which scorches in the  
breath

Of those that die the soldier's fiery death,  
In vain impels the burning mouth to crave  
One drop—the last—to cool it for the  
grave; <sup>405</sup>

With feeble and convulsive effort swept,  
Their limbs along the crimson'd turf have  
crept;

The faint remains of life such struggles  
waste,

But yet they reach the stream and bend to  
taste:

They feel its freshness, and almost par-  
take— <sup>410</sup>

Why pause? No further thirst have they  
to slake—

It is unquench'd, and yet they feel it not;  
It was an agony—but now forgot!

## xvii

Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,  
Where but for him that strife had never  
been, <sup>415</sup>

A breathing but devoted warrior lay:  
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.

His follower once, and now his only guide,  
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling  
side,

And with his scarf would stanch the tides  
that rush, <sup>420</sup>

With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;  
And then, as his faint breathing waxes  
low,

In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:  
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis  
vain,

And merely adds another throb to pain.  
He clasps the hand that pang which would  
assuage, <sup>426</sup>

And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark  
page,

Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds,  
nor sees,

Save that damp brow which rests upon  
his knees;

Save that pale aspect, where the eye,  
though dim, <sup>430</sup>

Held all the light that shone on earth for  
him.

## xviii

The foe arrives, who long had search'd  
the field,

Their triumph nought till Lara too should  
yield:

They would remove him, but they see  
'twere vain,

And he regards them with a calm disdain,  
That rose to reconcile him with his fate,  
And that escape to death from living hate:

And Otho comes, and leaping from his  
steed,  
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him  
bleed,  
And questions of his state; he answers  
not,  
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,  
And turns to Kaled:—each remaining  
word  
They understood not, if distinctly heard;  
His dying tones are in that other tongue,  
To which some strange remembrance  
wildly clung,  
They spake of other scenes, but what—is  
known  
To Kaled, whom their meaning reach'd  
alone;  
And he replied, though faintly, to their  
sound,  
While gazed the rest in dumb amazement  
round:  
They seem'd even then—that twain—unto  
the last  
To half-forget the present in the past;  
To share between themselves some separ-  
ate fate,  
Whose darkness none beside should pene-  
trate.

## XIX

Their words though faint were many—  
from the tone  
Their import those who heard could judge  
alone;  
From this, you might have deem'd young  
Kaled's death  
More near than Lara's by his voice and  
breath,  
So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke  
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips  
spoke;  
But Lara's voice, though low, at first was  
clear  
And calm, till murmuring death gasp'd  
hoarsely near;  
But from his visage little could we guess,  
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,  
Save that when struggling nearer to his  
last,  
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;  
And once, as Kaled's answering accents  
ceased,  
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:  
Whether (as then the breaking sun from  
high  
Roll'd back the clouds) the morrow caught  
his eye,  
Or that 'twas chance, or some remem-  
ber'd scene,  
That raised his arm to point where such  
had been,  
Scarce Kaled seem'd to know, but turn'd  
away,  
As if his heart abhorr'd that coming day,

And shrunk his glance before that morn-  
ing light,  
To look on Lara's brow—where all grew  
night.  
Yet sense seem'd left, though better were  
its loss;  
For when one near display'd the absolv-  
ing cross,  
And proffer'd to his touch the holy bead,  
Of which his parting soul might own the  
need,  
He look'd upon it with an eye profane,  
And smiled—Heaven pardon! if 'twere  
with disdain:  
And Kaled, though he spoke not, nor  
withdrew  
From Lara's face his fix'd despairing view,  
With brow repulsive, and with gesture  
swift,  
Flung back the hand which held the sacred  
gift,  
As if such but disturb'd the expiring man,  
Nor seem'd to know his life but *then*  
began,  
That life of Immortality, secure  
To none, save them whose faith in Christ  
is sure.

## XX

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara  
drew,  
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;  
His limbs stretch'd fluttering, and his head  
droop'd o'er  
The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;  
He press'd the hand he held upon his  
heart—  
It beats no more, but Kaled will not  
part  
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in  
vain,  
For that faint throb which answers not  
again.  
'It beats!'—Away, thou dreamer! he is  
gone—  
It once was Lara which thou look'st upon.

## XXI

He gazed, as if not yet had pass'd away  
The haughty spirit of that humble clay;  
And those around have roused him from  
his trance,  
But cannot tear from thence his fixed  
glance;  
And when, in raising him from where he  
bore  
Within his arms the form that felt no  
more,  
He saw the head his breast would still sus-  
tain,  
Roll down like earth to earth upon the  
plain;  
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear  
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,



# LARA

## [CANTO II

But strove to stand and gaze, but reel'd  
and fell, <sup>510</sup>  
Scarce breathing more than that he loved  
so well.

Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath  
The breast of man such trusty love may  
breathe!

That trying moment hath at once reveal'd  
The secret long and yet but half conceal'd;  
In baring to revive that lifeless breast, <sup>516</sup>  
Its grief seem'd ended, but the sex confess'd;

And life return'd, and Kaled felt no  
shame—

What now to her was Womanhood or  
Fame?

### XXII

And Lara sleeps not where his fathers  
sleep, <sup>520</sup>

But where he died his grave was dug as  
deep;

Nor is his mortal slumber less profound,  
Though priest nor bless'd nor marble  
deck'd the mound,

And he was mourn'd by one whose quiet  
grief,

Less loud, outlasts a people's for their  
chief. <sup>525</sup>

Vain was all question ask'd her of the past,  
And vain e'en menace—silent to the last;  
She told nor whence, nor why she left  
behind

Her all for one who seem'd but little kind.  
Why did she love him? Curious fool!—be  
still— <sup>530</sup>

Is human love the growth of human will?  
To her he might be gentleness; the stern  
Have deeper thoughts than your dull eyes  
discern,

And when they love, your smilers guess  
not how

Beats the strong heart, though less the lips  
avow. <sup>535</sup>

They were not common links, that form'd  
the chain

That bound to Lara Kaled's heart and  
brain;

But that wild tale she brook'd not to un-  
fold,

And seal'd is now each lip that could have  
told.

### XXIII

They laid him in the earth, and on his  
breast, <sup>540</sup>

Besides the wound that sent his soul to  
rest,

They found the scatter'd dints of many a  
scar,

Which were not planted there in recent war;  
Where'er had pass'd his summer years of  
life,

It seems they vanish'd in a land of strife;

But all unknown his glory or his guilt,  
These only told that somewhere blood was  
spilt,

And Ezzelin, who might have spoke the  
past,

Return'd no more—that night appear'd  
his last. <sup>549</sup>

### XXIV

Upon that night (a peasant's is the tale)  
A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale,  
When Cynthia's light almost gave way to  
morn,

And nearly veil'd in mist her waning horn;  
A Serf, that rose betimes to thread the  
wood,

And hew the bough that brought his chil-  
dren's food, <sup>555</sup>

Pass'd by the river that divides the plain  
Of Otho's lands and Lara's broad domain:  
He heard a tramp—a horse and horse-  
man broke

From out the wood—before him was a  
cloak

Wrapt round some burthen at his saddle-  
bow, <sup>560</sup>

Bent was his head, and hidden was his  
brow.

Roused by the sudden sight at such a time,  
And some foreboding that it might be  
crime,

Himself unheeded watch'd the stranger's  
course,

Who reach'd the river, bounded from his  
horse, <sup>565</sup>

And lifting thence the burthen which he  
bore,

Heaved up the bank, and dash'd it from  
the shore,

Then paused, and look'd, and turn'd, and  
seem'd to watch,

And still another hurried glance would  
snatch,

And follow with his step the stream that  
flow'd, <sup>570</sup>

As if even yet too much its surface show'd;  
At once he started, stoop'd, around him  
strown

The winter floods had scatter'd heaps of  
stone;

Of these the heaviest thence he gather'd  
there,

And slung them with a more than common  
care. <sup>575</sup>

Meantime the Serf had crept to where un-  
seen

Himself might safely mark what this might  
mean;

He caught a glimpse, as of a floating breast,  
And something glitter'd starlike on the  
vest;

But ere he well could mark the buoyant  
trunk, <sup>580</sup>

A massy fragment smote it, and it sunk:

It rose again, but indistinct to view,  
 And left the waters of a purple hue,  
 Then deeply disappear'd: the horseman  
 gazed 584  
 Till ebb'd the latest eddy it had raised;  
 Then turning, vaulted on his pawing steed,  
 And instant spurr'd him into panting  
 speed.  
 His face was mask'd—the features of the  
 dead,  
 If dead it were, escaped the observer's  
 dread;  
 But if in sooth a star its bosom bore, 590  
 Such is the badge that knighthood ever  
 wore,  
 And such 'tis known Sir Ezzelin had worn  
 Upon the night that led to such a morn.  
 If thus he perish'd, Heaven receive his  
 soul! 594  
 His undiscover'd limbs to ocean roll;  
 And charity upon the hope would dwell  
 It was not Lara's hand by which he fell.

## XXV

And Kaled—Lara—Ezzelin, are gone,  
 Alike without their monumental stone!  
 The first, all efforts vainly strove to wean  
 From lingering where her chieftain's blood  
 had been: 601  
 Grief had so tamed a spirit once too proud,  
 Her tears were few, her wailing never loud;  
 But furious would you tear her from the  
 spot

Where yet she scarce believed that he was  
 not, 605  
 Her eye shot forth with all the living fire  
 That haunts the tigress in her whelpless ire;  
 But left to waste her weary moments there,  
 She talk'd all idly unto shapes of air,  
 Such as the busy brain of Sorrow paints,  
 And woos to listen to her fond complaints:  
 And she would sit beneath the very tree  
 Where lay his drooping head upon her  
 knee:  
 And in that posture where she saw him  
 fall,  
 His words, his looks, his dying grasp re-  
 call; 615  
 And she had shorn, but saved her raven  
 hair,  
 And oft would snatch it from her bosom  
 there,  
 And fold, and press it gently to the ground,  
 As if she staunch'd anew some phantom's  
 wound. 619  
 Herself would question, and for him reply;  
 Then rising, start, and beckon him to fly  
 From some imagined spectre in pursuit;  
 Then seat her down upon some linden's  
 root,  
 And hide her visage with her meagre hand,  
 Or trace strange characters along the sand.  
 This could not last—she lies by him she  
 loved; 626  
 Her tale untold, her truth too dearly  
 proved.

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

TO

JOHN HOBHOUSE, ESQ.,

THIS POEM IS INSCRIBED BY HIS

January 22nd, 1816.

FRIEND.

## ADVERTISEMENT

'The grand army of the Turks (in 1715), under the Prime Vizier, to open to themselves a way into the heart of the Morea, and to form the siege of Napoli di Romania, the most considerable place in all that country\*, thought it best in the first place to attack Corinth, upon which they made several storms. The garrison being weakened, and the governor seeing it was impossible to hold out against so mighty a force, thought it fit to beat a parley: but while they were treating about the articles, one of the magazines in the Turkish camp, wherein they had six hundred barrels of powder, blew up by accident, whereby six or seven hundred men were killed; which so enraged the infidels, that they would not grant any capitulation, but stormed the place with so much fury, that they took it, and put most of the garrison, with Signior Minotti, the governor, to the sword. The rest, with Antonio Bembo, proveditor extraordinary, were made prisoners of war.'—*History of the Turks*, vol. iii, p. 151.

\* Napoli di Romania is not now the most considerable place in the Morea, but Tripolitza, where the Pacha resides, and maintains his government. Napoli is near Argos. I visited all three in 1810–11, and, in the course of journeying through the country from my first arrival in 1809, I crossed the Isthmus eight times in my way from Attica to the Morea, over the mountains; or in the other direction, when passing from the Gulf of Athens to that of Lepanto. Both the routes are picturesque and beautiful, though very different: that by sea has more sameness; but the voyage being always within sight of land, and often very near it, presents many attractive views of the islands Salamis, Ægina, Poros, &c., and the coast of the Continent.

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

In the year since Jesus died for men,  
Eighteen hundred years and ten,  
We were a gallant company,  
Riding o'er land, and sailing o'er sea.  
Oh! but we went merrily! 5  
We forded the river, and clomb the high  
hill,

Never our steeds for a day stood still;  
Whether we lay in the cave or the shed,  
Our sleep fell soft on the hardest bed: 9  
Whether we couch'd in our rough capote,  
On the rougher plank of our gliding boat,  
Or stretch'd on the beach, or our saddles  
spread

As a pillow beneath the resting head,  
Fresh we woke upon the morrow:  
All our thoughts and words had scope,  
We had health, and we had hope, 16  
Toil and travel, but no sorrow.

We were of all tongues and creeds;—  
Some were those who counted beads,  
Some of mosque, and some of church, 20  
And some, or I mis-say, of neither;  
Yet through the wide world might ye  
search,

Nor find a motlier crew nor blither.  
But some are dead, and some are gone,  
And some are scatter'd and alone, 25  
And some are rebels on the hills  
That look along Epirus' valleys,  
Where freedom still at moments rallies,  
And pays in blood oppression's ills;  
And some are in a far cuntry, 30  
And some all restlessly at home;  
But never more, oh! never, we  
Shall meet to revel and to roam.

But those hardy days flew cheerily!  
And when they now fall drearily, 35  
My thoughts, like swallows, skim the  
main,  
And bear my spirit back again  
Over the earth, and through the air,  
A wild bird and a wanderer.  
'Tis this that ever wakes my strain, 40  
And oft, too oft, implores again  
The few who may endure my lay,  
To follow me so far away.  
Stranger—wilt thou follow now,  
And sit with me on Acro-Corinth's brow?

### I

Many a vanish'd year and age, 46  
And tempest's breath, and battle's rage,  
Have swept o'er Corinth; yet she stands,  
A fortress form'd to Freedom's hands.  
The whirlwind's wrath, the earthquake's  
shock, 50  
Have left untouched her hoary rock,  
The keystone of a land, which still,  
Though fall'n, looks proudly on that hill,

The landmark to the double tide  
That purpling rolls on either side, 55  
As if their waters chafed to meet,  
Yet pause and crouch beneath her feet.  
But could the blood before her shed  
Since first Timoleon's brother bled,  
Or baffled Persia's despot fled, 60  
Arise from out the earth which drank  
The stream of slaughter as it sank,  
That sanguine ocean would o'erflow  
Her isthmus idly spread below:  
Or could the bones of all the slain, 65  
Who perish'd there, be piled again,  
That rival pyramid would rise  
More mountain-like, through those clear  
skies,  
Than yon tower-capp'd Acropolis,  
Which seems the very clouds to kiss. 70

### II

On dun Cithæron's ridge appears  
The gleam of twice ten thousand spears;  
And downward to the Isthmian plain,  
From shore to shore of either main,  
The tent is pitch'd, the crescent shines 75  
Along the Moslem's leaguering lines;  
And the dusk Spahi's bands advance  
Beneath each bearded pacha's glance;  
And far and wide as eye can reach  
The turban'd cohorts throng the beach;  
And there the Arab's camel kneels, 81  
And there his steed the Tartar wheels;  
The Turcoman hath left his herd,  
The sabre round his loins to gird;  
And there the volleying thunders pour, 85  
Till waves grow smoother to the roar.  
The trench is dug, the cannon's breath  
Wings the far hissing globe of death;  
Fast whirl the fragments from the wall,  
Which crumbles with the ponderous ball;  
And from that wall the foe replies, 91  
O'er dusty plain and smoky skies,  
With fires that answer fast and well  
The summons of the Infidel.

### III

But near and nearest to the wall 95  
Of those who wish and work its fall,  
With deeper skill in war's black art  
Than Othman's sons, and high of heart  
As any chief that ever stood  
Triumphant in the fields of blood; 100  
From post to post, and deed to deed,  
Fast spurring on his reeking steed,  
Where sallying ranks the trench assail,  
And make the foremost Moslem quail;  
Or where the battery, guarded well, 105  
Remains as yet impregnable,  
Alighting cheerly to inspire  
The soldier slackening in his fire;

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

The first and freshest of the host  
Which Stamboul's sultan there can boast,  
To guide the follower o'er the field, 111  
To point the tube, the lance to wield,  
Or whirl around the bickering blade;—  
Was Alp, the Adrian renegade!

### IV

From Venice—once a race of worth 115  
His gentle sires—he drew his birth;  
But late an exile from her shore,  
Against his countrymen he bore  
The arms they taught to bear; and now  
The turban girt his shaven brow. 120  
Through many a change had Corinth  
pass'd

With Greece to Venice' rule at last;  
And here, before her walls, with those  
To Greece and Venice equal foes,  
He stood a foe, with all the zeal 125  
Which young and fiery converts feel,  
Within whose heated bosom throngs  
The memory of a thousand wrongs.  
To him had Venice ceased to be  
Her ancient civic boast—'the Free'; 130  
And in the palace of St. Mark  
Unnamed accusers in the dark  
Within the 'Lion's mouth' had placed  
A charge against him uneffaced:  
He fled in time, and saved his life, 135  
To waste his future years in strife,  
That taught his land how great her loss  
In him who triumph'd o'er the Cross,  
'Gainst which he rear'd the Crescent high,  
And battled to avenge or die. 140

### V

Coumourgi—he whose closing scene  
Adorn'd the triumph of Eugene,  
When on Carlowitz' bloody plain,  
The last and mightiest of the slain,  
He sank, regretting not to die, 145  
But cursed the Christian's victory—  
Coumourgi—can his glory cease,  
That latest conqueror of Greece,  
Till Christian hands to Greece restore  
The freedom Venice gave of yore? 150  
A hundred years have roll'd away  
Since he refix'd the Moslem's sway;  
And now he led the Mussulman,  
And gave the guidance of the van  
To Alp, who well repaid the trust 155  
By cities levell'd with the dust;  
And proved, by many a deed of death,  
How firm his heart in novel faith.

### VI

The walls grew weak; and fast and hot  
Against them pour'd the ceaseless shot,  
With unabating fury sent 161  
From battery to battlement;  
And thunder-like the pealing din  
Rose from each heated culverin;

And here and there some crackling dome  
Was fired before the exploding bomb; 166  
And as the fabric sank beneath  
The shattering shell's volcanic breath,  
In red and wreathing columns flash'd  
The flame, as loud the ruin crash'd, 170  
Or into countless meteors driven,  
Its earth-stars melted into heaven;  
Whose clouds that day grew doubly dun,  
Impervious to the hidden sun,  
With volumed smoke that slowly grew  
To one wide sky of sulphurous hue. 176

### VII

But not for vengeance, long delay'd,  
Alone, did Alp, the renegade,  
The Moslem warriors sternly teach  
His skill to pierce the promised breach:  
Within these walls a maid was pent 181  
His hope would win, without consent  
Of that inexorable sire,  
Whose heart refused him in its ire,  
When Alp, beneath his Christian name,  
Her virgin hand aspired to claim,  
In happier mood, and earlier time, 187  
While unimpeach'd for traitorous crime,  
Gayest in gondola or hall,  
He glitter'd through the Carnival;  
And tuned the softest serenade  
That e'er on Adria's waters play'd  
At midnight to Italian maid. 193

### VIII

And many deem'd her heart was won;  
For sought by numbers, given to none,  
Had young Francesca's hand remain'd  
Still by the church's bonds unchain'd:  
And when the Adriatic bore  
Lanciotto to the Paynim shore, 199  
Her wonted smiles were seen to fail,  
And pensive wax'd the maid and pale;  
More constant at confessional,  
More rare at masque and festival;  
Or seen at such, with downcast eyes,  
Which conquer'd hearts they ceased to  
prize; 205  
With listless look she seems to gaze:  
With humbler care her form arrays;  
Her voice less lively in the song;  
Her step, though light, less fleet among  
The pairs, on whom the Morning's glance  
Breaks, yet unsated with the dance. 211

### IX

Sent by the state to guard the land,  
(Which, wrested from the Moslem's hand,  
While Sobieski tamed his pride  
By Buda's wall and Danube's side, 215  
The chiefs of Venice wrung away  
From Patra to Eubœa's bay,)  
Minotti held in Corinth's towers  
The Doge's delegated powers,  
While yet the pitying eye of Peace 220  
Smiled o'er her long forgotten Greece:

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

And ere that faithless truce was broke  
Which freed her from the unchristian yoke,  
With him his gentle daughter came;  
Nor there, since Menelaus' dame 225  
Forsook her lord and land, to prove  
What woes await on lawless love,  
Had fairer form adorn'd the shore  
Than she, the matchless stranger, bore.

### X

The wall is rent, the ruins yawn; 230  
And with to-morrow's earliest dawn,  
O'er the disjointed mass shall vault  
The foremost of the fierce assault.  
The bands are rank'd; the chosen van  
Of Tartar and of Mussulman, 235  
The full of hope, misnamed 'forlorn',  
Who hold the thought of death in scorn,  
And win their way with falchion's force,  
Or pave the path with many a corse,  
O'er which the following brave may rise,  
Their stepping-stone—the last who dies!

### XI

'Tis midnight: on the mountains brown  
The cold, round moon shines deeply  
down; 243  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,  
So wildly, spiritually bright,  
Who ever gazed upon them shining  
And turn'd to earth without repining,  
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away, 250  
And mix with their eternal ray?  
The waves on either shore lay there  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;  
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
But murmur'd meekly as the brook. 255  
The winds were pillow'd on the waves;  
The banners droop'd along their staves,  
And, as they fell around them furling,  
Above them shone the crescent curling;  
And that deep silence was unbroke, 260  
Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
Save where the steed neigh'd oft and shrill,  
And echo answer'd from the hill,  
And the wide hum of that wild host  
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air 266  
In midnight call to wonted prayer;  
It rose, that chanted mournful strain,  
Like some lone spirit's o'er the plain:  
'Twas musical, but sadly sweet, 270  
Such as when winds and harp-strings  
meet,  
And take a long unmeasured tone,  
To mortal minstrelsy unknown.  
It seem'd to those within the wall  
A cry prophetic of their fall:  
It struck even the besieger's ear 276  
With something ominous and drear,  
An undefined and sudden thrill,  
Which makes the heart a moment still,

Then beat with quicker pulse, ashamed  
Of that strange sense its silence framed;  
Such as a sudden passing-bell 282  
Wakes, though but for a stranger's knell.

### XII

The tent of Alp was on the shore;  
The sound was hush'd, the prayer was  
o'er, 285  
The watch was set, the night-round made,  
All mandates issued and obey'd:  
'Tis but another anxious night,  
His pains the morrow may require  
With all revenge and love can pay, 290  
In guerdon for their long delay.  
Few hours remain, and he hath need  
Of rest, to nerve for many a deed  
Of slaughter; but within his soul 294  
The thoughts like troubled waters roll.  
He stood alone among the host;  
Not his the loud fanatic boast  
To plant the crescent o'er the cross,  
Or risk a life with little loss,  
Secure in paradise to be 300  
By Houris loved immortally:  
Nor his, what burning patriots feel,  
The stern exaltedness of zeal,  
Profuse of blood, untired in toil,  
When battling on the parent soil. 305  
He stood alone—a renegade  
Against the country he betray'd;  
He stood alone amidst his band,  
Without a trusted heart or hand: 309  
They follow'd him, for he was brave,  
And great the spoil he got and gave;  
They crouch'd to him, for he had skill  
To warp and wield the vulgar will:  
But still his Christian origin 315  
With them was little less than sin.  
They envied even the faithless fame  
He earn'd beneath a Moslem name;  
Since he, their mightiest chief, had been 319  
In youth a bitter Nazarene.  
They did not know how pride can stoop,  
When baffled feelings withering droop;  
They did not know how hate can burn  
In hearts once changed from soft to stern;  
Nor all the false and fatal zeal 325  
The convert of revenge can feel.  
He ruled them—man may rule the worst,  
By ever daring to be first:  
So lions o'er the jackal sway;  
The jackal points, he fells the prey,  
Then on the vulgar, yelling, press, 330  
To gorge the relics of success.

### XIII

His head grows fever'd, and his pulse  
The quick successive throbs convulse:  
In vain from side to side he throws  
His form, in courtship of repose; 335  
Or if he dozes, a sound, a start  
Awoke him with a sunken heart.

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

The turban on his hot brow press'd,  
The mail weigh'd lead-like on his breast,  
Though oft and long beneath its weight  
Upon his eyes had slumber sate, 341  
Without or couch or canopy,  
Except a rougher field and sky  
Than now might yield a warrior's bed,  
Than now along the heaven was spread.  
He could not rest, he could not stay 346  
Within his tent to wait for day,  
But walk'd him forth along the sand,  
Where thousand sleepers strew'd the  
strand.  
What pillow'd them? and why should he  
More wakeful than the humblest be,  
Since more their peril, worse their toil?  
And yet they fearless dream of spoil;  
While he alone, where thousands pass'd  
A night of sleep, perchance their last, 355  
In sickly vigil wander'd on,  
And envied all he gazed upon.

### XIV

He felt his soul become more light  
Beneath the freshness of the night.  
Cool was the silent sky, though calm, 360  
And bathed his brow with airy balm:  
Behind, the camp—before him lay,  
In many a winding creek and bay,  
Lepanto's gulf; and, on the brow  
Of Delphi's hill, unshaken snow, 365  
High and eternal, such as shone  
Through thousand summers brightly  
gone,  
Along the gulf, the mount, the clime;  
It will not melt, like man, to time:  
Tyrant and slave are swept away, 370  
Less form'd to wear before the ray;  
But that white veil, the lightest, frailest,  
Which on the mighty mount thou hailest,  
While tower and tree are torn and rent,  
Shines o'er its craggy battlement; 375  
In form a peak, in height a cloud,  
In texture like a hovering shroud,  
Thus high by parting Freedom spread,  
As from her fond abode she fled,  
And linger'd on the spot, where long 380  
Her prophet spirit spake in song.  
Oh! still her step at moments falters  
O'er wither'd fields, and ruin'd altars,  
And fain would wake, in souls too broken,  
By pointing to each glorious token: 385  
But vain her voice, till better days  
Dawn in those yet remember'd rays,  
Which shone upon the Persian flying,  
And saw the Spartan smile in dying.

### XV

Not mindless of these mighty times 390  
Was Alp, despite his flight and crimes;  
And through this night, as on he wander'd,  
And o'er the past and present ponder'd,  
And thought upon the glorious dead  
Who there in better cause had bled, 395

He felt how faint and feebly dim  
The fame that could accrue to him,  
Who cheer'd the band, and waved the  
sword,  
A traitor in a turban'd horde;  
And led them to the lawless siege, 400  
Whose best success were sacrilege.  
Not so had those his fancy number'd,  
The chiefs whose dust around him slum-  
ber'd;  
Their phalanx marshall'd on the plain,  
Whose bulwarks were not then in vain.  
They fell devoted, but undying; 406  
The very gale their name seem'd sighing;  
The waters murmur'd of their name;  
The woods were peopled with their fame;  
The silent pillar, lone and grey, 410  
Claim'd kindred with their sacred clay;  
Their spirits wrapp'd the dusky mountain,  
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;  
The meanest rill, the mightiest river  
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.  
Despite of every yoke she bears, 416  
That land is glory's still and theirs!  
'Tis still a watchword to the earth:  
When man would do a deed of worth  
He points to Greece, and turns to tread,  
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head: 421  
He looks to her, and rushes on  
Where life is lost, or freedom won.

### XVI

Still by the shore Alp mutely mused,  
And woo'd the freshness Night diffused.  
There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea,  
Which changeless rolls eternally; 427  
So that wildest of waves, in their angriest  
mood,  
Scarce break on the bounds of the land  
for a rood;  
And the powerless moon beholds them  
flow, 430  
Heedless if she come or go:  
Calm or high, in main or bay,  
On their course she hath no sway.  
The rock unworn its base doth bare,  
And looks o'er the surf, but it comes not  
there; 435  
And the fringe of the foam may be seen  
below,  
On the line that it left long ages ago:  
A smooth short space of yellow sand  
Between it and the greener land.

He wander'd on along the beach, 440  
Till within the range of a carbine's reach  
Of the leaguer'd wall; but they saw him  
not,  
Or how could he 'scape from the hostile  
shot?  
Did traitors lurk in the Christians' hold?  
Were their hands grown stiff, or their  
hearts wax'd cold? 445

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

I know not, in sooth; but from yonder  
 wall  
 There flash'd no fire, and there hiss'd no  
 ball,  
 Though he stood beneath the bastion's  
 frown,  
 That flank'd the sea-ward gate of the  
 town;  
 Though he heard the sound, and could  
 almost tell 450  
 The sullen words of the sentinel,  
 As his measured step on the stone below  
 Clank'd, as he paced it to and fro;  
 And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall  
 Hold o'er the dead their carnival, 455  
 Gorging and growling o'er carcass and  
 limb;

They were too busy to bark at him!  
 From a Tartar's skull they had stripp'd  
 the flesh,  
 As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;  
 And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the  
 whiter skull, 460  
 As it slipp'd through their jaws, when  
 their edge grew dull,  
 As they lazily mumbled the bones of the  
 dead,  
 When they scarce could rise from the spot  
 where they fed;  
 So well had they broken a lingering fast  
 With those who had fallen for that night's  
 repast. 465  
 And Alp knew, by the turbans that roll'd  
 on the sand,

The foremost of these were the best of his  
 band:  
 Crimson and green were the shawls of  
 their wear,  
 And each scalp had a single long tuft of  
 hair,  
 All the rest was shaven and bare. 470  
 The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,  
 The hair was tangled round his jaw:  
 But close by the shore, on the edge of the  
 gulf,  
 There sat a vulture flapping a wolf,  
 Who had stolen from the hills, but kept  
 away, 475  
 Scared by the dogs, from the human  
 prey;  
 But he seized on his share of a steed that  
 lay,  
 Pick'd by the birds, on the sands of the bay.

### XVII

Alp turn'd him from the sickening sight:  
 Never had shaken his nerves in fight;  
 But he better could brook to behold the  
 dying, 481  
 Deep in the tide of their warm blood lying,  
 Scorch'd with the death-thirst, and writh-  
 ing in vain,  
 Than the perishing dead who are past all  
 pain.

There is something of pride in the perilous  
 hour, 485  
 Whate'er be the shape in which death may  
 lower;  
 For Fame is there to say who bleeds,  
 And Honour's eye on daring deeds!  
 But when all is past, it is humbling to  
 tread  
 O'er the weltering field of the tombless  
 dead, 490  
 And see worms of the earth, and fowls of  
 the air,  
 Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;  
 All regarding man as their prey,  
 All rejoicing in his decay.

### XVIII

There is a temple in ruin stands, 495  
 Fashion'd by long-forgotten hands;  
 Two or three columns, and many a stone,  
 Marble and granite, with grass o'ergrown!  
 Out upon Time! it will leave no more  
 Of the things to come than the things  
 before! 500  
 Out upon Time! who for ever will leave  
 But enough of the past for the future to  
 grieve  
 O'er that which hath been, and o'er that  
 which must be:  
 What we have seen, our sons shall see;  
 Remnants of things that have pass'd away,  
 Fragments of stone rear'd by creatures of  
 clay! 506

### XIX

He sate him down at a pillar's base,  
 And pass'd his hand athwart his face;  
 Like one in dreary musing mood,  
 Declining was his attitude; 510  
 His head was drooping on his breast,  
 Fever'd, throbbing, and oppress'd;  
 And o'er his brow, so downward bent,  
 Oft his beating fingers went,  
 Hurriedly, as you may see 515  
 Your own run over the ivory key,  
 Ere the measured tone is taken  
 By the chords you would awaken.  
 There he sate all heavily,  
 As he heard the night-wind sigh. 520  
 Was it the wind through some hollow  
 stone  
 Sent that soft and tender moan?  
 He lifted his head, and he look'd on the  
 sea,  
 But it was unrippled as glass may be;  
 He look'd on the long grass—it waved  
 not a blade; 525  
 How was that gentle sound convey'd?  
 He look'd to the banners—each flag lay  
 still,  
 So did the leaves on Cithæron's hill,  
 And he felt not a breath come over his  
 cheek;  
 What did that sudden sound bespeak?

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

He turn'd to the left—is he sure of sight?

There sate a lady, youthful and bright!

### XX

He started up with more of fear  
Than if an armed foe were near.

'God of my fathers! what is here? 535  
Who art thou? and wherefore sent  
So near a hostile armament?'

His trembling hands refused to sign  
The cross he deem'd no more divine:

He had resumed it in that hour, 540  
But conscience wrung away the power.

He gazed, he saw: he knew the face  
Of beauty, and the form of grace;

It was Francesca by his side,  
The maid who might have been his bride! 545

The rose was yet upon her cheek,  
But mellow'd with a tenderer streak:  
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?  
Gone was the smile that enliven'd their red.

The ocean's calm within their view,  
Beside her eye had less of blue; 551

But like that cold wave it stood still,  
And its glance, though clear, was chill.

Around her form a thin robe twining,  
Nought conceal'd her bosom shining;

Through the parting of her hair, 556  
Floating darkly downward there,

Her rounded arm show'd white and bare:  
And ere yet she made reply,

Once she raised her hand on high; 560  
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,

You might have seen the moon shine through.

### XXI

'I come from my rest to him I love best,  
That I may be happy, and he may be  
bless'd,

I have pass'd the guards, the gate, the wall; 565

Sought thee in safety through foes and all.  
'Tis said the lion will turn and flee

From a maid in the pride of her purity;  
And the Power on high, that can shield  
the good

Thus from the tyrant of the wood, 570  
Hath extended its mercy to guard me as well

From the hands of the leaguering infidel.  
I come—and if I come in vain,

Never, oh never, we meet again!  
Thou hast done a fearful deed 575

In falling away from thy fathers' creed:  
But dash that turban to earth, and sign

The sign of the cross, and for ever be mine;  
Wring the black drop from thy heart,

And to-morrow unites us no more to part.' 580

'And where should our bridal couch be spread?

In the midst of the dying and the dead?  
For to-morrow we give to the slaughter  
and flame

The sons and the shrines of the Christian name. 584

None, save thou and thine, I've sworn,  
Shall be left upon the morn:

But thee will I bear to a lovely spot,  
Where our hands shall be join'd, and our  
sorrow forgot.

There thou yet shalt be my bride, 589  
When once again I've quell'd the pride

Of Venice; and her hated race  
Have felt the arm they would debase

Scourge, with a whip of scorpions, those  
Whom vice and envy made my foes.'

Upon his hand she laid her own— 595  
Light was the touch, but it thrill'd to the bone,

And shot a chillness to his heart,  
Which fix'd him beyond the power to start.

Though slight was that grasp so mortal cold,

He could not loose him from its hold;  
But never did clasp of one so dear 601

Strike on the pulse with such feeling of fear,

As those thin fingers, long and white,  
Froze through his blood by their touch

that night.  
The feverish glow of his brow was gone,

And his heart sank so still that it felt like stone, 606

As he look'd on the face, and beheld its hue,

So deeply changed from what he knew:  
Fair but faint—without the ray

Of mind, that made each feature play  
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;

And her motionless lips lay still as death,

And her words came forth without her breath,

And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,

And there seem'd not a pulse in her veins to dwell. 613

Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fix'd,

And the glance that it gave was wild and unmix'd

With aught of change, as the eyes may seem

Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream;

Like the figures on arras, that gloomily glare, 620

Stirr'd by the breath of the wintry air,  
So seen by the dying lamp's fitful light,

Lifeless, but life-like, and awful to sight;



## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

As they seem, through the dimness, about  
to come down

From the shadowy wall where their images  
frown; 625

Fearfully flitting to and fro,  
As the gusts on the tapestry come and go.

'If not for love of me be given  
Thus much, then, for the love of  
heaven,—

Again I say—that turban tear 630  
From off thy faithless brow, and swear  
Thine injured country's sons to spare,  
Or thou art lost; and never shalt see—  
Not earth—that's past—but heaven or  
me.

If this thou dost accord, albeit 635  
A heavy doom 'tis thine to meet,  
That doom shall half absolve thy sin,  
And mercy's gate may receive thee within:  
But pause one moment more, and take  
The curse of Him thou didst forsake;  
And look once more to heaven, and see  
Its love for ever shut from thee.

There is a light cloud by the moon—  
'Tis passing, and will pass full soon—  
If, by the time its vapoury sail 645  
Hath ceased her shaded orb to veil,  
Thy heart within thee is not changed,  
Then God and man are both avenged;  
Dark will thy doom be, darker still  
Thine immortality of ill.' 650

Alp look'd to heaven, and saw on high  
The sign she spake of in the sky;  
But his heart was swollen, and turn'd aside,  
By deep interminable pride. 654  
This first false passion of his breast  
Roll'd like a torrent o'er the rest.  
*He* sue for mercy! *He* dismay'd  
By wild words of a timid maid!  
*He*, wrong'd by Venice, vow to save  
Her sons, devoted to the grave! 660  
No—though that cloud were thunder's  
worst,  
And charged to crush him—let it burst!

He look'd upon it earnestly,  
Without an accent of reply; 664  
He watch'd it passing; it is flown:  
Full on his eye the clear moon shone,  
And thus he spake—'Whate'er my fate,  
I am no changeling—'tis too late:  
The reed in storms may bow and quiver,  
Then rise again; the tree must shiver.  
What Venice made me, I must be, 671  
Her foe in all, save love to thee:  
But thou art safe: oh, fly with me!  
He turn'd, but she is gone!  
Nothing is there but the column stone.  
Hath she sunk in the earth, or melted  
in air? 676  
He saw not—he knew not—but nothing  
is there.

## XXII

The night is past, and shines the sun  
As if that morn were a jocund one.  
Lightly and brightly breaks away 680  
The Morning from her mantle grey,  
And the noon will look on a sultry day.

Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous  
horn,

And the flap of the banners, that flit as  
they're borne, 685  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multi-  
tude's hum,

And the clash, and the shout, 'They come!  
they come!'

The horsetails are pluck'd from the  
ground, and the sword  
From its sheath; and they form, and but  
wait for the word.

Tartar, and Spahi, and Turcoman, 690  
Strike your tents, and throng to the van;  
Mount ye, spur ye, skirr the plain,  
That the fugitive may flee in vain,  
When he breaks from the town; and none  
escape, 694

Aged or young, in the Christian shape;  
While your fellows on foot, in a fiery mass,  
Bloodstain the breach through which they  
pass.

The steeds are all bridled, and snort to  
the rein;

Curved is each neck, and flowing each  
mane;

White is the foam of their champ on the  
bit; 700

The spears are uplifted; the matches are  
lit;

The cannon are pointed, and ready to  
roar,

And crush the wall they have crumbled  
before:

Forms in his phalanx each janizar;  
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,  
So is the blade of his scimitar; 706  
The khan and the pachas are all at their  
post;

The vizier himself at the head of the host.  
When the culverin's signal is fired, then  
on;

Leave not in Corinth a living one— 710  
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,  
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her  
walls.

God and the prophet—Alla Hu!  
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!

'There the breach lies for passage, the  
ladder to scale; 715

And your hands on your sabres, and how  
should ye fail?

He who first downs with the red cross may  
crave

His heart's dearest wish; let him ask it,  
and have!'

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

Thus utter'd Coumourgi, the dauntless  
vizier;  
The reply was the brandish of sabre and  
spear,  
And the shout of fierce thousands in joy-  
ous ire:—  
Silence—hark to the signal—fire!

### XXIII

As the wolves, that headlong go  
On the stately buffalo,  
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,  
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that  
gore,  
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high  
The foremost, who rush on his strength  
but to die:  
Thus against the wall they went,  
Thus the first were backward bent; 730  
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,  
Strew'd the earth like broken glass,  
Shiver'd by the shot, that tore  
The ground whereon they moved no  
more:  
Even as they fell, in files they lay, 735  
Like the mower's grass at the close of  
day,  
When his work is done on the levell'd  
plain;  
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

### XXIV

As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,  
From the cliffs invading dash 740  
Huge fragments, sapp'd by the cease-  
less flow,  
Till white and thundering down they go,  
Like the avalanche's snow  
On the Alpine vales below; 744  
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,  
Corinth's sons were downward borne  
By the long and oft renew'd  
Charge of the Moslem multitude.  
In firmness they stood, and in masses  
they fell,  
Heap'd by the host of the infidel, 750  
Hand to hand, and foot to foot:  
Nothing there, save death, was mute:  
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry  
For quarter or for victory, 754  
Mingle there with the volleying thunder,  
Which makes the distant cities wonder  
How the sounding battle goes,  
If with them, or for their foes;  
If they must mourn, or may rejoice  
In that annihilating voice, 760  
Which pierces the deep hills through  
and through  
With an echo dread and new:  
You might have heard it, on that day,  
O'er Salamis and Megara;  
(We have heard the hearers say,) 765  
Even unto Piræus' bay.

### XXV

From the point of encountering blades  
to the hilt,  
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt;  
But the rampart is won, and the spoil  
begun,  
And all but the after carnage done. 770  
Shriller shrieks now mingling come  
From within the plunder'd dome;  
Hark to the haste of flying feet,  
That splash in the blood of the slippery  
street;  
But here and there, where 'vantage  
ground 775  
Against the foe may still be found,  
Desperate groups, of twelve or ten,  
Make a pause, and turn again—  
With banded backs against the wall,  
Fiercely stand, or fighting fall. 780

There stood an old man—his hairs were  
white,  
But his veteran arm was full of might:  
So gallantly bore he the brunt of the  
fray,  
The dead before him, on that day,  
In a semicircle lay; 785  
Still he combated unwounded,  
Though retreating, unsurrounded.  
Many a scar of former fight  
Lurk'd beneath his corslet bright; 789  
But of every wound his body bore,  
Each and all had been ta'en before:  
Though aged, he was so iron of limb,  
Few of our youth could cope with  
him,  
And the foes, whom he singly kept at  
bay,  
Outnumber'd his thin hairs of silver  
grey. 795  
From right to left his sabre swept;  
Many an Othman mother wept  
Sons that were unborn, when dipp'd  
His weapon first in Moslem gore,  
Ere his years could count a score. 800  
Of all he might have been the sire  
Who fell that day beneath his ire:  
For, sonless left long years ago,  
His wrath made many a childless foe;  
And since the day, when in the strait  
His only boy had met his fate, 806  
His parent's iron hand did doom  
More than a human hecatomb.  
If shades by carnage be appeased,  
Patroclus' spirit less was pleased 810  
Than his, Minotti's son, who died  
Where Asia's bounds and ours divide.  
Buried he lay, where thousands be-  
fore  
For thousands of years were inhumed  
on the shore;  
What of them is left, to tell 815  
Where they lie, and how they fell?

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

Not a stone on their turf, nor a bone in  
their graves;  
But they live in the verse that immortally  
saves.

### XXVI

Hark to the Allah shout! a band  
Of the Mussulman bravest and best is  
at hand; 820

Their leader's nervous arm is bare,  
Swifter to smite, and never to spare—  
Unclothed to the shoulder it waves  
them on;

Thus in the fight is he ever known:  
Others a gaudier garb may show, 825  
To tempt the spoil of the greedy foe;  
Many a hand's on a richer hilt,  
But none on a steel more ruddily gilt;  
Many a loftier turban may wear,—  
Alp is but known by the white arm  
bare; 830

Look through the thick of the fight,  
'tis there!

There is not a standard on that shore  
So well advanced the ranks before;  
There is not a banner in Moslem war  
Will lure the Delhis half so far; 835  
It glances like a falling star!

Where'er that mighty arm is seen,  
The bravest be, or late have been;  
There the craven cries for quarter  
Vainly to the vengeful Tartar; 840  
Or the hero, silent lying,  
Scorns to yield a groan in dying;  
Mustering his last feeble blow  
'Gainst the nearest levell'd foe,  
Though faint beneath the mutual  
wound, 845  
Grappling on the gory ground.

### XXVII

Still the old man stood erect,  
And Alp's career a moment check'd.  
'Yield thee, Minotti; quarter take,  
For thine own, thy daughter's sake.'

'Never, renegado, never! 851  
Though the life of thy gift would last  
for ever.'

'Francesca!—Oh, my promised bride!  
Must she too perish by thy pride?'

'She is safe.'—'Where? where?'—'In  
heaven; 855

From whence thy traitor soul is driven—  
Far from thee, and undefiled.'  
Grimly then Minotti smiled,  
As he saw Alp staggering bow  
Before his words, as with a blow. 860  
'Oh God! when died she?'—'Yester-  
night—

Nor weep I for her spirit's flight:

None of my pure race shall be  
Slaves to Mahomet and thee—  
Come on!—That challenge is in vain—  
Alp's already with the slain! 866

While Minotti's words were wreaking  
More revenge in bitter speaking  
Than his falchion's point had found,  
Had the time allow'd to wound, 870  
From within the neighbouring porch  
Of a long defended church,  
Where the last and desperate few  
Would the failing fight renew,  
The sharp shot dash'd Alp to the  
ground; 875

Ere an eye could view the wound  
That crash'd through the brain of the  
infidel,

Round he spun, and down he fell;  
A flash like fire within his eyes  
Blazed, as he bent no more to rise, 880  
And then eternal darkness sunk  
Through all the palpitating trunk;  
Nought of life left, save a quivering  
Where his limbs were slightly shivering:  
They turn'd him on his back; his breast  
And brow were stain'd with gore and  
dust. 886

And through his lips the life-blood  
oozed,

From its deep veins lately loosed:  
But in his pulse there was no throb,  
Nor on his lips one dying sob; 890  
Sigh, nor word, nor struggling breath  
Heralded his way to death;  
Ere his very thought could pray,  
Unane!d he pass'd away,  
Without a hope from mercy's aid,—  
To the last a Renegade. 896

### XXVIII

Fearfully the yell arose  
Of his followers, and his foes;  
These in joy, in fury those:  
Then again in conflict mixing, 900  
Clashing swords, and spears trans-  
fixing,

Interchanged the blow and thrust,  
Hurling warriors in the dust.  
Street by street, and foot by foot,  
Still Minotti dares dispute 905

The latest portion of the land  
Left beneath his high command;  
With him, aiding heart and hand,  
The remnant of his gallant band.  
Still the church is tenable, 910

Whence issued late the fated ball  
That half avenged the city's fall,  
When Alp, her fierce assailant, fell:  
Thither bending sternly back,  
They leave before a bloody track; 915  
And, with their faces to the foe,  
Dealing wounds with every blow,  
The chief, and his retreating train,  
Join to those within the fane;

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

There they yet may breathe awhile, 920  
Shelter'd by the massy pile.

### XXIX

Brief breathing-time! the turban'd host,  
With added ranks and raging boast,  
Press onwards with such strength and  
heat,  
Their numbers balk their own retreat;  
For narrow the way that led to the  
spot 926  
Where still the Christians yielded not;  
And the foremost, if fearful, may vainly  
try  
Through the massy column to turn and  
fly;  
They perforce must do or die. 930  
They die; but ere their eyes could close,  
Avengers o'er their bodies rose;  
Fresh and furious, fast they fill  
The ranks unthinn'd, though slaugh-  
ter'd still; 934  
And faint the weary Christians wax  
Before the still renew'd attacks:  
And now the Othmans gain the gate;  
Still resists its iron weight,  
And still, all deadly aim'd and hot,  
From every crevice comes the shot;  
From every shatter'd window pour 941  
The volleys of the sulphurous shower:  
But the portal wavering grows and  
weak—  
The iron yields, the hinges creak—  
It bends—it falls—and all is o'er; 945  
Lost Corinth may resist no more!

### XXX

Darkly, sternly, and all alone,  
Minotti stood o'er the altar-stone:  
Madonna's face upon him shone,  
Painted in heavenly hues above, 950  
With eyes of light and looks of love;  
And placed upon that holy shrine  
To fix our thoughts on things divine,  
When pictured there, we kneeling see  
Her, and the boy-God on her knee,  
Smiling sweetly on each prayer 956  
To heaven, as if to waft it there.  
Still she smiled; even now she smiles,  
Though slaughter streams along her  
aisles:  
Minotti lifted his aged eye, 960  
And made the sign of a cross with a  
sigh,  
Then seized a torch which blazed there-  
by;  
And still he stood, while with steel and  
flame  
Inward and onward the Mussulman  
came.

### XXXI

The vaults beneath the mosaic stone  
Contain'd the dead of ages gone; 966

Their names were on the graven floor,  
But now illegible with gore;  
The carved crests, and curious hues  
The varied marble's vein diffuse, 970  
Were smear'd, and slippery,—stain'd,  
and strown  
With broken swords, and helms o'er-  
thrown:  
There were dead above, and the dead  
below  
Lay cold in many a coffin'd row;  
You might see them piled in sable  
state, 975  
By a pale light through a gloomy grate;  
But War had enter'd their dark caves,  
And stored along the vaulted graves  
Her sulphurous treasures, thickly  
spread  
In masses by the fleshless dead: 980  
Here, throughout the siege, had been  
The Christians' chiefest magazine;  
To these a late-form'd train now led,  
Minotti's last and stern resource  
Against the foe's o'erwhelming force.

### XXXII

The foe came on, and few remain 986  
To strive, and those must strive in vain:  
For lack of further lives, to slake  
The thirst of vengeance now awake,  
With barbarous blows they gash the  
dead, 990  
And lop the already lifeless head,  
And fell the statues from their niche,  
And spoil the shrines of offerings rich,  
And from each other's rude hands  
wrest  
The silver vessels saints had bless'd.  
To the high altar on they go; 996  
Oh, but it made a glorious show!  
On its table still behold  
The cup of consecrated gold;  
Massy and deep, a glittering prize, 1000  
Brightly it sparkles to plunderers' eyes:  
That morn it held the holy wine,  
Converted by Christ to his blood so  
divine,  
Which his worshippers drank at the  
break of day,  
To shrive their souls ere they join'd in  
the fray. 1005  
Still a few drops within it lay:  
And round the sacred table glow  
Twelve lofty lamps, in splendid row,  
From the purest metal cast;  
A spoil—the richest, and the last.

### XXXIII

So near they came, the nearest stretch'd  
To grasp the spoil he almost reach'd,  
When old Minotti's hand  
Touch'd with the torch the train—  
'Tis fired! 1015

## THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

Spire, vaults, the shrine, the spoil, the slain,  
 The turban'd victors, the Christian band,  
 All that of living or dead remain,  
 Hurl'd on high with the shiver'd fane,  
 In one wild roar expired! 1020  
 The shatter'd town—the walls thrown down—  
 The waves a moment backward bent—  
 The hills that shake, although unrent,  
 As if an earthquake pass'd—  
 The thousand shapeless things all driven 1025  
 In cloud and flame athwart the heaven,  
 By that tremendous blast—  
 Proclaim'd the desperate conflict o'er  
 On that too long afflicted shore:  
 Up to the sky like rockets go 1030  
 All that mingled there below:  
 Many a tall and goodly man,  
 Scorch'd and shrivell'd to a span,  
 When he fell to earth again  
 Like a cinder strew'd the plain: 1035  
 Down the ashes shower like rain;  
 Some fell in the gulf, which received the sprinkles  
 With a thousand circling wrinkles;  
 Some fell on the shore, but, far away,  
 Scatter'd o'er the isthmus lay; 1040  
 Christian or Moslem, which be they?  
 Let their mothers see and say!  
 When in cradled rest they lay,  
 And each nursing mother smiled  
 On the sweet sleep of her child, 1045

Little deem'd she such a day  
 Would rend those tender limbs away.  
 Not the matrons that them bore  
 Could discern their offspring more;  
 That one moment left no trace 1050  
 More of human form or face  
 Save a scatter'd scalp or bone:  
 And down came blazing rafters, strown  
 Around, and many a falling stone,  
 Deeply dinted in the clay, 1055  
 All blacken'd there and reeking lay.  
 All the living things that heard  
 That deadly earth-shock disappear'd:  
 The wild birds flew; the wild dogs fled,  
 And howling left the unburied dead;  
 The camels from their keepers broke;  
 The distant steer forsook the yoke—  
 The nearer steed plunged o'er the plain,  
 And burst his girth, and tore his rein;  
 The bull-frog's note, from out the marsh, 1065  
 Deep-mouth'd arose, and doubly harsh;  
 The wolves yell'd on the cavern'd hill  
 Where echo roll'd in thunder still;  
 The jackals' troop, in gather'd cry,  
 Bay'd from afar complainingly, 1070  
 With a mix'd and mournful sound,  
 Like crying babe, and beaten hound:  
 With sudden wing, and ruffled breast,  
 The eagle left his rocky nest,  
 And mounted nearer to the sun, 1075  
 The clouds beneath him seem'd so dun;  
 Their smoke assail'd his startled beak,  
 And made him higher soar and shriek—  
 Thus was Corinth lost and won!

## PARISINA

TO

SCROPE BERDMORE DAVIES, ESQ.

THE FOLLOWING POEM IS INSCRIBED,

BY ONE WHO HAS LONG ADMIR'D HIS TALENTS, AND VALUED HIS FRIENDSHIP

January 22, 1816.

### ADVERTISEMENT

THE following poem is grounded on a circumstance mentioned in Gibbon's 'Antiquities of the House of Brunswick.' I am aware, that in modern times the delicacy or fastidiousness of the reader may deem such subjects unfit for the purposes of poetry. The Greek dramatists, and some of the best of our old English writers, were of a different opinion: as Alfieri and Schiller have also been, more recently, upon the Continent. The following extract will explain the facts on which the story is founded. The name of *Azo* is substituted for Nicholas, as more metrical.

'Under the reign of Nicholas III. Ferrara was polluted with a domestic tragedy. By the testimony of an attendant, and his own observation, the Marquis of Este discovered the incestuous loves of his wife Parisina, and Hugo his bastard son, a beautiful and valiant youth. They were beheaded in the castle by the sentence of a father and husband, who published his shame, and survived their execution. He was unfortunate, if they were guilty: if they were innocent, he was still more unfortunate; nor is there any possible situation in which I can sincerely approve the last act of the justice of a parent.'—  
 GIBBON'S *Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii, p. 470.

# PARISINA

## I

It is the hour when from the boughs  
 The nightingale's high note is heard;  
 It is the hour when lovers' vows  
 Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;  
 And gentle winds, and waters near, 5  
 Make music to the lonely ear.  
 Each flower the dews have lightly wet,  
 And in the sky the stars are met,  
 And on the wave is deeper blue,  
 And on the leaf a browner hue, 10  
 And in the heaven that clear obscure,  
 So softly dark, and darkly pure,  
 Which follows the decline of day,  
 As twilight melts beneath the moon  
 away.

## II

But it is not to list to the waterfall 15  
 That Parisina leaves her hall,  
 And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light  
 That the lady walks in the shadow of night;  
 And if she sits in Este's bower,  
 'Tis not for the sake of its full-blown  
 flower; 20  
 She listens—but not for the nightingale—  
 Though her ear expects as soft a tale.  
 There glides a step through the foliage  
 thick,  
 And her cheek grows pale, and her heart  
 beats quick.  
 There whispers a voice through the rust-  
 ling leaves, 25  
 And her blush returns, and her bosom  
 heaves:  
 A moment more and they shall meet—  
 'Tis past—her lover's at her feet.

## III

And what unto them is the world beside,  
 With all its change of time and tide? 30  
 Its living things, its earth and sky,  
 Are nothing to their mind and eye.  
 And heedless as the dead are they  
 Of aught around, above, beneath;  
 As if all else had pass'd away, 35  
 They only for each other breathe;  
 Their very sighs are full of joy  
 So deep, that did it not decay,  
 That happy madness would destroy  
 The hearts which feel its fiery sway:  
 Of guilt, of peril, do they deem 41  
 In that tumultuous tender dream?  
 Who that have felt that passion's power,  
 Or paused, or fear'd in such an hour?  
 Or thought how brief such moments  
 last? 45  
 But yet—they are already past!  
 Alas! we must awake before  
 We know such vision comes no more.

## IV

With many a lingering look they leave  
 The spot of guilty gladness past: 50  
 And though they hope and vow, they  
 grieve,  
 As if that parting were the last.  
 The frequent sigh—the long embrace—  
 The lip that there would cling for ever,  
 While gleams on Parisina's face 55  
 The Heaven she fears will not forgive  
 her,  
 As if each calmly conscious star  
 Beheld her frailty from afar—  
 The frequent sigh, the long embrace,  
 Yet binds them to their trysting place.  
 But it must come, and they must part  
 In fearful heaviness of heart, 62  
 With all the deep and shuddering chill  
 Which follows fast the deeds of ill.

## V

And Hugo is gone to his lonely bed, 65  
 To covet there another's bride;  
 But she must lay her conscious head  
 A husband's trusting heart beside.  
 But fever'd in her sleep she seems,  
 And red her cheek with troubled  
 dreams, 70  
 And mutters she in her unrest  
 A name she dare not breathe by day,  
 And clasps her lord unto the breast  
 Which pants for one away:  
 And he to that embrace awakes, 75  
 And, happy in the thought, mistakes  
 The dreaming sigh, and warm caress,  
 For such as he was wont to bless;  
 And could in very fondness weep  
 O'er her who loves him even in sleep.

## VI

He clasp'd her sleeping to his heart,  
 And listen'd to each broken word:  
 He hears—Why doth Prince Azo start,  
 As if the Archangel's voice he heard?  
 And well he may—a deeper doom 85  
 Could scarcely thunder o'er his tomb,  
 When he shall wake to sleep no more,  
 And stand the eternal throne before.  
 And well he may—his earthly peace  
 Upon that sound is doom'd to cease. 90  
 That sleeping whisper of a name  
 Bespeaks her guilt and Azo's shame.  
 And whose that name? that o'er his  
 pillow  
 Sounds fearful as the breaking billow,  
 Which rolls the plank upon the shore,  
 And dashes on the pointed rock 96  
 The wretch who sinks to rise no more,—  
 So came upon his soul the shock.

## PARISINA

And whose that name? 'tis Hugo's,—  
his—<sup>99</sup>  
In sooth he had not deem'd of this!—  
'Tis Hugo's,—he, the child of one  
He loved—his own all-evil son—  
The offspring of his wayward youth,  
When he betray'd Bianca's truth, <sup>104</sup>  
The maid whose folly could confide  
In him who made her not his bride.

### VII

He pluck'd his poniard in its sheath,  
But sheath'd it ere the point was  
bare—  
Howe'er unworthy now to breathe,  
He could not slay a thing so fair—  
At least, not smiling—sleeping—  
there: <sup>111</sup>  
Nay more:—he did not wake her then,  
But gazed upon her with a glance  
Which, had she roused her from her  
trance,  
Had frozen her sense to sleep again; <sup>115</sup>  
And o'er his brow the burning lamp  
Gleam'd on the dew-drops big and  
damp.  
She spake no more—but she still slum-  
ber'd—  
While, in his thought, her days are  
number'd.

### VIII

And with the morn he sought and  
found, <sup>120</sup>  
In many a tale from those around,  
The proof of all he fear'd to know,  
Their present guilt, his future woe;  
The long-conniving damsels seek  
To save themselves, and would trans-  
fer <sup>125</sup>  
The guilt—the shame—the doom—  
to her:  
Concealment is no more—they speak  
All circumstance which may compel  
Full credence to the tale they tell:  
And Azo's tortured heart and ear <sup>130</sup>  
Have nothing more to feel or hear.

### IX

He was not one who brook'd delay:  
Within the chamber of his state,  
The chief of Este's ancient sway <sup>134</sup>  
Upon his throne of judgment sate;  
His nobles and his guards are there,—  
Before him is the sinful pair;  
Both young,—and one how passing fair!  
With swordless belt, and fetter'd hand,  
Oh, Christ! that thus a son should  
stand <sup>140</sup>  
Before a father's face!  
Yet thus must Hugo meet his sire,  
And hear the sentence of his ire,  
The tale of his disgrace!

And yet he seems not overcome, <sup>145</sup>  
Although, as yet, his voice be dumb.

### X

And still, and pale, and silently  
Did Parisina wait her doom;  
How changed since last her speaking  
eye  
Glanced gladness round the glittering  
room, <sup>150</sup>  
Where high-born men were proud to  
wait,  
Where Beauty watch'd to imitate  
Her gentle voice, her lovely mien,  
And gather from her air and gait  
The graces of its queen! <sup>155</sup>  
Then,—had her eye in sorrow wept,  
A thousand warriors forth had leapt,  
A thousand swords had sheathless  
shone,  
And made her quarrel all their own.  
Now,—what is she? and what are they?  
Can she command, or these obey?  
All silent and unheeding now,  
With downcast eyes and knitting brow,  
And folded arms, and freezing air,  
And lips that scarce their scorn for-  
bear, <sup>165</sup>  
Her knights and dames, her court—is  
there:  
And he, the chosen one, whose lance  
Had yet been couch'd before her glance,  
Who—were his arm a moment free—  
Had died or gain'd her liberty; <sup>170</sup>  
The minion of his father's bride,—  
He, too, is fetter'd by her side;  
Nor sees her swoln and full eye swim  
Less for her own despair than him:  
Those lids—o'er which the violet vein  
Wandering, leaves a tender stain, <sup>176</sup>  
Shining through the smoothest white  
That e'er did softest kiss invite—  
Now seem'd with hot and livid glow  
To press, not shade, the orbs below;  
Which glance so heavily, and fill, <sup>181</sup>  
As tear on tear grows gathering still.

### XI

And he for her had also wept,  
But for the eyes that on him gazed:  
His sorrow, if he felt it, slept; <sup>185</sup>  
Stern and erect his brow was raised.  
Whate'er the grief his soul avow'd,  
He would not shrink before the crowd;  
But yet he dared not look on her;  
Remembrance of the hours that were—  
His guilt, his love, his present state—  
His father's wrath, all good men's  
hate— <sup>192</sup>  
His earthly, his eternal fate—  
And hers,—oh, hers! he dared not throw  
One look upon that death-like brow!  
Else had his rising heart betray'd <sup>196</sup>  
Remorse for all the wreck it made.

## XII

And Azo spake:—‘But yesterday  
 I gloried in a wife and son;  
 That dream this morning pass’d away;  
 Ere day declines, I shall have none.  
 My life must linger on alone; 202  
 Well,—let that pass,—there breathes  
 not one  
 Who would not do as I have done:  
 Those ties are broken—not by me;  
 Let that too pass;—the doom’s pre-  
 pared! 206  
 Hugo, the priest awaits on thee,  
 And then—thy crime’s reward!  
 Away! address thy prayers to Heaven,  
 Before its evening stars are met—  
 Learn if thou there canst be forgiven;  
 Its mercy may absolve thee yet. 212  
 But here, upon the earth beneath,  
 There is no spot where thou and I  
 Together for an hour could breathe:  
 Farewell! I will not see thee die—  
 But thou, frail thing! shalt view his  
 head— 217  
 Away! I cannot speak the rest:  
 Go! woman of the wanton breast;  
 Not I, but thou his blood dost shed:  
 Go! if that sight thou canst outlive,  
 And joy thee in the life I give.’ 222

## XIII

And here stern Azo hid his face—  
 For on his brow the swelling vein  
 Throb’d as if back upon his brain  
 The hot blood ebb’d and flow’d  
 again, 226  
 And therefore bow’d he for a space,  
 And pass’d his shaking hand along  
 His eye, to veil it from the throng:  
 While Hugo raised his chain’d hands,  
 And for a brief delay demands 231  
 His father’s ear: the silent sire  
 Forbids not what his words require.  
 ‘It is not that I dread the death—  
 For thou hast seen me by thy side  
 All redly through the battle ride,  
 And that—not once a useless brand—  
 Thy slaves have wrested from my hand  
 Hath shed more blood in cause of thine,  
 Than e’er can stain the axe of mine:  
 Thou gav’st, and may’st resume my  
 breath, 241  
 A gift for which I thank thee not;  
 Nor are my mother’s wrongs forgot,  
 Her slighted love and ruin’d name,  
 Her offspring’s heritage of shame;  
 But she is in the grave, where he,  
 Her son, thy rival, soon shall be.  
 Her broken heart—my sever’d head—  
 Shall witness for thee from the dead  
 How trusty and how tender were 250  
 Thy youthful love—paternal care.

’Tis true that I have done thee wrong—  
 But wrong for wrong:—this,—  
 deem’d thy bride,  
 The other victim of thy pride,—  
 Thou know’st for me was destined long;  
 Thou saw’st, and coveted’st her charms;  
 And with thy very crime—my birth—  
 Thou tauntedst me, as little worth;  
 A match ignoble for her arms, 259  
 Because, forsooth, I could not claim  
 The lawful heirship of thy name,  
 Nor sit on Este’s lineal throne;  
 Yet, were a few short summers mine,  
 My name should more than Este’s shine  
 With honours all my own. 265  
 I had a sword—and have a breast  
 That should have won as haught a crest  
 As ever waved along the line  
 Of all these sovereign sires of thine.  
 Not always knightly spurs are worn  
 The brightest by the better born; 271  
 And mine have lanced my courser’s  
 flank  
 Before proud chiefs of princely rank,  
 When charging to the cheering cry  
 Of “Este” and of “Victory!” 275  
 I will not plead the cause of crime,  
 Nor sue thee to redeem from time  
 A few brief hours or days that must  
 At length roll o’er my reckless dust;—  
 Such maddening moments as my past,  
 They could not, and they did not, last.  
 Albeit my birth and name be base,  
 And thy nobility of race 283  
 Disdain’d to deck a thing like me—  
 Yet in my lineaments they trace  
 Some features of my father’s face,  
 And in my spirit—all of thee.  
 From thee this tameness of heart—  
 From thee—nay, wherefore dost thou  
 start?— 289  
 From thee in all their vigour came  
 My arm of strength, my soul of flame;  
 Thou didst not give me life alone,  
 But all that made me more thine own.  
 See what thy guilty love hath done!  
 Repaid thee with too like a son! 295  
 I am no bastard in my soul,  
 For that, like thine, abhor’d control;  
 And for my breath, that hasty boon  
 Thou gav’st and wilt resume so soon,  
 I valued it no more than thou, 300  
 When rose thy casque above thy brow,  
 And we, all side by side, have striven,  
 And o’er the dead our coursers driven:  
 The past is nothing—and at last  
 The future can but be the past; 305  
 Yet would I that I then had died:  
 For though thou work’dst my  
 mother’s ill,  
 And made thy own my destined bride,  
 I feel thou art my father still: 309  
 And harsh as sounds thy hard decree,  
 ’Tis not unjust, although from thee.



## PARISINA

Begot in sin, to die in shame,  
My life begun and ends the same:  
As err'd the sire, so err'd the son, 314  
And thou must punish both in one.  
My crime seems worst to human view,  
But God must judge between us too!'

### XIV

He ceased—and stood with folded  
arms,  
On which the circling fetters sounded;  
And not an ear but felt as wounded,  
Of all the chiefs that there were  
rank'd, 321  
When those dull chains in meeting  
clank'd:

Till Parisina's fatal charms  
Again attracted every eye—  
Would she thus hear him doom'd to die!  
She stood, I said, all pale and still,  
The living cause of Hugo's ill: 327  
Her eyes unmoved, but full and wide,  
Not once had turn'd to either side—  
Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,  
Or shade the glance o'er which they  
rose, 331

But round their orbs of deepest blue  
The circling white dilated grew—  
And there with glassy gaze she stood  
As ice were in her curdled blood;  
But every now and then a tear 336  
So large and slowly gather'd slid  
From the long dark fringe of that fair  
lid,

It was a thing to see, not hear!  
And those who saw, it did surprise,  
Such drops could fall from human eyes.  
To speak she thought—the imperfect  
note 342

Was choked within her swelling throat,  
Yet seem'd in that low hollow groan  
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.  
It ceased—again she thought to speak,  
Then burst her voice in one long shriek,  
And to the earth she fell like stone  
Or statue from its base o'erthrown,  
More like a thing that ne'er had life,—  
A monument of Azo's wife,— 351  
Than her, that living guilty thing,  
Whose every passion was a sting,  
Which urged to guilt, but could not  
bear

That guilt's detection and despair. 355  
But yet she lived—and all too soon  
Recover'd from that death-like swoon—  
But scarce to reason—every sense  
Had been o'erstrung by pangs intense;  
And each frail fibre of her brain 360  
(As bowstrings, when relax'd by rain,  
The erring arrow launch aside)  
Sent forth her thoughts all wild and  
wide—

The past a blank, the future black,  
With glimpses of a dreary track, 365

Like lightning on the desert path,  
When midnight storms are mustering  
wrath. 367

She fear'd—she felt that something ill  
Lay on her soul, so deep and chill;  
That there was sin and shame she knew,  
That some one was to die—but who?  
She had forgotten:—did she breathe?  
Could this be still the earth beneath,  
The sky above, and men around; 374  
Or were they fiends who now so frown'd  
On one, before whose eyes each eye  
Till then had smiled in sympathy?  
All was confused and undefined  
To her all-jarr'd and wandering mind;  
A chaos of wild hopes and fears: 380  
And now in laughter, now in tears,  
But madly still in each extreme,  
She strove with that convulsive dream;  
For so it seem'd on her to break:  
Oh! vainly must she strive to wake!

### XV

The Convent bells are ringing, 386  
But mournfully and slow;  
In the grey square turret swinging,  
With a deep sound, to and fro.  
Heavily to the heart they go! 390  
Hark! the hymn is singing—  
The song for the dead below,  
Or the living who shortly shall be so!  
For a departing being's soul  
The death-hymn peals and the hollow  
bells knoll: 395

He is near his mortal goal;  
Kneeling at the Friar's knee,  
Sad to hear, and piteous to see—  
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,  
With the block before and the guards  
around— 400  
And the headsman with his bare arm  
ready,  
That the blow may be both swift and  
steady,  
Feels if the axe be sharp and true  
Since he set its edge anew:  
While the crowd in a speechless circle  
gather 405  
To see the Son fall by the doom of the  
Father!

### XVI

It is a lovely hour as yet  
Before the summer sun shall set,  
Which rose upon that heavy day, 409  
And mock'd it with his steadiest ray;  
And his evening beams are shed  
Full on Hugo's fated head,  
As his last confession pouring  
To the monk, his doom deploring  
In penitential holiness, 415  
He bends to hear his accents bless  
With absolution such as may  
Wipe our mortal stains away.

That high sun on his head did glisten  
 As he there did bow and listen, 420  
 And the rings of chestnut hair  
 Curl'd half down his neck so bare;  
 But brighter still the beam was thrown  
 Upon the axe which near him shone  
 With a clear and ghastly glitter—  
 Oh! that parting hour was bitter! 426  
 Even the stern stood chill'd with awe:  
 Dark the crime, and just the law—  
 Yet they shudder'd as they saw.

## XVII

The parting prayers are said and over  
 Of that false son, and daring lover! 431  
 His beads and sins are all recounted,  
 His hours to their last minute mounted;  
 His mantling cloak before was stripp'd,  
 His bright brown locks must now be  
 clipp'd; 435

'Tis done—all closely are they shorn;  
 The vest which till this moment worn—  
 The scarf which Parisina gave—  
 Must not adorn him to the grave. 439  
 Even that must now be thrown aside,  
 And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied;  
 But no—that last indignity  
 Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.  
 All feelings seemingly subdued,  
 In deep disdain were half renew'd,  
 When headsman's hands prepared to bind  
 Those eyes which would not brook  
 such blind,

As if they dared not look on death.  
 'No—yours my forfeit blood and  
 breath;

These hands are chain'd, but let me die  
 At least with an unshackled eye— 451  
 Strike:—and as the word he said,  
 Upon the block he bow'd his head;  
 These the last accents Hugo spoke:  
 'Strike'—and flashing fell the stroke—  
 Roll'd the head—and, gushing, sunk  
 Back the stain'd and heaving trunk,  
 In the dust, which each deep vein  
 Slaked with its ensanguined rain; 459  
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,  
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.

He died, as erring man should die,  
 Without display, without parade;  
 Meekly had he bow'd and pray'd,  
 As not disdaining priestly aid, 465  
 Nor desperate of all hope on high.  
 And while before the Prior kneeling,  
 His heart was wean'd from earthly feeling;  
 His wrathful sire, his paramour—  
 What were they in such an hour? 470  
 No more reproach, no more despair.  
 No thought but heaven, no word but  
 prayer—

Save the few which from him broke,  
 When, bared to meet the headsman's  
 stroke,

He claim<sup>a</sup> to die with eyes unbound,  
 His sole<sup>rs</sup> lieu to those around. 476

## XVIII

Still as the lips that closed in death,  
 Each gaze's bosom held his breath:  
 But yet, af<sup>r</sup>, from man to man,  
 A cold electric shiver ran, 480  
 As down the deadly blow descended  
 On him whose life and love thus ended;  
 And, with a hushing sound compress'd,  
 A sigh shrunk back on every breast;  
 But no more thrilling noise rose there,  
 Beyond the blow that to the block  
 Pierced through with forced and  
 sullen shock, 487

Save one:—what cleaves the silent air  
 So madly shrill, so passing wild?  
 That, as a mother's o'er her child,  
 Done to death by sudden blow, 491  
 To the sky these accents go,  
 Like a soul's in endless woe.  
 Through Azo's palace-lattice driven,  
 That horrid voice ascends to heaven,  
 And every eye is turn'd thereon: 496  
 But sound and sight alike are gone!  
 It was a woman's shriek—and ne'er  
 In madlier accents rose despair;  
 And those who heard it, as it pass'd,  
 In mercy wish'd it were the last. 501

## XIX

Hugo is fallen; and, from that hour,  
 No more in palace, hall, or bower,  
 Was Parisina heard or seen: 504  
 Her name—as if she ne'er had been—  
 Was banish'd from each lip and ear,  
 Like words of wantonness or fear;  
 And from Prince Azo's voice, by none  
 Was mention heard of wife or son;  
 No tomb, no memory had they; 510  
 Theirs was unconsecrated clay—  
 At least the knight's who died that day.  
 But Parisina's fate lies hid  
 Like dust beneath the coffin lid:  
 Whether in convent she abode, 515  
 And won to heaven her dreary road  
 By blighted and remorseful years  
 Of scourge, and fast, and sleepless tears;  
 Or if she fell by bowl or steel,  
 For that dark love she dared to feel;  
 Or if, upon the moment smote, 521  
 She died by tortures less remote,  
 Like him she saw upon the block,  
 With heart that shared the headsman's  
 shock,

In quicken'd brokenness that came,  
 In pity, o'er her shatter'd frame, 526  
 None knew—and none can ever know:  
 But whatso'er its end below,  
 Her life began and closed in woe!

## XX

And Azo found another bride, 530  
 And goodly sons grew by his side;

## PARISINA

But none so lovely and so amave  
As him who wither'd in the grave  
Or if they were—on his cold eye  
Their growth but glanced to the dew,<sup>336</sup>  
Or noticed with a smother'd sigh.  
But never tear his cheek descended,  
And never smile his brow unbended;  
And o'er that fair broad brow were  
wrought

The intersected lines of thought; 540  
Those furrows which the burning share  
Of Sorrow ploughs untimely there;  
Scars of the lacerating mind  
Which the Soul's war doth leave behind.  
He was past all mirth or woe:  
Nothing more remain'd below 546  
But sleepless nights and heavy days,  
A mind all dead to scorn or praise,  
A heart which shunn'd itself—and yet  
That would not yield, nor could forget,  
Which, when it least appear'd to melt,  
Intently thought, intensely felt: 552  
The deepest ice which ever froze  
Can only o'er the surface close;  
The living stream lies quick below, 555  
And flows, and cannot cease to flow.  
Still was his seal'd-up bosom haunted  
By thoughts which Nature hath im-  
planted; 558  
Too deeply rooted thence to vanish,

Howe'er our stifled tears we banish;  
When, struggling as they rise to start,  
We check those waters of the heart,  
They are not dried—those tears unshed  
But flow back to the fountain head,  
And resting in their spring more pure,  
For ever in its depth endure, 566  
Unseen, unwept, but uncongeal'd,  
And cherish'd most where least reveal'd.  
With inward starts of feeling left,  
To throb o'er those of life bereft, 570  
Without the power to fill again  
The desert gap which made his pain;  
Without the hope to meet them where  
United souls shall gladness share;  
With all the consciousness that he  
Had only pass'd a just decree; 576  
That they had wrought their doom of  
ill;  
Yet Azo's age was wretched still.  
The tainted branches of the tree,  
If lopp'd with care, a strength may  
give, 580  
By which the rest shall bloom and  
live  
All greenly fresh and wildly free:  
But if the lightning, in its wrath,  
The waving boughs with fury scathe,  
The massy trunk the ruin feels, 585  
And never more a leaf reveals.

## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

### SONNET ON CHILLON

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind!  
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,  
For there thy habitation is the heart—  
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;  
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—  
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,  
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,  
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.  
Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,  
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,  
Until his very steps have left a trace  
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,  
By Bonnard! May none those marks efface!  
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

### ADVERTISEMENT

WHEN this poem was composed, I was not sufficiently aware of the history of Bonnard, or I should have endeavoured to dignify the subject by an attempt to celebrate his courage and his virtues. With some account of his life I have been furnished, by the kindness of a citizen of that republic, which is still proud of the memory of a man worthy of the best age of ancient freedom:—

'François de Bonnard, fils de Louis de Bonnard, originaire de Seyssel et Seigneur de Lunes, naquit en 1496. Il fit ses études à Turin: en 1510 Jean Aimé de Bonnard, son oncle, lui résigna le Prieuré de St. Victor, qui aboutissait aux murs de Genève, et qui formait un bénéfice considérable.

'Ce grand homme—(Bonnard mérite ce titre par la force de son âme, la droiture de son cœur, la noblesse de ses intentions, la sagesse de ses conseils, le courage de ses démarches, l'étendue de ses connaissances, et la vivacité de son esprit),—ce grand homme, qui excitera l'admiration de tous ceux

## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

qu'une vertu héroïque peut encore émouvoir, inspirera encore la plus vive reconnaissance dans les cœurs des Gênévois qui aiment Genève. Bonnard en fut toujours un des plus fermes appuis: pour assurer la liberté de notre République, il ne craignit pas de perdre souvent la sienne; il oublia son repos; il méprisa ses richesses; il ne négligea rien pour affirmer le bonheur d'une patrie qu'il honora de son choix: dès ce moment il la chérît comme le plus zélé de ses citoyens; il la servit avec l'intrépidité d'un héros, et il écrivit son Histoire avec la naïveté d'un philosophe et la chaleur d'un patriote.

'Il dit dans le commencement de son Histoire de Genève, que, *dès qu'il eut commencé de lire l'histoire des nations, il se sentit entraîné par son goût pour les Républiques, dont il épousa toujours les intérêts*: c'est ce goût pour la liberté qui lui fit sans doute adopter Genève pour sa patrie.

'Bonnard, encore jeune, s'annonça hautement comme le défenseur de Genève contre le Duc de Savoie et l'Evêque.

'En 1519, Bonnard devient le martyr de sa patrie. Le Duc de Savoie étant entré dans Genève avec cinq cent hommes, Bonnard craint le ressentiment du Duc; il voulut se retirer à Fribourg pour en éviter les suites; mais il fut trahi par deux hommes qui l'accompagnaient, et conduit par ordre du Prince à Grolée, où il resta prisonnier pendant deux ans. Bonnard était malheureux dans ses voyages: comme ses malheurs n'avaient point ralenti son zèle pour Genève, il était toujours un ennemi redoutable pour ceux qui la menaçaient, et par conséquent il devait être exposé à leurs coups. Il fut rencontré en 1530 sur le Jura par des voleurs, qui le dépouillèrent et qui le mirent encore entre les mains du Duc de Savoie: ce Prince le fit enfermer dans le Château de Chillon, où il resta sans être interrogé jusques en 1536; il fut alors délivré par les Bernois, qui s'emparèrent du Pays de Vaud.

'Bonnard, en sortant de sa captivité, eut le plaisir de trouver Genève libre et réformée: la République s'empressa de lui témoigner sa reconnaissance, et de le dédommager des maux qu'il avait soufferts; elle le reçut Bourgeois de la ville au mois de Juin, 1536; elle lui donna la maison habitée autrefois par le Vicaire-Général, et elle lui assigna une pension de deux cent écus d'or tant qu'il séjournerait à Genève. Il fut admis dans le Conseil de Deux-Cent en 1537.

'Bonnard n'a pas fini d'être utile: après avoir travaillé à rendre Genève libre, il réussit à la rendre tolérante. Bonnard engagea le Conseil à accorder aux ecclésiastiques et aux paysans un tems suffisant pour examiner les propositions qu'on leur faisait; il réussit par sa douceur: on prêche toujours le Christianisme avec succès quand on le prêche avec charité.

'Bonnard fut savant: ses manuscrits, qui sont dans la bibliothèque publique, prouvent qu'il avait bien lu les auteurs classiques Latins, et qu'il avait approfondi la théologie et l'histoire. Ce grand homme aimait les sciences, et il croyait qu'elles pouvaient faire la gloire de Genève; aussi il ne négligea rien pour les fixer dans cette ville naissante; en 1551 il donna sa bibliothèque au public; elle fut le commencement de notre bibliothèque publique; et ces livres sont en partie les rares et belles éditions du quinzième siècle qu'on voit dans notre collection. Enfin, pendant la même année, ce bon patriote institua la République son héritière, à condition qu'elle emploierait ses biens à entretenir le collège dont on projetait la fondation.

'Il paraît que Bonnard mourut en 1570; mais on ne peut l'assurer, parcequ'il y a une lacune dans le Nécrologe depuis le mois de Juillet, 1570, jusques en 1571.'

### I

My hair is grey, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white  
In a single night,  
As men's have grown from sudden fears:  
My limbs are bow'd, though not with  
toil, 5  
But rusted with a vile repose,  
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,  
And mine has been the fate of those  
To whom the goodly earth and air  
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden  
fare: 10  
But this was for my father's faith  
I suffer'd chains and courted death;  
That father perish'd at the stake  
For tenets he would not forsake;  
And for the same his lineal race 15  
In darkness found a dwelling-place;  
We were seven—who now are one,  
Six in youth, and one in age,  
Finish'd as they had begun,  
Proud of Persecution's rage; 20  
One in fire, and two in field,  
Their belief with blood have seal'd,  
Dying as their father died,  
For the God their foes denied;  
Three were in a dungeon cast, 25  
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

### II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,  
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,  
There are seven columns, massy and  
grey,  
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray, 30  
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,  
And through the crevice and the cleft  
Of the thick wall is fallen and left;  
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,  
Like a marsh's meteor lamp: 35  
And in each pillar there is a ring,  
And in each ring there is a chain;  
That iron is a cankering thing,  
For in these limbs its teeth remain,  
With marks that will not wear away,  
Till I have done with this new day, 41  
Which now is painful to these eyes,  
Which have not seen the sun so rise  
For years—I cannot count them o'er,  
I lost their long and heavy score, 45  
When my last brother droop'd and died,  
And I lay living by his side.

### III

They chain'd us each to a column stone,  
And we were three—yet, each alone;  
We could not move a single pace, 50  
We could not see each other's face,

## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

But with that pale and livid light  
That made us strangers in our sight:  
And thus together—yet apart, 54  
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,  
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth  
Of the pure elements of earth,  
To hearken to each other's speech,  
And each turn comforter to each  
With some new hope, or legend old,  
Or song heroically bold; 61  
But even these at length grew cold.  
Our voices took a dreary tone,  
An echo of the dungeon stone,  
A grating sound, not full and free, 65  
As they of yore were wont to be:  
It might be fancy, but to me  
They never sounded like our own.

### IV

I was the eldest of the three, 69  
And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do—and did my best—  
And each did well in his degree.  
The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—  
For him my soul was sorely moved;  
And truly might it be distress'd 77  
To see such bird in such a nest;  
For he was beautiful as day—  
(When day was beautiful to me 80  
As to young eagles, being free)—  
A polar day, which will not see  
A sunset till its summer's gone,  
Its sleepless summer of long light,  
The snow-clad offspring of the sun: 85  
And thus he was as pure and bright,  
And in his natural spirit gay,  
With tears for nought but others' ills,  
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,  
Unless he could assuage the woe 90  
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

### V

The other was as pure of mind,  
But form'd to combat with his kind;  
Strong in his frame, and of a mood  
Which 'gainst the world in war had  
stood, 95  
And perish'd in the foremost rank  
With joy:—but not in chains to pine:  
His spirit wither'd with their clank,  
I saw it silently decline—  
And so perchance in sooth did mine:  
But yet I forced it on to cheer 101  
Those relics of a home so dear.  
He was a hunter of the hills,  
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;  
To him his dungeon was a gulf, 105  
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

### VI

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:  
A thousand feet in depth below  
Its massy waters meet and flow; 109

Thus much the fathom-line was sent  
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,  
Which round about the wave in-  
thrals:

A double dungeon wall and wave  
Have made—and like a living grave  
Below the surface of the lake 115  
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,  
We heard it ripple night and day;  
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;  
And I have felt the winter's spray  
Wash through the bars when winds  
were high 120  
And wanton in the happy sky;  
And then the very rock hath rock'd,  
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,  
Because I could have smiled to see  
The death that would have set me free.

### VII

I said my nearer brother pined, 126  
I said his mighty heart declined,  
He loathed and put away his food;  
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,  
For we were used to hunter's fare,  
And for the like had little care: 131  
The milk drawn from the mountain goat  
Was changed for water from the moat,  
Our bread was such as captives' tears  
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,  
Since man first pent his fellow men  
Like brutes within an iron den;  
But what were these to us or him? 138  
These wasted not his heart or limb;  
My brother's soul was of that mould  
Which in a palace had grown cold,  
Had his free breathing been denied  
The range of the steep mountain's side;  
But why delay the truth?—he died.  
I saw, and could not hold his head, 145  
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—  
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,  
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.  
He died, and they unlock'd his chain,  
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave  
Even from the cold earth of our cave.  
I begg'd them as a boon to lay 152  
His corse in dust whereon the day  
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,  
But then within my brain it wrought,  
That even in death his freeborn breast  
In such a dungeon could not rest. 157  
I might have spared my idle prayer—  
They coldly laugh'd, and laid him there:  
The flat and turfless earth above  
The being we so much did love; 161  
His empty chain above it leant,  
Such murder's fitting monument!

### VIII

But he, the favourite and the flower,  
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,  
His mother's image in fair face, 166  
The infant love of all his race,

## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

His martyr'd father's dearest thought,  
 My latest care, for whom I sought 169  
 To hoard my life, that his might be  
 Less wretched now, and one day free;  
 He, too, who yet had held untired  
 A spirit natural or inspired—  
 He, too, was struck, and day by day  
 Was wither'd on the stalk away. 175  
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing  
 To see the human soul take wing  
 In any shape, in any mood:  
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,  
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
 Of Sin delirious with its dread;  
 But these were horrors—this was woe  
 Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:  
 He faded, and so calm and meek, 186  
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
 So tearless, yet so tender, kind,  
 And grieved for those he left behind;  
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
 Was as a mockery of the tomb, 191  
 Whose tints as gently sunk away  
 As a departing rainbow's ray;  
 An eye of most transparent light,  
 That almost made the dungeon bright,  
 And not a word of murmur, not 196  
 A groan o'er his untimely lot,—  
 A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise,  
 For I was sunk in silence—lost 200  
 In this last loss, of all the most;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:  
 I listen'd, but I could not hear; 205  
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;  
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonished;  
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
 And rush'd to him:—I found him not,  
 I only stirr'd in this black spot, 212  
 I only lived, I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;  
 The last, the sole, the dearest link 215  
 Between me and the eternal brink,  
 Which bound me to my failing race,  
 Was broken in this fatal peace.  
 One on the earth, and one beneath—  
 My brothers—both had ceased to  
 breathe: 220  
 I took that hand which lay so still,  
 Alas! my own was full as chill;  
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,  
 But felt that I was still alive—  
 A frantic feeling, when we know 225  
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.  
 I know not why  
 I could not die,  
 I had no earthly hope but faith,  
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

### IX

What next befell me then and there  
 I know not well—I never knew—  
 First came the loss of light, and air,  
 And then of darkness too:  
 I had no thought, no feeling—none—  
 Among the stones I stood a stone, 236  
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,  
 As shrubless crags within the mist;  
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey;  
 It was not night, it was not day; 240  
 It was not even the dungeon-light,  
 So hateful to my heavy sight,  
 But vacancy absorbing space,  
 And fixedness without a place;  
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,  
 No check, no change, no good, no  
 crime, 246  
 But silence, and a stirless breath  
 Which neither was of life nor death;  
 A sea of stagnant idleness,  
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motion-  
 less! 256

### X

A light broke in upon my brain,—  
 It was the carol of a bird;  
 It ceased, and then it came again,  
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,  
 And mine was thankful till my eyes  
 Ran over with the glad surprise, 256  
 And they that moment could not see  
 I was the mate of misery;  
 But then by dull degrees came back  
 My senses to their wonted track; 260  
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor  
 Close slowly round me as before,  
 I saw the glimmer of the sun  
 Creeping as it before had done,  
 But through the crevice where it came  
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and  
 tame, 266  
 And tamer than upon the tree;  
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,  
 And song that said a thousand things,  
 And seem'd to say them all for me,  
 I never saw its like before, 271  
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:  
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,  
 But was not half so desolate,  
 And it was come to love me when  
 None lived to love me so again, 276  
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,  
 Had brought me back to feel and think.  
 I know not if it late were free,  
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine,  
 But knowing well captivity, 281  
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!  
 Or if it were, in winged guise,  
 A visitant from Paradise;  
 For—Heaven forgive that thought! the  
 while 285  
 Which made me both to weep and smile—

## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

I sometimes deem'd that it might be  
My brother's soul come down to me;  
But then at last away it flew, 289  
And then 'twas mortal well I knew,  
For he would never thus have flown,  
And left me twice so doubly lone,  
Lone as the corpse within its shroud,  
Lone as a solitary cloud,—

A single cloud on a sunny day, 295  
While all the rest of heaven is clear,  
A frown upon the atmosphere,  
That hath no business to appear  
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

### XI

A kind of change came in my fate,  
My keepers grew compassionate; 301  
I know not what had made them so,  
They were inured to sights of woe,  
But so it was:—my broken chain  
With links unfasten'd did remain, 305  
And it was liberty to stride  
Along my cell from side to side,  
And up and down, and then athwart,  
And tread it over every part;  
And round the pillars one by one, 310  
Returning where my walk begun,  
Avoiding only, as I trod,  
My brothers' graves without a sod;  
For if I thought with heedless tread  
My step profaned their lowly bed, 315  
My breath came gaspingly and thick,  
And my crush'd heart felt blind and sick.

### XII

I made a footing in the wall,  
It was not therefrom to escape,  
For I had buried one and all 320  
Who loved me in a human shape;  
And the whole earth would henceforth be  
A wider prison unto me:  
No child, no sire, no kin had I,  
No partner in my misery; 325  
I thought of this, and I was glad,  
For thought of them had made me mad;  
But I was curious to ascend  
To my barr'd windows, and to bend  
Once more, upon the mountains high,  
The quiet of a loving eye. 331

### XIII

I saw them, and they were the same,  
They were not changed like me in  
frame;  
I saw their thousand years of snow  
On high—their wide long lake below,  
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;  
I heard the torrents leap and gush 337

O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;  
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,  
And whiter sails go skimming down;  
And then there was a little isle,  
Which in my very face did smile, 342

The only one in view;  
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,  
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,  
But in it there were three tall trees,  
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,  
And by it there were waters flowing,  
And on it there were young flowers  
growing, 349

Of gentle breath and hue.  
The fish swam by the castle wall,  
And they seem'd joyous each and all;  
The eagle rode the rising blast,  
Methought he never flew so fast  
As then to me he seem'd to fly; 355  
And then new tears came in my eye,  
And I felt troubled—and would fain  
I had not left my recent chain;  
And when I did descend again,  
The darkness of my dim abode 360  
Fell on me as a heavy load;  
It was as if a new-dug grave,  
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—  
And yet my glance, too much oppress,  
Had almost need of such a rest. 365

### XIV

It might be months, or years, or days,  
I kept no count, I took no note,  
I had no hope my eyes to raise,  
And clear them of their dreary mote;  
At last men came to set me free; 370  
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where;  
It was at length the same to me,  
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,  
I learn'd to love despair. 374  
And thus when they appear'd at last,  
And all my bonds aside were cast,  
These heavy walls to me had grown  
A hermitage—and all my own!  
And half I felt as they were come  
To tear me from a second home: 380  
With spiders I had friendship made,  
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,  
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,  
And why should I feel less than they?  
We were all inmates of one place, 385  
And I, the monarch of each race,  
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!  
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell;  
My very chains and I grew friends,  
So much a long communion tends 390  
To make us what we are:—even I  
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

# MAZEPPA

## ADVERTISEMENT

'CELUI qui remplissait alors cette place était un gentilhomme Polonais, nommé Mazeppa, né dans le palatinat de Podolie: il avait été élevé page de Jean Casimir, et avait pris à sa cour quelque teinture des belles-lettres. Une intrigue qu'il eut dans sa jeunesse avec la femme d'un gentilhomme Polonais ayant été découverte, le mari le fit lier tout nu sur un cheval farouche, et le laissa aller en cet état. Le cheval, qui était du pays de l'Ukraine, y retourna, et y porta Mazeppa, demi-mort de fatigue et de faim. Quelques paysans le secoururent: il resta longtems parmi eux, et se signala dans plusieurs courses contre les Tartares. La supériorité de ses lumières lui donna une grande considération parmi les Cosaques: sa réputation s'augmentant de jour en jour obligea le Czar à le faire Prince de l'Ukraine.' —VOLTAIRE, *Hist. de Charles XII.* p. 196.

'Le roi fuyant, et poursuivi, eut son cheval tué sous lui; le Colonel Gieta, blessé, et perdant tout son sang, lui donna le sien. Ainsi on remit deux fois à cheval, dans sa fuite, ce conquérant qui n'avait pu y monter pendant la bataille.'—P. 216.

'Le roi alla par un autre chemin avec quelques cavaliers. Le carrosse, où il était, rompit dans la marche; on le remit à cheval. Pour comble de disgrâce, il s'égara pendant la nuit dans un bois; là, son courage ne pouvant plus suppléer à ses forces épuisées, les douleurs de sa blessure devenues plus insupportables par la fatigue, son cheval étant tombé de lassitude, il se coucha quelques heures au pied d'un arbre, en danger d'être surpris à tout moment par les vainqueurs, qui le cherchaient de tous côtés.'—P. 218.

### I

'TWAS after dread Pultowa's day,  
When fortune left the royal Swede,  
Around a slaughter'd army lay,  
No more to combat and to bleed.  
The power and glory of the war,      5  
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,  
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,  
And Moscow's walls were safe again,  
Until a day more dark and drear,  
And a more memorable year,      10  
Should give to slaughter and to shame  
A mightier host and haughtier name;  
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,  
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

### II

Such was the hazard of the die;      15  
The wounded Charles was taught to fly  
By day and night through field and flood,  
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood;  
For thousands fell that flight to aid:  
And not a voice was heard t' upbraid  
Ambition in his humbled hour,      21  
When truth had nought to dread from power.  
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave  
His own—and died the Russians' slave.  
This too sinks after many a league      25  
Of well sustain'd but vain fatigue;  
And in the depth of forests, darkling  
The watch-fires in the distance spark-  
ling—  
The beacons of surrounding foes—  
A king must lay his limbs at length.  
Are these the laurels and repose      31  
For which the nations strain their  
strength?  
They laid him by a savage tree,  
In outworn nature's agony;

His wounds were stiff, his limbs were  
stark;      35  
The heavy hour was chill and dark;  
The fever in his blood forbade  
A transient slumber's fitful aid:  
And thus it was; but yet through all,  
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall,      40  
And made, in this extreme of ill,  
His pangs the vassals of his will:  
All silent and subdued were they,  
As once the nations round him lay.

### III

A band of chiefs!—alas! how few,  
Since but the fleeting of a day      46  
Had thinn'd it; but this wreck was true  
And chivalrous: upon the clay  
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,  
Beside his monarch and his steed;  
For danger levels man and brute,  
And all are fellows in their need.      52  
Among the rest, Mazeppa made  
His pillow in an old oak's shade—  
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,  
The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold;  
But first, outspent with this long course,  
The Cossack prince rubb'd down his  
horse,      58  
And made for him a leafy bed,  
And smooth'd his fetlocks and his  
mank,  
And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his  
rein,  
And joy'd to see how well he fed;  
For until now he had the dread  
His wearied courser might refuse      64  
To browse beneath the midnight dews:  
But he was hardy as his lord,  
And little cared for bed and board;  
But spirited and docile too,  
Whate'er was to be done, would do.



## MAZEPPA

Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,  
All Tartar-like he carried him; 71  
Obey'd his voice, and came to call,  
And knew him in the midst of all:  
Though thousands were around,—and  
Night,

Without a star, pursued her flight,—  
That steed from sunset until dawn 76  
His chief would follow like a fawn.

### IV

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak,  
And laid his lance beneath his oak,  
Felt if his arms in order good 80  
The long day's march had well with-  
stood—

If still the powder fill'd the pan,  
And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—  
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,  
And whether they had chafed his belt;  
And next the venerable man, 86  
From out his havresack and can,

Prepared and spread his slender stock;  
And to the monarch and his men  
The whole or portion offer'd then 90  
With far less of iniquitude  
Than courtiers at a banquet would.

And Charles of this his slender share  
With smiles partook a moment there,  
To force of cheer a greater show, 95  
And seem above both wounds and woe;  
And then he said—'Of all our band,  
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,  
In skirmish, march, or forage, none  
Can less have said or more have done  
Than thee, Mazeppa! on the earth 101

So fit a pair had never birth,  
Since Alexander's days till now,  
As thy Bucephalus and thou:  
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield  
For pricking on o'er flood and field.'

Mazeppa answer'd—'Ill betide 107  
The school wherein I learn'd to ride!'  
Quoth Charles—'Old Hetman, where-  
fore so,

Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?'  
Mazeppa said—'I were long to tell;  
And we have many a league to go,  
With every now and then a blow, 113  
And ten to one at least the foe,  
Before our steeds may graze at ease  
Beyond the swift Borysthenes:

And, Sire, your limbs have need of rest,  
And I will be the sentinel

Of this your troop.'—'But I request,'  
Said Sweden's monarch, 'thou wilt  
tell 120

This tale of thine, and I may reap,  
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep  
For at this moment from my eyes  
The hope of present slumber flies.'

'Well, Sire, with such a hope, I'll track  
My seventy years of memory back: 126

I think 'twas in my twentieth spring,—  
Ay, 'twas,—when Casimir was king—  
John Casimir,—I was his page  
Six summers, in my earlier age; 130

A learned monarch, faith! was he,  
And most unlike your majesty;  
He made no wars, and did not gain  
New realms to lose them back again;  
And (save debates in Warsaw's diet)  
He reign'd in most unseemly quiet;  
Not that he had no cares to vex; 137

He loved the muses and the sex;  
And sometimes these so froward are,  
They made him wish himself at war;  
But soon his wrath being o'er, he took  
Another mistress, or new book: 142  
And then he gave prodigious fêtes—  
All Warsaw gather'd round his gates  
To gaze upon his splendid court,  
And dames, and chiefs, of princely port:  
He was the Polish Solomon, 147

So sung his poets, all but one,  
Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,  
And boasted that he could not flatter.  
It was a court of jousts and mimes, 151  
Where every courtier tried at rhymes;  
Even I for once produced some verses,  
And sign'd my odes "Despairing Thyrsis."  
There was a certain Palatine, 155

A count of far and high descent,  
Rich as a salt or silver mine;  
And he was proud, ye may divine,  
As if from heaven he had been sent:  
He had such wealth in blood and ore  
As few could match beneath the  
throne; 161

And he would gaze upon his store,  
And o'er his pedigree would pore,  
Until by some confusion led,  
Which almost look'd like want of head,

He thought their merits were his own.  
His wife was not of his opinion; 167

His junior she by thirty years,  
Grew daily tired of his dominion;

And, after wishes, hopes, and fears,  
To virtue a few farewell tears, 171  
A restless dream or two, some glances  
At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and  
dances,

Awaited but the usual chances,  
Those happy accidents which render  
The coldest dames so very tender, 176  
To deck her Count with titles given,  
'Tis said, as passports into heaven;  
But, strange to say, they rarely boast  
Of these, who have deserved them most.

### V

'I was a goodly stripling then; 181

At seventy years I so may say,  
That there were few, or boys or men,  
Who, in my dawning time of day,  
Of vassal or of knight's degree, 185  
Could vie in vanities with me;

For I had strength, youth, gaiety,  
A port, not like to this ye see,  
But smooth, as all is rugged now;  
For time, and care, and war, have  
plough'd 190

My very soul from out my brow;  
And thus I should be disavow'd  
By all my kind and kin, could they  
Compare my day and yesterday;  
This change was wrought, too, long ere  
age 195

Had ta'en my features for his page;  
With years, ye know, have not declined  
My strength, my courage, or my mind,  
Or at this hour I should not be  
Telling old tales beneath a tree, 200  
With starless skies my canopy.

But let me on: Theresa's form—  
Methinks it glides before me now,  
Between me and yon chestnut's bough,  
The memory is so quick and warm;  
And yet I find no words to tell 206  
The shape of her I loved so well:  
She had the Asiatic eye,

Such as our Turkish neighbourhood  
Hath mingled with our Polish blood,  
Dark as above us is the sky; 211  
But through it stole a tender light,  
Like the first moonrise of midnight;  
Large, dark, and swimming in the  
stream, 214

Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;  
All love, half languor, and half fire,  
Like saints that at the stake expire,  
And lift their raptured looks on high,  
As though it were a joy to die.

A brow like a midsummer lake, 220  
Transparent with the sun therein,  
When waves no murmur dare to make,  
And heaven beholds her face within.  
A cheek and lip—but why proceed?

I loved her then, I love her still;  
And such as I am, love indeed 226  
In fierce extremes—in good and ill.  
But still we love even in our age,  
And haunted to our very age  
With the vain shadow of the past, 230  
As is Mazeppa to the last.

## VI

'We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd,  
She did not speak, and yet replied;  
There are ten thousand tones and signs  
We hear and see, but none defines—  
Involuntary sparks of thought, 236  
Which strike from out the heart o'er-  
wrought,

And form a strange intelligence,  
Alike mysterious and intense,  
Which link the burning chain that binds,  
Without their will, young hearts and  
minds: 241

Conveying, as the electric wire,  
We know not how, the absorbing fire.

I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,  
And still reluctant distance kept, 245  
Until I was made known to her,  
And we might then and there confer  
Without suspicion—then, even then,

I long'd, and was resolved to speak;  
But on my lips they died again, 250  
The accents tremulous and weak,  
Until one hour.—There is a game,  
A frivolous and foolish play,

Wherewith we while away the day;  
It is—I have forgot the name— 255  
And we to this, it seems, were set,  
By some strange chance, which I forget:  
I reck'd not if I won or lost,

It was enough for me to be  
So near to hear, and oh! to see 260  
The being whom I loved the most.  
I watch'd her as a sentinel,  
(May ours this dark night watch as  
well!)

Until I saw, and thus it was,  
That she was pensive, nor perceived  
Her occupation, nor was grieved 266  
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still  
Play'd on for hours, as if her will  
Yet bound her to the place, though not  
That hers might be the winning lot.

Then through my brain the thought  
did pass 271

Even as a flash of lightning there,  
That there was something in her air  
Which would not doom me to despair;  
And on the thought my words broke forth,

All incoherent as they were; 276  
Their eloquence was little worth,  
But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—  
Who listens once will listen twice;

Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,  
And one refusal no rebuff. 281

## VII

'I loved, and was beloved again—  
They tell me, Sir, you never knew  
Those gentle frailties; if 'tis true,  
I shorten all my joy or pain; 285

To you 'twould seem absurd as vain;  
But all men are not born to reign,  
Or o'er their passions, or as you  
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.

I am—or rather was—a prince, 290  
A chief of thousands, and could lead  
Them on where each would foremost  
bleed;

But could not o'er myself evince  
The like control—But to resume:

I loved, and was beloved again; 295  
In sooth, it is a happy doom,  
But yet where happiest ends in pain.

We met in secret, and the hour  
Which led me to that lady's bower  
Was fiery Expectation's dower. 300  
My days and nights were nothing—all  
Except that hour, which doth recall,

## MAZEPPA

In the long lapse from youth to age,  
 No other like itself: I'd give  
 The Ukraine back again to live 305  
 It o'er once more, and be a page,  
 The happy page, who was the lord  
 Of one soft heart, and his own sword,  
 And had no other gem nor wealth  
 Save nature's gift of youth and health.  
 We met in secret—doubly sweet, 311  
 Some say, they find it so to meet;  
 I know not that—I would have given  
 My life but to have call'd her mine  
 In the full view of earth and heaven;  
 For I did oft and long repine 316  
 That we could only meet by stealth.

### VIII

'For lovers there are many eyes,  
 And such there were on us; the devil  
 On such occasions should be civil—  
 The devil!—I'm loth to do him wrong,  
 It might be some untoward saint,  
 Who would not be at rest too long,  
 But to his pious bile gave vent—  
 But one fair night, some lurking spies  
 Surprised and seized us both. 326  
 The Count was something more than  
 wroth—  
 I was unarm'd; but if in steel,  
 All cap-à-pie from head to heel,  
 What 'gainst their numbers could I do?  
 'Twas near his castle, far away 331  
 From city or from succour near,  
 And almost on the break of day;  
 I did not think to see another,  
 My moments seem'd reduced to few;  
 And with one prayer to Mary Mother,  
 And, it may be, a saint or two, 337  
 As I resign'd me to my fate,  
 They led me to the castle gate:  
 Theresa's doom I never knew, 340  
 Our lot was henceforth separate.  
 An angry man, ye may opine,  
 Was he, the proud Count Palatine;  
 And he had reason good to be, 344  
 But he was most enraged lest such  
 An accident should chance to touch  
 Upon his future pedigree;  
 Nor less amazed, that such a blot  
 His noble 'scutcheon should have got,  
 While he was highest of his line; 350  
 Because unto himself he seem'd  
 The first of men, nor less he deem'd  
 In others' eyes, and most in mine.  
 'Sdeath! with a page—perchance a king  
 Had reconciled him to the thing; 355  
 But with a stripling of a page—  
 I felt, but cannot paint his rage.

### IX

"Bring forth the horse!"—the horse  
 was brought;  
 In truth, he was a noble steed,  
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, 360

Who look'd as though the speed of  
 thought  
 Were in his limbs; but he was wild,  
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,  
 With spur and bridle undefiled—  
 'Twas but a day he had been caught;  
 And snorting, with erected mane, 366  
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain,  
 In the full foam of wrath and dread  
 To me the desert-born was led:  
 They bound me on, that menial throng;  
 Upon his back with many a thong; 371  
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash—  
 Away!—away!—and on we dash!  
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

### X

'Away!—away! My breath was gone,  
 I saw not where he hurried on: 376  
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day,  
 And on he foam'd—away!—away!  
 The last of human sounds which rose,  
 As I was darted from my foes, 380  
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,  
 Which on the wind came roaring after  
 A moment from that rabble rout:  
 With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,  
 And snapp'd the cord, which to the  
 mane 385  
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,  
 And, writhing half my form about,  
 Howl'd back my curse; but 'midst the  
 tread,  
 The thunder of my courser's speed,  
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed:  
 It vexes me—for I would fain 391  
 Have paid their insult back again.  
 I paid it well in after days:  
 There is not of that castle gate,  
 Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,  
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;  
 Nor of its fields a blade of grass, 397  
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,  
 Where stood the hearth-stone of the  
 hall;  
 And many a time ye there might pass,  
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was.  
 I saw its turrets in a blaze, 402  
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,  
 And the hot lead pour down like rain  
 From off the scorch'd and blackening  
 roof, 405  
 Whose thickness was not vengeance-  
 proof.  
 They little thought that day of pain,  
 When launch'd, as on the lightning's  
 flash,  
 They bade me to destruction dash, 409  
 That one day I should come again,  
 With twice five thousand horse, to thank  
 The Count for his un courteous ride.  
 They play'd me then a bitter prank,  
 When, with the wild horse for my  
 guide, 414

They bound me to his foaming flank :  
At length I play'd them one as frank  
For time at last sets all things even—  
And if we do but watch the hour,  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven, 420  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

## XII

'Away, away, my steed and I,  
Upon the pinions of the wind,  
All human dwellings left behind;  
We sped like meteors through the sky,  
When with its crackling sound the night  
Is chequer'd with the northern light:  
Town—village—none were on our track  
But a wild plain of far extent, 430  
And bounded by a forest black;  
And, save the scarce-seen battlement  
On distant heights of some strong hold,  
Against the Tartars built of old,  
No trace of man. The year before 435  
A Turkish army had march'd o'er;  
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod,  
The verdure flies the bloody sod:  
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,  
And a low breeze crept moaning by—  
I could have answer'd with a sigh—  
But fast we fled, away, away, 442  
And I could neither sigh nor pray;  
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain  
Upon the courser's bristling mane;  
But, snorting still with rage and fear,  
He flew upon his far career: 447  
At times I almost thought, indeed,  
He must have slacken'd in his speed;  
But no—my bound and slender frame  
Was nothing to his angry might,  
And merely like a spur became:  
Each motion which I made to free  
My swoln limbs from their agony  
Increased his fury and affright: 455  
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,  
But yet he swerved as from a blow;  
And, starting to each accent, sprang  
As from a sudden trumpet's clang:  
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,  
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran  
o'er; 461  
And in my tongue the thirst became  
A something fierier far than flame.

## XIII

'We near'd the wild wood—'twas so  
wide,  
I saw no bounds on either side; 465  
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,  
That bent not to the roughest breeze  
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,  
And strips the forest in its haste,—  
But these were few and far between,  
Set thick with shrubs more young and  
green, 471

Luxuriant with their annual leaves,  
Ere strown by those autumnal eyes  
That nip the forest's foliage dead,  
Discolour'd with a lifeless red, 475  
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd goss  
Upon the slain when battle's o'er,  
And some long winter's night hath shed  
Its frost o'er every tombless head,  
So cold and stark the raven's beak 480  
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek:  
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,  
And here and there a chestnut stood,  
The strong oak, and the hardy pine;  
But far apart—and well it were, 485  
Or else a different lot were mine—  
The boughs gave way, and did not tear  
My limbs; and I found strength to bear  
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold;  
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.  
We rustled through the leaves like wind,  
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves be-  
hind; 492  
By night I heard them on the track,  
Their troop came hard upon our back,  
With their long gallop, which can tire  
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire:  
Where'er we flew they follow'd on, 497  
Nor left us with the morning sun;  
Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,  
At day-break winding through the  
wood, 500  
And through the night had heard their  
feet  
Their stealing, rustling step repeat.  
Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,  
At least to die amidst the horde,  
And perish—if it must be so— 505  
At bay, destroying many a foe!  
When first my courser's race begun,  
I wish'd the goal already won;  
But now I doubted strength and speed.  
Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed  
Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;  
Nor faster falls the blinding snow 512  
Which whelms the peasant near the door  
Whose threshold he shall cross no more,  
Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,  
Than through the forest-paths he  
pass'd—  
Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;  
All furious as a favour'd child  
Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—  
A woman piqued—who has her will.

## XIII

'The wood was past; 'twas more than  
noon, 521  
But chill the air, although in June;  
Or it might be my veins ran cold—  
Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;  
And I was then not what I seem, 525  
But headlong as a wintry stream,  
And wore my feelings out before  
I well could count their causes o'er:

## MAZEPPA

And what with fury, fear, and wrath,  
 The tortures which beset my path, 530  
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,  
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness;  
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood,  
 When stir'd beyond its calmer mood,  
 And trodden hard upon, is like 535  
 The rattle-snake's, in act to strike,  
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk  
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk?  
 The earth gave way, the skies roll'd  
 round,  
 I seem'd to sink upon the ground; 540  
 But err'd, for I was fastly bound.  
 My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew  
 sore,  
 And throb'd awhile, then beat no  
 more:  
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel;  
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel, 545  
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,  
 Which saw no farther: he who dies  
 Can die no more than then I died.  
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,  
 I felt the blackness come and go, 550  
 And strove to wake; but could not  
 make  
 My senses climb up from below:  
 I felt as on a plank at sea,  
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee,  
 At the same time upheave and overwhelm,  
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.  
 My undulating life was as 557  
 The fancied lights that flitting pass  
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when  
 Fever begins upon the brain; 560  
 But soon it pass'd, with little pain,  
 But a confusion worse than such:  
 I own that I should deem it much,  
 Dying, to feel the same again;  
 And yet I do suppose we must 565  
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust:  
 No matter; I have bared my brow  
 Full in Death's face—before—and now.

### XIV

'My thoughts came back; where was I?  
 Cold,  
 And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse  
 Life reassumed its lingering hold, 571  
 And throb by throb,—till grown a pang  
 Which for a moment would convulse,  
 My blood reflow'd, though thick and  
 chill;  
 My ear with uncouth noises rang,  
 My heart began once more to thrill;  
 My sight return'd, though dim; alas!  
 And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.  
 Methought the dash of waves was nigh;  
 There was a gleam too of the sky, 580  
 Studded with stars;—it is no dream;  
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream!  
 The bright broad river's gushing tide  
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,

And we are half-way, struggling o'er  
 To yon unknown and silent shore. 586  
 The waters broke my hollow trance,  
 And with a temporary strength  
 My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.  
 My courser's broad breast proudly  
 braves, 590  
 And dashes off the ascending waves,  
 And onward we advance!  
 We reach the slippery shore at length,  
 A haven I but little prized, 594  
 For all behind was dark and drear,  
 And all before was night and fear.  
 How many hours of night or day  
 In those suspended pangs I lay,  
 I could not tell; I scarcely knew  
 If this were human breath I drew. 600

### XV

'With glossy skin, and dripping mane,  
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,  
 The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain  
 Up the repelling bank. 604  
 We gain the top: a boundless plain  
 Spreads through the shadow of the  
 night,  
 And onward, onward, onward, seems,  
 Like precipices in our dreams,  
 To stretch beyond the sight; 609  
 And here and there a speck of white,  
 Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,  
 In masses broke into the light,  
 As rose the moon upon my right:  
 But nought distinctly seen  
 In the dim waste would indicate 615  
 The omen of a cottage gate;  
 No twinkling taper from afar  
 Stood like a hospitable star  
 Not even an ignis-fatuus rose 619  
 To make him merry with my woes:  
 That very cheat had cheer'd me then!  
 Although detected, welcome still,  
 Reminding me, through every ill,  
 Of the abodes of men. 624

### XVI

'Onward we went—but slack and slow;  
 His savage force at length o'erspent,  
 The drooping courser, faint and low,  
 All feebly foaming went.  
 A sickly infant had had power 629  
 To guide him forward in that hour,  
 But useless all to me:  
 His new-born tameness nought avail'd—  
 My limbs were bound; my force had  
 fail'd,  
 Perchance, had they been free.  
 With feeble effort still I tried 635  
 To rend the bonds so starkly tied,  
 But still it was in vain;  
 My limbs were only wrung the more,  
 And soon the idle strife gave o'er,  
 Which but prolong'd their pain: 640

The dizzy race seem'd almost done,  
Although no goal was nearly won:  
Some streaks announced the coming  
sun—

How slow, alas! he came! 644  
Methought that mist of dawning gray  
Would never dapple into day;  
How heavily it roll'd away—

Before the eastern flame  
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,  
And call'd the radiance from their cars,  
Nor fill'd the earth, from his deep  
throne, 651  
With lonely lustre, all his own.

## XVII

'Up rose the sun; the mists were curl'd  
Back from the solitary world  
Which lay around, behind, before.

What boot'd it to traverse o'er 656  
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,  
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,  
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;  
No sign of travel, none of toil; 660

The very air was mute;  
And not an insect's shrill small horn,  
Nor matin bird's new voice was borne  
From herb nor thicket. Many a worst,  
Panting as if his heart would burst, 665  
The weary brute still stagger'd on;  
And still we were—or seem'd—alone.  
At length, while reeling on our way,  
Methought I heard a courser neigh,  
From out yon tuft of blackening firs.  
Is it the wind those branches stirs? 671  
No, no! from out the forest prance

A trampling troop; I see them come!  
In one vast squadron they advance!

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.  
The steeds rush on in plunging pride;  
But where are they the reins to guide?  
A thousand horse, and none to ride!  
With flowing tail, and flying mane,  
Wide nostrils never stretch'd by pain,  
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,  
And feet that iron never shod, 682  
And flanks unscar'd by spur or rod,  
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,  
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

Came thickly thundering on,  
As if our faint approach to meet;  
The sight re-nerv'd my courser's feet,  
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,  
A moment, with a faint low neigh,  
He answer'd, and then fell; 691  
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,  
And reeking limbs immovable,

His first and last career is done!  
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,  
They saw me strangely bound along  
His back with many a bloody thong:  
They stop, they start, they snuff the  
air,  
Gallop a moment here and there,

Approach, retire, wheel round and  
round, 700

Then plunging back with sudden bound,  
Headed by one black mighty steed,  
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,

Without a single speck or hair  
Of white upon his shaggy hide; 705  
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve  
aside,

And backward to the forest fly,  
By instinct, from a human eye.

They left me there to my despair,  
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,  
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,  
Relieved from that unwonted weight,  
From whence I could not extricate  
Nor him nor me—and there we lay,  
The dying on the dead! 715

I little deem'd another day  
Would see my houseless, helpless  
head.

'And there from morn to twilight  
bound,

I felt the heavy hours toil round,  
With just enough of life to see 720  
My last of suns go down on me,  
In hopeless certainty of mind,

That makes us feel at length resign'd  
To that which our foreboding years  
Present the worst and last of fears:  
Inevitable—even a boon, 726

Nor more unkind for coming soon,  
Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,  
As if it only were a snare

That prudence might escape: 730  
At times both wish'd-for and implored,  
At times sought with self-pointed sword,  
Yet still a dark and hideous close  
To even intolerable woes,

And welcome in no shape. 735  
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,  
They who have revell'd beyond measure  
In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,  
Die calm, or calmer, oft than he  
Whose heritage was misery: 740

For he who hath in turn run through  
All that was beautiful and new,

Hath nought to hope, and nought to  
leave;

And, save the future, (which is view'd  
Not quite as men are base or good, 745  
But as their nerves may be endured.)

With nought perhaps to grieve:  
The wretch still hopes his woes must end,  
And Death, whom he should deem his  
friend,

Appears, to his distemper'd eyes, 750  
Arrived to rob him of his prize,  
The tree of his new Paradise.

To-morrow would have given him all,  
Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall;  
To-morrow would have been the first  
Of days no more deplored or curst,

## MAZEPPA

But bright, and long, and beckoning years,  
Seen dazzling through the mist of tears.  
Guerdon of many a painful hour;  
To-morrow would have given him  
power 760  
To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—  
And must it dawn upon his grave?

### XVIII

'The sun was sinking—still I lay  
Chain'd to the chill and stiffening  
steed;  
I thought to mingle there our clay, 765  
And my dim eyes of death had need;  
No hope arose of being freed:  
I cast my last looks up the sky,  
And there between me and the sun  
I saw the expecting raven fly, 770  
Who scarce would wait till both should  
die,  
Ere his repast begun;  
He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,  
And each time nearer than before;  
I saw his wing through twilight flit,  
And once so near me he alit 776

I could have smote, but lack'd the  
strength;  
But the slight motion of my hand,  
And feeble scratching of the sand,  
The exerted throat's faint struggling  
noise, 780  
Which scarcely could be called a voice,  
Together scared him off at length.

I know no more—my latest dream  
Is something of a lovely star  
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,  
And went and came with wandering  
beam, 786  
And all the cold, dull, swimming, dense  
Sensation of recurring sense,  
And then subsiding back to death,  
And then again a little breath, 790  
A little thrill, a short suspense,  
An icy sickness curdling o'er  
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my  
brain—  
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,  
A sigh, and nothing more. 795

### XIX

'I woke—where was I?—Do I see  
A human face look down on me?  
And doth a roof above me close?  
Do these limbs on a couch repose?  
Is this a chamber where I lie? 800  
And is it mortal yon bright eye,  
That watches me with gentle glance?  
I closed my own again once more,  
As doubtful that my former trance  
Could not as yet be o'er. 805  
A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,  
Sate watching by the cottage wall;  
The sparkle of her eye I caught,  
Even with my first return of thought;

For ever and anon she threw 810  
A prying, pitying glance on me  
With her black eyes so wild and free:  
I gazed, and gazed, until I knew  
No vision it could be,—  
But that I lived, and was released 815  
From adding to the vulture's feast:  
And when the Cossack maid beheld  
My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,  
She smiled—and I essay'd to speak,  
But fail'd—and she approach'd, and  
made 820

With lip and finger signs that said,  
I must not strive as yet to break  
The silence, till my strength should be  
Enough to leave my accents free; 824  
And then her hand on mine she laid,  
And smooth'd the pillow for my head,  
And stole along on tiptoe tread,  
And gently oped the door, and spake  
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!  
Even music follow'd her light feet: 830  
But those she call'd were not awake,  
And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,  
Another look on me she cast,  
Another sign she made, to say,  
That I had nought to fear, that all 835  
Were near, at my command or call,  
And she would not delay  
Her due return:—while she was gone,  
Methought I felt too much alone. 839

### XX

'She came with mother and with sire—  
What need of more?—I will not tire  
With long recital of the rest,  
Since I became the Cossack's guest.  
They found me senseless on the plain,  
They bore me to the nearest hut, 845  
They brought me into life again—  
Me—one day o'er their realm to reign!  
Thus the vain fool who strove to glut  
His rage, refining on my pain, 849  
Sent me forth to the wilderness,  
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,  
To pass the desert to a throne,—  
What mortal his own doom may guess?  
Let none despond, let none despair!  
To-morrow the Borysthenes 855  
May see our coursers graze at ease  
Upon his Turkish bank, and never  
Had I such welcome for a river  
As I shall yield when safely there.  
Comrades, good night!—The Hetman  
threw 860  
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,  
With leafy couch already made,  
A bed nor comfortless nor new  
To him, who took his rest when'er  
The hour arrived, no matter where:  
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.  
And if ye marvel Charles forgot  
To thank his tale, he wonder'd not,—  
The king had been an hour asleep.

# THE ISLAND

OR

## CHRISTIAN AND HIS COMRADES

### ADVERTISEMENT

THE foundation of the following story will be found partly in Lieutenant Bligh's 'Narrative of the Mutiny and Seizure of the *Bounty*, in the South Seas, in 1789'; and partly in 'Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands,' *Genoa*, 1823.

### CANTO THE FIRST

#### I

THE morning watch was come; the vessel  
lay  
Her course, and gently made her liquid  
way;  
The cloven billow flash'd from off her  
prow  
In furrows form'd by that majestic plough;  
The waters with their world were all be-  
fore;  
Behind, the South Sea's many an islet  
shore.  
The quiet night, now dappling, 'gan to  
wane,  
Dividing darkness from the dawning  
main;  
The dolphins, not unconscious of the  
day,  
Swam high, as eager of the coming ray;  
The stars from broader beams began to  
creep,  
And lift their shining eyelids from the  
deep;  
The sail resumed its lately shadow'd white,  
And the wind flutter'd with a freshening  
flight:  
The purpling ocean owns the coming sun,  
But ere he break—a deed is to be done.

#### II

The gallant chief within his cabin slept,  
Secure in those by whom the watch was  
kept:  
His dreams were of Old England's wel-  
come shore,  
Of toils rewarded, and of dangers o'er;  
His name was added to the glorious roll  
Of those who search the storm-surrounded  
Pole.  
The worst was over, and the rest seem'd  
sure,  
And why should not his slumber be  
secure?  
Alas! his deck was trod by unwilling feet,  
And wilder hands would hold the vessel's  
sheet;

Young hearts, which languish'd for some  
sunny isle,  
Where summer years and summer women  
smile;  
Men without country, who, too long  
estranged,  
Had found no native home, or found it  
changed,  
And, half uncivilised, prefer'd the cave  
Of some soft savage to the uncertain wave—  
The gushing fruits that nature gave un-  
till'd;  
The wood without a path but where they  
will'd;  
The field o'er which promiscuous Plenty  
pour'd  
Her horn; the equal land without a lord;  
The wish—which ages have not yet subdued  
In man—to have no master save his mood;  
The earth, whose mine was on its face, un-  
sold,  
The glowing sun and produce all its gold;  
The freedom which can call each grot a  
home;  
The general garden, where all steps may  
roam,  
Where Nature owns a nation as her child,  
Exulting in the enjoyment of the wild;  
Their shells, their fruits, the only wealth  
they know,  
Their unexploring navy, the canoe;  
Their sport, the dashing breakers and the  
chase;  
Their strangest sight, an European face:—  
Such was the country which these stran-  
gers yearn'd  
To see again; a sight they dearly earn'd.

#### III

Awake, bold Bligh! the foe is at the gate!  
Awake! awake!—Alas! it is too late!  
Fiercely beside thy cot the mutineer  
Stands, and proclaims the reign of rage  
and fear.  
Thy limbs are bound, the bayonet at thy  
breast;  
The hands, which trembled at thy voice,  
arrest;



# THE ISLAND

[CANTO I

Dragg'd o'er the deck, no more at thy  
command  
The obedient helm shall veer, the sail ex-  
pand;  
That savage spirit, which would lull by  
wrath 59  
Its desperate escape from duty's path,  
Glares round thee, in the scarce-believing  
eyes  
Of those who fear the chief they sacrifice:  
For ne'er can man his conscience all as-  
suage,  
Unless he drain the wine of passion—rage.

## IV

In vain, not silenced by the eye of death,  
Thou call'st the loyal with thy menaced  
breath:— 66  
They come not; they are few, and, over-  
awed,  
Must acquiesce, while sterner hearts ap-  
plaud.  
In vain thou dost demand the cause: a  
curse  
Is all the answer, with the threat of worse.  
Full in thine eyes is waved the glittering  
blade, 71  
Close to thy throat the pointed bayonet  
laid.  
The levell'd muskets circle round thy  
breast  
In hands as steel'd to do the deadly rest.  
Thou dar'st them to their worst, exclaim-  
ing—'Fire!' 75  
But they who pitied not could yet admire;  
Some lurking remnant of their former  
awe  
Restrain'd them longer than their broken  
law;  
They would not dip their souls at once in  
blood, 79  
But left thee to the mercies of the flood.

## V

'Hoist out the boat!' was now the leader's  
cry;  
And who dare answer 'No!' to Mutiny,  
In the first dawning of the drunken hour,  
The Saturnalia of unhop'd-for power?  
The boat is lower'd with all the haste of  
hate, 85  
With its slight plank between thee and thy  
fate;  
Her only cargo such a scant supply  
As promises the death their hands deny;  
And just enough of water and of bread  
To keep, some days, the dying from the  
dead: 90  
Some cordage, canvas, sails, and lines, and  
twine,  
But treasures all to hermits of the brine,  
Were added after, to the earnest prayer  
Of those who saw no hope, save sea and  
air;

And last, that trembling vassal of the  
Pole— 95  
The feeling compass—Navigation's soul.

## VI

And now the self-elected chief finds time  
To stun the first sensation of his crime,  
And raise it in his followers—'Ho! the  
bow!'  
Lest passion should return to reason's  
shoal. 100  
'Brandy for heroes!' Burke could once  
exclaim—  
No doubt a liquid path to epic fame;  
And such the new-born heroes found it  
here,  
And drain'd the draught with an applaud-  
ing cheer.  
'Huzza! for Otaheite!' was the cry. 105  
How strange such shouts from sons of  
Mutiny!  
The gentle island, and the genial soil,  
The friendly hearts, the feasts without a  
toil,  
The courteous manners but from nature  
caught,  
The wealth unhoarded, and the love un-  
bought; 110  
Could these have charms for rudest sea-  
boys, driven  
Before the mast by every wind of heaven?  
And now, even now prepared with others'  
woes  
To earn mild Virtue's vain desire, repose?  
Alas! such is our nature! all but aim  
At the same end by pathways not the same;  
Our means, our birth, our nation, and our  
name,  
Our fortune, temper, even our outward  
frame,  
Are far more potent o'er our yielding clay  
Than aught we know beyond our little  
day. 120  
Yet still there whispers the small voice  
within,  
Heard through Gain's silence, and o'er  
Glory's din:  
Whatever creed be taught, or land be trod,  
Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

## VII

The launch is crowded with the faithful  
few 125  
Who wait their chief, a melancholy crew;  
But some remain'd reluctant on the deck  
Of that proud vessel—now a moral  
wreck—  
And view'd their captain's fate with piteous  
eyes: 129  
While others scoff'd his augur'd miseries,  
Sneer'd at the prospect of his pigmy sail,  
And the slight bark so laden and so frail.  
The tender nautilus, who steers his prow,  
The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,

The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea, 135  
Seems far less fragile, and, alas! more free.  
He, when the lightning-wing'd tornados  
sweep

The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep—  
And triumphs o'er the armadas of man-  
kind,

Which shake the world, yet crumble in the  
wind. 140

## VIII

When all was now prepared, the vessel  
clear

Which hail'd her master in the mutineer,  
A seaman, less obdurate than his mates,  
Show'd the vain pity which but irritates;  
Watch'd his late chieftain with exploring  
eye, 145

And told, in signs, repentant sympathy;  
Held the moist shaddock to his parched  
mouth,

Which felt exhaustion's deep and bitter  
drouth.

But soon observed, this guardian was with-  
drawn,

Nor further mercy clouds rebellion's  
dawn. 150

Then forward stepp'd the bold and fro-  
ward boy

His chief had cherish'd only to destroy,  
And, pointing to the helpless prow be-  
neath,

Exclaim'd, 'Depart at once! delay is  
death!' 155

Yet then, even then, his feelings ceased  
not all: 155

In that last moment could a word recall  
Remorse for the black deed as yet half  
done,

And what he hid from many show'd to  
one:

When Bligh in stern reproach demanded  
where

Was now his grateful sense of former care?  
Where all his hopes to see his name aspire,

And blazon Britain's thousand glories  
higher? 162

His feverish lips thus broke their gloomy  
spell,

'Tis that! 'tis that! I am in hell! in hell!  
No more he said: but urging to the bark

His chief, commits him to his fragile ark;  
These the sole accents from his tongue  
that fell, 167

But volumes lurk'd below his fierce fare-  
well.

## IX

The arctic sun rose broad above the wave;  
The breeze now sank, now whisper'd from  
his cave; 170

As on the Æolian harp, his fitful wings  
Now swell'd, now flutter'd o'er his ocean  
strings.

With slow, despairing oar, the abandon'd  
skiff

Ploughs its drear progress to the scarce-  
seen cliff, 174

Which lifts its peak a cloud above the main:  
That boat and ship shall never meet again!

But 'tis not mine to tell their tale of grief,  
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;  
Their days of danger, and their nights of  
pain;

Their manly courage even when deem'd in  
vain; 180

The sapping famine, rendering scarce a son  
Known to his mother in the skeleton;

The ills that lessen'd still their little store,  
And starved even Hunger till he wrung no  
more;

The varying frowns and favours of the  
deep, 185

That now almost ingulfs, then leaves to  
creep

With crazy oar and shatter'd strength along  
The tide that yields reluctant to the strong;

The incessant fever of that arid thirst  
Which welcomes, as a well, the clouds that  
burst 190

Above their naked bones, and feels delight  
In the cold drenching of the stormy night,

And from the outspread canvas gladly  
wrings

A drop to moisten life's all-gasping  
springs; 194

The savage foe escaped, to seek again  
More hospitable shelter from the main;

The ghastly spectres which were doom'd  
at last

To tell as true a tale of dangers past,  
As ever the dark annals of the deep

Disclosed for man to dread or woman  
weep. 200

## X

We leave them to their fate, but not un-  
known

Nor unredress'd. Revenge may have her  
own:

Roused discipline aloud proclaims their  
cause,

And injured navies urge their broken laws.  
Pursue we on his track the mutineer,

Whom distant vengeance had not taught  
to fear. 206

Wide o'er the wave—away! away! away!  
Once more his eyes shall hail the welcome  
bay;

Once more the happy shores without a law  
Receive the outlaws whom they lately saw;

Nature, and Nature's goddess—woman—  
woos 211

To lands where, save their conscience,  
none accuse;

Where all partake the earth without dispute,  
And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit;

## THE ISLAND

[CANTO I

Where none contest the fields, the woods,  
the streams:—<sup>215</sup>

The goldless age, where gold disturbs no  
dreams,

Inhabits or inhabited the shore,  
Till Europe taught them better than be-  
fore:

Bestow'd her customs, and amended  
theirs,

But left her vices also to their heirs, <sup>220</sup>  
Away with this! behold them as they were,

Do good with Nature, or with Nature err,  
'Huzza! for Otaheite!' was the cry,

As stately swept the gallant vessel by.  
The breeze springs up; the lately flapping

sail <sup>225</sup>  
Extends its arch before the growing gale;

In swifter ripples stream aside the seas,  
Which her bold bow flings off with dash-  
ing ease.

Thus Argo plough'd the Euxine's virgin  
foam,

But those she wafted still look'd back to  
home: <sup>230</sup>

These spurn their country with their rebel  
bark,

And fly her as the raven fled the ark;  
And yet they seek to nestle with the dove,  
And tame their fiery spirits down to love.

## CANTO THE SECOND

I

How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai,  
When summer's sun went down the coral  
bay!

Come, let us to the islet's softest shade,  
And hear the warbling birds! the damsel  
said:

The wood-dove from the forest-depth  
shall coo, <sup>5</sup>

Like voices of the gods from Bolotoo,  
We'll cull the flowers that grow above the  
dead,

For these most bloom where rests the war-  
rior's head;

And we will sit in twilight's face, and see  
The sweet moon glancing through the tooa  
tree, <sup>10</sup>

The lofty accents of whose sighing bough  
Shall sadly please us as we lean below;

Or climb the steep, and view the surf in  
vain

Wrestle with rocky giants o'er the main,  
Which spurn in columns back the baffled  
spray. <sup>15</sup>

How beautiful are these! how happy they,  
Who, from the toil and tumult of their  
lives,

Steal to look down where nought but  
ocean strives!

Even he too loves at times the blue lagoon,  
And smoothes his ruffled mane beneath  
the moon. <sup>20</sup>

II

Yes—from the sepulchre we'll gather  
flowers,

Then feast like spirits in their promised  
bowers,

Then plunge and revel in the rolling surf,  
Then lay our limbs along the tender turf,

And, wet and shining from the sportive  
toil, <sup>25</sup>

Anoint our bodies with the fragrant oil,  
And plait our garlands gather'd from the  
grave,

And wear the wreaths that sprung from  
out the brave.

But lo! night comes, the Mooa woos us  
back,

The sound of mats are heard along our  
track;

Anon the torchlight dance shall fling its  
sheen <sup>31</sup>

In flashing mazes o'er the Marly's green;  
And we too will be there; we too recall

The memory bright with many a festival,  
Ere Fiji blew the shell of war, when foes

For the first time were wafted in canoes.  
Alas! for them the flower of mankind bleeds;

Alas! for them our fields are rank with  
weeds:

Forgotten is the rapture, or unknown,  
Of wandering with the moon and love  
alone. <sup>40</sup>

But be it so:—they taught us how to wield  
The club, and rain our arrows o'er the field:

Now let them reap the harvest of their art!  
But feast to-night! to-morrow we depart.

Strike up the dance! the cava bowl fill  
high! <sup>45</sup>

Drain every drop!—to-morrow we may die.  
In summer garments be our limbs array'd;

Around our waists the tappa's white dis-  
play'd;

Thick wreaths shall form our coronal, like  
spring's,

And round our necks shall glance the  
hooni strings; <sup>50</sup>

So shall their brighter hues contrast the  
glow

Of the dusk bosoms that beat high below.

III

But now the dance is o'er—yet stay awhile;  
Ah, pause! nor yet put out the social smile.

To-morrow for the Mooa we depart, <sup>55</sup>  
But not to-night—to-night is for the heart.

Again bestow the wreaths we gently woo,  
Ye young enchantresses of gay Licoo!

How lovely are your forms! how every  
sense

Bows to your beauties, soften'd, but in-  
tense, <sup>60</sup>

Like to the flowers on Mataloco's steep,  
Which fling their fragrance far athwart  
the deep!—

We too will see Licoo; but—oh! my heart!—

What do I say?—to-morrow we depart!

## IV

Thus rose a song—the harmony of times  
Before the winds blew Europe o'er these  
climes. 66

True, they had vices—such are Nature's  
growth—

But only the barbarian's—we have both;  
The sordor of civilisation, mix'd

With all the savage which man's fall hath  
fix'd. 70

Who hath not seen Dissimulation's reign,  
The prayers of Abel link'd to deeds of  
Cain?

Who such would see may from his lattice  
view

The Old World more degraded than the  
New,—

Now new no more, save where Columbia  
rears 75

Twin giants, born by Freedom to her  
spheres,

Where Chimborazo, over air, earth, wave,  
Glares with his Titan eye, and sees no slave.

## V

Such was this ditty of Tradition's days,  
Which to the dead a lingering fame con-  
veys 80

In song, where fame as yet hath left no sign  
Beyond the sound whose charm is half  
divine;

Which leaves no record to the sceptic eye,  
But yields young history all to harmony;  
A boy Achilles, with the centaur's lyre 85

In hand, to teach him to surpass his sire.  
For one long-cherish'd ballad's simple  
stave,

Rung from the rock, or mingled with the  
wave,

Or from the bubbling streamlet's grassy side,  
Or gathering mountain echoes as they  
glide, 90

Hath greater power o'er each true heart  
and ear,

Than all the columns Conquest's minions  
rear;

Invites, when hieroglyphics are a theme  
For sages' labours, or the student's dream;

Attracts, when History's volumes are a  
toil,— 95

The first, the freshest bud of Feeling's soil.  
Such was this rude rhyme—rhyme is of  
the rude—

But such inspired the Norseman's solitude,  
Who came and conquer'd; such, wherever  
rise 99

Lands which no foes destroy or civilise,  
Exist: and what can our accomplish'd art  
Of verse do more than reach the awaken'd  
heart?

## VI

And sweetly now those untaught melodies  
Broke the luxurious silence of the skies,  
The sweet siesta of a summer day, 105

The tropic afternoon of Toobonai,  
When every flower was bloom, and air

was balm,  
And the first breath began to stir the palm,

The first yet voiceless wind to urge the wave  
All gently to refresh the thirsty cave,

Where sat the songstress with the stranger  
boy, 111

Who taught her passion's desolating joy,  
Too powerful over every heart, but most

O'er those who know not how it may be  
lost;

O'er those who, burning in the new-born  
fire, 115

Like martyrs revel in their funeral pyre,  
With such devotion to their ecstasy,

That life knows no such rapture as to die:  
And die they do; for earthly life has nought

Match'd with that burst of nature, even  
in thought; 120

And all our dreams of better life above  
But close in one eternal gush of love.

## VII

There sat the gentle savage of the wild,  
In growth a woman, though in years a  
child,

As childhood dates within our colder  
clime, 125

Where nought is ripen'd rapidly save crime;  
The infant of an infant world, as pure

From nature—lovely, warm, and pre-  
mature;

Dusky like night, but night with all her  
stars, 129

Or cavern sparkling with its native spars;  
With eyes that were a language and a spell,

A form like Aphrodite's in her shell,  
With all her loves around her on the deep,

Voluptuous as the first approach of sleep;  
Yet full of life—for through her tropic  
cheek 135

The blush would make its way, and all but  
speak:

The sun-born blood suffused her neck, and  
threw

O'er her clear nut-brown skin a lucid hue,  
Like coral reddening through the darken'd  
wave, 141

Which draws the diver to the crimson cave.  
Such was this daughter of the southern  
seas, 145

Herself a billow in her energies,  
To bear the bark of others' happiness,

Nor feel a sorrow till their joy grew less:  
Her wild and warm yet faithful bosom  
knew 149

No joy like what it gave; her hopes ne'er  
drew

# THE ISLAND

[CANTO II

Aught from experience, that chill touch-  
stone, whose  
Sad proof reduces all things from their  
hues:  
She fear'd no ill, because she knew it not,  
Or what she knew was soon—too soon—  
forgot: 150  
Her smiles and tears had pass'd, as light  
winds pass  
O'er lakes to ruffle, not destroy, their glass,  
Whose depths unsearch'd, and fountains  
from the hill,  
Restore their surface, in itself so still,  
Until the earthquake tear the naiad's cave,  
Root up the spring, and trample on the  
wave, 156  
And crush the living waters to a mass,  
The amphibious desert of the dank mo-  
rass!  
And must their fate be hers? The eternal  
change  
But grasps humanity with quicker range;  
And they who fall but fall as worlds will  
fall, 161  
To rise, if just, a spirit o'er them all.

## VIII

And who is he? the blue-eyed northern child  
Of isles more known to man, but scarce  
less wild;  
The fair-hair'd offspring of the Hebrides,  
Where roars the Pentland with its whirling  
seas; 166  
Rock'd in his cradle by the roaring wind,  
The tempest-born in body and in mind,  
His young eyes opening on the ocean-  
foam,  
Had from that moment deem'd the deep  
his home, 170  
The giant comrade of his pensive moods,  
The sharer of his craggy solitudes,  
The only Mentor of his youth, where'er  
His bark was borne; the sport of wave and  
air;  
A careless thing, who placed his choice in  
chance, 175  
Nursed by the legends of his land's ro-  
mance;  
Eager to hope, but not less firm to bear,  
Acquainted with all feelings save despair.  
Placed in the Arab's clime, he would have  
been  
As bold a rover as the sands have seen,  
And braved their thirst with as enduring  
lip 181  
As Ishmael, wafted on his desert-ship;  
Fix'd upon Chili's shore, a proud cacique;  
On Hellas' mountains, a rebellious Greek;  
Born in a tent, perhaps a Tamerlane;  
Bred to a throne, perhaps unfit to reign.  
For the same soul that rends its path to  
sway, 187  
If rear'd to such, can find no further prey  
Beyond itself, and must retrace its way,

Plunging for pleasure into pain: the same  
Spirit which made a Nero, Rome's worst  
shame, 191  
A humbler state and discipline of heart,  
Had form'd his glorious namesake's  
counterpart;  
But grant his vices, grant them all his own,  
How small their theatre without a throne!

## IX

Thou smilest:—these comparisons seem  
high 196  
To those who scan all things with dazzled  
eye;  
Link'd with the unknown name of one  
whose doom  
Has nought to do with glory or with Rome,  
With Chili, Hellas, or with Araby; 200  
Thou smilest?—Smile; 'tis better thus than  
sigh;  
Yet such he might have been; he was a man,  
A soaring spirit, ever in the van,  
A patriot hero or despotic chief,  
To form a nation's glory or its grief, 205  
Born under auspices which make us more  
Or less than we delight to ponder o'er.  
But these are visions; say, what was he  
here?  
A blooming boy, a truant mutineer.  
The fair-hair'd Torquil, free as ocean's  
spray, 210  
The husband of the bride of Toobonai.

## X

By Neuha's side he sate, and watch'd the  
waters,—  
Neuha, the sun-flower of the island daugh-  
ters,  
Highborn, (a birth at which the herald  
smiles,  
Without a scutcheon for these secret  
isles,) 215  
Of a long race, the valiant and the free,  
The naked knights of savage chivalry,  
Whose grassy cairns ascend along the  
shore;  
And thine—I've seen—Achilles! do no  
more.  
She, when the thunder-bearing strangers  
came, 220  
In vast canoes, begirt with bolts of flame,  
Topp'd with tall trees, which, loftier than  
the palm,  
Seem'd rooted in the deep amidst its calm:  
But when the winds awaken'd, shot forth  
wings  
Broad as the cloud along the horizon  
flings, 225  
And sway'd the waves like cities of the sea,  
Making the very billows look less free;—  
She, with her paddling oar and dancing  
prow,  
Shot through the surf, like reindeer  
through the snow,

Swift-gliding o'er the breaker's whitening  
edge,<sup>230</sup>  
Light as a nereid in her ocean sledge,  
And gazed and wonder'd at the giant hulk,  
Which heaved from wave to wave its  
trampling bulk.  
The anchor dropp'd; it lay along the deep,  
Like a huge lion in the sun asleep,<sup>235</sup>  
While round it swarm'd the proas' flitting  
chain,  
Like summer bees that hum around his  
mane.

## XI

The white man landed! need the rest be  
told?  
The New World stretch'd its dusk hand to  
the Old;<sup>239</sup>  
Each was to each a marvel, and the tie  
Of wonder warm'd to better sympathy.  
Kind was the welcome of the sun-born  
sires,  
And kinder still their daughters' gentler  
fires.  
Their union grew: the children of the storm  
Found beauty link'd with many a dusky  
form;<sup>245</sup>  
While these in turn admired the paler  
glow,  
Which seem'd so white in climes that knew  
no snow.  
The chase, the race, the liberty to roam,  
The soil where every cottage show'd a  
home;  
The sea-spread net, the lightly launch'd  
canoe,<sup>250</sup>  
Which stemm'd the studded archipelago,  
O'er whose blue blossom rose the starry  
isles;  
The healthy slumber, earn'd by sportive  
toils;  
The palm, the loftiest dryad of the woods,  
Within whose bosom infant Bacchus  
broods,<sup>255</sup>  
While eagles scarce build higher than the  
crest  
Which shadows o'er the vineyard in her  
breast;  
The cava feast, the yam, the cocoa's root,  
Which bears at once the cup, and milk,  
and fruit;  
The bread-tree, which, without the plough-  
share, yields<sup>260</sup>  
The unreap'd harvest of unfurrow'd fields,  
And bakes its unadulterated loaves  
Without a furnace in unpurchased groves,  
'And flings off famine from its fertile breast,  
A priceless market for the gathering  
guest;—<sup>265</sup>  
These, with the luxuries of seas and woods,  
The airy joys of social solitudes,  
Tamed each rude wanderer to the sympa-  
thies  
Of those who were more happy, if less wise,

Did more than Europe's discipline had  
done,<sup>270</sup>  
And civilised Civilisation's son!

## XII

Of these, and there was many a willing pair,  
Neuha and Torquil were not the least fair:  
Both children of the isles, though distant  
far;  
Both born beneath a sea-presiding star;  
Both nourish'd amidst nature's native  
scenes,<sup>276</sup>  
Loved to the last, whatever intervenes  
Between us and our childhood's sympathy,  
Which still reverts to what first caught the  
eye.  
He who first met the Highlands' swelling  
blue<sup>280</sup>  
Will love each peak that shows a kindred  
hue,  
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,  
And clasp the mountain in his mind's  
embrace.  
Long have I roamed through lands which  
are not mine,<sup>284</sup>  
Adored the Alp, and loved the Apennine,  
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep  
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep:  
But 'twas not all long ages' lore, nor all  
Their nature held me in their thrilling  
thrall;  
The infant rapture still survived the boy,  
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er  
Troy,<sup>291</sup>  
Mix'd Celtic memories with the Phrygian  
mount,  
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear  
fount.  
Forgive me, Homer's universal shade!  
Forgive me, Phœbus! that my fancy  
stray'd;<sup>295</sup>  
The north and nature taught me to adore  
Your scenes sublime, from those beloved  
before.

## XIII

The love which maketh all things fond and  
fair,  
The youth which makes one rainbow of  
the air,  
The dangers past, that make even man  
enjoy<sup>300</sup>  
The pause in which he ceases to destroy,  
The mutual beauty, which the sternest feel  
Strike to their hearts like lightning to the  
steel,  
United the half savage and the whole,  
The maid and boy in one absorbing soul.  
No more the thundering memory of the  
fight<sup>306</sup>  
Wrapp'd his wean'd bosom in its dark de-  
light;  
No more the irksome restlessness of rest  
Disturb'd him like the eagle in her nest,

## THE ISLAND

[CANTO II ·

Whose whetted beak and far-pervading  
eye 310

Darts for a victim over all the sky:  
His heart was tamed to that voluptuous  
state,

At once Elysian and effeminate,  
Which leaves no laurels o'er the hero's  
urn;—

These wither when for aught save blood  
they burn; 315

Yet when their ashes in their nook are laid,  
Doth not the myrtle leave as sweet a shade?  
Had Cæsar known but Cleopatra's kiss,  
Rome had been free, the world had not  
been his.

And what have Cæsar's deeds and Cæsar's  
fame 320

Done for the earth? We feel them in our  
shame:

The gory sanction of his glory stains  
The rust which tyrants cherish on our  
chains.

Though Glory, Nature, Reason, Freedom,  
bid

Roused millions do what single Brutus  
did— 325

Sweep these mere mock-birds of the des-  
pot's song

From the tall bough where they have  
perch'd so long,—

Still are we hawk'd at by such mousing  
owls,

And take for falcons those ignoble fowls,  
When but a word of freedom would dispel  
These bugbears, as their terrors show too  
well. 331

### XIV

Rapt in the fond forgetfulness of life,  
Neuha, the South Sea girl, was all a wife,  
With no distracting world to call her off  
From love; with no society to scoff 335  
At the new transient flame; no babbling  
crowd

Of coxcomby in admiration loud,  
Or with adulterous whisper to alloy  
Her duty, and her glory, and her joy: 339  
With faith and feelings naked as her form,  
She stood as stands a rainbow in a storm,  
Changing its hues with bright variety,  
But still expanding lovelier o'er the sky,  
Howe'er its arch may swell, its colours  
move, 344

The cloud-compelling harbinger of love.

### XV

Here, in this grotto of the wave-worn shore,  
They pass'd the tropic's red meridian o'er;  
Nor long the hours—they never paused  
o'er time,  
Unbroken by the clock's funereal chime,  
Which deals the daily pittance of our span,  
And points and mocks with iron laugh at  
man. 351

What deem'd they of the future or the  
past?

The present, like a tyrant, held them fast:  
Their hour-glass was the sea-sand, and the  
tide,

Like her smooth billow, saw their mo-  
ments glide; 355

Their clock the sun, in his unbounded  
tow'r;

They reckon'd not, whose day was but an  
hour;

The nightingale, their only vesper-bell,  
Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell;  
The broad sun set, but not with lingering  
sweep, 360

As in the north he mellows o'er the deep;  
But fiery, full, and fierce, as if he left  
The world for ever, earth of light bereft,  
Plunged with red forehead down along the  
wave, 364

As dives a hero headlong to his grave.  
Then rose they, looking first along the skies,  
And then for light into each other's eyes,  
Wondering that summer show'd so brief  
a sun,

And asking if indeed the day were done.

### XVI

And let not this seem strange: the devotee  
Lives not in earth, but in his ecstasy;

Around him days and worlds are heedless  
driven,

His soul is gone before his dust to heaven.  
Is love less potent? No—his path is trod,  
Alike uplifted gloriously to God; 375

Or link'd to all we know of heaven below,  
The other better self, whose joy or woe  
Is more than ours; the all-absorbing flame  
Which, kindled by another, grows the  
same,

Wrapt in one blaze; the pure, yet funeral  
pile, 380

Where gentle hearts, like Bramins, sit and  
smile.

How often we forget all time, when lone,  
Admiring Nature's universal throne,  
Her woods, her wilds, her waters, the in-  
tense

Reply of hers to our intelligence! 385  
Live not the stars and mountains? Are the  
waves

Without a spirit? Are the dropping caves  
Without a feeling in their silent tears?

No, no;—they woo and clasp us to their  
spheres,

Dissolve this clog and clod of clay before  
Its hour, and merge our soul in the great  
shore. 391

Strip off this fond and false identity!—  
Who thinks of self when gazing on the sky?  
And who, though gazing lower, ever  
thought,

In the young moments ere the heart is  
taught 395

Time's lesson, of man's baseness or his  
own?  
All nature is his realm, and love his throne.

## XVII

Neuha arose, and Torquil: twilight's hour  
Came sad and softly to their rocky bower,  
Which, kindling by degrees its dewy spars,  
Echoed their dim light to the mustering  
stars. 401  
Slowly the pair, partaking nature's calm,  
Sought out their cottage, built beneath the  
palm;  
Now smiling and now silent, as the scene;  
Lovely as Love—the spirit!—when serene.  
The Ocean scarce spoke louder with his  
swell, 406  
Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the  
shell,  
As, far divided from his parent deep,  
The sea-born infant cries, and will not  
sleep, 409  
Raising his little plaint in vain, to rave  
For the broad bosom of his nursing wave:  
The woods droop'd darkly, as inclined to  
rest,  
The tropic bird wheel'd rockward to his  
nest,  
And the blue sky spread round them like a  
lake  
Of peace, where Piety her thirst might  
slake. 415

## XVIII

But through the palm and plantain, hark,  
a voice!  
Not such as would have been a lover's  
choice,  
In such an hour, to break the air so still;  
No dying night-breeze, harping o'er the hill,  
Striking the strings of nature, rock and  
tree, 420  
Those best and earliest lyres of harmony,  
With Echo for their chorus; nor the alarm  
Of the loud war-whoop to dispel the charm;  
Nor the soliloquy of the hermit owl,  
Exhaling all his solitary soul, 425  
The dim though large-eyed winged an-  
chorite,  
Who peals his dreary pæan o'er the night;  
But a loud, long, and naval whistle, shrill  
As ever started through a sea-bird's bill;  
And then a pause, and then a hoarse,  
'Hillo! 430  
Torquil, my boy! what cheer? Ho!  
brother, ho!  
'Who hails?' cried Torquil, following  
with his eye  
The sound. 'Here's one,' was all the brief  
reply.

## XIX

But here the herald of the self-same mouth  
Came breathing o'er the aromatic south,

Not like a 'bed of violets' on the gale, 436  
But such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,  
Borne from a short frail pipe, which yet  
had blown  
Its gentle odours over either zone,  
And, puff'd where'er winds rise or waters  
roll, 440  
Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to  
the Pole,  
Opposed its vapour as the lightning flash'd,  
And reek'd, 'midst mountain-billows, un-  
abash'd,  
To Æolus a constant sacrifice,  
Through every change of all the varying  
skies. 445  
And what was he who bore it?—I may err,  
But deem him sailor or philosopher.  
Sublime tobacco! which from east to west  
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's  
rest;  
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides  
His hours, and rivals opium and his  
brides; 451  
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,  
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the  
Strand;  
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,  
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich,  
and ripe; 455  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress,  
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!

## XX

Through the approaching darkness of the  
wood 460  
A human figure broke the solitude,  
Fantastically, it may be, array'd,  
A seaman in a savage masquerade;  
Such as appears to rise out from the deep  
When o'er the line the merry vessels sweep,  
And the rough saturnalia of the tar 466  
Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrow'd  
car;  
And, pleased, the god of ocean sees his  
name  
Revive once more, though but in mimic  
game  
Of his true sons, who riot in the breeze  
Undreamt of in his native Cyclades. 471  
Still the old god delights, from out the  
main,  
To snatch some glimpses of his ancient  
reign.  
Our sailor's jacket, though in ragged trim,  
His constant pipe, which never yet burn'd  
dim, 475  
His foremast air, and somewhat rolling gait,  
Like his dear vessel, spoke his former  
state;  
But then a sort of kerchief round his head,  
Not over-tightly bound, nor nicely  
spread;



## THE ISLAND

[CANTO II

And, 'stead of trowsers (ah! too early  
torn! 480  
For even the mildest woods will have their  
thorn),

A curious sort of somewhat scanty mat  
Now served for inexpressibles and hat;  
His naked feet and neck, and sunburnt face,  
Perchance might suit alike with either  
race. 485

His arms were all his own, our Europe's  
growth,

Which two worlds bless for civilising both;  
The musket swung behind his shoulders  
broad,

And somewhat stoop'd by his marine  
abode,

But brawny as the boar's; and hung be-  
neath, 490

His cutlass droop'd, unconscious of a  
sheath,

Or lost or worn away; his pistols were  
Link'd to his belt, a matrimonial pair—  
(Let not this metaphor appear a scoff,

Though one miss'd fire, the other would go  
off); 495

These, with a bayonet, not so free from  
rust

As when the arm-chest held its brighter  
trust,

Completed his accoutrements, as Night  
Survey'd him in his garb heteroclit.

### XXI

'What cheer, Ben Bunting?' cried (when  
in full view 500

Our new acquaintance) Torquil. 'Aught  
of new?

'Ey, ey!' quoth Ben, 'not new, but news  
enow;

A strange sail in the offing.'—'Sail! and  
how?

What! could you make her out? It cannot  
be;

I've seen no rag of canvas on the sea.' 505

'Belike,' said Ben, 'you might not from the  
bay,

But from the bluff-head, where I watch'd  
to-day,

I saw her in the doldrums; for the wind  
Was light and baffling.'—'When the sun  
declined

Where lay she? had she anchor'd?'—'No,  
but still 510

She bore down on us, till the wind grew still.'  
'Her flag?'—'I had no glass: but fore and  
aft,

Egad! she seem'd a wicked-looking craft.'  
'Arm'd?'—'I expect so;—sent on the  
look-out:

'Tis time, belike, to put our helm about.'  
'About?'—'Whate'er may have us now in  
chase, 516

We'll make no running fight, for that were  
base;

We will die at our quarters, like true men.'  
'Ey, ey! for that 'tis all the same to Ben.'

'Does Christian know this?'—'Ay; he  
has piped all hands 520

To quarters. They are furnishing the stands  
Of arms; and we have got some guns to  
bear,

And scaled them. You are wanted.'—  
'That's but fair;

And if it were not, mine is not the soul  
To leave my comrades helpless on the  
shoal. 525

My Neuha! ah! and must my fate pursue  
Not me alone, but one so sweet and true?

But whatso'er betide, ah, Neuha! now  
Unman me not; the hour will not allow

A tear; I'm thine whatever intervenes!'  
'Right,' quoth Ben; 'that will do for the  
marines.' 531

## CANTO THE THIRD

### I

THE fight was o'er; the flashing through  
the gloom,

Which robes the cannon as he wings a  
tomb,

Had ceased; and sulphury vapours up-  
ward driven

Had left the earth, and but polluted  
heaven:

The rattling roar which rung in every  
volley 5

Had left the echoes to their melancholy;  
No more they shriek'd their horror, boom  
for boom;

The strife was done, the vanquish'd had  
their doom;

The mutineers were crush'd, dispers'd, or  
ta'en,

Or lived to deem the happiest were the  
slain. 10

Few, few escaped, and these were hunted  
o'er

The isle they loved beyond their native  
shore.

No further home was theirs, it seem'd, on  
earth,

Once renegades to that which gave them  
birth;

Track'd like wild beasts, like them they  
sought the wild, 15

As to a mother's bosom flies the child;  
But vainly wolves and lions seek their den,

And still more vainly men escape from  
men.

### II

Beneath a rock whose jutting base pro-  
trudes

Far over ocean in its fiercest moods, 20  
When scaling his enormous crag the wave

Is hurl'd down headlong like the foremost  
brave,

And falls back on the foaming crowd  
 behind,  
 Which fight beneath the banners of the  
 wind,  
 But now at rest, a little remnant drew<sup>24</sup>  
 Together, bleeding, thirsty, faint, and few;  
 But still their weapons in their hands, and  
 still  
 With something of the pride of former will,  
 As men not all unused to meditate,  
 And strive much more than wonder at  
 their fate.<sup>30</sup>  
 Their present lot was what they had fore-  
 seen,  
 And dared as what was likely to have been;  
 Yet still the lingering hope, which deem'd  
 their lot  
 Not pardon'd, but unsought for or forgot,  
 Or trusted that, if sought, their distant  
 caves<sup>35</sup>  
 Might still be miss'd amidst the world of  
 waves,  
 Had wean'd their thoughts in part from  
 what they saw  
 And felt, the vengeance of their country's  
 law.  
 Their sea-green isle, their guilt-won para-  
 dise,  
 No more could shield their virtue or their  
 vice:<sup>40</sup>  
 Their better feelings, if such were, were  
 thrown  
 Back on themselves,—their sins remain'd  
 alone.  
 Proscribed even in their second country,  
 they  
 Were lost; in vain the world before them  
 lay:  
 All outlets seem'd secured. Their new  
 allies<sup>45</sup>  
 Had fought and bled in mutual sacrifice;  
 But what avail'd the club and spear, and  
 arm  
 Of Hercules, against the sulphury charm,  
 The magic of the thunder, which destroy'd  
 The warrior ere his strength could be em-  
 ploy'd?<sup>50</sup>  
 Dug, like a spreading pestilence, the grave  
 No less of human bravery than the brave!  
 Their own scant numbers acted all the  
 few  
 Against the many oft will dare and do;  
 But though the choice seems native to die  
 free,<sup>55</sup>  
 Even Greece can boast but one Thermo-  
 pylæ,  
 Till now, when she has forged her broken  
 chain  
 Back to a sword, and dies and lives again!

## III

Beside the jutting rock the few appear'd,  
 Like the last remnant of the red-deer's<sup>60</sup>  
 herd;

Their eyes were feverish, and their aspect  
 worn,  
 But still the hunter's blood was on their  
 horn,  
 A little stream came tumbling from the  
 height,  
 And straggling into ocean as it might,  
 Its bounding crystal frolick'd in the ray,  
 And gush'd from cliff to crag with saltless  
 spray;<sup>66</sup>  
 Close on the wild, wide ocean, yet as pure  
 And fresh as innocence, and more secure,  
 Its silver torrent glitter'd o'er the deep,  
 As the shy chamois' eye o'erlooks the  
 steep,<sup>70</sup>  
 While far below the vast and sullen swell  
 Of ocean's alpine azure rose and fell.  
 To this young spring they rush'd,—all  
 feelings first  
 Absorb'd in passion's and in nature's  
 thirst,—  
 Drank as they do who drink their last, and  
 threw<sup>75</sup>  
 Their arms aside to revel in its dew;  
 Cool'd their scorch'd throats, and wash'd  
 the gory stains  
 From wounds whose only bandage might  
 be chains;  
 Then, when their drought was quench'd,  
 look'd sadly round,  
 As wondering how so many still were  
 found<sup>80</sup>  
 Alive and fetterless:—but silent all,  
 Each sought his fellow's eyes, as if to call  
 On him for language which his lips denied,  
 As though their voices with their cause had  
 died.

## IV

Stern, and aloof a little from the rest,  
 Stood Christian, with his arms across his  
 chest.<sup>86</sup>  
 The ruddy, reckless, dauntless hue once  
 spread  
 Along his cheek was livid now as lead;  
 His light-brown locks, so graceful in their  
 flow,  
 Now rose like startled vipers o'er his  
 brow.<sup>90</sup>  
 Still as a statue, with his lips comprest  
 To stifle even the breath within his breast,  
 Fast by the rock, all menacing, but mute,  
 He stood; and, save a slight beat of his  
 foot,  
 Which deepen'd now and then the sandy  
 dint<sup>95</sup>  
 Beneath his heel, his form seem'd turn'd  
 to flint.  
 Some paces further Torquill lean'd his head  
 Against a bank, and spoke not, but he  
 bled,—  
 Not mortally:—his worst wound was  
 within;  
 His brow was pale, his blue eyes sunken in,

## THE ISLAND

[CANTO III

And blood-drops, sprinkled o'er his yellow  
hair,<sup>101</sup>  
Show'd that his faintness came not from  
despair,  
But nature's ebb. Beside him was another,  
Rough as a bear, but willing as a brother,—  
Ben Bunting, who essay'd to wash, and  
wipe,<sup>105</sup>  
And bind his wound—then calmly lit his  
pipe,  
A trophy which survived a hundred fights,  
A beacon which had cheer'd ten thousand  
nights.  
The fourth and last of this deserted group  
Walk'd up and down—at times would  
stand, then stoop,<sup>110</sup>  
To pick a pebble up—then let it drop—  
Then hurry as in haste—then quickly  
stop—  
Then cast his eyes on his companions—  
then  
Half whistle half a tune, and pause again—  
And then his former movements would  
redouble,<sup>115</sup>  
With something between carelessness and  
trouble.  
This is a long description, but applies  
To scarce five minutes pass'd before the  
eyes;  
But yet *what* minutes! Moments like to  
these  
Rend men's lives into immortalities. <sup>120</sup>

### V

At length Jack Skyscape, a mercurial  
man,  
Who flutter'd over all things like a fan,  
More brave than firm, and more disposed  
to dare  
And die at once than wrestle with despair,  
Exclaim'd, 'G—d damn!'—those syllables  
intense,—<sup>125</sup>  
Nucleus of England's native eloquence,  
As the Turk's 'Allah!' or the Roman's  
more  
Pagan 'Proh Jupiter!' was wont of yore  
To give their first impressions such a vent,  
By way of echo to embarrassment. <sup>130</sup>  
Jack was embarrass'd,—never hero more,  
And as he knew not what to say, he swore:  
Nor swore in vain; the long congenial  
sound  
Revived Ben Bunting from his pipe pro-  
found;  
He drew it from his mouth, and look'd full  
wise,<sup>135</sup>  
But merely added to the oath his *eyes*;  
Thus rendering the imperfect phrase com-  
plete,  
A peroration I need not repeat.

### VI

But Christian, of a higher order, stood  
Like an extinct volcano in his mood;

Silent, and sad, and savage,—with the  
trace<sup>141</sup>  
Of passion reeking from his clouded face;  
Till lifting up again his sombre eye,  
It glanced on Torquil, who lean'd faintly  
by.  
'And is it thus?' he cried, 'unhappy boy!  
And thee, too, *thee*—my madness must  
destroy!' <sup>146</sup>  
He said, and strode to where young Tor-  
quil stood,  
Yet dabbled with his lately flowing blood;  
Seized his hand wistfully, but did not press,  
And shrunk as fearful of his own caress;  
Inquired into his state; and when he heard  
The wound was slighter than he deem'd or  
fear'd, <sup>152</sup>  
A moment's brightness pass'd along his  
brow,  
As much as such a moment would allow.  
'Yes,' he exclaim'd, 'we're taken in the  
toil, <sup>155</sup>  
But not a coward or a common spoil;  
Dearly they've bought us—dearly still may  
buy,—  
And I must fall; but have you strength to  
fly?  
'Twould be some comfort still, could you  
survive;  
Our dwindled band is now too few to  
strive. <sup>160</sup>  
Oh! for a sole canoe! though but a shell,  
To bear you hence to where a hope may  
dwell!  
For me, my lot is what I sought; to be,  
In life or death, the fearless and the free.'

### VII

Even as he spoke, around the promontory,  
Which nodded o'er the billows high and  
hoary, <sup>166</sup>  
A dark speck dotted ocean: on it flew  
Like the shadow of a roused sea-mew;  
Onward it came—and, lo! a second  
follow'd—  
Now seen—now hid—where ocean's vale  
was hollow'd; <sup>170</sup>  
And near, and nearer, till their dusky crew  
Presented well-known aspects to the view,  
Till on the surf their skimming paddles play,  
Buoyant as wings, and fitting through the  
spray;—  
Now perching on the wave's high curl, and  
now <sup>175</sup>  
Dash'd downward in the thundering foam  
below,  
Which flings it broad and boiling sheet on  
sheet,  
And slings its high flakes, shiver'd into  
sleet:  
But floating still through surf and swell,  
drew nigh  
The barks, like small birds through a  
lowering sky. <sup>180</sup>

Their art seem'd nature—such the skill to sweep  
The wave of these born playmates of the deep.

## VIII

And who the first that, springing on the strand,  
Leap'd like a nereid from her shell to land,  
With dark but brilliant skin, and dewy eye  
Shining with love, and hope, and constancy?<sup>186</sup>  
Neuha—the fond, the faithful, the adored—  
Her heart on Torquil's like a torrent pour'd;  
And smiled, and wept, and near, and nearer clasp'd,  
As if to be assured 'twas *him* she grasp'd;  
Shudder'd to see his yet warm wound, and then,<sup>191</sup>  
To find it trivial, smiled and wept again.  
She was a warrior's daughter, and could bear  
Such sights, and feel, and mourn, but not despair.  
Her lover lived,—nor foes nor fears could blight<sup>195</sup>  
That full-blown moment in its all delight:  
Joy trickled in her tears, joy fill'd the sob  
That rock'd her heart till almost heard to throb;  
And paradise was breathing in the sigh  
Of nature's child in nature's ecstasy. 200

## IX

The sterner spirits who beheld that meeting  
Were not unmoved; who are, when hearts are greeting?  
Even Christian gazed upon the maid and boy  
With tearless eye, but yet a gloomy joy  
Mix'd with those bitter thoughts the soul arrays<sup>205</sup>  
In hopeless visions of our better days,  
When all's gone—to the rainbow's latest ray.  
'And but for me!' he said, and turn'd away;  
Then gazed upon the pair, as in his den  
A lion looks upon his cubs again;<sup>210</sup>  
And then relapsed into his sullen guise,  
As heedless of his further destinies.

## X

But brief their time for good or evil thought;  
The billows round the promontory brought  
The plash of hostile oars.—Alas! who made<sup>215</sup>  
That sound a dread? All around them seem'd array'd

Against them, save the bride of Toobonai:  
She, as she caught the first glimpse o'er the bay  
Of the arm'd boats, which hurried to complete  
The remnant's ruin with their flying feet,  
Beckon'd the natives round her to their prow,<sup>221</sup>  
Embark'd their guests and launch'd their light canoes,  
In one placed Christian and his comrades twain;  
But she and Torquil must not part again.  
She fix'd him in her own.—Away! away!  
They clear the breakers, dart along the bay,<sup>226</sup>  
And towards a group of islets, such as bear  
The sea-bird's nest and seal's surf-hollow'd lair,  
They skim the blue tops of the billows; fast  
They flew, and fast their fierce pursuers chased.<sup>230</sup>  
They gain upon them—now they lose again,—  
Again make way and menace o'er the main;  
And now the two canoes in chase divide,  
And follow different courses o'er the tide,  
To baffle the pursuit.—Away! away!  
As Life is on each paddle's flight to-day,  
And more than Life or lives to Neuha: Love  
Freights the frail bark and urges to the cove;  
And now the refuge and the foe are nigh—  
Yet, yet a moment: Fly, thou light ark,  
fly!<sup>240</sup>

## CANTO THE FOURTH

## I

WHITE as a white sail on a dusky sea,  
When half the horizon's clouded and half free,  
Fluttering between the dun wave and the sky,  
Is hope's last gleam in man's extremity.  
Her anchor parts! but still her snowy sail  
Attracts our eye amidst the rudest gale:  
Though every wave she climbs divides us more,<sup>7</sup>  
The heart still follows from the loneliest shore.

## II

Not distant from the isle of Toobonai,  
A black rock rears its bosom o'er the spray,<sup>10</sup>  
The haunt of birds, a desert to mankind,  
Where the rough seal reposes from the wind,  
And sleeps unwieldy in his cavern dun,  
Or gambols with huge frolic in the sun:  
There shrilly to the passing oar is heard  
The startled echo of the ocean bird, 16

## THE ISLAND

[CANTO IV

Who rears on its bare breast her callow  
brood,

The feather'd fishers of the solitude.

A narrow segment of the yellow sand

On one side forms the outline of a strand;

Here the young turtle, crawling from his  
shell,

Steals to the deep wherein his parents dwell;

Chipp'd by the beam, a nursling of the day,

But hatch'd for ocean by the fostering ray;

The rest was one bleak precipice, as e'er

Gave mariners a shelter and despair;

A spot to make the saved regret the deck

Which late went down, and envy the lost  
wreck.

Such was the stern asylum Neuha chose  
To shield her lover from his following  
foes;

But all its secret was not told; she knew

In this a treasure hidden from the view.

### III

Ere the canoes divided, near the spot,  
The men that mann'd what held her Tor-

quill's lot,

By her command removed, to strengthen  
more

The skiff which wafted Christian from the  
shore.

This he would have opposed; but with a  
smile

She pointed calmly to the craggy isle,  
And bade him 'speed and prosper.' *She*

would take

The rest upon herself for Torquill's sake.

They parted with this added aid; afar

The proa darted like a shooting star,

And gain'd on the pursuers, who now  
steer'd

Right on the rock which she and Torquill  
near'd.

They pull'd; her arm, though delicate, was  
free

And firm as ever grappled with the sea,  
And yielded scarce to Torquill's manlier  
strength.

The prow now almost lay within its length

Of the crag's steep, inexorable face,

With nought but soundless waters for its  
base;

Within a hundred boats' length was the foe,

And now what refuge but their frail canoe?

This Torquill ask'd with half-upbraiding  
eye,

Which said—'Has Neuha brought me  
here to die?

Is this a place of safety, or a grave,

And yon huge rock the tombstone of the  
wave?'

### IV

They rested on their paddles, and uprose  
Neuha, and pointing to the approaching  
foes,

Cried, 'Torquill, follow me, and fearless  
follow!'

Then plunged at once into the ocean's  
hollow.

There was no time to pause—the foes were  
near—

Chains in his eye, and menace in his ear;

With vigour they pull'd on, and as they  
came,

Hail'd him to yield, and by his forfeit name.

Headlong he leapt—to him the swimmer's  
skill

Was native, and now all his hope from ill:

But how, or where? He dived, and rose no  
more;

The boat's crew look'd amazed o'er sea  
and shore.

There was no landing on that precipice,  
Steep, harsh, and slippery as a berg of ice.

They watch'd awhile to see him float again,  
But not a trace rebubbled from the main:

The wave roll'd on, no ripple on its face,  
Since their first plunge recall'd a single  
trace;

The little whirl which eddied, and slight  
foam,

That whiten'd o'er what seem'd their latest  
home,

White as a sepulchre above the pair  
Who left no marble (mournful as an heir)

The quiet proa wavering o'er the tide

Was all that told of Torquill and his bride;

And but for this alone the whole might  
seem

The vanish'd phantom of a seaman's dream.

They paused and search'd in vain, then  
pull'd away;

Even superstition now forbade their stay.

Some said he had not plunged into the  
wave,

But vanish'd like a corpse-light from a  
grave;

Others, that something supernatural  
Glared in his figure, more than mortal tall;

While all agreed that in his cheek and eye  
There was a dead hue of eternity.

Still as their oars receded from the crag,  
Round every weed a moment would they  
lag,

Expectant of some token of their prey;

But no—he had melted from them like the  
spray.

### V

And where was he the pilgrim of the deep,  
Following the nereid? Had they ceased to  
weep

For ever? or, received in coral caves,  
Wrung life and pity from the softening  
waves?

Did they with ocean's hidden sovereigns  
dwell,

And sound with mermen the fantastic  
shell?

Did Neuha with the mermaids comb her hair  
Flowing o'er ocean as it stream'd in air?  
Or had they perish'd, and in silence slept  
Beneath the gulf wherein they boldly leapt?

## VI

Young Neuha plunged into the deep, and  
he 105

Follow'd: her track beneath her native sea  
Was as a native's of the element,  
So smoothly, bravely, brilliantly she went,  
Leaving a streak of light behind her heel,  
Which struck and flash'd like an am-  
phibious steel. 110

Closely, and scarcely less expert to trace  
The depths where divers hold the pearl in  
chase,

Torquil, the nursling of the northern seas,  
Pursued her liquid steps with heart and  
ease.

Deep—deeper for an instant Neuha led  
The way—then upward soar'd—and as  
she spread 116

Her arms, and flung the foam from off her  
locks,

Laugh'd, and the sound was answer'd by  
the rocks.

They had gain'd a central realm of earth  
again,

But look'd for tree, and field, and sky, in  
vain. 120

Around she pointed to a spacious cave,  
Whose only portal was the keyless wave,  
(A hollow archway by the sun unseen,  
Save through the billows' glassy veil of green,  
In some transparent ocean holiday, 125  
When all the finny people are at play.)

Wiped with her hair the brine from Tor-  
quil's eyes,

And clapp'd her hands with joy at his sur-  
prise; 128

Led him to where the rock appear'd to jut,  
And form a something like a Triton's hut;  
For all was darkness for a space, till day  
Through clefts above let in a sober'd ray;  
As in some old cathedral's glimmering  
aisle

The dusty monuments from light recoil,  
Thus sadly in their refuge submarine 135  
The vault drew half her shadow from the  
scene.

## VII

Forth from her bosom the young savage  
drew 137

A pine torch, strongly girded with gnattoo;  
A plantain-leaf o'er all, the more to keep  
Its latent sparkle from the sapping deep.  
This mantle kept it dry; then from a nook  
Of the same plantain-leaf a flint she took,  
A few shrunk wither'd twigs, and from the  
blade 143

Of Torquil's knife struck fire, and thus  
array'd

The grot with torchlight. Wide it was and  
high, 145

And show'd a self-born Gothic canopy;  
The arch uprear'd by nature's architect,  
The architrave some earthquake might  
erect;

The buttress from some mountain's  
bosom hurl'd,

When the Poles crash'd, and water was the  
world; 150

Or harden'd from some earth-absorbing  
fire,

While yet the globe reek'd from its funeral  
pyre;

The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave,  
Were there, all scoop'd by Darkness from  
her cave. 154

There, with a little tinge of phantasy,  
Fantastic faces mop'd and mow'd on high,  
And then a mitre or a shrine would fix  
The eye upon its seeming crucifix.  
Thus Nature play'd with the stalactites,  
And built herself a chapel of the seas.

## VIII

And Neuha took her Torquil by the hand,  
And waved along the vault her kindled  
brand,

And led him into each recess, and show'd  
The secret places of their new abode.

Nor these alone, for all had been prepared  
Before, to soothe the lover's lot she  
shared: 166

The mat for rest; for dress the fresh gnattoo,  
And sandal oil to fence against the dew;  
For food the cocoa-nut, the yam, the  
bread

Born of the fruit; for board the plantain  
spread 170

With its broad leaf, or turtle-shell which  
bore

A banquet in the flesh it cover'd o'er;  
The gourd with water recent from the rill,  
The ripe banana from the mellow hill;  
A pine-torch pile to keep undying light,  
And she herself, as beautiful as night,  
To fling her shadowy spirit o'er the scene,  
And make their subterranean world serene.  
She had foreseen, since first the stranger's  
sail

Drew to their isle, that force or flight might  
fail, 180

And form'd a refuge of the rocky den  
For Torquil's safety from his countrymen.

Each dawn had wafted there her light  
canoe,

Laden with all the golden fruits that grew;  
Each eve had seen her gliding through the  
hour 185

With all could cheer or deck their sparry  
bower;

And now she spread her little store with  
smiles,

The happiest daughter of the loving isles.

## IX

She, as he gazed with grateful wonder,  
 press'd  
 Her shelter'd love to her impassion'd  
 breast; 190  
 And suited to her soft caresses, told  
 An olden tale of love,—for love is old,  
 Old as eternity, but not outworn  
 With each new being born or to be born:  
 How a young chief, a thousand moons  
 ago, 195  
 Diving for turtle in the depths below,  
 Had risen, in tracking fast his ocean prey,  
 Into the cave which round and o'er them  
 lay;  
 How in some desperate feud of after-time  
 He shelter'd there a daughter of the clime,  
 A foe beloved, and offspring of a foe, 201  
 Saved by his tribe but for a captive's woe;  
 How, when the storm of war was still'd, he led  
 His island clan to where the waters spread  
 Their deep-green shadow o'er the rocky  
 door, 205  
 Then dived—it seem'd as if to rise no more:  
 His wondering mates, amazed within their  
 bark,  
 Or deem'd him mad, or prey to the blue  
 shark;  
 Row'd round in sorrow the sea-girded  
 rock,  
 Then paused upon their paddles from the  
 shock; 210  
 When, fresh and springing from the deep,  
 they saw  
 A goddess rise—so deem'd they in their  
 awe;  
 And their companion, glorious by her side,  
 Proud and exulting in his mermaid bride:  
 And how, when undeceived, the pair they  
 bore 215  
 With sounding conchs and joyous shouts  
 to shore;  
 How they had gladly lived and calmly  
 died,  
 And why not also Torquil and his bride?  
 Not mine to tell the rapturous caress 219  
 Which follow'd wildly in that wild recess  
 This tale; enough that all within that cave  
 Was love, though buried strong as in the  
 grave  
 Where Abelard, through twenty years of  
 death,  
 When Eloisa's form was lower'd beneath  
 Their nuptial vault, his arms outstretch'd,  
 and press'd 225  
 The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.  
 The waves without sang round their  
 couch, their roar  
 As much unheeded as if life were o'er;  
 Within, their hearts made all their har-  
 mony,  
 Love's broken murmur and more broken  
 sigh. 230

## X

And they, the cause and sharers of the  
 shock  
 Which left them exiles of the hollow rock,  
 Where were they? O'er the sea for life  
 they plied,  
 To seek from Heaven the shelter men  
 denied.  
 Another course had been their choice—  
 but where? 235  
 The wave which bore them still their foes  
 would bear,  
 Who, disappointed of their former chase,  
 In search of Christian now renew'd their  
 race.  
 Eager with anger, their strong arms made  
 way,  
 Like vultures baffled of their previous  
 prey. 240  
 They gain'd upon them, all whose safety  
 lay  
 In some bleak crag or deeply-hidden bay:  
 No further chance or choice remain'd;  
 and right  
 For the first further rock which met their  
 sight  
 They steer'd, to take their latest view of  
 land, 245  
 And yield as victims, or die sword in hand;  
 Dismiss'd the natives and their shallow,  
 who  
 Would still have battled for that scanty  
 crew;  
 But Christian bade them seek their shore  
 again,  
 Nor add a sacrifice which were in vain;  
 For what were simple bow and savage  
 spear 251  
 Against the arms which must be wielded  
 here?

## XI

They landed on a wild but narrow scene,  
 Where few but Nature's footsteps yet had  
 been;  
 Prepared their arms, and with that gloomy  
 eye, 255  
 Stern and sustain'd, of man's extremity,  
 When hope is gone, nor glory's self remains  
 To cheer resistance against death or  
 chains,—  
 They stood, the three, as the three hundred  
 stood  
 Who dyed Thermopylæ with holy blood.  
 But, ah! how different! 'tis the cause makes  
 all, 261  
 Degrades or hallows courage in its fall.  
 O'er them no fame, eternal and intense,  
 Blazed through the clouds of death and  
 beckon'd hence;  
 No grateful country, smiling through her  
 tears, 265  
 Begun the praises of a thousand years;

No nation's eyes would on their tomb be bent,  
 No heroes envy them their monument;  
 However boldly their warm blood was spilt,  
 Their life was shame, their epitaph was guilt.  
 And this they knew and felt, at least the one,  
 The leader of the band he had undone;  
 Who, born perchance for better things, had set  
 His life upon a cast which linger'd yet:  
 But now the die was to be thrown, and all  
 The chances were in favour of his fall:  
 And such a fall! But still he faced the shock,  
 Obdurate as a portion of the rock  
 Whereon he stood, and fix'd his levell'd gun,  
 Dark as a sullen cloud before the sun.

## XII

The boat drew nigh, well arm'd, and firm  
 the crew  
 To act whatever duty bade them do;  
 Careless of danger, as the onward wind  
 Is of the leaves it strews, nor looks behind.  
 And yet perhaps they rather wish'd to go  
 Against a nation's than a native foe,  
 And felt that this poor victim of self-will,  
 Briton no more, had once been Britain's still.  
 They hail'd him to surrender—no reply;  
 Their arms were poised, and glitter'd in  
 the sky.  
 They hail'd again—no answer; yet once  
 more  
 They offer'd quarter louder than before.  
 The echoes only, from the rock's rebound,  
 Took their last farewell of the dying sound.  
 Then flash'd the flint, and blazed the  
 volleying flame,  
 And the smoke rose between them and  
 their aim,  
 While the rock rattled with the bullets'  
 knell,  
 Which peal'd in vain, and flatten'd as they  
 fell;  
 Then flew the only answer to be given  
 By those who had lost all hope in earth or  
 heaven.  
 After the first fierce peal, as they pull'd  
 nigher,  
 They heard the voice of Christian shout,  
 'Now, fire!'  
 And ere the word upon the echo died,  
 Two fell; the rest assail'd the rock's rough  
 side,  
 And, furious at the madness of their foes,  
 Disdain'd all further efforts, save to close.  
 But steep the crag, and all without a path,  
 Each step opposed a bastion to their  
 wrath,

While, placed 'midst clefts the least accessible,  
 Which Christian's eye was train'd to mark  
 full well,  
 The three maintain'd a strife which must  
 not yield,  
 In spots where eagles might have chosen  
 to build.  
 Their every shot told; while the assailant  
 fell,  
 Dash'd on the shingles like the limpet  
 shell;  
 But still enough survived, and mounted  
 still,  
 Scattering their numbers here and there,  
 until  
 Surrounded and commanded, though not  
 nigh  
 Enough for seizure, near enough to die,  
 The desperate trio held aloof their fate  
 But by a thread, like sharks who've gorged  
 the bait;  
 Yet to the very last they battled well,  
 And not a groan inform'd their foes who  
 fell.  
 Christian died last—twice wounded; and  
 once more  
 Mercy was offer'd when they saw his gore;  
 Too late for life, but not too late to die,  
 With, though a hostile hand, to close his  
 eye.  
 A limb was broken, and he droop'd along  
 The crag, as doth a falcon reft of young.  
 The sound revived him, or appear'd to  
 wake  
 Some passion which a weakly gesture  
 spake;  
 He beckon'd to the foremost, who drew  
 nigh,  
 But, as they near'd, he rear'd his weapon  
 high—  
 His last ball had been aim'd, but from his  
 breast  
 He tore the topmost button from his vest,  
 Down the tube dash'd it, levell'd, fired,  
 and smiled  
 As his foe fell; then, like a serpent, coil'd  
 His wounded, weary form, to where the  
 steep  
 Look'd desperate as himself along the  
 deep;  
 Cast one glance back, and clench'd his  
 hand, and shook  
 His last rage 'gainst the earth which he for-  
 sook;  
 Then plunged: the rock below received  
 like glass  
 His body crush'd into one gory mass,  
 With scarce a shred to tell of human form,  
 Or fragment for the sea-bird or the worm:  
 A fair-hair'd scalp, besmear'd with blood  
 and weeds,  
 Yet reek'd, the remnant of himself and  
 deeds;



## THE ISLAND

[CANTO IV

Some splinters of his weapons (to the last,  
As long as hand could hold, he held them  
fast)

Yet glitter'd, but at distance—hur!d away  
To rust beneath the dew and dashing  
spray. 350

The rest was nothing—save a life mis-  
spent,  
And soul—but who shall answer where it  
went?

'Tis ours to bear, not judge the dead; and  
they

Who doom to hell, themselves are on the  
way,

Unless these bullies of eternal pains 355  
Are pardon'd their bad hearts for their  
worse brains.

### XIII

The deed was over! All were gone or ta'en,  
The fugitive, the captive, or the slain.  
Chain'd on the deck, where once, a gallant  
crew,

They stood with honour, were the  
wretched few 360

Survivors of the skirmish on the isle;  
But the last rock left no surviving spoil.  
Cold lay they where they fell, and welter-  
ing,

While o'er them flapp'd the sea-birds'  
dewy wing,

Now wheeling nearer from the neighbour-  
ing surge, 365

And screaming high their harsh and  
hungry dirge:

But calm and careless heaved the wave  
below,

Eternal with unsympathetic flow;  
Far o'er its face the dolphins sported on,  
And sprung the flying fish against the sun,  
Till its dried wing relapsed from its brief  
height, 371

To gather moisture for another flight.

### XIV

'Twas morn; and Neuha, who by dawn of  
day

Swam smoothly forth to catch the rising  
ray,

And watch if aught approach'd the am-  
phibious lair 375

Where lay her lover, saw a sail in air:  
It flapp'd, it fill'd, and to the growing gale  
Bent its broad arch: her breath began to  
fail

With fluttering fear, her heart beat thick  
and high,

While yet a doubt sprung where its course  
might lie. 380

But no! it came not; fast and far away  
The shadow lessen'd as it clear'd the bay.  
She gazed, and flung the sea-foam from  
her eyes, 383

To watch as for a rainbow in the skies.  
On the horizon verged the distant deck,  
Diminish'd, dwindled to a very speck—  
Then vanish'd. All was ocean, all was joy!  
Down plunged she through the cave to  
rouse her boy; 388

Told all she had seen, and all she hoped,  
and all

That happy love could augur or recall;  
Sprung forth again, with Torquil follow-  
ing free 391

His bounding nereid over the broad sea;  
Swam round the rock, to where a shallow  
cleft

Hid the canoe that Neuha there had left  
Drifting along the tide, without an oar,  
That eve the strangers chased them from  
the shore; 396

But when these vanish'd, she pursued her  
prow,

Regain'd, and urged to where they found  
it now:

Nor ever did more love and joy embark,  
Than now were wafted in that slender  
ark. 400

### XV

Again their own shore rises on the view,  
No more polluted with a hostile hue;  
No sullen ship lay bristling o'er the foam,  
A floating dungeon:—all was hope and  
home!

A thousand proas darted o'er the bay,  
With sounding shells, and heralded their  
way; 406

The chiefs came down, around the people  
pour'd,

And welcomed Torquil as a son restored;  
The women throng'd, embracing and em-  
braced

By Neuha, asking where they had been  
chased, 410

And how escaped? The tale was told; and  
then

One acclamation rent the sky again;  
And from that hour a new tradition gave  
Their sanctuary the name of 'Neuha's  
Cave.'

A hundred fires, far flickering from the  
height, 415

Blazed o'er the general revel of the night,  
The feast in honour of the guest, return'd  
To peace and pleasure, perilously earn'd;  
A night succeeded by such happy days  
As only the yet infant world displays.

# THE LAMENT OF TASSO

## ADVERTISEMENT

At Ferrara, in the Library, are preserved the original MSS. of Tasso's *Gierusalemme* and of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, with letters of Tasso, one from Titian to Ariosto, and the instand and chair, the tomb and the house, of the latter. But, as misfortune has a greater interest for posterity, and little or none for the cotemporary, the cell where Tasso was confined in the hospital of St. Anna attracts a more fixed attention than the residence or the monument of Ariosto—at least it had this effect on me. There are two inscriptions, one on the outer gate, the second over the cell itself, inviting, unnecessarily, the wonder and the indignation of the spectator. Ferrara is much decayed and depopulated: the castle still exists entire; and I saw the court where Parisina and Hugo were beheaded, according to the annal of Gibbon.

### I

LONG years!—It tries the thrilling frame  
to bear

And eagle-spirit of a child of Song—  
Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;  
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude, 4  
And the mind's canker in its savage mood,  
When the impatient thirst of light and air  
Parches the heart; and the abhorred grate,  
Marring the sunbeams with its hideous  
shade,

Works through the throbbing eyeball to  
the brain, 9

With a hot sense of heaviness and pain;  
And bare, at once, Captivity display'd  
Stands scoffing through the never-open'd  
gate,

Which nothing through its bars admits,  
save day,

And tasteless food, which I have eat alone  
Till its unsocial bitterness is gone; 15

And I can banquet like a beast of prey,  
Sullen and lonely, couching in the cave  
Which is my lair, and—it may be—my grave.  
All this hath somewhat worn me, and may  
wear,

But must be borne. I stoop not to despair;  
For I have battled with mine agony, 21  
And made me wings wherewith to overfly  
The narrow circus of my dungeon wall,  
And freed the Holy Sepulchre from thrall;  
And revell'd among men and things  
divine, 25

And pour'd my spirit over Palestine,  
In honour of the sacred war for Him,  
The God who was on earth and is in  
heaven,

For he has strengthen'd me in heart and  
limb.

That through this sufferance I might be  
forgiven, 30

I have employ'd my penance to record  
How Salem's shrine was won, and how  
adored.

### II

But this is o'er—my pleasant task is  
done:—

My long-sustaining friend of many years!

If I do blot thy final page with tears, 35  
Know, that my sorrows have wrung from  
me none.

But thou, my young creation! my soul's  
child!

Which ever playing round me came and  
smiled,

And woo'd me from myself with thy sweet  
sight, 39

Thou too art gone—and so is my delight:  
And therefore do I weep and inly bleed

With this last bruise upon a broken reed.  
Thou too art ended—what is left me now?

For I have anguish yet to bear—and how?  
I know not that—but in the innate force

Of my own spirit shall be found resource.  
I have not sunk, for I had no remorse, 47

Nor cause for such: they call'd me mad—  
and why?

Oh Leonora! wilt not *thou* reply?  
I was indeed delirious in my heart 50

To lift my love so lofty as thou art;  
But still my frenzy was not of the mind:

I knew my fault, and feel my punishment  
Not less because I suffer it unbent.

That thou wert beautiful, and I not blind,  
Hath been the sin which shuts me from  
mankind; 56

But let them go, or torture as they will,  
My heart can multiply thine image still;

Successful love may sate itself away;  
The wretched are the faithful; 'tis their  
fate 60

To have all feeling, save the one, decay,  
And every passion into one dilate,

As rapid rivers into ocean pour;  
But ours is fathomless, and hath no shore.

### III

Above me, hark! the long and maniac cry  
Of minds and bodies in captivity. 66

And hark! the lash and the increasing  
howl,

And the half-inarticulate blasphemy!  
There be some here with worse than frenzy  
foul,

Some who do still goad on the o'er-  
labour'd mind, 70

And dim the little light that's left behind

## THE LAMENT OF TASSO

With needless torture, as their tyrant will  
Is wound up to the lust of doing ill:  
With these and with their victims am I  
class'd,

'Mid sounds and sights like these long  
years have pass'd; 75

'Mid sights and sounds like these my life  
may close:

So let it be—for then I shall repose.

### IV

I have been patient, let me be so yet;  
I had forgotten half I would forget,  
But it revives—Oh! would it were my lot  
To be forgetful as I am forgot! 81

Feel I not wroth with those who bade me  
dwell

In this vast lazarus-house of many woes?  
Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought  
the mind,

Nor words a language, nor ev'n men man-  
kind; 85

Where cries reply to curses, shrieks to  
blows,

And each is tortured in his separate hell—  
For we are crowded in our solitudes—

Many, but each divided by the wall,  
Which echoes Madness in her babbling  
moods; 90

While all can hear, none heed his neigh-  
bour's call—

None! save that One, the veriest wretch of  
all,

Who was not made to be the mate of these,  
Nor bound between Distraction and Dis-  
ease.

Feel I not wroth with those who placed me  
here? 95

Who have debased me in the minds of men,  
Debaring me the usage of my own,  
Blighting my life in best of its career,  
Branding my thoughts as things to shun  
and fear?

Would I not pay them back these pangs  
again, 100

And teach them inward Sorrow's stifled  
groan?

The struggle to be calm, and cold distress,  
Which undermines our Stoical success?

No! still too proud to be vindictive—I  
Have pardon'd princes' insults, and would  
die. 105

Yes, Sister of my Sovereign! for thy sake  
I weed all bitterness from out my breast,  
It hath no business where *thou* art a guest:  
Thy brother hates—but I cannot detest;  
Thou pitiest not—but I cannot forsake.

### V

Look on a love which knows not to despair,  
But all unquench'd is still my better part,  
Dwelling deep in my shut and silent heart,  
As dwells the gather'd lightning in its  
cloud,

Encompass'd with its dark and rolling  
shroud, 115

Till struck,—forth flies the all-ethereal  
dart!

And thus at the collision of thy name,  
The vivid thought still flashes through my  
frame, 118

And for a moment all things as they were  
Flit by me; they are gone—I am the same.

And yet my love without ambition grew;  
I knew thy state, my station, and I knew

A Princess was no love-mate for a bard;  
I told it not, I breathed it not, it was

Sufficient to itself, its own reward; 125

And if my eyes reveal'd it, they, alas!  
Were punish'd by the silentness of thine,

And yet I did not venture to repine,  
Thou wert to me a crystal-girded shrine,

Worshipp'd at holy distance, and around  
Hallow'd and meekly kiss'd the saintly

ground; 131

Not for thou wert a princess, but that Love  
Had robed thee with a glory, and array'd

Thy lineaments in beauty that dismay'd—  
Oh! not dismay'd—but awed, like One  
above! 135

And in that sweet severity there was  
A something which all softness did sur-  
pass;

I know not how—thy genius master'd  
mine;

My star stood still before thee: if it were  
Presumptuous thus to love without de-  
sign, 140

That sad fatality hath cost me dear;  
But thou art dearest still, and I should be

Fit for this cell, which wrongs me—but for  
thee.

The very love which lock'd me to my chain  
Hath lighten'd half its weight; and for the

rest, 145

Though heavy, lent me vigour to sustain,  
And look to thee with undivided breast,

And foil the ingenuity of Pain.

### VI

It is no marvel—from my very birth  
My soul was drunk with love, which did

pervade 150

And mingle with whate'er I saw on earth:  
Of objects all inanimate I made

Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,  
And rocks, whereby they grew, a paradise,

Where I did lay me down within the shade  
Of waving trees, and dreamed uncounted

hours, 156

Though I was chid for wandering; and the  
wise

Shook their white aged heads o'er me and  
said,

Of such materials wretched men were  
made,

And such a truant boy would end in woe,  
And that the only lesson was a blow;

# THE LAMENT OF TASSO

And then they smote me, and I did not  
weep,  
But cursed them in my heart, and to my  
haunt  
Return'd and wept alone, and dream'd  
again 164  
The visions which arise without a sleep,  
And with my years my soul began to pant  
With feelings of strange tumult and soft  
pain;  
And the whole heart exhaled into One Want,  
But undefined and wandering, till the day  
I found the thing I sought—and that was  
thee; 170  
And then I lost my being, all to be  
Absorb'd in thine; the world was past  
away;  
Thou didst annihilate the earth to me!

## VII

I loved all Solitude, but little thought  
To spend I know not what of life, remote  
From all communion with existence,  
save 176  
The maniac and his tyrant; had I been  
Their fellow, many years ere this had seen  
My mind like theirs corrupted to its grave.  
But who hath seen me writhe, or heard me  
rave? 180  
Perchance in such a cell we suffer more  
Than the wreck'd sailor on his desert shore;  
The world is all before him—*mine is here*,  
Scarce twice the space they must accord  
my bier. 184  
What though *he* perish, he may lift his eye,  
And with a dying glance upbraid the sky;  
I will not raise my own in such reproof,  
Although 'tis clouded by my dungeon roof.

## VIII

Yet do I feel at times my mind decline,  
But with a sense of its decay: I see 190  
Unwonted lights along my prison shine  
And a strange demon, who is vexing me  
With pilfering pranks and petty pains below  
The feeling of the healthful and the free;  
But much to One, who long hath suffer'd  
so, 195  
Sickness of heart, and narrowness of place,  
And all that may be borne, or can debase.  
I thought mine enemies had been but Man,  
But Spirits may be leagued with them; all  
Earth  
Abandons, Heaven forgets me: in the  
dearth 200  
Of such defence the Powers of Evil can,  
It may be, tempt me further,—and prevail  
Against the outworn creature they assail.  
Why in this furnace is my spirit proved,  
Like steel in tempering fire? because I  
loved? 205  
Because I loved what not to love, and see,  
Was more or less than mortal, and than  
me.

## IX

I once was quick in feeling—that is o'er;  
My scars are callous, or I should have  
dash'd  
My brain against these bars, as the sun  
flash'd 210  
In mockery through them: If I bear and  
bore  
The much I have recounted, and the more  
Which hath no words,—'tis that I would  
not die  
And sanction with self-slaughter the dull  
lie  
Which snared me here, and with the brand  
of shame 215  
Stamp Madness deep into my memory,  
And woo Compassion to a blighted name,  
Sealing the sentence which my foes pro-  
claim.  
No—it shall be immortal! and I make  
A future temple of my present cell, 220  
Which nations yet shall visit for my sake.  
While thou, Ferrara! when no longer dwell  
The ducal chiefs within thee, shalt fall  
down,  
And crumbling piecemeal view thy hearth-  
less halls,  
A poet's wreath shall be thine only  
crown, 225  
A poet's dungeon thy most far renown,  
While strangers wonder o'er thy un-  
peopled walls!  
And thou, Leonora! thou—who wert  
ashamed  
That such as I could love—who blush'd to  
hear  
To less than monarchs that thou couldst  
be dear, 230  
Go! tell thy brother, that my heart, un-  
tamed  
By grief, years, weariness,—and it may be  
A taint of that he would impute to me—  
From long infection of a den like this,  
Where the mind rots congenial with the  
abyss, 235  
Adores thee still; and add—that when the  
towers  
And battlements which guard his joyous  
hours  
Of banquet, dance, and revel, are forgot,  
Or left untended in a dull repose,—  
This, this, shall be a consecrated spot!  
But *Thou*—when all that Birth and Beauty  
throws 241  
Of magic round thee is extinct—shalt have  
One half the laurel which o'er shades my  
grave.  
No power in death can tear our names  
apart,  
As none in life could rend thee from my  
heart. 245  
Yes, Leonora! it shall be our fate  
To be entwined for ever—but too late!

# THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

"Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before."  
CAMPBELL.

## DEDICATION

LADY! if for the cold and cloudy clime,  
Where I was born, but where I would not die,  
Of the great Poet-Sire of Italy  
I dare to build the imitative rhyme,  
Harsh Runic copy of the South's sublime,  
THOU art the cause; and howsoever I  
Fall short of his immortal harmony,  
Thy gentle heart will pardon me the crime.  
Thou, in the pride of Beauty and of Youth,  
Spakest; and for thee to speak and be obey'd  
Are one; but only in the sunny South  
Such sounds are uttered, and such charms display'd,  
So sweet a language from so fair a mouth—  
Ah! to what effort would it not persuade?

RAVENNA, June 21, 1819.

## PREFACE

IN the course of a visit to the city of Ravenna in the summer of 1819, it was suggested to the author that having composed something on the subject of Tasso's confinement, he should do the same on Dante's exile,—the tomb of the poet forming one of the principal objects of interest in that city, both to the native and to the stranger.

'On this hint I spake,' and the result has been the following four cantos, in terza rima, now offered to the reader. If they are understood and approved, it is my purpose to continue the poem, in various other cantos, to its natural conclusion in the present age. The reader is requested to suppose that Dante addresses him in the interval between the conclusion of the *Divina Commedia* and his death, and shortly before the latter event, foretelling the fortunes of Italy in general in the ensuing centuries. In adopting this plan I have had in my mind the Cassandra of Lycophron, and the Prophecy of Nereus by Horace, as well as the Prophecies of Holy Writ. The measure adopted is the terza rima of Dante, which I am not aware to have seen hitherto tried in our language, except it may be by Mr. Hayley, of whose translation I never saw but one extract, quoted in the notes to Caliph Vathek; so that—if I do not err—this poem may be considered as a metrical experiment. The cantos are short, and about the same length of those of the poet, whose name I have borrowed, and most probably taken in vain.

Amongst the inconveniences of authors in the present day, it is difficult for any who have a name, good or bad, to escape translation. I have had the fortune to see the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold' translated into Italian *versi sciolti*,—that is, a poem written in the *Spenserian stanza* into *blank verse*, without regard to the natural divisions of the stanza or of the sense. If the present poem, being on a national topic, should chance to undergo the same fate, I would request the Italian reader to remember that when I have failed in the imitation of his great 'Padre Alighier,' I have failed in imitating that which all study and few understand, since to this very day it is not yet settled what was the meaning of the allegory in the first canto of the *Inferno*, unless Count Marchetti's ingenious and probable conjecture may be considered as having decided the question.

He may also pardon my failure the more, as I am not quite sure that he would be pleased with my success, since the Italians, with a pardonable nationality, are particularly jealous of all that is left them as a nation,—their literature; and in the present bitterness of the classic and romantic war, are but ill disposed to permit a foreigner even to approve or imitate them, without finding some fault with his ultramontane presumption. I can easily enter into all this, knowing what would be thought in England of an Italian imitator of Milton, or if a translation of Monti, or Pindemonte, or Arici, should be held up to the rising generation as a model for their future poetical essays. But I perceive that I am deviating into an address to the Italian reader, when my business is with the English one; and be they few or many, I must take my leave of both.

## CANTO THE FIRST

ONCE more in man's frail world! which I  
had left  
So long that 'twas forgotten; and I feel  
The weight of clay again,—too soon  
bereft  
Of the immortal vision which could heal

My earthly sorrows, and to God's own  
skies  
Lift me from that deep gulf without re-  
peal,  
Where late my ears rung with the damned  
cries  
Of souls in hopeless bale; and from that  
place

Of lesser torment, whence men may arise  
Pure from the fire to join the angelic race;  
Midst whom my own bright Beatrice  
bless'd 11

My spirit with her light; and to the base  
Of the eternal Triad! first, last, best,  
Mysterious, three, sole, infinite, great  
God!

Soul universal! led the mortal guest, 15  
Unblasted by the glory, though he trod  
From star to star to reach the almighty  
throne.

Oh Beatrice! whose sweet limbs the sod  
So long hath press'd, and the cold  
marble stone,

Thou sole pure seraph of my earliest  
love, 20

Love so ineffable, and so alone,  
That nought on earth could more my  
bosom move,  
And meeting thee in heaven was but to  
meet

That without which my soul, like the  
arkless dove,  
Had wander'd still in search of, nor her  
feet 25

Relieved her wing till found: without  
thy light

My paradise had still been incomplete.  
Since my tenth sun gave summer to my  
sight

Thou wert my life, the essence of my  
thought,

Loved ere I knew the name of love, and  
bright 30

Still in these dim old eyes, now over-  
wrought

With the world's war, and years, and  
banishment,

And tears for thee, by other woes un-  
taught;

For mine is not a nature to be bent  
By tyrannous faction, and the brawling  
crowd, 35

And though the long, long conflict hath  
been spent

In vain,—and never more, save when the  
cloud

Which overhangs the Apennine my  
mind's eye

Pierces to fancy Florence, once so proud  
Of me, can I return, though but to die,  
Unto my native soil,—they have not yet  
Quench'd the old exile's spirit, stern and  
high.

But the sun, though not overcast, must set,  
And the night cometh; I am old in days,  
And deeds, and contemplation, and  
have met 45

Destruction face to face in all his ways.  
The world hath left me, what it found  
me, pure,

And if I have not gather'd yet its praise,  
I sought it not by any baser lure;

Man wrongs, and Time avenges, and  
my name 50

May form a monument not all obscure,  
Though such was not my ambition's end  
or aim,

To add to the vain-glorious list of those  
Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,  
And make men's fickle breath the wind  
that blows 55

Their sail, and deem it glory to be class'd  
With conquerors, and virtue's other  
foes,

In bloody chronicles of ages past.

I would have had my Florence great and  
free;

Oh Florence! Florence! unto me thou  
wast 60

Like that Jerusalem which the Almighty  
He

Wept over, 'but thou wouldst not'; as  
the bird

Gathers its young, I would have  
gather'd thee

Beneath a parent pinion, hadst thou heard  
My voice; but as the adder, deaf and  
fierce, 65

Against the breast that cherish'd thee  
was stirr'd

Thy venom, and my state thou didst  
amerce,

And doom this body forfeit to the fire.  
Alas! how bitter is his country's curse

To him who *for* that country would expire,  
But did not merit to expire *by* her, 71

And loves her, loves her even in her ire!  
The day may come when she will cease to  
err,

The day may come she would be proud  
to have

The dust she dooms to scatter, and  
transfer 75

Of him, whom she denied a home, the  
grave.

But this shall not be granted; let my  
dust

Lie where it falls, nor shall the soil which  
gave

Me breath, but in her sudden fury thrust  
Me forth to breathe elsewhere, so re-  
assume 80

My indignant bones, because her angry  
gust

Forsooth is over, and repeal'd her doom;  
No,—she denied me what was mine—  
my roof,

And shall not have what is not hers—  
my tomb.

Too long her armed wrath hath kept aloof  
The breast which would have bled for  
her, the heart 86

That beat, the mind that was temptation  
proof,

The man who fought, toil'd, travell'd, and  
each part

# THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

[CANTO I

Of a true citizen fulfill'd, and saw  
 For his reward the Guef's ascendant  
 art 90  
 Pass his destruction even into a law.  
 These things are not made for forget-  
 fulness,  
 Florence shall be forgotten first; too  
 raw  
 The wound, too deep the wrong, and the  
 distress  
 Of such endurance too prolong'd to  
 make 95  
 My pardon greater, her injustice less,  
 Though late repented; yet—yet for her  
 sake  
 I feel some fonder yearnings, and for  
 thine,  
 My own Beatrice, I would hardly take  
 Vengeance upon the land which once was  
 mine, 100  
 And still is hallow'd by thy dust's return,  
 Which would protect the murderess like  
 a shrine,  
 And save ten thousand foes by thy sole  
 urn.  
 Though, like old Marius from Min-  
 turnæ's marsh  
 And Carthage ruins, my lone breast  
 may burn 105  
 At times with evil feelings hot and harsh,  
 And sometimes the last pangs of a vile  
 foe  
 Writhe in a dream before me, and  
 o'erarch  
 My brow with hopes of triumph,—let  
 them go!  
 Such are the last infirmities of those  
 Who long have suffer'd more than  
 mortal woe, 111  
 And yet being mortal still have no repose  
 But on the pillow of Revenge—Revenge,  
 Who sleeps to dream of blood, and  
 waking glows  
 With the oft-baffled slakeless thirst of  
 change, 115  
 When we shall mount again, and they  
 that trod  
 Be trampled on, while Death and Atë  
 range  
 O'er humbled heads and sever'd necks—  
 Great God!  
 Take these thoughts from me—to thy  
 hands I yield  
 My many wrongs, and thine Almighty  
 rod 120  
 Will fall on those who smote me,—be my  
 shield!  
 As thou hast been in peril, and in pain,  
 In turbulent cities, and the tented field—  
 In toil, and many troubles borne in vain  
 For Florence,—I appeal from her to  
 Thee! 125  
 Thee whom I late saw in thy loftiest  
 reign,

Even in that glorious vision, which to see  
 And live was never granted until now,  
 And yet thou hast permitted this to me.  
 Alas! with what a weight upon my brow  
 The sense of earth and earthly things  
 come back, 131  
 Corrosive passions, feelings dull and  
 low,  
 The heart's quick throb upon the mental  
 rack,  
 Long day, and dreary night; the retro-  
 spect  
 Of half a century bloody and black,  
 And the frail few years I may yet expect  
 Hoary and hopeless, but less hard to  
 bear,  
 For I have been too long and deeply  
 wreck'd  
 On the lone rock of desolate Despair,  
 To lift my eyes more to the passing sail  
 Which shuns that reef so horrible and  
 bare; 141  
 Nor raise my voice—for who would heed  
 my wail?  
 I am not of this people, nor this age,  
 And yet my harpings will unfold a tale  
 Which shall preserve these times when not  
 a page 145  
 Of their perturbed annals could attract  
 An eye to gaze upon their civil rage,  
 Did not my verse embalm full many an act  
 Worthless as they who wrought it: 'tis  
 the doom  
 Of spirits of my order to be rack'd  
 In life, to wear their hearts out, and con-  
 sume 151  
 Their days in endless strife, and die  
 alone;  
 Then future thousands crowd around  
 their tomb,  
 And pilgrims come from climes where  
 they have known  
 The name of him—who now is but a  
 name,  
 And wasting homage o'er the sullen  
 stone, 156  
 Spread his—by him unheard, unheeded—  
 fame;  
 And mine at least hath cost me dear: to  
 die  
 Is nothing; but to wither thus—to tame  
 My mind down from its own infinity—  
 To live in narrow ways with little men,  
 A common sight to every common eye,  
 A wanderer, while even wolves can find a  
 den, 163  
 Ripp'd from all kindred, from all home,  
 all things  
 That make communion sweet, and  
 soften pain—  
 To feel me in the solitude of kings 166  
 Without the power that makes them  
 bear a crown—  
 To envy every dove his nest and wings

## CANTO I]

Which waft him where the Apennine looks  
down

On Arno, till he perches, it may be,  
Within my all inexorable town, 171  
Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she,  
Their mother, the cold partner who hath  
brought

Destruction for a dowry—this to see  
And feel, and know without repair, hath  
taught 175

A bitter lesson; but it leaves me free:  
I have not vilely found, nor basely  
sought,

They made an Exile—not a slave of me.

## CANTO THE SECOND

THE Spirit of the fervent days of Old,  
When words were things that came to  
pass, and thought

Flash'd o'er the future, bidding men be-  
hold

Their children's children's doom already  
brought

Forth from the abyss of time which is to  
be 5

The chaos of events, where lie half-  
wrought

Shapes that must undergo mortality;

What the great Seers of Israel wore  
within,

That spirit was on them, and is on me,  
And if, Cassandra-like, amidst the din 10

Of conflict none will hear, or hearing  
heed

This voice from out the Wilderness, the  
sin

Be theirs, and my own feelings be my meed,  
The only guerdon I have ever known.

Hast thou not bled? and hast thou still  
to bleed, 15

Italia? Ah! to me such things, foreshown  
With dim sepulchral light, bid me forget

In thine irreparable wrongs my own;

We can have but one country, and even yet  
Thou'rt mine—my bones shall be within  
thy breast, 20

My soul within thy language, which  
once set

With our old Roman sway in the wide  
West;

But I will make another tongue arise  
As lofty and more sweet, in which ex-  
press'd

The hero's ardour, or the lover's sighs,  
Shall find alike such sounds for every  
theme 26

That every word, as brilliant as thy  
skies,

Shall realise a poet's proudest dream,  
And make thee Europe's nightingale of  
song;

So that all present speech to thine shall  
seem 30

## THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

The note of meaner birds, and every  
tongue

Confess its barbarism when compared  
with thine.

This shalt thou owe to him thou didst  
so wrong,

Thy Tuscan bard, the banish'd Ghibelline.  
Woe! woe! the veil of coming centuries

Is rent,—a thousand years which yet  
supine 36

Lie like the ocean waves ere winds arise,  
Heaving in dark and sullen undulation,

Float from eternity into these eyes;

The storms yet sleep, the clouds still keep  
their station, 40

The unborn earthquake yet is in the  
womb,

The bloody chaos yet expects creation,  
But all things are disposing for thy doom;

The elements await but for the word,  
'Let there be darkness!' and thou  
grow'st a tomb! 45

Yes! thou, so beautiful, shalt feel the sword,  
Thou, Italy! so fair that Paradise,

Revived in thee, blooms forth to man  
restored:

Ah! must the sons of Adam lose it twice?  
Thou, Italy! whose ever golden fields,

Plough'd by the sunbeams solely, would  
suffice 51

For the world's granary; thou, whose sky  
heaven gilds

With brighter stars, and robes with  
deeper blue;

Thou, in whose pleasant places Summer  
builds

Her palace, in whose cradle Empire grew,  
And form'd the Eternal City's orna-  
ments 56

From spoils of kings whom freemen  
overthrew;

Birthplace of heroes, sanctuary of saints,  
Where earthly first, then heavenly glory  
made

Her home; thou, all which fondest fancy  
paints, 60

And finds her prior vision but portray'd  
In feeble colours, when the eye—from  
the Alp

Of horrid snow, and rock, and shaggy  
shade

Of desert-loving pine, whose emerald scalp  
Nods to the storm—dilates and dotes  
o'er thee, 65

And wistfully implores, as 'twere for  
help

To see thy sunny fields, my Italy,  
Nearer and nearer yet, and dearer still

The more approach'd, and dearest were  
they free,

Thou—thou must wither to each tyrant's  
will: 70

The Goth hath been,—the German,  
Frank, and Hun



## THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

[CANTO II

Are yet to come,—and on the imperial  
hill  
Ruin, already proud of the deeds done  
By the old barbarians, there awaits the  
new,  
Throned on the Palatine, while lost and  
won<sup>75</sup>  
Rome at her feet lies bleeding; and the hue  
Of human sacrifice and Roman slaughter  
Troubles the clotted air, of late so blue,  
And deepens into red the saffron water  
Of Tiber, thick with dead; the helpless  
priest,<sup>80</sup>  
And still more helpless nor less holy  
daughter,  
Vow'd to their God, have shrieking fled,  
and ceased  
Their ministry: the nations take their  
prey,  
Iberian, Almain, Lombard, and the  
beast  
And bird, wolf, vulture, more humane  
than they<sup>85</sup>  
Are; these but gorge the flesh and lap  
the gore  
Of the departed, and then go their way;  
But those, the human savages, explore  
All paths of torture, and insatiate yet,  
With Ugolino hunger prowls for more.  
Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this  
and set;<sup>91</sup>  
The chiefless army of the dead, which  
late  
Beneath the traitor Prince's banner met,  
Hath left its leader's ashes at the gate;  
Had but the royal Rebel lived, per-  
chance<sup>95</sup>  
Thou hadst been spared, but his in-  
volved thy fate.  
Oh! Rome, the spoiler or the spoil of  
France,  
From Brennus to the Bourbon, never,  
never  
Shall foreign standard to thy walls ad-  
vance,  
But Tiber shall become a mournful river.  
Oh! when the strangers pass the Alps  
and Po,<sup>101</sup>  
Crush them, ye rocks! floods whelm  
them, and for ever!  
Why sleep the idle avalanches so,  
To topple on the lonely pilgrim's head?  
Why doth Eridanus but overflow<sup>105</sup>  
The peasant's harvest from his turbid bed?  
Were not each barbarous horde a nobler  
prey?  
Over Cambryses' host the desert spread  
Her sandy ocean, and the sea-waves' sway  
Roll'd over Pharaoh and his thou-  
sands,—why,<sup>110</sup>  
Mountains and waters, do ye not as  
they?  
And you, ye men! Romans who dare not  
die,

Sons of the conquerors who overthrew  
Those who o'erthrew proud Xerxes,  
where yet lie  
The dead whose tomb Oblivion never  
knew,<sup>115</sup>  
Are the Alps weaker than Thermopylæ?  
Their passes more alluring to the view  
Of an invader? is it they, or ye,  
That to each host the mountain-gate  
unbar,  
And leave the march in peace, the  
passage free?<sup>120</sup>  
Why, Nature's self detains the victor's car,  
And makes your land impregnable, if  
earth  
Could be so; but alone she will not war,  
Yet aids the warrior worthy of his birth  
In a soil where the mothers bring forth  
men:<sup>125</sup>  
Not so with those whose souls are little  
worth;  
For them no fortress can avail,—the den  
Of the poor reptile which preserves its  
sting  
Is more secure than walls of adamant,  
when  
The hearts of those within are quivering.  
Are ye not brave? Yes, yet the Au-  
sonian soil<sup>131</sup>  
Hath hearts, and hands, and arms, and  
hosts to bring  
Against Oppression; but how vain the toil,  
While still Division sows the seeds of  
woe  
And weakness, till the stranger reaps the  
spoil!<sup>135</sup>  
Oh! my own beauteous land! so long laid  
low,  
So long the grave of thy own children's  
hopes,  
When there is but required a single blow  
To break the chain, yet—the Avenger  
stops,  
And Doubt and Discord step 'twixt  
thine and thee,<sup>140</sup>  
And join their strength to that which  
with thee copes;  
What is there wanting then to set thee free,  
And show thy beauty in its fullest light?  
To make the Alps impassable; and we,  
Her sons, may do this with *one deed*—  
Unite.<sup>145</sup>

## CANTO THE THIRD

FROM out the mass of never-dying ill,  
The Plague, the Prince, the Stranger,  
and the Sword,  
Vials of wrath but emptied to refill  
And flow again, I cannot all record  
That crowds on my prophetic eye: the  
earth<sup>5</sup>  
And ocean written o'er would not afford  
Space for the annal, yet it shall go forth;

Yes, all, though not by human pen, is  
 graven,  
 There where the farthest suns and stars  
 have birth,  
 Spread like a banner at the gate of heaven,  
 The bloody scroll of our millennial  
 wrongs<sup>11</sup>  
 Waves, and the echo of our groans is  
 driven  
 Athwart the sound of archangelic songs,  
 And Italy, the martyr'd nation's gore,  
 Will not in vain arise to where belongs  
 Omnipotence and mercy evermore:<sup>16</sup>  
 Like to a harp-string stricken by the wind,  
 The sound of her lament shall, rising  
 o'er  
 The seraph voices, touch the Almighty  
 Mind.  
 Meantime I, humblest of thy sons, and  
 of<sup>20</sup>  
 Earth's dust by immortality refined  
 To sense and suffering, though the vain  
 may scoff,  
 And tyrants threat, and meeker victims  
 bow  
 Before the storm because its breath is  
 rough,  
 To thee, my country! whom before, as  
 now,<sup>25</sup>  
 I loved and love, devote the mournful  
 lyre  
 And melancholy gift high powers allow  
 To read the future; and if now my fire  
 Is not as once it shone o'er thee, forgive!  
 I but foretell thy fortunes—then ex-  
 pire;<sup>30</sup>  
 Think not that I would look on them and  
 live.  
 A spirit forces me to see and speak,  
 And for my guerdon grants *not* to sur-  
 vive;  
 My heart shall be pour'd over thee and  
 break:<sup>34</sup>  
 Yet for a moment, ere I must resume  
 Thy sable web of sorrow, let me take  
 Over the gleams that flash athwart thy  
 gloom  
 A softer glimpse; some stars shine  
 through thy night,  
 And many meteors, and above thy tomb  
 Leans sculptured Beauty, which Death  
 cannot blight:<sup>40</sup>  
 And from thine ashes boundless spirits  
 rise  
 To give thee honour, and the earth de-  
 light;  
 Thy soil shall still be pregnant with the wise,  
 The gay, the learn'd, the generous, and  
 the brave,  
 Native to thee as summer to thy skies,  
 Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far  
 wave,<sup>46</sup>  
 Discoverers of new worlds, which take  
 their name;

For *thee* alone they have no arm to save,  
 And all thy recompense is in their fame,  
 A noble one to them, but not to thee—  
 Shall they be glorious, and thou still the  
 same?<sup>51</sup>  
 Oh! more than these illustrious far shall be  
 The being—and even yet he may be  
 born—  
 The mortal saviour who shall set thee  
 free,  
 And see thy diadem, so changed and  
 worn<sup>55</sup>  
 By fresh barbarians, on thy brow re-  
 placed;  
 And the sweet sun replenishing thy  
 morn,  
 Thy moral morn, too long with clouds de-  
 faced,  
 And noxious vapours from Avernus  
 risen,  
 Such as all they must breathe who are  
 debased<sup>60</sup>  
 By servitude, and have the mind in prison.  
 Yet through this centuried eclipse of  
 woe  
 Some voices shall be heard, and earth  
 shall listen;  
 Poets shall follow in the path I show,  
 And make it broader: the same brilliant  
 sky<sup>65</sup>  
 Which cheers the birds to song shall bid  
 them glow,  
 And raise their notes as natural and high;  
 Tuneful shall be their numbers; they  
 shall sing  
 Many of love, and some of liberty,  
 But few shall soar upon that eagle's wing,  
 And look in the sun's face with eagle's  
 gaze,<sup>71</sup>  
 All free and fearless as the feather'd  
 king,  
 But fly more near the earth; how many a  
 phrase  
 Sublime shall lavish'd be on some small  
 prince  
 In all the prodigality of praise!<sup>75</sup>  
 And language, eloquently false, evince  
 The harlotry of genius, which, like  
 beauty,  
 Too oft forgets its own self-reverence,  
 And looks on prostitution as a duty.  
 He who once enters in a tyrant's hall  
 As guest is slave, his thoughts become  
 a booty,<sup>81</sup>  
 And the first day which sees the chain  
 enthal  
 A captive, sees his half of manhood  
 gone—  
 The soul's emasculation saddens all  
 His spirit; thus the Bard too near the  
 throne<sup>85</sup>  
 Quails from his inspiration, bound to  
 please,—  
 How servile is the task to please alone!

# THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

[CANTO III

To smooth the verse to suit his sovereign's  
ease

And royal leisure, nor too much prolong  
Aught save his eulogy, and find, and seize,  
Or force, or forge fit argument of song!

Thus trammell'd, thus condemn'd to  
Flattery's trebles,

He toils through all, still trembling to be  
wrong:

For fear some noble thoughts, like heavenly  
rebels,

Should rise up in high treason to his  
brain,

He sings, as the Athenian spoke, with  
pebbles

In's mouth, lest truth should stammer  
through his strain.

But out of the long file of sonneteers  
There shall be some who will not sing in  
vain,

And he, their prince, shall rank among my  
peers,

And love shall be his torment; but his  
grief

Shall make an immortality of tears,  
And Italy shall hail him as the Chief

Of Poet-lovers, and his higher song  
Of Freedom wreath him with as green  
a leaf.

But in a farther age shall rise along  
The banks of Po two greater still than he;

The world which smiled on him shall do  
them wrong

Till they are ashes, and repose with me.  
The first will make an epoch with his  
lyre,

And fill the earth with feats of chivalry:  
His fancy like a rainbow, and his fire,

Like that of Heaven, immortal, and his  
thought

Borne onward with a wing that cannot  
tire;

Pleasure shall, like a butterfly new caught,  
Flutter her lovely pinions o'er his  
theme,

And Art itself seem into Nature wrought  
By the transparency of his bright dream.—

The second, of a tenderer, sadder mood,  
Shall pour his soul out o'er Jerusalem;

He, too, shall sing of arms, and Christian  
blood

Shed where Christ bled for man; and his  
high harp

Shall, by the willow over Jordan's flood,  
Revive a song of Sion, and the sharp

Conflict, and final triumph of the brave  
And pious, and the strife of hell to warp

Their hearts from their great purpose,  
until wave

The red-cross banners where the first  
red Cross

Was crimson'd from his veins who died  
to save,

Shall be his sacred argument; the loss

Of years, of favour, freedom, even of  
fame

Contested for a time, while the smooth  
gloss

Of courts would slide o'er his forgotten  
name

And call captivity a kindness, meant  
To shield him from insanity or shame,

Such shall be his meet guardon! who was sent  
To be Christ's Laureate—they reward  
him well!

Florence dooms me but death or banish-  
ment,

Ferrara him a pittance and a cell,  
Harder to bear and less deserved, for I

Had stung the factions which I strove to  
quell;

But this meek man, who with a lover's eye  
Will look on earth and heaven, and who

will deign  
To embalm with his celestial flattery,

As poor a thing as e'er was spawn'd to  
reign,

What will he do to merit such a doom?  
Perhaps he'll love,—and is not love in  
vain

Torture enough without a living tomb?  
Yet it will be so—he and his compeer,

The Bard of Chivalry, will both con-  
sume

In penury and pain too many a year,  
And, dying in despondency, bequeath

To the kind world, which scarce will  
yield a tear,

A heritage enriching all who breathe  
With the wealth of a genuine poet's  
soul,

And to their country a redoubled  
wreath,

Unmatch'd by time; not Hellas can unroll  
Through her olympiads two such  
names, though one

Of hers be mighty;—and is this the  
whole

Of such men's destiny beneath the sun?  
Must all the finer thoughts, the thrilling  
sense,

The electric blood with which their  
arteries run,

Their body's self turned soul with the  
intense

Feeling of that which is, and fancy of  
That which should be, to such a recom-  
pense

Conduct? shall their bright plumage on  
the rough

Storm be still scatter'd? Yes, and it  
must be;

For, form'd of far too penetrable stuff,  
These birds of Paradise but long to flee

Back to their native mansion, soon they  
find

Earth's mist with their pure pinions not  
agree,

And die or are degraded; for the mind  
 Succumbs to long infection, and despair,  
 And vulture passions flying close behind,  
 Await the moment to assail and tear; 175  
 And when at length the winged wanderers stoop,  
 Then is the prey-birds' triumph, then they share  
 The spoil, o'erpower'd at length by one fell swoop.  
 Yet some have been untouch'd who learn'd to bear,  
 Some whose no power could ever force to droop, 180  
 Who could resist themselves even, hardest care!  
 And task most hopeless; but some such have been,  
 And if my name amongst the number were,  
 That destiny austere, and yet serene,  
 Were prouder than more dazzling fame unblest'd; 185  
 The Alp's snow summit nearer heaven is seen  
 Than the volcano's fierce eruptive crest,  
 Whose splendour from the black abyss is flung,  
 While the scorch'd mountain, from whose burning breast  
 A temporary torturing flame is wrung,  
 Shines for a night of terror, then repels  
 Its fire back to the hell from whence it sprung, 192  
 The hell which in its entrails ever dwells.

## CANTO THE FOURTH

MANY are poets who have never penn'd  
 Their inspiration, and perchance the best:  
 They felt, and loved, and died, but would not lend  
 Their thoughts to meaner beings; they compress'd  
 The god within them, and rejoin'd the stars 5  
 Unlaurell'd upon earth, but far more bless'd  
 Than those who are degraded by the jars  
 Of passion, and their frailties link'd to fame,  
 Conquerors of high renown, but full of scars.  
 Many are poets but without the name,  
 For what is poesy but to create 11  
 From overfeeling good or ill; and aim  
 At an external life beyond our fate,  
 And be the new Prometheus of new men,  
 Bestowing fire from heaven, and then, too late, 15

## THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

Finding the pleasure given repaid with pain,  
 And vultures to the heart of the bestower,  
 Who, having lavish'd his high gift in vain,  
 Lies chain'd to his lone rock by the sea-shore?  
 So be it: we can bear.—But thus all they  
 Whose intellect is an o'ermastering power 21  
 Which still recoils from its encumbering clay  
 Or lightens it to spirit, whatsoe'er  
 The form which their creations may essay,  
 Are bards; the kindled marble's bust may wear 25  
 More poesy upon its speaking brow  
 Than aught less than the Homeric page may bear;  
 One noble stroke with a whole life may glow,  
 Or deify the canvas till it shine  
 With beauty so surpassing all below,  
 That they who kneel to idols so divine  
 Break no commandment, for high heaven is there  
 Transfused, transfigured: and the line  
 Of poesy, which peoples but the air  
 With thought and beings of our thought reflected, 35  
 Can do no more: then let the artist share  
 The palm, he shares the peril, and dejected  
 Faints o'er the labour unapproved—  
 Alas!  
 Despair and Genius are too oft connected. 39  
 Within the ages which before me pass  
 Art shall resume and equal even the sway  
 Which with Apelles and old Phidias  
 She held in Hellas' unforgotten day.  
 Ye shall be taught by Ruin to revive  
 The Grecian forms at least from their decay, 45  
 And Roman souls at last again shall live  
 In Roman works wrought by Italian hands,  
 And temples, loftier than the old temples, give  
 New wonders to the world; and while still stands  
 The austere Pantheon, into heaven shall soar 50  
 A dome, its image, while the base expands  
 Into a fane surpassing all before,  
 Such as all flesh shall flock to kneel in: ne'er  
 Such sight hath been unfolded by a door  
 As this, to which all nations shall repair  
 And lay their sins at this huge gate of heaven. 56  
 And the bold Architect unto whose care

# THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

[CANTO IV

The daring charge to raise it shall be given,  
Whom all Arts shall acknowledge as  
their lord, 59  
Whether into the marble chaos driven  
His chisel bid the Hebrew, at whose word  
Israel left Egypt, stop the waves in  
stone,  
Or hues of Hell be by his pencil pour'd  
Over the damn'd before the Judgment-  
throne,  
Such as I saw them, such as all shall see,  
Or fanes be built of grandeur yet un-  
known, 66  
The stream of his great thoughts shall  
spring from me,  
The Ghibelline, who traversed the three  
realms  
Which form the empire of eternity.  
Amidst the clash of swords, and clang of  
helms, 70  
The age which I anticipate, no less  
Shall be the Age of Beauty, and while  
whelms  
Calamity the nations with distress,  
The genius of my country shall arise,  
A Cedar towering o'er the Wilderness,  
Lovely in all its branches to all eyes, 76  
Fragrant as fair, and recognised afar,  
Wafting its native incense through the  
skies.  
Sovereigns shall pause amidst their sport  
of war,  
Wean'd for an hour from blood, to turn  
and gaze 80  
On canvas or on stone; and they who  
mar  
All beauty upon earth, compell'd to praise,  
Shall feel the power of that which they  
destroy;  
And Art's mistaken gratitude shall raise  
To tyrants who but take her for a toy,  
Emblems and monuments, and prosti-  
tute 86  
Her charms to pontiffs proud, who but  
employ  
The man of genius as the meanest brute  
To bear a burthen, and to serve a need,  
To sell his labours, and his soul to boot.  
Who toils for nations may be poor indeed,  
But free; who sweats for monarchs is no  
more 92  
Than the gilt chamberlain, who, clothed  
and fee'd,  
Stands sleek and slavish, bowing at his  
door.  
Oh, Power that rulest and inspirest!  
how 95  
Is it that they on earth, whose earthly  
power  
Is likest thine in heaven in outward show,  
Least like to thee in attributes divine,  
Tread on the universal necks that bow,  
And then assure us that their rights are  
thine? 100

And how is it that they, the sons of fame,  
Whose inspiration seems to them to  
shine  
From high, they whom the nations ofttest  
name,  
Must pass their days in penury or pain,  
Or step to grandeur through the paths  
of shame, 105  
And wear a deeper brand and gaudier  
chain?  
Or if their destiny be born aloof  
From lowliness, or tempted thence in  
vain,  
In their own souls sustain a harder proof,  
The inner war of passions deep and  
fierce? 110  
Florence! when thy harsh sentence  
razed my roof,  
I loved thee; but the vengeance of my  
verse,  
The hate of injuries which every year  
Makes greater, and accumulates my  
curse,  
Shall live, outliving all thou holdest dear,  
Thy pride, thy wealth, thy freedom, and  
even that, 116  
The most infernal of all evils here,  
The sway of petty tyrants in a state;  
For such sway is not limited to kings,  
And demagogues yield to them but in  
date, 120  
As swept off sooner; in all deadly things,  
Which make men hate themselves, and  
one another,  
In discord, cowardice, cruelty, all that  
springs,  
From Death the Sin-born's incest with his  
mother,  
In rank oppression in its rudest shape,  
The faction Chief is but the Sultan's  
brother, 126  
And the worst despot's far less human ape:  
Florence! when this lone spirit, which  
so long  
Yearn'd, as the captive toiling at escape,  
To fly back to thee in despite of wrong,  
An exile, saddest of all prisoners, 131  
Who has the whole world for a dungeon  
strong,  
Seas, mountains, and the horizon's verge  
for bars,  
Which shut him from the sole small spot  
of earth,  
Where—whatsoever his fate—he still  
were hers, 135  
His country's, and might die where he had  
birth—  
Florence! when this lone spirit shall re-  
turn  
To kindred spirits, thou wilt feel my  
worth,  
And seek to honour with an empty urn  
The ashes thou shalt ne'er obtain—  
Alas! 140

'What have I done to thee, my people?'  
 Stern  
 Are all thy dealings, but in this they pass  
 The limits of man's common malice, for  
 All that a citizen could be I was;  
 Raised by thy will, all thine in peace or war,  
 And for this thou hast warr'd with me—  
 'Tis done: 146  
 I may not overleap the eternal bar

Built up between us, and will die alone,  
 Beholding with the dark eye of a seer  
 The evil days to gifted souls foreshown,  
 Foretelling them to those who will not hear.  
 As in the old time, till the hour be come  
 When Truth shall strike their eyes  
 through many a tear, 153  
 And make them own the Prophet in his  
 tomb.

## THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE

### OF PULCI

#### ADVERTISEMENT

THE Morgante Maggiore, of the first canto of which this translation is offered, divides with the Orlando Innamorato the honour of having formed and suggested the style and story of Ariosto. The great defects of Boiardo were his treating too seriously the narratives of chivalry, and his harsh style. Ariosto, in his continuation, by a judicious mixture of the gaiety of Pulci, has avoided the one; and Berni, in his reformation of Boiardo's poem, has corrected the other. Pulci may be considered as the precursor and model of Berni altogether, as he has partly been to Ariosto, however inferior to both his copyists. He is no less the founder of a new style of poetry very lately sprung up in England. I allude to that of the ingenious Whistlecraft. The serious poems on Roncesvalles in the same language, and more particularly the excellent one of Mr. Merrivale, are to be traced to the same source. It has never yet been decided entirely whether Pulci's intention was or was not to deride the religion which is one of his favourite topics. It appears to me, that such an intention would have been no less hazardous to the poet than to the priest, particularly in that age and country; and the permission to publish the poem, and its reception among the classics of Italy, prove that it neither was nor is so interpreted. That he intended to ridicule the monastic life, and suffered his imagination to play with the simple dulness of his converted giant, seems evident enough; but surely it were as unjust to accuse him of irreligion on this account, as to denounce Fielding for his Parson Adams, Barnabas, Thwackum, Supple, and the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild,—or Scott, for the exquisite use of his Covenanters in the 'Tales of my Landlord.'

In the following translation I have used the liberty of the original with the proper names: as Pulci uses Gan, Ganellon, or Ganellone; Carlo, Carlomagno, or Carlomano; Rondel, or Rondello, &c., as it suits his convenience; so has the translator. In other respects the version is faithful to the best of the translator's ability in combining his interpretation of the one language with the not very easy task of reducing it to the same versification in the other. The reader, on comparing it with the original, is requested to remember that the antiquated language of Pulci, however pure, is not easy to the generality of Italians themselves, from its great mixture of Tuscan proverbs; and he may therefore be more indulgent to the present attempt. How far the translator has succeeded, and whether or no he shall continue the work, are questions which the public will decide. He was induced to make the experiment partly by his love for, and partial intercourse with, the Italian language, of which it is so easy to acquire a slight knowledge, and with which it is so nearly impossible for a foreigner to become accurately conversant. The Italian language is like a capricious beauty, who accords her smiles to all, her favours to few, and sometimes least to those who have courted her longest. The translator wished also to present in an English dress a part at least of a poem never yet rendered into a northern language; at the same time that it has been the original of some of the most celebrated productions on this side of the Alps, as well as of those recent experiments in poetry in England which have been already mentioned.

#### CANTO THE FIRST

##### I

In the beginning was the Word next God;  
 God was the Word, the Word no less  
 was he:  
 This was in the beginning, to my mode  
 Of thinking, and without him nought  
 could be:  
 Therefore, just Lord! from out thy high abode,  
 Benign and pious, bid an angel flee,  
 One only, to be my companion, who  
 Shall help my famous, worthy, old song  
 through.

##### II

And thou, oh Virgin! daughter, mother,  
 bride  
 Of the same Lord, who gave to you each  
 key  
 Of heaven, and hell, and everything beside,  
 The day thy Gabriel said 'All hail!' to  
 thee,  
 Since to thy servants pity's ne'er denied,  
 With flowing rhymes, a pleasant style  
 and free,  
 Be to my verses then benignly kind,  
 And to the end illuminate my mind.

## III

'Twas in the season when sad Philomel  
Weeps with her sister, who remembers  
and  
Deplores the ancient woes which both be-  
fell,  
And makes the nymphs enamour'd, to  
the hand  
Of Phaeton by Phœbus loved so well  
His car (but temper'd by his sire's com-  
mand)  
Was given, and on the horizon's verge just  
now  
Appear'd, so that Tithonus scratch'd his  
brow:

## IV

When I prepared my bark first to obey,  
As it should still obey, the helm, my mind,  
And carry prose or rhyme, and this my lay  
Of Charles the Emperor, whom you will  
find  
By several pens already praised; but they  
Who to diffuse his glory were inclined,  
For all that I can see in prose or verse,  
Have understood Charles badly, and  
wrote worse.

## V

Leonardo Aretino said already,  
That if, like Pepin, Charles had had a  
writer  
Of genius quick, and diligently steady,  
No hero would in history look brighter;  
He in the cabinet being always ready,  
And in the field a most victorious fighter,  
Who for the church and Christian faith  
had wrought,  
Certes, far more than yet is said or thought.

## VI

You still may see at St. Liberatore,  
The abbey, no great way from Manopell,  
Erected in the Abruzzi to his glory,  
Because of the great battle in which fell  
A pagan king, according to the story,  
And felon people whom Charles sent to  
hell:  
And there are bones so many, and so many,  
Near them Giusaffa's would seem few, if  
any.

## VII

But the world, blind and ignorant, don't  
prize  
His virtues as I wish to see them: thou,  
Florence, by his great bounty don't<sup>1</sup> arise,  
And hast, and may have, if thou wilt  
allow,  
All proper customs and true courtesies:  
Whate'er thou hast acquired from then  
till now,  
With knightly courage, treasure, or the  
lance,

<sup>1</sup> don't<sup>1</sup> dost *conj.*

Is sprung from out the noble blood of  
France.

## VIII

Twelve paladins had Charles in court, of  
whom  
The wisest and most famous was Or-  
lando;  
Him traitor Gan conducted to the tomb  
In Roncesvalles, as the villain plann'd  
too,  
While the horn rang so loud, and knell'd  
the doom  
Of their sad rout, though he did all  
knight can do;  
And Dante in his comedy has given  
To him a happy seat with Charles in  
heaven.

## IX

'Twas Christmas-day; in Paris all his court  
Charles held; the chief, I say, Orlando  
was,  
The Dane; Astolfo there too did resort,  
Also Ansuigi, the gay time to pass  
In festival and in triumphal sport,  
The much renown'd St. Dennis being  
the cause;  
Angiolin of Bayonne, and Oliver,  
And gentle Belinghieri too came there:

## X

Avolio, and Arino, and Othone  
Of Normandy, and Richard Paladin,  
Wise Hamo, and the ancient Salamone,  
Walter of Lion's Mount and Baldovin,  
Who was the son of the sad Ganellone,  
Were there, exciting too much gladness  
in  
The son of Pepin:—when his knights came  
hither,  
He groan'd with joy to see them all to-  
gether.

## XI

But watchful Fortune, lurking, takes good  
heed  
Eversome bar 'gainst our intents to bring,  
While Charles reposed him thus, in word  
and deed,  
Orlando ruled court, Charles, and every-  
thing;  
Curst Gan, with envy bursting, had such  
need  
To vent his spite, that thus with Charles  
the king  
One day he openly began to say,  
'Orlando must we always then obey?

## XII

'A thousand times I've been about to say,  
Orlando too presumptuously goes on;  
Here are we, counts, kings, dukes, to own  
thy sway,  
Hamo, and Otho, Ogier, Solomon,

Each have to honour thee and to obey;  
 But he has too much credit near the  
 throne,  
 Which we won't suffer, but are quite de-  
 cided  
 By such a boy to be no longer guided.

## XIII

'And even at Aspramont thou didst begin  
 To let him know he was a gallant knight,  
 And by the fount did much the day to win;  
 But I know *who* that day had won the  
 fight  
 If it had not for good Gherardo been;  
 The victory was Almonte's else; his  
 sight  
 He kept upon the standard, and the laurels  
 In fact and fairness are his earning,  
 Charles.

## XIV

'If thou rememberest being in Gascony,  
 When there advanced the nations out of  
 Spain,  
 The Christian cause had suffer'd shame-  
 fully,  
 Had not his valour driven them back  
 again.  
 Best speak the truth when there's a reason  
 why:  
 Know then, oh Emperor! that all com-  
 plain:  
 As for myself, I shall repossess the mounts  
 O'er which I cross'd with two and sixty  
 counts.

## XV

'Tis fit thy grandeur should dispense re-  
 lief,  
 So that each here may have his proper  
 part,  
 For the whole court is more or less in grief:  
 Perhaps thou deem'st this lad a Mars in  
 heart?'  
 Orlando one day heard this speech in brief,  
 As by himself it chanced he sate apart:  
 Displeased he was with Gan because he  
 said it,  
 But much more still that Charles should  
 give him credit.

## XVI

And with the sword he would have mur-  
 der'd Gan,  
 But Oliver thrust in between the pair,  
 And from his hand extracted Durlindan,  
 And thus at length they separated were.  
 Orlando, angry too with Carloman,  
 Wanted but little to have slain him there;  
 Then forth alone from Paris went the chief,  
 And burst and madden'd with disdain and  
 grief.

## XVII

From Ermellina, consort of the Dane,  
 He took Cortana, and then took Ron-  
 dell,  
 And on towards Brara prick'd him o'er the  
 plain;  
 And when she saw him coming, Alda-  
 belle  
 Stretch'd forth her arms to clasp her lord  
 again:  
 Orlando, in whose brain all was not well,  
 As 'Welcome, my Orlando, home,' she  
 said,  
 Raised up his sword to smite her on the  
 head,

## XVIII

Like him a fury counsels; his revenge  
 On Gan in that rash act he seem'd to  
 take,  
 Which Aldabella thought extremely strange;  
 But soon Orlando found himself awake;  
 And his spouse took his bridle on this  
 change,  
 And he dismounted from his horse, and  
 spake  
 Of everything which pass'd without de-  
 mur,  
 And then reposed himself some days with  
 her.

## XIX

Then full of wrath departed from the place,  
 And far as pagan countries roam'd  
 astray,  
 And while he rode, yet still at every pace  
 The traitor Gan remember'd by the way;  
 And wandering on in error a long space,  
 An abbey which in a lone desert lay,  
 'Midst glens obscure, and distant lands,  
 he found,  
 Which form'd the Christian's and the  
 pagan's bound.

## XX

The abbot was call'd Clermont, and by  
 blood  
 Descended from Anglante: under cover  
 Of a great mountain's brow the abbey  
 stood,  
 But certain savage giants look'd him  
 over;  
 One Passamont was foremost of the brood,  
 And Alabaster and Morgante hover  
 Second and third, with certain slings, and  
 throw  
 In daily jeopardy the place below.

## XXI

The monks could pass the convent gate no  
 more,  
 Nor leave their cells for water or for  
 wood;



# MORGANTE MAGGIORE

[CANTO I

Orlando knock'd, but none would ope,  
before  
Unto the prior it at length seem'd good;  
Enter'd, he said that he was taught to  
adore

Him who was born of Mary's holiest  
blood,  
And was baptized a Christian; and then  
show'd  
How to the abbey he had found his road.

XXII

Said the abbot, 'You are welcome; what  
is mine

We give you freely, since that you believe  
With us in Mary Mother's Son divine;  
And that you may not, cavalier, con-  
ceive

The cause of our delay to let you in  
To be rusticity, you shall receive  
The reason why our gate was barr'd to  
you:

Thus those who in suspicion live must do.

XXIII

'When hither to inhabit first we came  
These mountains, albeit that they are  
obscure,

As you perceive, yet without fear or blame  
They seem'd to promise an asylum sure:  
From savage brutes alone, too fierce to  
tame,

'Twas fit our quiet dwelling to secure;  
But now, if here we'd stay, we needs must  
guard

Against domestic beasts with watch and  
ward.

XXIV

'These make us stand, in fact, upon the  
watch;

For late there have appear'd three  
giants rough;

What nation or what kingdom bore the  
batch

I know not, but they are all of savage  
stuff;

When force and malice with some genius  
match,

You know, they can do all—we are not  
enough:

And these so much our orisons derange,  
I know not what to do, till matters change.

XXV

'Our ancient fathers living the desert in,  
For just and holy works were duly fed;  
Think not they lived on locusts sole, 'tis  
certain

That manna was rain'd down from  
heaven instead;

But here 'tis fit we keep on the alert in  
Our bounds, or taste the stones shower'd  
down for bread,

From off yon mountain daily raining  
faster,  
And flung by Passamont and Alabaster.

XXVI

'The third, Morgante, 's savagest by far;  
he

Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees,  
and oaks,

And flings them, our community to bury;  
And all that I can do but more pro-  
vokes.'

While thus they parley in the cemetery,  
A stone from one of their gigantic  
strokes,

Which nearly crush'd Rondell, came tum-  
bling over,

So that he took a long leap under cover.

XXVII

'For God-sake, cavalier, come in with  
speed;

The manna's falling now,' the abbot  
cried.

'This fellow does not wish my horse  
should feed,

Dear Abbot,' Roland unto him replied.

'Of restiveness he'd cure him had he need;  
That stone seems with good will and aim  
applied.'

The holy father said, 'I don't deceive;  
They'll one day fling the mountain, I  
believe.'

XXVIII

Orlando bade them take care of Ron-  
dello,

And also made a breakfast of his own:

'Abbot,' he said, 'I want to find that fellow  
Who flung at my good horse yon corner-  
stone.'

Said the abbot, 'Let not my advice seem  
shallow;

As to a brother dear I speak alone;

I would dissuade you, baron, from this  
strife,

As knowing sure that you will lose your  
life.

XXIX

'That Passamont has in his hand three  
darts—

Such slings, clubs, ballast-stones, that  
yield you must:

You know that giants have much stouter  
hearts

Than us, with reason, in proportion  
just:

If go you will, guard well against their arts,  
For these are very barbarous and ro-  
bust.'

Orlando answer'd, 'This I'll see, be sure,  
And walk the wild on foot to be secure.'

## xxx

The abbot sign'd the great cross on his front,  
 'Then go you with God's benison and mine.'

Orlando, after he had scaled the mount,  
 As the abbot had directed, kept the line  
 Right to the usual haunt of Passamont;  
 Who, seeing him alone in this design,  
 Survey'd him fore and aft with eyes observant,  
 Then ask'd him, 'If he wish'd to stay as servant?'

## xxxii

And promised him an office of great ease.  
 But said Orlando, 'Saracen insane!  
 I come to kill you, if it shall so please  
 God, not to serve as footboy in your train;

You with his monks so oft have broke the peace—

Vile dog! 'tis past his patience to sustain.'

The giant ran to fetch his arms, quite furious,

When he received an answer so injurious.

## xxxiii

And being return'd to where Orlando stood,

Who had not moved him from the spot,  
 and swinging

The cord, he hurl'd a stone with strength so rude,

As show'd a sample of his skill in slinging;

It roll'd on Count Orlando's helmet good  
 And head, and set both head and helmet ringing,

So that he swoon'd with pain as if he died,  
 But more than dead, he seem'd so stupified.

## xxxiii

Then Passamont, who thought him slain outright,

Said, 'I will go, and while he lies along,  
 Disarm me: why such craven did I fight?'

But Christ his servants ne'er abandons long,

Especially Orlando, such a knight,  
 As to desert would almost be a wrong.

While the giant goes to put off his defences,  
 Orlando has recall'd his force and senses:

## xxxiv

And loud he shouted, 'Giant, where dost go?

Thou thought'st me doubtless for the bier outlaid;

To the right about—without wings thou'rt too slow

To fly my vengeance—currish renegade!

## MORGANTE MAGGIORE

'Twas but by treachery thou laid'st me low.'

The giant his astonishment betray'd,  
 And turn'd about, and stopp'd his journey on,

And then he stoop'd to pick up a great stone.

## xxxv

Orlando had Cortana bare in hand;  
 To split the head in twain was what he schemed:

Cortana clave the skull like a true brand  
 And pagan Passamont died unredeem'd,  
 Yet harsh and haughty, as he lay he bann'd,  
 And most devoutly Macon still blasphem'd;

But while his crude, rude blasphemies he heard,

Orlando thank'd the Father and the Word,—

## xxxvii

Saying, 'What grace to me thou'st this day given!

And I to thee, O Lord! am ever bound.  
 I know my life was saved by thee from heaven,

Since by the giant I was fairly down'd.  
 All things by thee are measured just and even;

Our power without thine aid would nought be found:

I pray thee take heed of me, till I can  
 At least return once more to Carloman.'

## xxxvii

And having said thus much, he went his way;

And Alabaster he found out below,  
 Doing the very best that in him lay

To root from out a bank a rock or two.  
 Orlando, when he reach'd him, loud 'gan say,

'How think'st thou, glutton, such a stone to throw?'

When Alabaster heard his deep voice ring,  
 He suddenly betook him to his sling,

## xxxviii

And hurl'd a fragment of a size so large,  
 That if it had in fact fulfill'd its mission,

And Roland not avail'd him of his targe,  
 There would have been no need of a physician.

Orlando set himself in turn to charge,  
 And in his bulky bosom made incision

With all his sword. The lout fell; but o'erthrown, he

However by no means forgot Macone.

## xxxix

Morgante had a palace in his mode,  
 Composed of branches, logs of wood,  
 and earth,

And stretch'd himself at ease in this abode,  
And shut himself at night within his  
berth.

Orlando knock'd, and knock'd again, to  
goad

The giant from his sleep; and he came  
forth,

The door to open, like a crazy thing,  
For a rough dream had shook him  
slumbering.

## XL

He thought that a fierce serpent had  
attack'd him;

And Mahomet he call'd; but Mahomet  
Is nothing worth, and not an instant  
back'd him;

But praying blessed Jesu, he was set  
At liberty from all the fears which rack'd  
him;

And to the gate he came with great re-  
gret—

'Who knocks here?' grumbling all the  
while, said he.

'That,' said Orlando, 'you will quickly  
see:

## XLI

'I come to preach to you, as to your  
brothers,

Sent by the miserable monks—repen-  
tance;

For Providence divine, in you and others,  
Condemns the evil done my new  
acquaintance.

'Tis writ on high—your wrong must pay  
another's:

From heaven itself is issued out this  
sentence.

Know, then, that colder now than a pilaster  
I left your Passamont and Alabaster.'

## XLII

Morgante said, 'Oh, gentle cavalier!

Now by thy God say me no villany:

The favour of your name I fain would  
hear,

And if a Christian, speak for courtesy.'

Replied Orlando, 'So much to your ear

I by my faith disclose contentedly;

Christ I adore, who is the genuine Lord;

And, if you please, by you may be adored.'

## XLIII

The Saracen rejoind'd in humble tone,

'I have had an extraordinary vision;

A savage serpent fell on me alone,

And Macon would not pity my con-  
dition;

Hence to thy God, who for ye did atone

Upon the cross, prefer'd I my petition;

His timely succour set me safe and free,

And I a Christian am disposed to be.'

## XLIV

Orlando answer'd, 'Baron just and pious,  
If this good wish your heart can really  
move

To the true God, you will not then deny us  
Eternal honour, you will go above,

And, if you please, as friends we will ally  
us,

And I will love you with a perfect love.

Your idols are vain liars, full of fraud:

The only true God is the Christians' God.

## XLV

'The Lord descended to the virgin breast  
Of Mary Mother, sinless and divine;

If you acknowledge the Redeemer blest,  
Without whom neither sun nor star can  
shine,

Abjure bad Macon's false and felon test,  
Your renegade god, and worship mine,

Baptize yourself with zeal, since you re-  
pent.'

To which Morgante answer'd, 'I'm con-  
tent.'

## XLVI

And then Orlando to embrace him flew,  
And made much of his convert, as he  
cried,

'To the abbey I will gladly marshal you.'  
To whom Morgante, 'Let us go,' re-  
plied;

'I to the friars have for peace to sue.'  
Which thing Orlando heard with in-  
ward pride,

Saying, 'My brother, so devout and good,  
Ask the abbot pardon, as I wish you  
would:

## XLVII

'Since God has granted your illumination,  
Accepting you in mercy for his own,

Humility should be your first oblation.'  
Morgante said, 'For goodness' sake,  
make known,—

Since that your God is to be mine—your  
station,

And let your name in verity be shown;  
Then will I everything at your command  
do.'

On which the other said, he was Orlando.

## XLVIII

'Then,' quoth the giant, 'blessed be Jesu  
A thousand times with gratitude and  
praise!

Oft, perfect baron! have I heard of you  
Through all the different periods of my  
days:

And, as I said, to be your vassal too  
I wish, for your great gallantry always.'

Thus reasoning, they continued much to  
say,

And onwards to the abbey went their way.

## XLIX

And by the way about the giants dead  
 Orlando with Morgante reason'd: 'Be,  
 For their decease, I pray you, comforted;  
 And, since it is God's pleasure, pardon  
 me;  
 A thousand wrongs unto the monks they  
 bred,  
 And our true Scripture soundeth openly,  
 Good is justice, and chastised the ill,  
 Which the Lord never faileth to fulfil:

## L

'Because his love of justice unto all  
 Is such, he wills his judgment should  
 devour  
 All who have sin, however great or small;  
 But good he well remembers to restore.  
 Nor without justice holy could we call  
 Him, whom I now require you to adore.  
 All men must make his will their wishes  
 sway,  
 And quickly and spontaneously obey.

## LI

'And here our doctors are of one accord,  
 Coming on this point to the same con-  
 clusion,  
 That in their thoughts who praise in  
 heaven the Lord  
 If pity e'er was guilty of intrusion  
 For their unfortunate relations stored  
 In hell below, and damn'd in great con-  
 fusion,  
 Their happiness would be reduced to  
 nought,  
 And thus unjust the Almighty's self be  
 thought.

## LII

'But they in Christ have firmest hope, and  
 all  
 Which seems to him, to them too must  
 appear  
 Well done; nor could it otherwise befall;  
 He never can in any purpose err.  
 If sire or mother suffer endless thrall,  
 They don't disturb themselves for him  
 or her:  
 What pleases God to them must joy in-  
 spire;—  
 Such is the observance of the eternal choir.'

## LIII

'A word unto the wise,' Morgante said,  
 'Is wont to be enough, and you shall see  
 How much I grieve about my brethren  
 dead;  
 And if the will of God seem good to me,  
 Just, as you tell me, 'tis in heaven obey'd—  
 Ashes to ashes,—merry let us be!  
 I will cut off the hands from both their  
 trunks,  
 And carry them unto the holy monks.

## LIV

'So that all persons may be sure and certain  
 That they are dead, and have no further  
 fear  
 To wander solitary this desert in,  
 And that they may perceive my spirit  
 clear  
 By the Lord's grace, who hath withdrawn  
 the curtain  
 Of darkness, making his bright realm  
 appear.'  
 He cut his brethren's hands off at these  
 words,  
 And left them to the savage beasts and birds.

## LV

Then to the abbey they went on together,  
 Where waited them the abbot in great  
 doubt.  
 The monks, who knew not yet the fact, ran  
 thither,  
 To their superior, all in breathless rout,  
 Saying with tremor, 'Please to tell us  
 whether  
 You wish to have this person in or out?'  
 The abbot, looking through upon the giant,  
 Too greatly fear'd, at first, to be compliant.

## LVI

Orlando, seeing him thus agitated,  
 Said quickly, 'Abbot, be thou of good  
 cheer;  
 He Christ believes, as Christian must be  
 rated,  
 And hath renounced his Macon false';  
 which here  
 Morgante with the hands corroborated,  
 A proof of both the giants' fate quite  
 clear:  
 Thence, with due thanks, the abbot God  
 adored,  
 Saying, 'Thou hast contented me, oh Lord!'

## LVII

Hegazed; Morgante's height he calculated,  
 And more than once contemplated his  
 size;  
 And then he said, 'Oh giant celebrated!  
 Know, that no more my wonder will  
 arise,  
 How you could tear and fling the trees you  
 late did,  
 When I behold your form with my own  
 eyes.

You now a true and perfect friend will show  
 Yourself to Christ, as once you were a foe.

## LVIII

'And one of our apostles, Saul once  
 named,  
 Long persecuted sore the faith of Christ,  
 Till, one day, by the Spirit being inflamed,  
 "Why dost thou persecute me thus?"  
 said Christ;

And then from his offence he was reclaim'd,  
 And went for ever after preaching  
 Christ,  
 And of the faith became a trump, whose  
 sounding  
 O'er the whole earth is echoing and re-  
 bounding.

## LIX

'So, my Morgante, you may do likewise:  
 He who repents—thus writes the Evan-  
 gelist—  
 Occasions more rejoicing in the skies  
 Than ninety-nine of the celestial list.  
 You may be sure, should each desire arise  
 With just zeal for the Lord, that you'll  
 exist  
 Among the happy saints for evermore;  
 But you were lost and damn'd to hell  
 before!'

## LX

And thus great honour to Morgante paid  
 The abbot: many days they did repose.  
 One day, as with Orlando they both stray'd,  
 And saunter'd here and there, where'er  
 they chose,  
 The abbot show'd a chamber, where array'd  
 Much armour was, and hung up certain  
 bows;  
 And one of these Morgante for a whim  
 Girt on, though useless, he believed, to  
 him.

## LXI

There being a want of water in the place,  
 Orlando, like a worthy brother, said,  
 'Morgante, I could wish you in this case  
 To go for water.' 'You shall be obey'd  
 In all commands,' was the reply, 'straight-  
 ways.'

Upon his shoulder a great tub he laid,  
 And went out on his way unto a fountain,  
 Where he was wont to drink below the  
 mountain.

## LXII

Arrived there, a prodigious noise he hears,  
 Which suddenly along the forest spread;  
 Whereat from out his quiver he prepares  
 An arrow for his bow, and lifts his head;  
 And lo! a monstrous herd of swine appears,  
 And onward rushes with tempestuous  
 tread,  
 And to the fountain's brink precisely pours;  
 So that the giant's join'd by all the boars.

## LXIII

Morgante at a venture shot an arrow,  
 Which pierced a pig precisely in the ear,  
 And pass'd unto the other side quite  
 thorough;  
 So that the boar, defunct, lay tripp'd up  
 near.

Another, to revenge his fellow farrow,  
 Against the giant rush'd in fierce career,  
 And reach'd the passage with so swift a  
 foot,  
 Morgante was not now in time to shoot.

## LXIV

Perceiving that the pig was on him close,  
 He gave him such a punch upon the head,  
 As floor'd him so that he no more arose,  
 Smashing the very bone; and he fell dead  
 Next to the other. Having seen such blows,  
 The other pigs along the valley fled;  
 Morgante on his neck the bucket took,  
 Full from the spring, which neither  
 swerved nor shook.

## LXV

The tub was on one shoulder, and there  
 were  
 The hogs on t'other, and he brush'd  
 apace  
 On to the abbey, though by no means near,  
 Nor spilt one drop of water in his race.  
 Orlando, seeing him so soon appear  
 With the dead boars, and with that  
 brimful vase,  
 Marvell'd to see his strength so very great;  
 So did the abbot, and set wide the gate.

## LXVI

The monks, who saw the water fresh and  
 good,  
 Rejoiced, but much more to perceive the  
 pork;  
 All animals are glad at sight of food:  
 They lay their breviaries to sleep, and  
 work  
 With greedy pleasure, and in such a mood,  
 That the flesh needs no salt beneath  
 their fork.  
 Of rankness and of rot there is no fear,  
 For all the fasts are now left in arrear.

## LXVII

As though they wish'd to burst at once,  
 they ate;  
 And gorged so that, as if the bones had  
 been  
 In water, sorely grieved the dog and cat,  
 Perceiving that they all were pick'd too  
 clean.  
 The abbot, who to all did honour great,  
 A few days after this convivial scene,  
 Gave to Morgante a fine horse, well  
 train'd,  
 Which he long time had for himself main-  
 tain'd.

## LXVIII

The horse Morgante to a meadow led,  
 To gallop, and to put him to the proof,  
 Thinking that he a back of iron had,  
 Or to skim eggs unbroke was light  
 enough;

But the horse, sinking with the pain, fell  
dead,  
And burst, while cold on earth lay head  
and hoof.

Morgante said, 'Get up, thou sulky cur!'  
And still continued pricking with the spur.

## LXIX

But finally he thought fit to dismount,  
And said, 'I am as light as any feather,  
And he has burst;—to this what say you,  
count?'

Orlando answer'd, 'Like a ship's mast  
rather  
You seem to me, and with the truck for  
front:

Let him go! Fortune wills that we together  
Should march, but you on foot Morgante  
still.'

To which the giant answer'd, 'So I will.

## LXX

'When there shall be occasion, you will see  
How I approve my courage in the fight.'  
Orlando said, 'I really think you'll be,  
If it should prove God's will, a goodly  
knight;

Nor will you napping there discover me.  
But never mind your horse, though out  
of sight

'Twere best to carry him into some wood,  
If but the means or way I understood.'

## LXXI

The giant said, 'Then carry him I will,  
Since that to carry me he was so slack—  
To render, as the gods do, good for ill;  
But lend a hand to place him on my  
back.'

Orlando answer'd, 'If my counsel still  
May weigh, Morgante, do not under-  
take

To lift or carry this dead courser, who,  
As you have done to him, will do to you.

## LXXII

'Take care he don't revenge himself,  
though dead,  
As Nessus did of old beyond all cure.  
I don't know if the fact you've heard or  
read;

But he will make you burst, you may be  
sure.'

'But help him on my back,' Morgante said,  
'And you shall see what weight I can  
endure.

In place, my gentle Roland, of this palfrey,  
With all the bells, I'd carry yonder belfry.'

## LXXIII

The abbot said, 'The steeple may do well,  
But, for the bells, you've broken them,  
I wot.'

Morgante answer'd, 'Let them pay in hell  
The penalty who lie dead in yon grot;'

## MORGANTE MAGGIORE

And hoisting up the horse from where he  
fell,

He said, 'Now look if I the gout have  
got,

Orlando, in the legs—or if I have force;—'  
And then he made two gambols with the  
horse.

## LXXIV

Morgante was like any mountain framed;  
So if he did this 'tis no prodigy;

But secretly himself Orlando blamed,  
Because he was one of his family;  
And fearing that he might be hurt or  
maim'd,

Once more he bade him lay his burden  
by:

'Put down, nor bear him further the  
desert in.'

Morgante said, 'I'll carry him for certain.'

## LXXV

He did; and stow'd him in some nook  
away,

And to the abbey then return'd with  
speed.

Orlando said, 'Why longer do we stay?  
Morgante, here is nought to do indeed.'

The abbot by the hand he took one day,  
And said, with great respect, he had  
agreed

To leave his reverence; but for this de-  
cision

He wish'd to have his pardon and per-  
mission.

## LXXVI

The honours they continued to receive  
Perhaps exceeded what his merits  
claim'd;

He said, 'I mean, and quickly, to retrieve  
The lost days of time past, which may  
be blamed;

Some days ago I should have ask'd your  
leave,

Kind father, but I really was ashamed,  
And know not how to show my sentiment,  
So much I see you with our stay content.

## LXXVII

'But in my heart I bear through every  
clime

The abbot, abbey, and this solitude—  
So much I love you in so short a time;

For me, from heaven reward you with  
all good

The God so true, the eternal Lord sub-  
lime!

Whose kingdom at the last hath open  
stood.

Meantime we stand expectant of your  
blessing,

And recommend us to your prayers with  
pressing.'

## LXXVIII

Now when the abbot Count Orlando  
heard,  
His heart grew soft with inner tender-  
ness,  
Such fervour in his bosom bred each word;  
And, 'Cavalier,' he said, 'if I have less  
Courteous and kind to your great worth  
appear'd,  
Than fits me for such gentle blood to  
express,  
I know I have done too little in this case;  
But blame our ignorance, and this poor  
place.

## LXXIX

'We can indeed but honour you with  
masses,  
And sermons, thanksgivings, and pater-  
noster,  
Hot suppers, dinners (fitting other places  
In verity much rather than the cloisters);  
But such a love for you my heart embraces,  
For thousand virtues which your bosom  
fosters,  
That wheresoe'er you go I too shall be,  
And, on the other part, you rest with me.

## LXXX

'This may involve a seeming contradic-  
tion;  
But you I know are sage, and feel, and  
taste,  
And understand my speech, with full con-  
viction.  
For your just pious deeds may you be  
graced  
With the Lord's great reward and bene-  
diction,  
By whom you were directed to this  
waste:  
To his high mercy is our freedom due,  
For which we render thanks to him and  
you.

## LXXXI

'You saved at once our life and soul: such  
fear  
The giants caused us, that the way was  
lost  
By which we could pursue a fit career  
In search of Jesus and the saintly host;  
And your departure breeds such sorrow  
here,  
That comfortless we all are to our cost;  
But months and years you would not stay  
in sloth,  
Nor are you form'd to wear our sober cloth,

## LXXXII

'But to bear arms, and wield the lance;  
indeed,  
With these as much is done as with this  
cowl;

In proof of which the Scriptures you may  
read.  
This giant up to heaven may bear his  
soul  
By your compassion: now in peace pro-  
ceed.  
Your state and name I seek not to unroll;  
But, if I'm ask'd, this answer shall be  
given,  
That here an angel was sent down from  
heaven.

## LXXXIII

'If you want armour or aught else, go in,  
Look o'er the wardrobe, and take what  
you choose,  
And cover with it o'er this giant's skin.'  
Orlando answer'd, 'If there should lie  
loose  
Some armour, ere our journey we begin,  
Which might be turn'd to my compan-  
ion's use,  
The gift would be acceptable to me.'  
The abbot said to him, 'Come in and see.'

## LXXXIV

And in a certain closet, where the wall  
Was cover'd with old armour like a  
crust,  
The abbot said to them, 'I give you all.'  
Morgante rummaged piecemeal from  
the dust  
The whole, which, save one cuirass, was  
too small,  
And that too had the mail inlaid with  
rust.  
They wonder'd how it fitted him exactly,  
Which ne'er has suited others so com-  
pactly.

## LXXXV

'Twas an immeasurable giant's, who  
By the great Milo of Agrante fell  
Before the abbey many years ago.  
The story on the wall was figured well;  
In the last moment of the abbey's foe,  
Who long had waged a war implacable:  
Precisely as the war occur'd they drew  
him,  
And there was Milo as he overthrew him.

## LXXXVI

Seeing this history, Count Orlando said  
In his own heart, 'Oh God, who in the sky  
Know'st all things! how was Milo hither  
led?  
Who caused the giant in this place to  
die?'  
And certain letters, weeping, then he read,  
So that he could not keep his visage  
dry,—  
As I will tell in the ensuing story.  
From evil keep you the high King of glory!

# FRANCESCA OF RIMINI

## FROM THE INFERNO OF DANTE

### CANTO THE FIFTH

'The land where I was born sits by the  
seas,  
Upon that shore to which the Po de-  
scends,  
With all his followers, in search of peace.  
Love, which the gentle heart soon appre-  
hends,  
Seized him for the fair person which was  
ta'en<sup>5</sup>  
From me, and me even yet the mode  
offends.  
Love, who to none beloved to love again  
Remits, seized me with wish to please,  
so strong,  
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth re-  
main.  
Love to one death conducted us along,  
But Caina waits for him our life who  
ended:'<sup>11</sup>  
These were the accents utter'd by her  
tongue.—  
Since I first listen'd to these souls offended,  
I bow'd my visage, and so kept it till—  
'What think'st thou,' said the bard;  
when I unbended,<sup>15</sup>  
And recommenced: 'Alas! unto such ill  
How many sweet thoughts, what strong  
ecstasies,  
Led these their evil fortune to fulfil!  
And then I turn'd unto their side my eyes,  
And said, 'Francesca, thy sad destinies

Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.  
But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,<sup>22</sup>  
By what and how thy love to passion  
rose,  
So as his dim desires to recognise?'  
Then she to me: 'The greatest of all woes  
Is to remind us of our happy days<sup>26</sup>  
In misery, and that thy teacher knows.  
But if to learn our passion's first root preys  
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,  
I will do even as he who weeps and says.  
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,  
Of Lancilot, how love enchain'd him  
too.<sup>32</sup>  
We were alone, quite unsuspectingly.  
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in  
hue  
All o'er discolour'd by that reading  
were;<sup>35</sup>  
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;  
When we read the long-sigh'd-for smile of  
her,  
To be thus kiss'd by such devoted lover,  
He who from me can be divided ne'er  
Kiss'd my mouth, trembling in the act all  
over:<sup>40</sup>  
Accursed was the book and he who  
wrote!  
That day no further leaf we did un-  
cover.  
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,  
The other wept, so that with pity's  
thralls  
I swoon'd, as if by death I had been  
smote<sup>45</sup>  
And fell down even as a dead body falls.



# DRAMAS

## MANFRED

### A DRAMATIC POEM

'There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.'

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MANFRD.  
CHAMOIS HUNTER.  
ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.  
MANULL.  
HERMAN.

WITCH OF THE ALPS.  
ARIMANES.  
NEMESIS.  
THE DESTINIES.  
SPIRITS, &c.

*The Scene of the Drama is amongst the Higher Alps—partly in the Castle of Manfred,  
and partly in the Mountains.*

#### ACT I

SCENE I.—MANFRED *alone.*—*Scene, a  
Gothic Gallery.—Time, Midnight.*

*Man.* The lamp must be replenish'd,  
but even then

It will not burn so long as I must watch:  
My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,  
But a continuance of enduring thought,  
Which then I can resist not: in my heart  
There is a vigil, and these eyes but close  
To look within; and yet I live, and bear  
The aspect and the form of breathing men.  
But grief should be the instructor of the  
wise;

Sorrow is knowledge: they who know the  
most

Must mourn the deepest o'er the fatal  
truth,

The Tree of Knowledge is not that of Life.  
Philosophy and science, and the springs  
Of wonder, and the wisdom of the world,  
I have essay'd, and in my mind there is

A power to make these subject to itself—  
But they avail not: I have done men good,  
And I have met with good even among  
men—

But this avail'd not: I have had my foes,  
And none have baffled, many fallen before  
me—

But this avail'd not:—Good, or evil, life,  
Powers, passions, all I see in other beings,  
Have been to me as rain unto the sands,  
Since that all-nameless hour. I have no  
dread,

And feel the curse to have no natural fear,  
Nor fluttering throb, that beats with hopes  
or wishes,

Or lurking love of something on the earth.  
Now to my task.—

Mysterious agency!

Ye spirits of the unbounded Universe!  
Whom I have sought in darkness and in  
light—

Ye, who do compass earth about, and  
dwell

In subtler essence—ye, to whom the tops  
Of mountains inaccessible are haunts,  
And earth's and ocean's caves familiar  
things—

I call upon ye by the written charm

Which gives me power upon you—Rise!  
Appear!

They come not yet.—Now by the voice of  
him  
Who is the first among you—by this sign,  
Which makes you tremble—by the claims  
of him

Who is undying,—Rise! Appear!—  
Appear!

If it be so—Spirits of earth and air,  
Ye shall not thus elude me: by a power,  
Deeper than all yet urged, a tyrant-spell,  
Which had its birthplace in a star con-  
demn'd,

The burning wreck of a demolish'd world,  
A wandering hell in the eternal space;  
By the strong curse which is upon my  
soul,

The thought which is within me and around  
me,

I do compel ye to my will—Appear!  
*[A star is seen at the darker end of the  
gallery: it is stationary; and a voice  
is heard singing.]*

#### FIRST SPIRIT

Mortal! to thy bidding bow'd,  
From my mansion in the cloud,  
Which the breath of twilight builds,  
And the summer's sunset gilds  
With the azure and vermillion,  
Which is mix'd for my pavilion;

Though thy quest may be forbidden,  
On a star-beam I have ridden:  
To thine adoration bow'd,  
Mortal—be thy wish avow'd!

*Voice of the SECOND SPIRIT*

Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;  
They crown'd him long ago 61  
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,  
With a diadem of snow.  
Around his waist are forests braced,  
The Avalanche in his hand; 65  
But ere it fall, that thundering ball  
Must pause for my command.  
The Glacier's cold and restless mass  
Moves onward day by day;  
But I am he who bids it pass, 70  
Or with its ice delay.  
I am the spirit of the place,  
Could make the mountain bow  
And quiver to his cavern'd base—  
And what with me wouldst Thou? 75

*Voice of the THIRD SPIRIT*

In the blue depth of the waters,  
Where the wave hath no strife,  
Where the wind is a stranger,  
And the sea-snake hath life, 80  
Where the Mermaid is decking  
Her green hair with shells,  
Like the storm on the surface  
Came the sound of thy spells;  
O'er my calm Hall of Coral  
The deep echo roll'd— 85  
To the Spirit of Ocean  
Thy wishes unfold!

*FOURTH SPIRIT*

Where the slumbering earthquake  
Lies pillow'd on fire,  
And the lakes of bitumen 90  
Rise boilingly higher;  
Where the roots of the Andes  
Strike deep in the earth,  
As their summits to heaven  
Shoot soaringly forth;  
I have quitted my birthplace, 95  
Thy bidding to bide—  
Thy spell hath subdued me,  
Thy will be my guide!

*FIFTH SPIRIT*

I am the Rider of the wind, 100  
The Stirrer of the storm;  
The hurricane I left behind  
Is yet with lightning warm;  
To speed to thee, o'er shore and sea  
I swept upon the blast: 105  
The fleet I met sail'd well, and yet  
'Twill sink ere night be past.

*SIXTH SPIRIT*

My dwelling is the shadow of the night,  
Why doth thy magic torture me with  
light?

*SEVENTH SPIRIT*

The star which rules thy destiny 110  
Was ruled, ere earth began, by me:  
It was a world as fresh and fair  
As e'er revolved round sun in air;  
Its course was free and regular,  
Space bosom'd not a lovelier star. 115  
The hour arrived—and it became  
A wandering mass of shapeless flame,  
A pathless comet, and a curse,  
The menace of the universe;  
Still rolling on with innate force, 120  
Without a sphere, without a course,  
A bright deformity on high,  
The monster of the upper sky! 123  
And thou! beneath its influence born—  
Thou worm! whom I obey and scorn—  
Forced by a power (which is not thine,  
And lent thee but to make thee mine)  
For this brief moment to descend,  
Where these weak spirits round thee 129  
bend  
And parley with a thing like thee—  
What wouldst thou, Child of Clay! with  
me?

*The SEVEN SPIRITS*

Earth, ocean, air, night, mountains,  
winds, thy star,  
Are at thy beck and bidding, Child of  
Clay!  
Before thee at thy quest their spirits are—  
What wouldst thou with us, son of  
mortals—say? 135

*Man.* Forgetfulness—

*First Spirit.* Of what—of whom—and  
why?

*Man.* Of that which is within me; read  
it there—

Ye know it, and I cannot utter it.

*Spirit.* We can but give thee that which  
we possess:

Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power  
O'er earth—the whole, or portion—or a  
sign 141

Which shall control the elements, whereof  
We are the dominators,—each and all,  
These shall be thine.

*Man.* Oblivion, self-oblivion  
Can ye not wring from out the hidden  
realms 145

Ye offer so profusely what I ask?

*Spirit.* It is not in our essence, in our  
skill;

But—thou may'st die.

*Man.* Will death bestow it on me?

*Spirit.* We are immortal, and do not  
forget;

We are eternal; and to us the past 150  
Is, as the future, present. Art thou an-  
swer'd?

*Man.* Ye mock me—but the power  
which brought ye here

# MANFRED

[ACT I

Hath made you mine. Slaves, scoff not at my will! *(A voice is heard in the Incantation which follows.)*

The mind, the spirit, the Promethean spark, 154

The lightning of my being, is as bright,  
Pervading, and far darting as your own,  
And shall not yield to yours, though  
coop'd in clay!

Answer, or I will teach you what I am.

*Spirit.* We answer as we answer'd; our reply

Is even in thine own words.

*Man.* Why say ye so? 160

*Spirit.* If, as thou say'st, thine essence  
be as ours,

We have replied in telling thee, the thing  
Mortals call death hath nought to do with  
us.

*Man.* I then have call'd ye from your  
realms in vain;

Ye cannot, or ye will not, aid me.

*Spirit.* Say, 165

What we possess we offer; it is thine:  
Bethink ere thou dismiss us; ask again;  
Kingdom, and sway, and strength, and  
length of days—

*Man.* Accurs'd! what have I to do  
with days?

They are too long already.—Hence—be-  
gone! 170

*Spirit.* Yet pause: being here, our will  
would do thee service;

Bethink thee, is there then no other gift  
Which we can make not worthless in thine  
eyes?

*Man.* No, none: yet stay—one mo-  
ment, ere we part,

I would behold ye face to face. I hear  
Your voices, sweet and melancholy  
sounds, 176

As music on the waters; and I see  
The steady aspect of a clear large star;  
But nothing more. Approach me as ye are,  
Or one, or all, in your accustom'd forms.

*Spirit.* We have no forms, beyond the  
elements 181

Of which we are the mind and principle:  
But choose a form—in that we will appear.

*Man.* I have no choice; there is no form  
on earth

HIDEOUS or beautiful to me. Let him,  
Who is most powerful of ye, take such  
aspect 186

As unto him may seem most fitting—  
Come!

*Seventh Spirit [appearing in the shape of  
a beautiful female figure].* Behold!

*Man.* Oh God! if it be thus, and thou  
Art not a madness and a mockery, 189  
I yet might be most happy, I will clasp thee,  
And we again will be—

*[The figure vanishes.]*

My heart is crush'd!

*[MANFRED falls senseless.]*

When the moon is on the wave,  
And the glow-worm in the grass,  
And the meteor on the grave,  
And the wisp on the morass; 195  
When the falling stars are shooting,  
And the answer'd owls are hooting,  
And the silent leaves are still  
In the shadow of the hill,  
Shall my soul be upon thine, 200  
With a power and with a sign.

Though thy slumber may be deep,  
Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;  
There are shades which will not van-  
ish,  
There are thoughts thou canst not ban-  
ish; 205

By a power to thee unknown,  
Thou canst never be alone;  
Thou art wrapt as with a shroud,  
Thou art gather'd in a cloud;  
And for ever shalt thou dwell 210  
In the spirit of this spell.

Though thou seest me not pass by,  
Thou shalt feel me with thine eye  
As a thing that, though unseen,  
Must be near thee, and hath been; 215  
And when in that secret dread  
Thou hast turn'd around thy head,  
Thou shalt marvel I am not  
As thy shadow on the spot,  
And the power which thou dost feel  
Shall be what thou must conceal. 221

And a magic voice and verse  
Hath baptized thee with a curse;  
And a spirit of the air  
Hath begirt thee with a snare; 225  
In the wind there is a voice  
Shall forbid thee to rejoice;  
And to thee shall night deny  
All the quiet of her sky;  
And the day shall have a sun, 230  
Which shall make thee wish it done.

From thy false tears I did distil  
An essence which hath strength to kill;  
From thy own heart I then did wring  
The black blood in its blackest spring;  
From thy own smile I snatch'd the  
snake, 236

For there it coil'd as in a brake;  
From thy own lip I drew the charm  
Which gave all these their chiefest harm;  
In proving every poison known, 240  
I found the strongest was thine own.

By thy cold breast and serpent smile,  
By thy unfathom'd gulfs of guile,  
By that most seeming virtuous eye,  
By thy shut soul's hypocrisy; 245

By the perfection of thine art  
Which pass'd for human thine own  
heart;

By thy delight in others' pain,  
And by thy brotherhood of Cain,  
I call upon thee! and compel 250  
Thyself to be thy proper Hell!

And on thy head I pour the vial  
Which doth devote thee to this trial;  
Nor to slumber, nor to die,  
Shall be in thy destiny; 255

Though thy death shall still seem near  
To thy wish, but as a fear;  
Lo! the spell now works around thee,  
And the clankless chain hath bound  
thee;

O'er thy heart and brain together 260  
Hath the word been pass'd—now  
wither!

## SCENE II

*The Mountain of the Jungfrau.—Time,  
Morning.—MANFRED alone upon the  
Cliffs.*

*Man.* The spirits I have raised abandon  
me,  
The spells which I have studied baffle me,  
The remedy I reck'd of tortured me;  
I lean no more on superhuman aid;  
It hath no power upon the past, and for  
The future, till the past be gulf'd in dark-  
ness, 6

It is not of my search.—My mother Earth!  
And thou fresh breaking Day, and you,  
ye Mountains,

Why are ye beautiful? I cannot love ye.  
And thou, the bright eye of the universe,  
That openest over all, and unto all 11  
Art a delight—thou shin'st not on my  
heart.

And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme  
edge

I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath  
Behold the tall pines dwindled as to shrubs  
In dizziness of distance; when a leap,  
A stir, a motion, even a breath, would  
bring

My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed  
To rest for ever—wherefore do I pause?  
I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;  
I see the peril—yet do not recede; 21  
And my brain reels—and yet my foot is  
firm:

There is a power upon me which with-  
holds,

And makes it my fatality to live,—  
If it be life to wear within myself 25  
This barrenness of spirit, and to be  
My own soul's sepulchre, for I have ceased  
To justify my deeds unto myself—  
The last infirmity of evil. Ay, 29

Thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,  
[*An eagle passes.*]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,  
Well may'st thou swoop so near me—I  
should be

Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou  
art gone

Where the eye cannot follow thee; but  
thine 34

Yet pierces downward, onward, or above,  
With a pervading vision.—Beautiful!  
How beautiful is all this visible world!  
How glorious in its action and itself!

But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns,  
we,

Half dust, half deity, alike unfit 40  
To sink or soar, with our mix'd essence  
make

A conflict of its elements, and breathe  
The breath of degradation and of pride,  
Contending with low wants and lofty will,  
Till our mortality predominates, 45

And men are—what they name not to  
themselves,

And trust not to each other. Hark! the  
note, [*The Shepherd's pipe in the  
distance is heard.*]

The natural music of the mountain reed—  
For here the patriarchal days are not

A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,  
Mix'd with the sweet bells of the saunter-  
ing herd; 51

My soul would drink those echoes. Oh,  
that I were

The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,  
A living voice, a breathing harmony,  
A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying  
With the blest tone which made me! 56

*Enter from below a CHAMOIS HUNTER.*

*Chamois Hunter.* Even so  
This way the chamois leapt: her nimble  
feet

Have baffled me; my gains to-day will  
scarce

Repay my break-neck travail.—What is  
here?

Who seems not of my trade, and yet hath  
reach'd 60

A height which none even of our moun-  
taineers,

Save our best hunters, may attain: his garb  
Is goodly, his mien manly, and his air  
Proud as a free-born peasant's, at this dis-  
tance:

I will approach him nearer.

*Man.* [*not perceiving the other.*] To be  
thus— 65

Grey-hair'd with anguish, like these  
blasted pines,

Wrecks of a single winter, barkless,  
branchless,

A blighted trunk upon a cursed root,  
Which but supplies a feeling to decay—

And to be thus, eternally but thus, 70  
Having been otherwise! Now furrow'd o'er

# MANFRED

[ACT II

With wrinkles, plough'd by moments,—  
not by years,—

And hours, all tortured into ages—hours  
Which I outlive!—Ye toppling crags of ice!  
Ye avalanches, whom a breath draws  
down 75

In mountainous o'erwhelming, come and  
crush me!

I hear ye momentarily above, beneath,  
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,  
And only fall on things that still would live;  
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut  
And hamlet of the harmless villager. 81

*C. Hun.* The mists begin to rise from up  
the valley;

I'll warn him to descend, or he may chance  
To lose at once his way and life together.

*Man.* The mists boil up around the  
glaciers; clouds 85

Rise curling fast beneath me, white and  
sulphury,

Like foam from the roused ocean of deep  
Hell,

Whose every wave breaks on a living shore,  
Heap'd with the damn'd like pebbles.—I  
am giddy.

*C. Hun.* I must approach him cautiously;  
if near, 90

A sudden step will startle him, and he  
Seems tottering already.

*Man.* Mountains have fallen,  
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the  
shock

Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up  
The ripe green valleys with destruction's  
splinters; 95

Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,  
Which crush'd the waters into mist and  
made

Their fountains find another channel—  
thus,

Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosen-  
berg—

Why stood I not beneath it?

*C. Hun.* Friend! have a care, 100  
Your next step may be fatal!—For the love  
Of him who made you, stand not on that  
brink!

*Man.* [not hearing him]. Such would  
have been for me a fitting tomb;

My bones had then been quiet in their  
depth;

They had not then been strewn upon the  
rocks 105

For the wind's pastime—as thus—thus  
they shall be—

In this one plunge.—Farewell, ye opening  
heavens!

Look not upon me thus reproachfully—  
You were not meant for me—Earth! take  
these atoms!

[As MANFRED is in act to spring from the  
cliff, the CHAMOIS HUNTER seizes and  
retains him with a sudden grasp.

*C. Hun.* Hold, madman!—though a  
weary of thy life, 110

Stain not our pure vales with thy guilty  
blood:

Away with me—I will not quit my  
hold.

*Man.* I am most sick at heart—nay,  
grasp me not—

I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl  
Spinning around me—I grow blind—

What art thou? 115

*C. Hun.* I'll answer that anon. Away  
with me—

The clouds grow thicker—there—now  
lean on me—

Place your foot here—here, take this staff,  
and cling

A moment to that shrub—now give me  
your hand,

And hold fast by my girdle—softly—  
well— 120

The Chalet will be gain'd within an hour:  
Come on, we'll quickly find a surer foot-  
ing,

And something like a pathway, which the  
torrent

Hath wash'd since winter.—Come, 'tis  
bravely done—

You should have been a hunter.—Follow  
me. 125

[As they descend the rocks with diffi-  
culty, the scene closes.

## ACT II

SCENE I.—A Cottage amongst the Bernese  
Alps.

MANFRED and the CHAMOIS HUNTER

*C. Hun.* No, no—yet pause—thou must  
not yet go forth:

Thy mind and body are alike unfit  
To trust each other, for some hours, at  
least;

When thou art better, I will be thy guide—  
But whither?

*Man.* It imports not: I do know 5  
My route full well, and need no further  
guidance.

*C. Hun.* Thy garb and gait bespeak thee  
of high lineage—

One of the many chiefs, whose castled  
crags

Look o'er the lower valleys—which of  
these

May call thee lord? I only know their  
portals; 10

My way of life leads me but rarely down  
To bask by the huge hearths of those old  
halls,

Carousing with the vassals; but the paths,  
Which step from out our mountains to  
their doors,

I know from childhood—which of these is  
thine? 15

*Man.* No matter.

*C. Hun.* Well, sir, pardon me the question,  
And be of better cheer. Come, taste my wine;

'Tis of an ancient vintage; many a day  
'T has thaw'd my veins among our glaciers,  
now

Let it do thus for thine—Come, pledge me fairly. 20

*Man.* Away, away! there's blood upon the brim!

Will it then never—never sink in the earth?  
*C. Hun.* What dost thou mean? thy senses wander from thee.

*Man.* I say 'tis blood—my blood! the pure warm stream

Which ran in the veins of my fathers, and in ours 25

When we were in our youth, and had one heart,

And loved each other as we should not love,

And this was shed: but still it rises up,  
Colouring the clouds, that shut me out from heaven,

Where thou art not—and I shall never be.

*C. Hun.* Man of strange words, and some half-maddening sin, 31

Which makes thee people vacancy, whate'er  
Thy dread and sufferance be, there's comfort yet—

The aid of holy men, and heavenly patience—

*Man.* Patience and patience! Hence—that word was made 35

For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey;  
Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine,—  
I am not of thine order.

*C. Hun.* Thanks to heaven!  
I would not be of thine for the free fame  
Of William Tell; but whatsoe'er thine ill,  
It must be borne, and these wild starts are useless. 41

*Man.* Do I not bear it?—Look on me—I live.

*C. Hun.* This is convulsion, and no healthful life.

*Man.* I tell thee, man! I have lived many years,  
Many long years, but they are nothing now  
To those which I must number: ages— 46

Space and eternity—and consciousness,  
With the fierce thirst of death—and still unslaked!

*C. Hun.* Why, on thy brow the seal of middle age

Hath scarce been set; I am thine elder far.

*Man.* Think'st thou existence doth depend on time? 51

It doth; but actions are our epochs: mine  
Have made my days and nights imperishable,

Endless, and all alike, as sands on the shore,

Innumerable atoms; and one desert, 55  
Barren and cold, on which the wild waves break,

But nothing rests, save carcasses and wrecks,

Rocks, and the salt-surf weeds of bitterness.

*C. Hun.* Alas! he's mad—but yet I must not leave him.

*Man.* I would I were—for then the things I see 60

Would be but a distemper'd dream.

*C. Hun.* What is it that thou dost see, or think thou look'st upon?

*Man.* Myself, and thee—a peasant of the Alps—

Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,  
And spirit patient, pious, proud, and free;

Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts; 66

Thy days of health, and nights of sleep; thy toils,

By danger dignified, yet guiltless; hopes  
Of cheerful old age and a quiet grave,

With cross and garland over its green turf, 70

And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph;  
This do I see—and then I look within—

It matters not—my soul was scorched already!

*C. Hun.* And wouldst thou then exchange thy lot for mine?

*Man.* No, friend! I would not wrong thee, nor exchange 75

My lot with living being: I can bear—  
However wretchedly, 'tis still to bear—

In life what others could not brook to dream,

But perish in their slumber.

*C. Hun.* And with this—  
This cautious feeling for another's pain,  
Canst thou be black with evil?—say not 81

so. Can one of gentle thoughts have wreak'd revenge

Upon his enemies?

*Man.* Oh! no, no, no!  
My injuries came down on those who loved me—

On those whom I best loved: I never quell'd  
An enemy, save in my just defence— 86

But my embrace was fatal.

*C. Hun.* Heaven give thee rest!  
And penitence restore thee to thyself;

My prayers shall be for thee.

*Man.* I need them not—  
But can endure thy pity. I depart— 90

'Tis time—farewell!—Here's gold, and thanks for thee—

No words—it is thy due.—Follow me not—

I know my path—the mountain peril's past :  
And once again I charge thee, follow not!  
[Exit MANFRED.]

SCENE II.—*A lower Valley in the Alps.—A  
Cataract.*

Enter MANFRED.

It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch  
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,  
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column  
O'er the crag's headlong perpendicular,  
And fling its lines of foaming light along,  
And to and fro, like the pale courser's tail,  
The Giant steed, to be bestrode by Death,  
As told in the Apocalypse. No eyes  
But mine now drink this sight of loveliness;  
I should be sole in this sweet solitude,  
And with the Spirit of the place divide  
The homage of these waters.—I will call  
her.

[MANFRED takes some of the water into  
the palm of his hand, and flings it into  
the air, muttering the adjuration. After  
a pause, the WITCH OF THE ALPS rises  
beneath the arch of the sunbow of the  
torrent.

Beautiful Spirit! with thy hair of light,  
And dazzling eyes of glory, in whose form  
The charms of earth's least mortal daugh-  
ters grow

To an unearthly stature, in an essence  
Of purer elements; while the hues of  
youth,—

Carnation'd like a sleeping infant's cheek,  
Rock'd by the beating of her mother's  
heart,

Or the rose tints, which summer's twi-  
light leaves

Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow,  
The blush of earth embracing with her  
heaven,—

Tinge thy celestial aspect, and make tame  
The beauties of the sunbow which bends  
o'er thee.

Beautiful Spirit! in thy calm clear brow,  
Wherein is glass'd serenity of soul,  
Which of itself shows immortality,  
I read that thou wilt pardon to a Son  
Of Earth, whom the abstruser powers per-  
mit

At times to commune with them—if that he  
Avail him of his spells—to call thee thus,  
And gaze on thee a moment.

Witch. Son of Earth!  
I know thee, and the powers which give  
thee power;

I know thee for a man of many thoughts,  
And deeds of good and ill, extreme in both,  
Fatal and fated in thy sufferings.

I have expected this—what wouldst thou  
with me?

Man. To look upon thy beauty—  
nothing further.

The face of the earth hath madden'd me,  
and I

Take refuge in her mysteries, and pierce  
To the abodes of those who govern her—  
But they can nothing aid me. I have sought  
From them what they could not bestow,  
and now

I search no further.

Witch. What could be the quest  
Which is not in the power of the most  
powerful,

The rulers of the invisible?

Man. A boon;

But why should I repeat it? 'twere in vain.  
Witch. I know not that; let thy lips  
utter it.

Man. Well, though it torture me, 'tis  
but the same;

My pang shall find a voice. From my  
youth upwards

My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,  
Nor look'd upon the earth with human  
eyes;

The thirst of their ambition was not mine,  
The aim of their existence was not mine;  
My joys, my griefs, my passions, and my  
powers,

Made me a stranger; though I wore the  
form,

I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,  
Nor midst the creatures of clay that girded  
me

Was there but one who—but of her anon.  
I said with men, and with the thoughts of  
men,

I held but slight communion; but instead,  
My joy was in the wilderness,—to breathe  
The difficult air of the iced mountain's top.  
Where the birds dare not build, nor in-  
sect's wing

Flit o'er the herbless granite; or to plunge  
Into the torrent, and to roll along  
On the swift whirl of the new breaking  
wave

Of river-stream, or ocean, in their flow.

In these my early strength exulted; or  
To follow through the night the moving  
moon,

The stars and their development; or catch  
The dazzling lightnings till my eyes grew  
dim;

Or to look, list'ning, on the scatter'd leaves,  
While Autumn winds were at their evening  
song.

These were my pastimes, and to be alone;  
For if the beings, of whom I was one,—

Hating to be so,—cross'd me in my path,  
I felt myself degraded back to them,  
And was all clay again. And then I dived,  
In my lone wanderings, to the caves of  
death,

Searching its cause in its effect; and drew  
From wither'd bones, and skulls, and  
heap'd up dust,

Conclusions most forbidden. Then I  
pass'd  
The nights of years in sciences untaught,  
Save in the old time; and with time and  
toil, 85

And terrible ordeal, and such penance  
As in itself hath power upon the air,  
And spirits that do compass air and earth,  
Space, and the peopled infinite, I made  
Mine eyes familiar with Eternity, 90  
Such as, before me, did the Magi, and  
He who from out their fountain dwellings  
raised

Eros and Anteros, at Gadara,  
As I do thee;—and with my knowledge  
grew  
The thirst of knowledge, and the power  
and joy 95

Of this most bright intelligence, until—  
*Witch.* Proceed.

*Man.* Oh! I but thus prolong'd  
my words,

Boasting these idle attributes, because  
As I approach the core of my heart's grief—  
But to my task. I have not named to thee  
Father or mother, mistress, friend, or  
being, 101

With whom I wore the chain of human  
ties;

If I had such, they seem'd not such to me;  
Yet there was one—

*Witch.* Spare not thyself—proceed.

*Man.* She was like me in lineaments;  
her eyes, 105

Her hair, her features, all, to the very tone  
Even of her voice, they said were like to  
mine;

But soften'd all, and temper'd into beauty:  
She had the same lone thoughts and  
wanderings,

The quest of hidden knowledge, and a  
mind 110

To comprehend the universe: nor these  
Alone, but with them gentler powers than  
mine,

Pity, and smiles, and tears—which I had  
not;

And tenderness—but that I had for her;  
Humility—and that I never had. 115

Her faults were mine—her virtues were her  
own—

I loved her, and destroy'd her!

*Witch.* With thy hand?

*Man.* Not with my hand, but heart,  
which broke her heart;

It gazed on mine, and wither'd. I have  
shed

Blood, but not hers—and yet her blood  
was shed; 120

I saw—and could not stanch it.

*Witch.* And for this—

A being of the race thou dost despise,  
The order, which thine own would rise  
above,

Mingling with us and ours,—thou dost  
forego

The gifts of our great knowledge, and  
shrink'st back 125

To recreant mortality—Away!

*Man.* Daughter of Air! I tell thee, since  
that hour—

But words are breath—look on me in my  
sleep,

Or watch my watchings—Come and sit by  
me! 129

My solitude is solitude no more,  
But peopled with the Furies;—I have  
gnash'd

My teeth in darkness till returning morn,  
Then cursed myself till sunset;—I have  
pray'd 133

For madness as a blessing—'tis denied me.  
I have affronted death—but in the war

Of elements the waters shrunk from me,  
And fatal things pass'd harmless; the cold  
hand

Of an all-pitiless demon held me back,  
Back by a single hair, which would not  
break. 139

In fantasy, imagination, all  
The affluence of my soul—which one day  
was

A Cræsus in creation—I plunged deep,  
But, like an ebbing wave, it dash'd me  
back

Into the gulf of my unfathom'd thought.  
I plunged amidst mankind—Forgetful-  
ness 145

I sought in all, save where 'tis to be found,  
And that I have to learn; my sciences,  
My long-pursued and superhuman art,

Is mortal here: I dwell in my despair—  
And live—and live for ever.

*Witch.* It may be 150

That I can aid thee.

*Man.* To do this thy power  
Must wake the dead, or lay me low with  
them.

Do so—in any shape—in any hour—  
With any torture—so it be the last.

*Witch.* That is not in my province;  
but if thou 155

Wilt swear obedience to my will, and do  
My bidding, it may help thee to thy  
wishes.

*Man.* I will not swear—Obey! and  
whom? the spirits

Whose presence I command, and be the  
slave

Of those who served me—Never!

*Witch.* Is this all? 160

Hast thou no gentler answer?—Yet be-  
think thee,

And pause ere thou rejectest.

*Man.* I have said it.

*Witch.* Enough! I may retire then—say!  
*Man.* Retire!

[The WITCH disappears.]



# MANFRED

[ACT II

*Man. [alone].* We are the fools of time  
and terror: Days<sup>164</sup>  
Steal on us, and steal from us; yet we live,  
Loathing our life, and dreading still to die.  
In all the days of this detested yoke—  
This vital weight upon the struggling heart,  
Which sinks with sorrow, or beats quick  
with pain,<sup>169</sup>  
Or joy that ends in agony or faintness—  
In all the days of past and future, for  
In life there is no present, we can number  
How few—how less than few—wherein  
the soul  
Forbears to pant for death, and yet draws  
back  
As from a stream in winter, though the  
chill<sup>175</sup>  
Be but a moment's. I have one resource  
Still in my science—I can call the dead,  
And ask them what it is we dread to be:  
The sternest answer can but be the Grave,  
And that is nothing. If they answer  
not——<sup>180</sup>  
The buried Prophet answered to the Hag  
Of Endor; and the Spartan Monarch drew  
From the Byzantine maid's unsleeping  
spirit  
An answer and his destiny—he slew  
That which he loved, unknowing what he  
slew,<sup>185</sup>  
And died unpardon'd—though he call'd in  
aid  
The Phyxian Jove, and in Phigalia roused  
The Arcadian Evocators to compel  
The indignant shadow to depose her wrath,  
Or fix her term of vengeance—she replied  
In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.  
If I had never lived, that which I love<sup>192</sup>  
Had still been living; had I never loved,  
That which I love would still be beautiful,  
Happy and giving happiness. What is she?  
What is she now?—a sufferer for my sins—  
A thing I dare not think upon—or nothing.  
Within few hours I shall not call in vain—  
Yet in this hour I dread the thing I dare:  
Until this hour I never shrunk to gaze  
On spirit, good or evil—now I tremble,  
And feel a strange cold thaw upon my  
heart.<sup>202</sup>  
But I can act even what I most abhor,  
And champion human fears.—The night  
approaches. [Exit.

## SCENE III.—The Summit of the Jungfrau Mountain.

*Enter FIRST DESTINY.*

The moon is rising broad, and round, and  
bright;  
And here on snows, where never human  
foot  
Of common mortal trod, we nightly tread,  
And leave no traces: o'er the savage sea,  
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,<sup>5</sup>

We skim its rugged breakers, which put on  
The aspect of a tumbling tempest's foam,  
Frozen in a moment—a dead whirlpool's  
image:  
And this most steep fantastic pinnacle,  
The fretwork of some earthquake—where  
the clouds<sup>10</sup>  
Pause to repose themselves in passing by—  
Is sacred to our revels, or our vigils;  
Here do I wait my sisters, on our way  
To the Hall of Arimanes, for to-night  
Is our great festival—'tis strange they  
come not.<sup>15</sup>

*A Voice without, singing.*

The Captive Usurper,  
Hurl'd down from the throne,  
Lay buried in torpor,  
Forgotten and lone;  
I broke through his slumbers,<sup>20</sup>  
I shiver'd his chain,  
I leagu'd him with numbers—  
He's Tyrant again!  
With the blood of a million he'll answer  
my care,  
With a nation's destruction—his flight and  
despair.<sup>25</sup>

*Second Voice, without.*

The ship sail'd on, the ship sail'd fast,  
But I left not a sail, and I left not a mast;  
There is not a plank of the hull or the deck,  
And there is not a wretch to lament o'er his  
wreck;  
Save one, whom I held, as he swam, by the  
hair,<sup>30</sup>  
And he was a subject well worthy my care;  
A traitor on land, and a pirate at sea—  
But I saved him to wreak further havoc for  
me!

*FIRST DESTINY, answering.*

The city lies sleeping;  
The morn, to deplore it,<sup>35</sup>  
May dawn on it weeping:  
Sullenly, slowly,  
The black plague flew o'er it—  
Thousands lie lowly;  
Tens of thousands shall perish;<sup>40</sup>  
The living shall fly from  
The sick they should cherish;  
But nothing can vanquish  
The touch that they die from.  
Sorrow and anguish,<sup>45</sup>  
And evil and dread,  
Envelope a nation;  
The blest are the dead,  
Who see not the sight  
Of their own desolation;<sup>50</sup>  
This work of a night—  
This wreck of a realm—this deed of my  
doing—  
For ages I've done, and shall still be re-  
newing!

Enter the SECOND and THIRD DESTINIES.

*The Three.*

Our hands contain the hearts of men,  
Our footsteps are their graves; 55  
We only give to take again  
The spirits of our slaves!

*First Des.* Welcome!—Where's Nemesis?

*Second Des.* At some great work;  
But what I know not, for my hands were full. 59

*Third Des.* Behold she cometh.

Enter NEMESIS.

*First Des.* Say, where hast thou been?  
My sisters and thyself are slow to-night.

*Nem.* I was detain'd repairing shatter'd thrones,

Marrying fools, restoring dynasties,  
Avenging men upon their enemies,  
And making them repent their own revenge; 65

Goading the wise to madness; from the dull

Shaping out oracles to rule the world  
Afresh, for they were waxing out of date,  
And mortals dared to ponder for themselves,

To weigh kings in the balance, and to speak 70

Of freedom, the forbidden fruit.—Away!  
We have outstay'd the hour—mount we our clouds! [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.—*The Hall of Arimanes—Arimanes on his Throne, a Globe of Fire, surrounded by the Spirits.*

*Hymn of the SPIRITS.*

Hail to our Master!—Prince of Earth and Air!

Who walks the clouds and waters—in his hand

The sceptre of the elements, which tear  
Themselves to chaos at his high command!

He breatheth—and a tempest shakes the sea; 5

He speaketh—and the clouds reply in thunder;

He gazeth—from his glance the sunbeams flee;

He moveth—earthquakes rend the world asunder.

Beneath his footsteps the volcanoes rise;  
His shadow is the Pestilence; his path

The comets herald through the crackling skies; 11

And planets turn to ashes at his wrath.

To him War offers daily sacrifice;  
To him Death pays his tribute; Life is his,

With all its infinite of agonies— 15  
And his the spirit of whatever is!

Enter the DESTINIES and NEMESIS.

*First Des.* Glory to Arimanes! on the earth

His power increaseth—both my sisters did  
His bidding, nor did I neglect my duty!

*Second Des.* Glory to Arimanes! we who bow 20

The necks of men, bow down before his throne!

*Third Des.* Glory to Arimanes! we await

His nod!

*Nem.* Sovereign of Sovereigns! we are thine,

And all that liveth, more or less, is ours,  
And most things wholly so; still to increase 25

Our power, increasing thine, demands our care,

And we are vigilant. The late commands  
Have been fulfill'd to the utmost.

Enter MANFRED.

*A Spirit.* What is here?  
A mortal!—Thou most rash and fatal wretch, 29

Bow down and worship!

*Second Spirit.* I do know the man—  
A Magian of great power, and fearful skill!

*Third Spirit.* Bow down and worship, slave!—

What, know'st thou not  
Thine and our Sovereign?—Tremble, and obey!

*All the Spirits.* Prostrate thyself, and thy condemned clay,

Child of the Earth! or dread the worst.

*Man.* I know it;  
And yet ye see I kneel not.

*Fourth Spirit.* 'Twill be taught thee.  
*Man.* 'Tis taught already;—many a night on the earth,

On the bare ground, have I bow'd down my face,

And strew'd my head with ashes; I have known

The fulness of humiliation, for 40

I sunk before my vain despair, and knelt  
To my own desolation.

*Fifth Spirit.* Dost thou dare  
Refuse to Arimanes on his throne

What the whole earth accords, beholding not

The terror of his glory?—Crouch, I say.

*Man.* Bid him bow down to that which is above him, 46

The overruling Infinite—the Maker  
Who made him not for worship—let him kneel,

And we will kneel together.

*The Spirits.* Crush the worm!

# MANFRED

[ACT II

Tear him in pieces!—

*First Des.* Hence! avault!—he's mine.  
Prince of the Powers invisible! This man  
Is of no common order, as his port 52  
And presence here denote; his sufferings  
Have been of an immortal nature, like  
Our own; his knowledge, and his powers  
and will, 55

As far as is compatible with clay,  
Which clogs the ethereal essence, have  
been such

As clay hath seldom borne; his aspirations  
Have been beyond the dwellers of the earth,  
And they have only taught him what we  
know— 60

That knowledge is not happiness, and  
science

But an exchange of ignorance for that  
Which is another kind of ignorance.

This is not all—the passions, attributes  
Of earth and heaven, from which no power,  
nor being, 65

Nor breath from the worm upwards is  
exempt,

Have pierced his heart, and in their con-  
sequence

Made him a thing which I, who pity not,  
Yet pardon those who pity. He is mine,  
And thine, it may be; be it so, or not,  
No other Spirit in this region hath 71  
A soul like his—or power upon his soul.

*Nem.* What doth he here then?

*First Des.* Let him answer that.

*Man.* Ye know what I have known; and  
without power

I could not be amongst ye: but there are  
Powers deeper still beyond—I come in  
quest 76

Of such, to answer unto what I seek.

*Nem.* What wouldst thou?

*Man.* Thou canst not reply to me.

Call up the dead—my question is for them.

*Nem.* Great Arimanes, doth thy will  
avouch 80

The wishes of this mortal?

*Ari.* Yea.

*Nem.* Whom wouldst thou

Uncharm?

*Man.* One without a tomb—call up  
Astarte

NEMESIS.

Shadow! or Spirit!

Whatever thou art,

Which still doth inherit

The whole or a part

Of the form of thy birth,

Of the mould of thy clay,

Which return'd to the earth,

Re-appear to the day!

Bear what thou borest,

The heart and the form,

And the aspect thou worst

Redeem from the worm.

Appear!—Appear!—Appear!

Who sent thee there requires thee here!

[*The Phantom of ASTARTE rises and  
stands in the midst.*

*Man.* Can this be death? there's bloom  
upon her cheek;

But now I see it is no living hue,  
But a strange hectic—like the unnatural  
red 100

Which Autumn plants upon the perish'd  
leaf.

It is the same! Oh, God! that I should  
dread

To look upon the same—Astarte!—No,  
I cannot speak to her—but bid her speak—  
Forgive me or condemn me. 105

NEMESIS.

By the power which hath broken

The grave which enthrall'd thee,

Speak to him, who hath spoken,

Or those who have call'd thee!

*Man.* She is silent, 110

And in that silence I am more than  
answer'd.

*Nem.* My power extends no further.

Prince of Air!

It rests with thee alone—command her  
voice.

*Ari.* Spirit—obey this sceptre!

*Nem.* Silent still!

She is not of our order, but belongs 115

To the other powers. Mortal! thy quest  
is vain,

And we are baffled also.

*Man.* Hear me, hear me—

Astarte! my beloved! speak to me:

I have so much endured—so much en-  
dure—

Look on me! the grave hath not changed  
thee more 120

Than I am changed for thee. Thou lovedst  
me

Too much, as I loved thee: we were not  
made

To torture thus each other, though it were  
The deadliest sin to love as we have loved.

Say that thou loath'st me not—that I do  
bear 125

This punishment for both—that thou wilt  
be

One of the blessed—and that I shall die;

85 For hitherto all hateful things conspire

To bind me in existence—in a life

Which makes me shrink from immortal-  
ity— 130

A future like the past. I cannot rest.

90 I know not what I ask, nor what I seek:

I feel but what thou art, and what I am;

And I would hear yet once before I perish

The voice which was my music—Speak to  
me! 135

95 For I have call'd on thee in the still night,

Startled the slumbering birds from the  
hush'd boughs,  
And woke the mountain wolves, and made  
the caves

Acquainted with thy vainly echoed name,  
Which answer'd me—many things an-  
swer'd me—<sup>140</sup>

Spirits and men—but thou wert silent all.  
Yet speak to me! I have outwatch'd the  
stars,  
And gazed o'er heaven in vain in search of  
thee.

Speak to me! I have wander'd o'er the  
earth,  
And never found thy likeness—Speak to  
me!<sup>145</sup>

Look on the fiends around—they feel for  
me:

I fear them not, and feel for thee alone—  
Speak to me! though it be in wrath;—but  
say—

I reckon not what—but let me hear thee  
once—

This once—once more!

*Phantom of Astarte.* Manfred!

*Man.* Say on, say on—<sup>150</sup>

I live but in the sound—it is thy voice!  
*Phan.* Manfred! To-morrow ends  
thine earthly ills.

Farewell!

*Man.* Yet one word more—am I for-  
given?

*Phan.* Farewell!

*Man.* Say, shall we meet again?

*Phan.* Farewell!

*Man.* One word for mercy! Say, thou  
lovest me.<sup>155</sup>

*Phan.* Manfred!

[*The Spirit of Astarte disappears.*]

*Nem.* She's gone, and will not be re-  
call'd;

Her words will be fulfill'd. Return to the  
earth.

*A Spirit.* He is convulsed.—This is to  
be a mortal

And seek the things beyond mortality.

*Another Spirit.* Yet, see, he mastereth  
himself, and makes<sup>160</sup>

His torture tributary to his will.

Had he been one of us, he would have  
made

An awful spirit.

*Nem.* Hast thou further question  
Of our great sovereign, or his worship-  
pers?

\**Man.* None.

*Nem.* Then, for a time, farewell.<sup>165</sup>

*Man.* We meet then! Where? On the  
earth?—

Even as thou wilt: and for the grace ac-  
corded

I now depart a debtor. Fare ye well!

[*Exit MANFRED.*]

(*Scene closes.*)

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Castle of Manfred.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

*Man.* What is the hour?

*Her.* It wants but one till sunset,  
And promises a lovely twilight.

*Man.* Say,  
Are all things so disposed of in the tower  
As I directed?

*Her.* All, my lord, are ready;  
Here is the key and casket.

*Man.* It is well:<sup>5</sup>

Thou may'st retire. [*Exit HERMAN.*]  
*Man.* [*alone.*] There is a calm upon  
me—

Inexplicable stillness! which till now  
Did not belong to what I knew of life.

If that I did not know philosophy<sup>9</sup>

To be of all our vanities the motliest,  
The merest word that ever fool'd the ear

From out the schoolman's jargon, I should  
deem

The golden secret, the sought 'Kalon',  
found,

And seated in my soul. It will not last,  
But it is well to have known it, though but  
once:<sup>15</sup>

It hath enlarged my thoughts with a new  
sense,

And I within my tablets would note down  
That there is such a feeling. Who is there?

*Re-enter HERMAN.*

*Her.* My lord, the abbot of St. Maurice  
craves

To greet your presence.

*Enter the ABBOT OF ST. MAURICE.*

*Abbot.* Peace be with Count Manfred!

*Man.* Thanks, holy father! welcome  
to these walls;<sup>21</sup>

Thy presence honours them, and blesseth  
those

Who dwell within them.

*Abbot.* Would it were so, Count!—  
But I would fain confer with thee alone.

*Man.* Herman, retire.—What would  
my reverend guest?<sup>25</sup>

*Abbot.* Thus, without prelude:—Age  
and zeal, my office,

And good intent, must plead my privilege;  
Our near, though not acquainted neigh-  
bourhood,

May also be my herald. Rumours strange,  
And of unholy nature, are abroad,<sup>30</sup>

And busy with thy name; a noble name  
For centuries: may he who bears it now

Transmit it unimpaired!

*Man.* Proceed,—I listen.

*Abbot.* 'Tis said thou holdest converse  
with the things<sup>34</sup>

Which are forbidden to the search of man;

That with the dwellers of the dark abodes,  
The many evil and unheavenly spirits  
Which walk the valley of the shade of  
death,

Thou communest. I know that with man-  
kind, 39  
Thy fellows in creation, thou dost rarely  
Exchange thy thoughts, and that thy soli-  
tude

Is as an anchorite's, were it but holy.

*Man.* And what are they who do avouch  
these things?

*Abbot.* My pious brethren—the scared  
peasantry—

Even thy own vassals—who do look on  
thee 45  
With most unquiet eyes. Thy life's in  
peril.

*Man.* Take it.

*Abbot.* I come to save, and not destroy:  
I would not pry into thy secret soul;  
But if these things be sooth, there still is  
time

For penitence and pity: reconcile thee  
With the true church, and through the  
church to heaven. 51

*Man.* I hear thee. This is my reply:  
whate'er

I may have been, or am, doth rest between  
Heaven and myself. I shall not choose a  
mortal

To be my mediator. Have I sinn'd 55  
Against your ordinances? prove and  
punish!

*Abbot.* My son! I did not speak of  
punishment,

But penitence and pardon;—with thyself  
The choice of such remains—and for the  
last, 59

Our institutions and our strong belief  
Have given me power to smooth the path  
from sin

To higher hope and better thoughts; the  
first

I leave to heaven,—‘Vengeance is mine  
alone!’

So saith the Lord, and with all humbleness  
His servant echoes back the awful word.

*Man.* Old man! there is no power in  
holy men, 66

Nor charm in prayer, nor purifying form  
Of penitence, nor outward look, nor fast,  
Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,  
The innate tortures of that deep despair,  
Which is remorse without the fear of  
hell, 71

But all in all sufficient to itself  
Would make a hell of heaven—can exor-  
cise

From out the unbounded spirit the quick  
sense

Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and  
revenge 75

Upon itself; there is no future pang

Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd  
He deals on his own soul.

*Abbot.* All this is well;  
For this will pass away, and be succeeded  
By an auspicious hope, which shall look up  
With calm assurance to that blessed place,  
Which all who seek may win, whatever be  
Their earthly errors, so they be atoned:  
And the commencement of atonement is  
The sense of its necessity. Say on— 85  
And all our church can teach thee shall be  
taught;

And all we can absolve thee shall be par-  
don'd.

*Man.* When Rome's sixth emperor was  
near his last,

The victim of a self-inflicted wound,  
To shun the torments of a public death  
From senates once his slaves, a certain  
soldier, 91

With show of loyal pity, would have  
stanch'd

The gushing throat with his officious robe;  
The dying Roman thrust him back, and  
said— 94

Some empire still in his expiring glance—  
‘It is too late—is this fidelity?’

*Abbot.* And what of this?

*Man.* I answer with the Roman—  
‘It is too late!’

*Abbot.* It never can be so,  
To reconcile thyself with thy own soul,  
And thy own soul with heaven. Hast thou  
no hope? 100

‘Tis strange—even those who do despair  
above,

Yet shape themselves some fantasy on  
earth,

To which frail twig they cling, like drown-  
ing men.

*Man.* Ay—father! I have had those  
earthly visions, 104

And noble aspirations in my youth,  
To make my own the mind of other men,

The enlightener of nations; and to rise  
I knew not whither—it might be to fall;

But fall, even as the mountain-cataract,  
Which having leapt from its more dazzling  
height, 110

Even in the foaming strength of its abyss,  
(Which casts up misty columns that be-  
come

Clouds raining from the re-ascended skies,)  
Lies low but mighty still.—But this is past,

My thoughts mistook themselves.

*Abbot.* And wherefore so? 115

*Man.* I could not tame my nature down;  
for he

Must serve who fain would sway; and  
soothe, and sue,

And watch all time, and pry into all place,  
And be a living lie, who would become

A mighty thing amongst the mean, and  
such 120

The mass are; I disdain'd to mingle with  
A herd, though to be leader—and of  
wolves.

The lion is alone, and so am I.

*Abbot.* And why not live and act with  
other men?

*Man.* Because my nature was averse  
from life; <sup>125</sup>

And yet not cruel; for I would not make,  
But find a desolation. Like the wind,  
The red-hot breath of the most lone  
simoom,

Which dwells but in the desert, and sweeps  
o'er

The barren sands which bear no shrubs to  
blast, <sup>130</sup>

And revels o'er their wild and arid waves,  
And seeketh not, so that it is not sought,  
But being met is deadly,—such hath been  
The course of my existence; but there came  
Things in my path which are no more.

*Abbot.* Alas! <sup>135</sup>  
I 'gin to fear that thou art past all aid  
From me and from my calling; yet so  
young,—

I still would—

*Man.* Look on me! there is an order  
Of mortals on the earth, who do become  
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,  
Without the violence of warlike death;  
Some perishing of pleasure, some of study,  
Some worn with toil, some of mere weariness,

Some of disease, and some insanity,  
And some of wither'd or of broken hearts;  
For this last is a malady which slays <sup>140</sup>  
More than are number'd in the lists of  
Fate,

Taking all shapes, and bearing many  
names.

Look upon me! for even of all these things  
Have I partaken; and of all these things,  
One were enough; then wonder not that I  
Am what I am, but that I ever was, <sup>152</sup>  
Or having been, that I am still on earth.

*Abbot.* Yet, hear me still—

*Man.* Old man! I do respect  
Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem  
Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain: <sup>156</sup>  
Think me not churlish; I would spare thyself,

Far more than me, in shunning at this time  
All further colloquy—and so—farewell.

[*Exit* MANFRED.]

*Abbot.* This should have been a noble  
creature: he <sup>160</sup>

Hath all the energy which would have made  
A goodly frame of glorious elements,  
Had they been wisely mingled; as it is,  
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness,  
And mind and dust, and passions and pure  
thoughts <sup>165</sup>

Mix'd, and contending without end or  
order,—

All dormant or destructive: he will perish,  
And yet he must not; I will try once more.  
For such are worth redemption; and my  
duty <sup>169</sup>

Is to dare all things for a righteous end.  
I'll follow him—but cautiously, though  
surely. [*Exit* ABBOT.]

## SCENE II.—*Another Chamber.*

MANFRED and HERMAN.

*Her.* My lord, you bade me wait on you  
at sunset:

He sinks behind the mountain.

*Man.* Doth he so?  
I will look on him. [*MANFRED advances*

*to the window of the Hall.*

Glorious Orb! the idol  
Of early nature, and the vigorous race  
Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons <sup>5</sup>  
Of the embrace of angels, with a sex  
More beautiful than they, which did draw  
down

The erring spirits who can ne'er return.—  
Most glorious orb! that wert a worship, ere  
The mystery of thy making was reveal'd!  
Thou earliest minister of the Almighty,  
Which gladden'd, on their mountain tops,  
the hearts <sup>12</sup>  
Of the Chaldean shepherds, till they pour'd  
Themselves in orisons! Thou material  
God!

And representative of the Unknown—  
Who chose thee for his shadow! Thou chief  
star! <sup>16</sup>

Centre of many stars! which mak'st our  
earth

Endurable, and temperest the hues  
And hearts of all who walk within thy rays!  
Sire of the seasons! Monarch of the climes,  
And those who dwell in them! for near or  
far, <sup>21</sup>

Our inborn spirits have a tint of thee  
Even as our outward aspects;—thou dost  
rise,

And shine, and set in glory. Fare thee well!  
I ne'er shall see thee more. As my first  
glance <sup>25</sup>

Of love and wonder was for thee, then take  
My latest look; thou wilt not beam on one  
To whom the gifts of life and warmth have  
been

Of a more fatal nature. He is gone:  
I follow. [*Exit* MANFRED.]

## SCENE III.—*The Mountains—The Castle of Manfred at some distance—A Terrace before a Tower—Time, Twi- light.*

HERMAN, MANUEL, and other Dependants  
of MANFRED.

*Her.* 'Tis strange enough; night after  
night, for years,

# MANFRED

[ACT III

He hath pursued long vigils in this tower,  
Without a witness. I have been within it,—  
So have we all been oft-times; but from it,  
Or its contents, it were impossible  
To draw conclusions absolute, of aught  
His studies tend to. To be sure, there is  
One chamber where none enter: I would  
give

The fee of what I have to come these three  
years,

To pore upon its mysteries.

*Manuel.* 'Twere dangerous; 10  
Content thyself with what thou know'st  
already.

*Her.* Ah! Manuel! thou art elder and  
wise,  
And couldst say much; thou hast dwelt  
within the castle—

How many years is't?

*Manuel.* Ere Count Manfred's birth,  
I served his father, whom he nought re-  
sembles. 15

*Her.* There be more sons in like pre-  
dicament.

But wherein do they differ?

*Manuel.* I speak not  
Of features or of form, but mind and  
habits;  
Count Sigismund was proud, but gay and  
free,—

A warrior and a reveller; he dwelt not  
With books and solitude, nor made the  
night 21

A gloomy vigil, but a festal time,  
Merrier than day; he did not walk the  
rocks

And forests like a wolf, nor turn aside  
From men and their delights.

*Her.* Beshrew the hour, 25  
But those were jocund times! I would that  
such

Would visit the old walls again; they look  
As if they had forgotten them.

*Manuel.* These walls  
Must change their chieftain first. Oh! I  
have seen

Some strange things in them, Herman.

*Her.* Come, be friendly; 30  
Relate me some to while away our watch:  
I've heard thee darkly speak of an event  
Which happen'd hereabouts, by this same  
tower.

*Manuel.* That was a night indeed! I do  
remember

'Twas twilight, as it may be now, and such  
Another evening;—yon red cloud, which  
rests 36

On Eiger's pinnacle, so rested then,—  
So like that it might be the same; the wind  
Was faint and gusty, and the mountain  
snows

Began to glitter with the climbing moon;  
Count Manfred was, as now, within his  
tower,— 41

How occupied, we knew not, but with him  
The sole companion of his wanderings  
And watchings—her, whom of all earthly  
things

That lived, the only thing he seem'd to  
love,— 45

As he, indeed, by blood was bound to do,  
The lady Astarte, his—

Hush! who comes here?

*Enter the ABBOT.*

*Abbot.* Where is your master?

*Her.* Yonder in the tower.

*Abbot.* I must speak with him.

*Manuel.* 'Tis impossible;  
He is most private, and must not be thus  
Intruded on.

*Abbot.* Upon myself I take  
The forfeit of my fault, if fault there be—  
But I must see him.

*Her.* Thou hast seen him once  
This eve already.

*Abbot.* Herman! I command thee,  
Knock, and apprise the Count of my ap-  
proach. 55

*Her.* We dare not.

*Abbot.* Then it seems I must be herald  
Of my own purpose.

*Manuel.* Reverend father, stop—  
I pray you pause.

*Abbot.* Why so?

*Manuel.* But step this way,  
And I will tell you further. [Exeunt. 60

## SCENE IV.—Interior of the Tower.

MANFRED alone.

The stars are forth, the moon above the  
tops  
Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beauti-  
ful!

I linger yet with Nature, for the Night  
Hath been to me a more familiar face  
Than that of man; and in her starry shade  
Of dim and solitary loveliness, 6

I learn'd the language of another world.  
I do remember me, that in my youth,  
When I was wandering,—upon such a night  
I stood within the Coliseum's wall, 10

'Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome;  
The trees which grew along the broken  
arches

Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the  
stars

Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar  
The watch-dog bay'd beyond the Tiber;  
and 15

More near from out the Cæsars' palace  
came

The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,  
Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
Begun and died upon the gentle wind.

Some cypresses beyond the time-worn  
breach 20

Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood

Within a bowshot. Where the Cæsars dwelt,

And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst A grove which springs through levell'd

battlements, And twines its roots with the imperial

hearths, 25 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;

But the gladiators' bloody Circus stands, A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,

While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,

Grovel on earth in indistinct decay. 30 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon,

upon All this, and cast a wide and tender light, Which soften'd down the hoar austerity

Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up, 34 As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;

Leaving that beautiful which still was so, And making that which was not, till the

place Became religion, and the heart ran o'er With silent worship of the great of old,—

The dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule 40

Our spirits from their urns. 'Twas such a night!

'Tis strange that I recall it at this time; But I have found our thoughts take wildest

flight Even at the moment when they should array Themselves in pensive order.

*Enter the ABBOT.*

*Abbot.* My good lord! 45 I crave a second grace for this approach;

But yet let not my humble zeal offend By its abruptness—all it hath of ill

Recoils on me; its good in the effect May light upon your head—could I say

heart— 50 Could I touch *that*, with words or prayers,

I should Recall a noble spirit which hath wander'd; But is not yet all lost.

*Man.* Thou know'st me not; My days are number'd, and my deeds re-

corded: 54 Retire, or 'twill be dangerous—Away!

*Abbot.* Thou dost not mean to menace me?

*Man.* Not I; I simply tell thee peril is at hand,

And would preserve thee. *Abbot.* What dost thou mean?

*Man.* Look there! What dost thou see?

*Abbot.* Nothing. *Man.* Look there I say,

And steadfastly;—now tell me what thou seest? 60

*Abbot.* That which should shake me, but I fear it not:

I see a dusk and awful figure rise, Like an infernal god, from out the earth;

His face wrapt in a mantle, and his form Robed as with angry clouds: he stands be-

tween 65 Thyself and me—but I do fear him not.

*Man.* Thou hast no cause—he shall not harm thee—but

His sight may shock thine old limbs into palsy.

I say to thee—Retire! *Abbot.* And I reply—

Never—till I have battled with this fiend:— 70

What doth he here? *Man.* Why—ay—what doth he here?

I did not send for him,—he is unbidden. *Abbot.* Alas! lost mortal! what with

guests like these Hast thou to do? I tremble for thy sake:

Why doth he gaze on thee, and thou on him? 75

Ah! he unveils his aspect: on his brow The thunder-scars are graven: from his eye

Glares forth the immortality of hell— Avaunt!—

*Man.* Pronounce—what is thy mission? *Spirit.* Come!

*Abbot.* What art thou, unknown being? answer!—speak! 80

*Spirit.* The genius of this mortal.— Come! 'tis time.

*Man.* I am prepared for all things, but deny

The power which summons me. Who sent thee here?

*Spirit.* Thou'lt know anon—Come! come!

*Man.* I have commanded Things of an essence greater far than

thine, 85 And striven with thy masters. Get thee hence!

*Spirit.* Mortal! thine hour is come— Away! I say.

*Man.* I knew, and know my hour is come, but not

To render up my soul to such as thee: Away! I'll die as I have lived—alone. 90

*Spirit.* Then I must summon up my brethren.—Rise!

[*Other Spirits rise up.* *Abbot.* Avaunt! ye evil ones!—

Avaunt! I say; Ye have no power where piety hath power,

And I do charge ye in the name— *Spirit.* Old man!

We know ourselves, our mission, and thine order; 95

Waste not thy holy words on idle uses, It were in vain: this man is forfeited.

Once more I summon him—Away! Away!



# MANFRED

[ACT III, SCENE IV]

*Man.* I do defy ye,—though I feel my soul  
Is ebbing from me, yet I do defy ye;  
Nor will I hence, while I have earthly breath  
To breathe my scorn upon ye—earthly strength

To wrestle, though with spirits; what ye take

Shall be ta'en limb by limb.

*Spirit.* Reluctant mortal!  
Is this the Magian who would so pervade  
The world invisible, and make himself  
Almost our equal? Can it be that thou  
Art thus in love with life? the very life  
Which made thee wretched!

*Man.* Thou false fiend, thou liest!  
My life is in its last hour,—that I know,  
Nor would redeem a moment of that hour;  
I do not combat against death, but thee  
And thy surrounding angels; my past power,

Was purchased by no compact with thy crew,

But by superior science—penance, daring,  
And length of watching, strength of mind,  
and skill

In knowledge of our fathers—when the earth

Saw men and spirits walking side by side,  
And gave ye no supremacy: I stand

Upon my strength—I do defy—deny—  
Spurn back, and scorn ye!

*Spirit.* But thy many crimes  
Have made thee——

*Man.* What are they to such as thee?  
Must crimes be punish'd but by other crimes,

And greater criminals?—Back to thy hell!  
Thou hast no power upon me, that I feel;  
Thou never shalt possess me, that I know:  
What I have done is done; I bear within  
A torture which could nothing gain from thine:

The mind which is immortal makes itself  
Requital for its good or evil thoughts,—  
Is its own origin of ill and end—  
And its own place and time: its innate sense,

When stripp'd of this mortality, derives  
No colour from the fleeting things without,  
But is absorb'd in sufferance or in joy,

Born from the knowledge of its own desert.

*Thou* didst not tempt me, and thou couldst  
not tempt me;

I have not been thy dupe, nor am thy prey—

But was my own destroyer, and will be  
My own hereafter.—Back, ye baffled fiends!

The hand of death is on me—but not yours!  
[*The Demons disappear.*]

*Abbot.* Alas! how pale thou art—thy lips are white—

And thy breast heaves—and in thy gasping throat

The accents rattle: Give thy prayers to heaven—

Pray—albeit but in thought,—but die not thus,

*Man.* 'Tis over—my dull eyes can fix thee not;

But all things swim around me, and the earth

Heaves as it were beneath me. Fare thee well!

Give me thy hand.  
*Abbot.* Cold—cold—even to the heart—

But yet one prayer—Alas! how fares it with thee?

*Man.* Old man! 'tis not so difficult to die.

*Abbot.* He's gone—his soul hath ta'en its earthless flight;

Whither? I dread to think—but he is gone.

# MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

## AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY IN FIVE ACTS

'Dux inquieti turbidus Adriæ.'—HORACE.

### PREFACE

THE conspiracy of the Doge Marino Faliero is one of the most remarkable events in the annals of the most singular government, city, and people of modern history. It occurred in the year 1355. Everything about Venice is, or was, extraordinary—her aspect is like a dream, and her history is like a romance. The story of this Doge is to be found in all her Chronicles, and particularly detailed in the 'Lives of the Doges,' by Marin Sanuto, which is given in the Appendix. It is simply and clearly related, and is perhaps more dramatic in itself than any scenes which can be founded upon the subject.

Marino Faliero appears to have been a man of talents and of courage. I find him commander-in-chief of the land forces at the siege of Zara, where he beat the King of Hungary and his army of eighty thousand men, killing eight thousand men, and keeping the besieged at the same time in check; an exploit to which I know none similar in history, except that of Cæsar at Alesia, and of Prince Eugene at Belgrade. He was afterwards commander of the fleet in the same war. He took Capo d'Istria. He was ambassador at Genoa and Rome,—at which last he received the news of his election to the dukedom; his absence being a proof that he sought it by no intrigue, since he was apprised of his predecessor's death and his own succession at the same moment. But he appears to have been of an ungovernable temper. A story is told by Sanuto, of his having, many years before, when podesta and captain at Treviso, boxed the ears of the bishop, who was somewhat tardy in bringing the Host. For this, honest Sanuto 'saddles him with a judgment,' as Thwackum did Square; but he does not tell us whether he was punished or rebuked by the Senate for this outrage at the time of its commission. He seems, indeed, to have been afterwards at peace with the church, for we find him ambassador at Rome, and invested with the fief of Val di Marino, in the march of Treviso, and with the title of count, by Lorenzo Count-bishop of Ceneda. For these facts my authorities are Sanuto, Vettor Sandi, Andrea Navagero, and the account of the siege of Zara, first published by the indefatigable Abate Morelli, in his 'Monumenti Veneziani di varia Letteratura,' printed in 1796, all of which I have looked over in the original language. The moderns, Darù, Sismondi, and Laugier, nearly agree with the ancient chroniclers. Sismondi attributes the conspiracy to his *jealousy*; but I find this nowhere asserted by the national historians. Vettor Sandi, indeed, says, that 'Altri scrissero che . . . dalla gelosa suspizion di esso Doge siasi fatto (Michel Steno) staccar con violenza,' &c. &c.; but this appears to have been by no means the general opinion, nor is it alluded to by Sanuto, or by Navagero; and Sandi himself adds, a moment after, that 'per altre Veneziane memorie traspiri, che non il solo desiderio di vendetta lo dispose alla congiura ma anche la innata abituale ambizion sua, per cui anelava a farsi principe indipendente.' The first motive appears to have been excited by the gross affront of the words written by Michel Steno on the ducal chair, and by the light and inadequate sentence of the Forty on the offender, who was one of their 'tre Capi.' The attentions of Steno himself appear to have been directed towards one of her damsels, and not to the 'Dogaressa' herself, against whose fame not the slightest insinuation appears, while she is praised for her beauty, and remarked for her youth. Neither do I find it asserted (unless the hint of Sandi be an assertion), that the Doge was actuated by jealousy of his wife; but rather by respect for her, and for his own honour, warranted by his past services and present dignity.

I know not that the historical facts are alluded to in English, unless by Dr. Moore in his View of Italy. His account is false and flippant, full of stale jests about old men and young wives, and wondering at so great an effect from so slight a cause. How so acute and severe an observer of mankind as the author of Zeluco could wonder at this is inconceivable. He knew that a basin of water spilt on Mrs. Masham's gown deprived the Duke of Marlborough of his command, and led to the inglorious peace of Utrecht—that Louis XIV. was plunged into the most desolating wars, because his minister was nettled at his finding fault with a window, and wished to give him another occupation—that Helen lost Troy—that Lucretia expelled the Tarquins from Rome—and that Cava brought the Moors to Spain—that an insulted husband led the Gauls to Clusium, and thence to Rome—that a single verse of Frederick II. of Prussia on the Abbé de Bernis, and a jest on Madame de Pompadour, led to the battle of Rosbach—that the elopement of Dearthorgil with Mac Murchad conducted the English to the slavery of Ireland—that a personal pique between Maria Antoinette and the Duke of Orleans precipitated the first expulsion of the Bourbons—and, not to multiply instances, that Commodus, Domitian, and Caligula fell victims not to their public tyranny, but to private vengeance—and that an order to make Cromwell disembark from the ship in which he would have sailed to America destroyed both King and Commonwealth. After these instances, on the least reflection, it is indeed extraordinary in Dr. Moore to seem surprised that a man used to command, who had served and swayed in the most important offices, should fiercely resent, in a fierce age, an unpunished affront, the grossest that can be offered to a man, be he prince or peasant. The age of Faliero is little to the purpose, unless to favour it—

'The young man's wrath is like straw on fire,  
But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire.'

'Young men soon give and soon forget affronts,  
Old age is slow at both.'

Laugier's reflections are more philosophical:—'Tale fù il fine ignominioso di un' uomo, che la sua

## MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

nascità, la sua età, il suo carattere dovevano tener lontano dalle passioni produttrici di grandi delitti. I suoi talenti per lungo tempo esercitati ne' maggiori impieghi, la sua capacità sperimentata ne' governi e nelle ambasciate, gli avevano acquistato la stima e la fiducia de' cittadini, ed avevano uniti i suffragi per collocarlo alla testa della repubblica. Innalzato ad un grado che terminava gloriosamente la sua vita, il risentimento di un'ingiuria leggiera insinuò nel suo cuore tal veleno che bastò a corrompere le antiche sue qualità, e a condurlo al termine dei scellerati; serio esempio, che prova non esservi età, in cui la prudenza umana sia sicura, e che nell' uomo restano sempre passioni capaci a disonorarlo, quando non invigili sopra se stesso\*.

Where did Dr. Moore find that Marino Faliero begged his life? I have searched the chroniclers, and find nothing of the kind: it is true that he avowed all. He was conducted to the place of torture, but there is no mention made of any application for mercy on his part; and the very circumstance of their having taken him to the rack seems to argue anything but his having shown a want of firmness, which would doubtless have been also mentioned by those minute historians, who by no means favour him: such, indeed, would be contrary to his character as a soldier, to the age in which he lived, and at which he died, as it is to the truth of history. I know no justification, at any distance of time, for calumniating an historical character: surely truth belongs to the dead, and to the unfortunate; and they who have died upon a scaffold have generally had faults enough of their own, without attributing to them that which the very incurring of the perils which conducted them to their violent death renders, of all others, the most improbable. The black veil which is painted over the place of Marino Faliero amongst the Doges, and the Giants' Staircase where he was crowned, and disrowned, and decapitated, struck forcibly upon my imagination; as did his fiery character and strange story. I went, in 1819, in search of his tomb more than once to the church San Giovanni e San Paolo; and, as I was standing before the monument of another family, a priest came up to me and said, 'I can show you finer monuments than that.' I told him that I was in search of that of the Faliero family, and particularly of the Doge Marino's. 'Oh,' said he, 'I will show it you'; and conducting me to the outside, pointed out a sarcophagus in the wall with an illegible inscription. He said that it had been in a convent adjoining, but was removed after the French came, and placed in its present situation; that he had seen the tomb opened at its removal; there were still some bones remaining, but no positive vestige of the decapitation. The equestrian statue of which I have made mention in the third act as before that church is not, however, of a Faliero, but of some other now obsolete warrior, although of a later date. There were two other Doges of this family prior to Marino; Ordelafo, who fell in battle at Zara, in 1117 (where his descendant afterwards conquered the Huns), and Vital Faliero, who reigned in 1082. The family, originally from Fano, was of the most illustrious in blood and wealth in the city of once the most wealthy and still the most ancient families in Europe. The length I have gone into on this subject will show the interest I have taken in it. Whether I have succeeded or not in the tragedy, I have at least transferred into our language an historical fact worthy of commemoration.

It is now four years that I have meditated this work; and before I had sufficiently examined the records, I was rather disposed to have made it turn on a jealousy in Faliero. But, perceiving no foundation for this in historical truth, and aware that jealousy is an exhausted passion in the drama, I have given it a more historical form. I was, besides, well advised by the late Matthew Lewis on that point, in talking with him of my intention at Venice in 1817. 'If you make him jealous,' said he, 'recollect that you have to contend with established writers, to say nothing of Shakspeare, and an exhausted subject:—stick to the old fiery Doge's natural character, which will bear you out, if properly drawn: and make your plot as regular as you can.' Sir William Drummond gave me nearly the same counsel. How far I have followed these instructions, or whether they have availed me, is not for me to decide. I have had no view to the stage; in its present state it is, perhaps, not a very exalted object of ambition; besides, I have been too much behind the scenes to have thought it so at any time. And I cannot conceive any man of irritable feeling putting himself at the mercies of an audience. The sneering reader, and the loud critic, and the tart review, are scattered and distant calamities; but the trampling of an intelligent or of an ignorant audience on a production which, be it good or bad, has been a mental labour to the writer, is a palpable and immediate grievance, heightened by a man's doubt of their competency to judge, and his certainty of his own imprudence in electing them his judges. Were I capable of writing a play which could be deemed stage-worthy, success would give me no pleasure, and failure great pain. It is for this reason that, even during the time of being one of the committee of one of the theatres, I never made the attempt, and never will. But surely there is dramatic power somewhere, where Joanna Baillie, and Milman, and John Wilson exist. The 'City of the Plague' and the 'Fall of Jerusalem' are full of the best *matériel* for tragedy that has been seen since Horace Walpole, except passages of Ethwald and De Montfort. It is the fashion to underrate Horace Walpole; firstly, because he was a nobleman, and secondly, because he was a gentleman; but, to say nothing of the composition of his incomparable letters, and of the 'Castle of Otranto,' he is the 'Ultimus Romanorum,' the author of the 'Mysterious Mother,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language, and surely worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may.

In speaking of the drama of 'Marino Faliero,' I forgot to mention, that the desire of preserving, though still too remote, a nearer approach to unity than the irregularity, which is the reproach of the English theatrical compositions, permits, has induced me to represent the conspiracy as already formed, and the Doge acceding to it; whereas, in fact, it was of his own preparation, and that of Israel Bertuccio. The other characters (except that of the Duchess), incidents, and almost the time, which was wonderfully short for such a design in real life, are strictly historical, except that all the consultations took place in the palace. Had I followed this, the unity would have been better preserved; but I wished to produce the Doge in the full assembly of the conspirators, instead of monotonously placing him always in dialogue with the same individuals. For the real facts, I refer to the Appendix.

\* Laugier, Hist. de la Répub. de Venise.

# MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN  
MARINO FALIERO, *Doge of Venice.*  
BERTUCCIO FALIERO, *Nephew of the Doge.*  
LIONI, *a Patrician and Senator.*  
BENINTENDE, *Chief of the Council of Ten.*  
MICHEL STENO, *One of the three Capi of the Forty.*  
ISRAEL BERTUCCIO, *Chief of the Arsenal.*  
PHILIP CALENDARO,  
DAGOLINO,  
BERTRAM, } *Conspirators.*  
Signor of the Night, } *'Signore di Notte,' one of the Officers belonging to the Republic.*

*First Citizen.*  
*Second Citizen.*  
*Third Citizen.*  
VINCENZO, } *Officers belonging to the Ducal Palace.*  
PIETRO, }  
BATTISTA, }  
*Secretary of the Council of Ten.*  
*Guards, Conspirators, Citizens, the Council of Ten, The Giunta, &c., &c.*

WOMEN  
ANGIOLINA, *Wife to the Doge.*  
MARIANNA, *her Friend.*

*Female Attendants, &c.*

SCENE.—VENICE in the year 1355

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*An Antechamber in the Ducal Palace.*

PIETRO *speaks, in entering, to BATTISTA.*

*Pie.* Is not the messenger return'd?

*Bat.* Not yet;

I have sent frequently, as you commanded,  
But still the Signory is deep in council,  
And long debate on Steno's accusation.

*Pie.* Too long—at least so thinks the Doge.

*Bat.* How bears he  
These moments of suspense?

*Pie.* With struggling patience.  
Placed at the ducal table, cover'd o'er  
With all the apparel of the state; petitions,  
Despatches, judgments, acts, reprieves,  
reports,

He sits as rapt in duty; but when'er  
He hears the jarring of a distant door,  
Or aught that intimates a coming step,  
Or murmur of a voice, his quick eye  
wanders,

And he will start up from his chair, then  
pause,

And seat himself again, and fix his gaze  
Upon some edict; but I have observed  
For the last hour he has not turned a leaf.

*Bat.* 'Tis said he is much moved,—and  
doubtless 'twas

Foul scorn in Steno to offend so grossly.

*Pie.* Ay, if a poor man: Steno's a patrician,

Young, galliard, gay, and haughty.

*Bat.* Then you think  
He will not be judged hardly?

*Pie.* 'Twere enough  
He be judged justly, but 'tis not for us  
To anticipate the sentence of the Forty.

*Bat.* And here it comes.—What news,  
Vincenzo?

*Enter VINCENZO.*

*Vin.* 'Tis  
Decided; but as yet his doom's unknown:

I saw the president in act to seal  
The parchment which will bear the Forty's  
judgment  
Unto the Doge, and hasten to inform him.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The Ducal Chamber.*

MARINO FALIERO, *Doge; and his Nephew,*  
BERTUCCIO FALIERO.

*Ber. F.* It cannot be but they will do  
you justice.

*Doge.* Ay, such as the Avogadori did,  
Who sent up my appeal unto the Forty  
To try him by his peers, his own tribunal.

*Ber. F.* His peers will scarce protect  
him; such an act

Would bring contempt on all authority.

*Doge.* Know you not Venice? Know  
you not the Forty?

But we shall see anon.

*Ber. F.* [addressing VINCENZO, then entering]. How now—what tidings?

*Vin.* I am charged to tell his highness  
that the court

Has pass'd its resolution, and that, soon  
As the due forms of judgment are gone  
through,

The sentence will be sent up to the Doge;  
In the mean time the Forty doth salute  
The Prince of the Republic, and entreat  
His acceptance of their duty.

*Doge.* Yes—  
They are wondrous dutiful, and ever  
humble.

Sentence is pass'd, you say?

*Vin.* It is, your highness:  
The president was sealing it, when I  
Was call'd in, that no moment might be lost  
In forwarding the intimation due

Not only to the Chief of the Republic,  
But the complainant, both in one united.

*Ber. F.* Are you aware, from aught you  
have perceived,  
Of their decision?

*Vin.* No, my lord; you know  
The secret custom of the courts in Venice.

*Ber. F.* True; but there still is something given to guess,  
Which a shrewd gleaner and quick eye would catch at;  
A whisper, or a murmur, or an air  
More or less solemn spread o'er the tribunal.  
The Forty are but men—most worthy men,  
And wise, and just, and cautious—this I grant—  
And secret as the grave to which they doom  
The guilty: but with all this, in their aspects—  
At least in some, the juniors of the number—  
A searching eye, an eye like yours, Vincenzo,  
Would read the sentence ere it was pronounced.  
*Vin.* My lord, I came away upon the moment,  
And had no leisure to take note of that  
Which pass'd among the judges, even in seeming;  
My station near the accused too, Michel Steno,  
Made me—  
*Doge* [abruptly]. And how look'd he? deliver that.  
*Vin.* Calm, but not overcast, he stood resign'd  
To the decree, whate'er it were;—but lo!  
It comes, for the perusal of his highness.  
*Enter the SECRETARY of the Forty.*  
*Sec.* The high tribunal of the Forty sends  
Health and respect to the Doge Faliero,  
Chief magistrate of Venice, and requests  
His highness to peruse and to approve  
The sentence pass'd on Michel Steno, born Patrician, and arraign'd upon the charge  
Contain'd, together with its penalty,  
Within the rescript which I now present.  
*Doge.* Retire, and wait without.  
*EXECUNT SECRETARY and VINCENZO.*  
Take thou this paper:  
The misty letters vanish from my eyes;  
I cannot fix them.  
*Ber. F.* Patience, my dear uncle:  
Why do you tremble thus?—nay, doubt not, all  
Will be as could be wish'd.  
*Doge.* Say on.  
*Ber. F.* [reading]. 'Decreed  
In council, without one dissenting voice,  
That Michel Steno, by his own confession,  
Guilty on the last night of Carnival  
Of having graven on the ducal throne  
The following words—'  
*Doge.* Wouldst thou repeat them?  
Wouldst thou repeat them—*thou*, a Faliero,  
Harp on the deep dishonour of our house,  
Dishonour'd in its chief—that chief the prince  
Of Venice, first of cities?—To the sentence.  
*Ber. F.* Forgive me, my good lord; I will obey—  
[Reads]. 'That Michel Steno be detain'd a month  
In close arrest.'  
*Doge.* Proceed.  
*Ber. F.* My Lord, 'tis finish'd.  
*Doge.* How say you?—finish'd! Do I dream?—'tis false—  
Give me the paper—[Snatches the paper and reads]—'Tis decreed in council  
That Michael Steno'—Nephew, thine arm!  
*Ber. F.* Nay,  
Cheer up, be calm; this transport is uncall'd for—  
Let me seek some assistance.  
*Doge.* Stop, sir—Stir not—  
'Tis past.  
*Ber. F.* I cannot but agree with you  
The sentence is too slight for the offence;  
It is not honourable in the Forty  
To affix so slight a penalty to that  
Which was a foul affront to you, and even  
To them, as being your subjects; but 'tis not  
Yet without remedy: you can appeal  
To them once more, or to the Avogadori,  
Who, seeing that true justice is withheld,  
Will now take up the cause they once declined,  
And do you right upon the bold delinquent.  
Think you not thus, good uncle? why do you stand  
So fix'd? You heed me not:—I pray you, hear me!  
*Doge* [dashing down the Ducal bonnet, and offering to trample upon it, exclaims, as he is withheld by his nephew].  
Oh! that the Saracen were in St. Mark's!  
Thus would I do him homage.  
*Ber. F.* For the sake  
Of Heaven and all its saints, my lord—  
*Doge.* Away!  
Oh, that the Genoese were in the port!  
Oh, that the Huns whom I o'erthrew at Zara  
Were ranged around the palace!  
*Ber. F.* 'Tis not well  
In Venice' Duke to say so.  
*Doge.* Venice' Duke!  
Who now is Duke in Venice? let me see him,  
That he may do me right.  
*Ber. F.* If you forget  
Your office, and its dignity and duty,

Remember that of man, and curb this passion.

The Duke of Venice —

*Doge [interrupting him].* There is no such thing—

It is a word—nay, worse—a worthless by-word: <sup>100</sup>

The most despised, wrong'd, outraged, helpless wretch,

Who begs his bread, if 'tis refused by one, May win it from another kinder heart:

But he, who is denied his right by those Whose place it is to do no wrong, is poorer

Than the rejected beggar—he's a slave— And that am I, and thou, and all our

house, <sup>107</sup>

Even from this hour; the meanest artisan Will point the finger, and the haughty noble

May spit upon us:—where is our redress? *Ber. F.* The law, my prince—

*Doge [interrupting him].* You see what it has done; <sup>111</sup>

I ask'd no remedy but from the law, I sought no vengeance but redress by law,

I call'd no judges but those named by law; As sovereign, I appeal'd unto my subjects,

The very subjects who had made me sovereign, <sup>116</sup>

And gave me thus a double right to be so. The rights of place and choice, of birth and

service, Honours and years, these scars, these

hoary hairs, The travel, toil, the perils, the fatigues,

The blood and sweat of almost eighty years, <sup>121</sup>

Were weigh'd i' the balance, 'gainst the foulest stain,

The grossest insult, most contemptuous crime

Of a rank, rash patrician—and found wanting!

And this is to be borne! *Ber. F.* I say not that:— <sup>125</sup>

In case your fresh appeal should be rejected,

We will find other means to make all even. *Doge.* Appeal again! art thou my

brother's son? A scion of the house of Faliero?

The nephew of a Doge? and of that blood Which hath already given three dukes to

Venice? <sup>131</sup>

But thou say'st well—we must be humble now.

*Ber. F.* My princely uncle! you are too much moved;—

I grant it was a gross offence, and grossly Left without fitting punishment: but still

This fury doth exceed the provocation, Or any provocation: if we are wrong'd,

We will ask justice; if it be denied, <sup>138</sup> We'll take it; but may do all this in calmness—

Deep Vengeance is the daughter of deep Silence. <sup>140</sup>

I have yet scarce a third part of your years, I love our house, I honour you, its chief,

The guardian of my youth, and its instructor—

But though I understand your grief, and enter <sup>144</sup>

In part of your disdain, it doth appal me To see your anger, like our Adrian waves,

O'ersweep all bounds, and foam itself to air.

*Doge.* I tell thee—*must* I tell thee— what thy father

Would have required no words to comprehend?

Hast thou no feeling save the external sense <sup>150</sup>

Of torture from the touch? hast thou no soul—

No pride—no passion—no deep sense of honour?

*Ber. F.* 'Tis the first time that honour has been doubted,

And were the last, from any other sceptic. *Doge.* You know the full offence of this

born villain, <sup>155</sup>

This creeping, coward, rank, acquitted felon,

Who threw his sting into a poisonous libel, And on the honour of—Oh God! my wife,

The nearest, dearest part of all men's honour,

Left a base slur to pass from mouth to mouth <sup>160</sup>

Of loose mechanics, with all coarse foul comments,

And villainous jests, and blasphemies obscene;

While sneering nobles, in more polish'd guise,

Whisper'd the tale, and smiled upon the lie

Which made me look like them—a courteous wittol, <sup>165</sup>

Patient—ay, proud, it may be, of dishonour.

*Ber. F.* But still it was a lie—you knew it false

And so did all men. *Doge.* Nephew, the high Roman

Said, 'Cæsar's wife must not even be suspected,'

And put her from him. *Ber. F.* True—but in those days—

*Doge.* What is it that a Roman would not suffer, <sup>171</sup>

That a Venetian prince must bear? old Dandolo

Refused the diadem of all the Cæsars, And wore the ducal cap I trample on,

Because 'tis now degraded. *Ber. F.* 'Tis even so.

*Doge.* It is—it is;—I did not visit on

The innocent creature thus most vilely  
slander'd

Because she took an old man for her lord,  
For that he had been long her father's  
friend

And patron of her house, as if there were  
No love in woman's heart but lust of  
youth

And beardless faces;—I did not for this  
Visit the villain's infamy on her,  
But craved my country's justice on his  
head,

The justice due unto the humblest being  
Who hath a wife whose faith is sweet to  
him,

Who hath a home whose hearth is dear to  
him,

Who hath a name whose honour's all to  
him,

When these are tainted by the accursing  
breath

Of calumny and scorn.

*Ber. F.* And what redress 190  
Did you expect as his fit punishment?

*Doge.* Death! Was I not the sovereign  
of the state—

Insulted on his very throne, and made  
A mockery to the men who should obey  
me?

Was I not injured as a husband? scorn'd  
As man? reviled, degraded, as a prince?  
Was not offence like his a complication

Of insult and of treason?—and he lives!  
Had he instead of on the Doge's throne  
Stamp'd the same brand upon a peasant's  
stool,

His blood had gilt the threshold; for the  
carle

Had stabb'd him on the instant.

*Ber. F.* Do not doubt it,  
He shall not live till sunset—leave to me  
The means, and calm yourself.

*Doge.* Hold, nephew: this  
Would have sufficed but yesterday; at  
present

I have no further wrath against this man.

*Ber. F.* What mean you? is not the  
offence redoubled

By this most rank—I will not say—ac-  
quittal;

For it is worse, being full acknowledgment  
Of the offence, and leaving it unpunish'd?

*Doge.* It is redoubled, but not now by  
him:

The Forty hath decreed a month's arrest—  
We must obey the Forty.

*Ber. F.* Obey them!  
Who have forgot their duty to the sove-  
reign?

*Doge.* Why, yes;—boy, you perceive it  
then at last:

Whether as fellow citizen who sues 215  
For justice, or as sovereign who com-  
mands it,

They have defrauded me of both my rights  
(For here the sovereign is a citizen);

But, notwithstanding, harm not thou a  
hair

Of Steno's head—he shall not wear it long.  
*Ber. F.* Not twelve hours longer, had  
you left to me

The mode and means: if you had calmly  
heard me,

I never meant this miscreant should es-  
cape,

But wish'd you to repress such gusts of  
passion,

That we more surely might devise to-  
gether

His taking off.

*Doge.* No, nephew, he must live;  
At least, just now—a life so vile as his

Were nothing at this hour; in th' olden  
time

Some sacrifices ask'd a single victim,  
Great expiations had a hecatomb.

*Ber. F.* Your wishes are my law: and  
yet I fain

Would prove to you how near unto my  
heart

The honour of our house must ever be.

*Doge.* Fear not; you shall have time and  
place of proof:

But be not thou too rash, as I have been.  
I am ashamed of my own anger now;

I pray you, pardon me.

*Ber. F.* Why, that's my uncle!  
The leader, and the statesman, and the  
chief

Of commonwealths, and sovereign of  
himself!

I wonder'd to perceive you so forget  
All prudence in your fury at these years,

Although the cause—

*Doge.* Ay, think upon the cause—  
Forget it not:—When you lie down to rest,

Let it be black among your dreams; and  
when

The morn returns, so let it stand between  
The sun and you, as an ill-omen'd cloud

Upon a summer day of festival:

So will it stand to me;—but speak not, stir  
not,—

Leave all to me; we shall have much to do,  
And you shall have a part.—But now re-  
tire,

'Tis fit I were alone.

*Ber. F.* [taking up and placing the ducal  
bonnet on the table]. Ere I depart,

I pray you to resume what you have  
spurn'd,

Till you can change it haply for a crown.  
And now I take my leave, imploring you

In all things to rely upon my duty 256  
As doth become your near and faithful  
kinsman,

And not less loyal citizen and subject.

[Exit BERTUCCIO FALIERO.]

*Doge [solus].* Adieu, my worthy nephew.—Hollow bauble!

[*Taking up the ducal cap.*  
Beset with all the thorns that line a crown,  
Without investing the insulted brow 261  
With the all-swaying majesty of kings;  
Thou idle, gilded, and degraded toy,  
Let me resume thee as I would a vizor.

[*Puts it on.*  
How my brain aches beneath thee! and  
my temples 265

Throb feverish under thy dishonest weight.  
Could I not turn thee to a diadem?  
Could I not shatter the Briarean sceptre  
Which in this hundred-handed senate  
rules,

Making the people nothing, and the  
prince 270

A pageant? In my life I have achieved  
Tasks not less difficult—achieved for them,  
Who thus repay me! Can I not requite  
them?

Oh for one year! Oh! but for even a day  
Of my full youth, while yet my body  
served 275

My soul as serves the generous steed his  
lord,

I would have dash'd amongst them, asking  
few

In aid to overthrow these sworn patricians;  
But now I must look round for other hands  
To serve this hoary head;—but it shall  
plan 280

In such a sort as will not leave the task  
Herculean, though as yet 'tis but a chaos  
Of darkly brooding thoughts: my fancy is  
In her first work, more nearly to the light  
Holding the sleeping images of things  
For the selection of the pausing judg-  
ment.— 286

The troops are few in—

*Enter VINCENTO.*

*Vin.* There is one without  
Craves audience of your highness.

*Doge.* I'm unwell—  
I can see no one, not even a patrician—  
Let him refer his business to the council.

*Vin.* My lord, I will deliver your reply;  
It cannot much import—he's a plebeian,  
The master of a galley, I believe. 293

*Doge.* How! did you say the patron of  
a galley?

That is—I mean—a servant of the state:  
Admit him, he may be on public service.

[*Exit VINCENTO.*

*Doge [solus].* This patron may be  
sounded; I will try him. 297

I know the people to be discontented:  
They have cause, since Sapienza's adverse  
day,

When Genoa conquer'd: they have further  
cause, 300

Since they are nothing in the state, and in

The city worse than nothing—mere  
machines,

To serve the nobles' most patrician plea-  
sure.

The troops have long arrears of pay, oft  
promised,

And murmur deeply—any hope of change  
Will draw them forward: they shall pay  
themselves 306

With plunder:—but the priests—I doubt  
the priesthood

Will not be with us; they have hated me  
Since that rash hour, when, madden'd  
with the drone,

I smote the tardy bishop at Treviso, 310  
Quickening his holy march; yet ne'erthe-  
less,

They may be won, at least their chief at  
Rome,

By some well-timed concessions; but, above  
All things, I must be speedy: at my hour  
Of twilight little light of life remains. 315

Could I free Venice, and avenge my  
wrongs,

I had lived too long, and willingly would  
sleep

Next moment with my sires; and, wanting  
this,

Better that sixty of my fourscore years  
Had been already where—how soon, I  
care not— 320

The whole must be extinguish'd; better that  
They ne'er had been, than drag me on to  
be

The thing these arch-oppressors fain  
would make me.

Let me consider—of efficient troops  
There are three thousand posted at—

*Enter VINCENZO and ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.*  
*Vin.* May it please 325

Your highness, the same patron whom I  
spake of

Is here to crave your patience.

*Doge.* Leave the chamber,  
*Vincenzo.* [*Exit VINCENZO.*

Sir, you may advance—what  
would you?

*I. Ber.* Redress.  
*Doge.* Of whom?

*I. Ber.* Of God and of the Doge.  
*Doge.* Alas! my friend, you seek it of  
the twain 330

Of least respect and interest in Venice.  
You must address the council.

*I. Ber.* 'Twere in vain;  
For he who injured me is one of them.

*Doge.* There's blood upon thy face—  
how came it there?

*I. Ber.* 'Tis mine, and not the first I've  
shed for Venice, 335

But the first shed by a Venetian hand:  
A noble smote me.

*Doge.* Doth he live?



*I. Ber.* Not long—  
But for the hope I had and have, that you,  
My prince, yourself a soldier, will redress  
Him, whom the laws of discipline and  
Venice 340

Permit not to protect himself:—if not—  
I say no more.

*Doge.* But something you would do—  
Is it not so?

*I. Ber.* I am a man, my lord.

*Doge.* Why so is he who smote you.

*I. Ber.* He is call'd so;  
Nay, more, a noble one—at least, in  
Venice: 345

But since he hath forgotten that I am one,  
And treats me like a brute, the brute may  
turn—

'Tis said the worm will.

*Doge.* Say—his name and lineage?

*I. Ber.* Barbaro.

*Doge.* What was the cause? or  
the pretext?

*I. Ber.* I am the chief of the arsenal, em-  
ploy'd 350

At present in repairing certain galleys  
But roughly used by the Genoese last year.  
This morning comes the noble Barbaro  
Full of reproof, because our artisans 354  
Had left some frivolous order of his house,  
To execute the state's decree: I dared  
To justify the men—he raised his hand;—  
Behold my blood! the first time it e'er  
flow'd  
Dishonourably.

*Doge.* Have you long time served?

*I. Ber.* So long as to remember Zara's  
siege, 360  
And fight beneath the chief who beat the  
Huns there,  
Sometime my general, now the Doge Fa-  
liero.—

*Doge.* How! are we comrades?—the  
state's ducal robes

Sit newly on me, and you were appointed  
Chief of the arsenal ere I came from Rome;  
So that I recognised you not. Who placed  
you? 366

*I. Ber.* The late Doge; keeping still my  
old command

As patron of a galley: my new office  
Was given as the reward of certain scars  
(So was your predecessor pleased to say):  
I little thought his bounty would conduct  
me 371

To his successor as a helpless plaintiff;  
At least, in such a cause.

*Doge.* Are you much hurt?

*I. Ber.* Irreparably in my self-esteem.

*Doge.* Speak out; fear nothing: being  
stung at heart, 375  
What would you do to be revenged on this  
man?

*I. Ber.* That which I dare not name,  
and yet will do.

*Doge.* Then wherefore came you here?

*I. Ber.* I come for justice,  
Because my general is Doge, and will not  
See his old soldier trampled on. Had any,  
Save Faliero, fill'd the ducal throne,  
This blood had been wash'd out in other  
blood.

*Doge.* You come to me for justice—  
unto me!

The Doge of Venice, and I cannot give it;  
I cannot even obtain it—'twas denied 385  
To me most solemnly an hour ago!

*I. Ber.* How says your highness?

*Doge.* Steno is condemn'd  
To a month's confinement.

*I. Ber.* What! the same who dared  
To stain the ducal throne with those foul  
words,

That have cried shame to every ear in  
Venice? 390

*Doge.* Ay, doubtless they have echo'd  
o'er the arsenal,

Keeping due time with every hammer's  
clink

As a good jest to jolly artisans;  
Or making chorus to the creaking oar,  
In the vile tune of every galley-slave,  
Who, as he sung the merry stave, exulted  
He was not a shamed dotard like the Doge.

*I. Ber.* Is't possible? a month's im-  
prisonment!

No more for Steno?

*Doge.* You have heard the offence,  
And now you know his punishment; and  
then 400

You ask redress of me! Go to the Forty,  
Who pass'd the sentence upon Michel  
Steno;

They'll do as much by Barbaro, no doubt.

*I. Ber.* Ah! dared I speak my feelings!

*Doge.* Give them breath.  
Mine have no further outrage to endure.

*I. Ber.* Then in a word, it rests but on  
your word 406

To punish and avenge—I will not say  
My petty wrong, for what is a mere blow,  
However vile, to such a thing as I am?—  
But the base insult done your state and  
person. 410

*Doge.* You overrate my power, which  
is a pageant.

This cap is not the monarch's crown; these  
robes

Might move compassion, like a beggar's  
rags;

Nay, more, a beggar's are his own, and  
these

But lent to the poor puppet, who must  
play 415

Its part with all its empire in this ermine.

*I. Ber.* Wouldst thou be king?

*Doge.* Yes—of a happy people.

*I. Ber.* Wouldst thou be sovereign lord  
of Venice?

*Doge.* Ay,  
If that the people shared that sovereignty,  
So that nor they nor I were further slaves  
To this o'ergrown aristocratic Hydra, 421  
The poisonous heads of whose venom'd  
body

Have breathed a pestilence upon us all.

*I. Ber.* Yet, thou wast born, and still  
hast lived, patrician.

*Doge.* In evil hour was I so born; my  
birth 425

Hath made me Doge to be insulted: but  
I lived and toil'd a soldier and a servant  
Of Venice and her people, not the senate;  
Their good and my own honour were my  
guerdon.

I have fought and bled; commanded, ay,  
and conquer'd; 430

Have made and marr'd peace oft in em-  
bassies,

As it might chance to be our country's  
'vantage;

Have traversed land and sea in constant  
duty,

Through almost sixty years, and still for  
Venice,

My fathers' and my birthplace, whose  
dear spires, 435

Rising at distance o'er the blue Lagoon,  
It was reward enough for me to view

Once more; but not for any knot of men,  
Nor sect, nor faction, did I bleed or sweat!  
But would you know why I have done all  
this? 440

Ask of the bleeding pelican why she  
Hath ripp'd her bosom? Had the bird a  
voice,

She'd tell thee 'twas for *all* her little ones.

*I. Ber.* And yet they made thee duke.

*Doge.* *They made me so;*  
I sought it not, the flattering fetters met  
me 445

Returning from my Roman embassy,  
And never having hitherto refused

Toil, charge, or duty for the state, I did not,  
At these late years, decline what was the  
highest 449

Of all in seeming, but of all most base  
In what we have to do and to endure:  
Bear witness for me thou, my injured sub-  
ject,

When I can neither right myself nor thee.

*I. Ber.* You shall do both, if you possess  
the will;

And many thousands more not less op-  
press'd, 455

Who wait but for a signal—will you give  
it?

*Doge.* You speak in riddles.

*I. Ber.* Which shall soon be read  
At peril of my life, if you disdain not  
To lend a patient ear.

*Doge.* Say on.

*I. Ber.* Not thou,

Nor I alone, are injured and abused, 460  
Contemn'd and trampled on; but the  
whole people

Groan with the strong conception of their  
wrongs;

The foreign soldiers in the senate's pay  
Are discontented for their long arrears;

The native mariners, and civic troops,  
Feel with their friends; for who is he  
amongst them 466

Whose brethren, parents, children, wives,  
or sisters,

Have not partook oppression, or pollu-  
tion,

From the patricians? And the hopeless  
war

Against the Genoese, which is still main-  
tain'd 470

With the plebeian blood, and treasure  
wrong

From their hard earnings, has inflamed  
them further;

Even now—but, I forget that speaking  
thus,

Perhaps I pass the sentence of my death!

*Doge.* And suffering what thou hast  
done—fear'st thou death? 475

Be silent then, and live on, to be beaten  
By those for whom thou hast bled.

*I. Ber.* No, I will speak  
At every hazard; and if Venice' Doge

Should turn delator, be the shame on him,  
And sorrow too; for he will lose far more  
Than I.

*Doge.* From me fear nothing; out with  
it! 481

*I. Ber.* Know then, that there are met  
and sworn in secret

A band of brethren, valiant hearts and  
true;

Men who have proved all fortunes, and  
have long

Grieved over that of Venice, and have  
right 485

To do so; having served her in all climes,  
And having rescued her from foreign foes.

Would do the same from those within her  
walls.

They are not numerous, nor yet too few  
For their great purpose; they have arms,  
and means, 490

And hearts, and hopes, and faith, and  
patient courage.

*Doge.* For what then do they pause?

*I. Ber.* An hour to strike.

*Doge [aside].* Saint Mark's shall strike  
that hour!

*I. Ber.* I now have placed  
My life, my honour, all my earthly hopes

Within thy power, but in the firm belief  
That injuries like ours, sprung from one  
cause, 496

Will generate one vengeance: should it  
be so,

Be our chief now—our sovereign here—  
after.

*Doge.* How many are ye?

*I. Ber.* I'll not answer that  
Till I am answer'd.

*Doge.* How, sir! do you menace?

*I. Ber.* No; I affirm. I have betray'd  
myself; 501

But there's no torture in the mystic wells  
Which undermine your palace, nor in those  
Not less appalling cells, the 'leaden roofs,'  
To force a single name from me of others.  
The Pozzi and the Piombi were in vain;  
They might wring blood from me, but  
treachery never. 507

And I would pass the fearful 'Bridge of  
Sighs,'

Joyous that mine must be the last that e'er  
Would echo o'er the Stygian wave which  
flows 510

Between the murderers and the murder'd,  
washing

The prison and the palace walls: there are  
Those who would live to think on't, and  
avenge me.

*Doge.* If such your power and purpose,  
why come here 514

To sue for justice, being in the course  
To do yourself due right?

*I. Ber.* Because the man,  
Who claims protection from authority,  
Showing his confidence and his submission  
To that authority, can hardly be 519  
Suspected of combining to destroy it.  
Had I sate down too humbly with this blow,  
A moody brow and mutter'd threats had  
made me

A mark'd man to the Forty's inquisition;  
But loud complaint, however angrily 524  
It shapes its phrase, is little to be fear'd,  
And less distrusted. But, besides all this,  
I had another reason.

*Doge.* What was that?

*I. Ber.* Some rumours that the Doge  
was greatly moved

By the reference of the Avogadori  
Of Michel Steno's sentence to the Forty  
Had reach'd me. I had served you,  
honour'd you, 531  
And felt that you were dangerously in-  
sulted,

Being of an order of such spirits, as  
Requite tenfold both good and evil: 'twas  
My wish to prove and urge you to redress.  
Now you know all; and that I speak the  
truth, 536

My peril be the proof.

*Doge.* You have deeply ventured;  
But all must do so who would greatly win:  
Thus far I'll answer you—your secret's  
safe.

*I. Ber.* And is this all?

*Doge.* Unless with all intrusted,  
What would you have me answer?

*I. Ber.* I would have you  
Trust him who leaves his life in trust with  
you.

*Doge.* But I must know your plan, your  
names, and numbers;

The last may then be doubled, and the  
former

Matured and strengthen'd.

*I. Ber.* We're enough already; 545  
You are the sole ally we covet now.

*Doge.* But bring me to the knowledge  
of your chiefs.

*I. Ber.* That shall be done upon your  
formal pledge

To keep the faith that we will pledge to  
you.

*Doge.* When? where?

*I. Ber.* This night I'll bring to your  
apartment 550

Two of the principals: a greater number  
Were hazardous.

*Doge.* Stay, I must think of this.—  
What if I were to trust myself amongst you,  
And leave the palace?

*I. Ber.* You must come alone.

*Doge.* With but my nephew.

*I. Ber.* Not were he your son. 555

*Doge.* Wretch! darest thou name my  
son? He died in arms

At Sapienza for this faithless state.

Oh! that he were alive, and I in ashes!

Or that he were alive ere I be ashes!

I should not need the dubious aid of  
strangers. 560

*I. Ber.* Not one of all those strangers  
whom thou doubtest,

But will regard thee with a filial feeling,  
So that thou keep'st a father's faith with  
them.

*Doge.* The die is cast. Where is the  
place of meeting?

*I. Ber.* At midnight I will be alone and  
mask'd 565

Where'er your highness pleases to direct  
me,

To wait your coming, and conduct you  
where

You shall receive our homage, and pro-  
nounce

Upon our project.

*Doge.* At what hour arises  
The moon?

*I. Ber.* Late, but the atmosphere is  
thick and dusky, 570

'Tis a sirocco.

*Doge.* At the midnight hour, then,  
Near to the church where sleep my sires;

the same,

Twin-named from the apostles John and  
Paul;

A gondola, with one oar only, will  
Lurk in the narrow channel which glides  
by. 575

Be there.

*I. Ber.* I will not fail.

*Doge.* And now retire——

*I. Ber.* In the full hope your highness will not falter

In your great purpose. Prince, I take my leave. [Exit ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.

*Doge [solus].* At midnight, by the church  
Saints John and Paul, <sup>579</sup>

Where sleep my noble fathers, I repair—  
To what? to hold a council in the dark  
With common ruffians leagued to ruin  
states!

And will not my great sires leap from the  
vault,

Where lie two doges who preceded me,  
And pluck me down amongst them?

Would they could! <sup>585</sup>  
For I should rest in honour with the  
honour'd.

Alas! I must not think of them, but those  
Who have made me thus unworthy of a  
name

Noble and brave as aught of consular  
On Roman marbles; but I will redeem it  
Back to its antique lustre in our annals,  
By sweet revenge on all that's base in  
Venice, <sup>592</sup>

And freedom to the rest, or leave it black  
To all the growing calumnies of time,  
Which never spare the fame of him who  
fails,

But try the Cæsar, or the Catiline,  
By the true touchstone of desert—success.

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Ducal Palace.*

ANGIOLINA (*wife of the DOGE*) and  
MARIANNA.

*Ang.* What was the Doge's answer?

*Mar.* That he was  
That moment summon'd to a conference.  
But 'tis by this time ended. I perceived  
Not long ago the senators embarking;  
And the last gondola may now be seen  
Gliding into the throng of barks which stud  
The glittering waters.

*Ang.* Would he were return'd!  
He has been much disquieted of late;  
And Time, which has not tamed his fiery  
spirit,

Nor yet enfeebled even his mortal frame,  
Which seems to me more nourish'd by  
a soul <sup>11</sup>

So quick and restless that it would consume

Less hardy clay—Time has but little power  
On his resentments or his griefs. Unlike  
To other spirits of his order, who, <sup>15</sup>  
In the first burst of passion, pour away  
Their wrath or sorrow, all things wear in  
him

An aspect of eternity: his thoughts,  
His feelings, passions, good or evil, all  
Have nothing of old age; and his bold  
brow <sup>20</sup>

Bears but the scars of mind, the thoughts  
of years,

Not their decrepitude: and he of late  
Has been more agitated than his wont.

Would he were come! for I alone have  
power

Upon his troubled spirit.

*Mar.* It is true, <sup>25</sup>  
His highness has of late been greatly  
moved

By the affront of Steno, and with cause:  
But the offender doubtless even now

Is doom'd to expiate his rash insult with  
Such chastisement as will enforce respect  
To female virtue, and to noble blood. <sup>31</sup>

*Ang.* 'Twas a gross insult; but I heed it  
not

For the rash scorner's falsehood in itself,  
But for the effect, the deadly deep im-  
pression <sup>34</sup>

Which it has made upon Faliero's soul,  
The proud, the fiery, the austere—austere

To all save me: I tremble when I think  
To what it may conduct.

*Mar.* Assuredly

The Doge cannot suspect you?

*Ang.* Suspect me!  
Why Steno dared not: when he scrawl'd  
his lie, <sup>40</sup>

Groveling by stealth in the moon's glim-  
mering light,

His own still conscience smote him for the  
act,

And every shadow on the walls frown'd  
shame

Upon his coward calumny.

*Mar.* 'Twere fit

He should be punish'd grievously.  
*Ang.* He is so.

*Mar.* What! is the sentence pass'd? is  
he condemn'd? <sup>46</sup>

*Ang.* I know not that, but he has been  
detected.

*Mar.* And deem you this enough for  
such foul scorn?

*Ang.* I would not be a judge in my own  
cause,

Nor do I know what sense of punishment  
May reach the soul of ribalds such as

Steno; <sup>51</sup>

But if his insults sink no deeper in  
The minds of the inquisitors than they

Have ruffled mine, he will, for all acquit-  
tance,

Be left to his own shamelessness or shame.  
*Mar.* Some sacrifice is due to slander'd  
virtue. <sup>56</sup>

*Ang.* Why, what is virtue if it needs a  
victim?

Or if it must depend upon men's words?

## MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

[ACT II

The dying Roman said, 'twas but a name':  
It were indeed no more, if human breath  
Could make or mar it. 61

*Mar.* Yet full many a dame,  
Stainless and faithful, would feel all the  
wrong

Of such a slander; and less rigid ladies,  
Such as abound in Venice, would be loud  
And all-inexorable in their cry 65  
For justice.

*Ang.* This but proves it is the name  
And not the quality they prize: the first  
Have found it a hard task to hold their  
honour,

If they require it to be blazon'd forth:  
And those who have not kept it, seek its  
seeming 70

As they would look out for an ornament  
Of which they feel the want, but not be-  
cause

They think it so; they live in others'  
thoughts,  
And would seem honest as they must seem  
fair.

*Mar.* You have strange thoughts for a  
patrician dame. 75

*Ang.* And yet they were my father's;  
with his name,  
The sole inheritance he left.

*Mar.* You want none;  
Wife to a prince, the chief of the Republic.

*Ang.* I should have sought none though  
a peasant's bride, 79  
But feel not less the love and gratitude

Due to my father, who bestow'd my hand  
Upon his early, tried, and trusted friend,  
The Count Val di Marino, now our Doge.

*Mar.* And with that hand did he bestow  
your heart?

*Ang.* He did so, or it had not been be-  
stow'd. 85

*Mar.* Yet this strange disproportion in  
your years,  
And, let me add, disparity of tempers,  
Might make the world doubt whether such  
an union

Could make you wisely, permanently  
happy.

*Ang.* The world will think with world-  
lings; but my heart 90

Has still been in my duties, which are  
many,  
But never difficult.

*Mar.* And do you love him?

*Ang.* I love all noble qualities which  
merit

Love, and I loved my father, who first  
taught me

To single out what we should love in  
others, 95

And to subdue all tendency to lend  
The best and purest feelings of our nature  
To baser passions. He bestow'd my hand  
Upon Faliero: he had known him noble,

Brave, generous; rich in all the qualities  
Of soldier, citizen, and friend; in all 101  
Such have I found him as my father said.  
His faults are those that dwell in the high  
bosoms

Of men who have commanded; too much  
pride,

And the deep passions fiercely foster'd by  
The uses of patricians, and a life 106

Spent in the storms of state and war; and  
also

From the quick sense of honour, which  
becomes

A duty to a certain sign, a vice  
When overstrain'd, and this I fear in him.

And then he has been rash from his youth  
upwards, 111

Yet temper'd by redeeming nobleness  
In such sort, that the wariest of republics

Has lavish'd all its chief employs upon  
him,

From his first fight to his last embassy,  
From which on his return the dukedom

met him. 116  
*Mar.* But previous to this marriage,

had your heart  
Ne'er beat for any of the noble youth,

Such as in years had been more meet to  
match

Beauty like yours? or, since, have you  
ne'er seen 120

One, who, if your fair hand were still to  
give,

Might now pretend to Loredano's daugh-  
ter?

*Ang.* I answer'd your first question  
when I said

I married.

*Mar.* And the second?

*Ang.* Needs no answer.  
*Mar.* I pray you pardon, if I have

offended. 125  
*Ang.* I feel no wrath, but some surprise:

I knew not

That wedded bosoms could permit them-  
selves

To ponder upon what they now might  
choose,

Or aught save their past choice.

*Mar.* 'Tis their past choice  
That far too often makes them deem they

would 130  
Now choose more wisely, could they

cancel it.

*Ang.* It may be so. I knew not of such  
thoughts.

*Mar.* Here comes the Doge—shall I  
retire?

*Ang.* It may

Be better you should quit me; he seems  
rapt

In thought.—How pensively he takes his  
way! 135

[Exit MARIANNA.]

*Enter the DOGE and PIETRO.*

*Doge* [musing]. There is a certain Philip  
Calendaro

Now in the Arsenal, who holds command  
Of eighty men, and has great influence  
Besides on all the spirits of his comrades:  
This man, I hear, is bold and popular,  
Sudden and daring, and yet secret; 'twould  
Be well that he were won: I needs must  
hope 142

That Israel Bertuccio has secured him,  
But fain would be—

*Pie.* My lord, pray pardon me  
For breaking in upon your meditation;  
The Senator Bertuccio, your kinsman,  
Charged me to follow and inquire your  
pleasure 147  
To fix an hour when he may speak with  
you.

*Doge.* At sunset.—Stay a moment—let  
me see—  
Say in the second hour of night.

[*Exit PIETRO.*  
*Ang.* My lord!

*Doge.* My dearest child, forgive me—  
why delay 151  
So long approaching me?—I saw you not.

*Ang.* You were absorb'd in thought,  
and he who now  
Has parted from you might have words of  
weight

To bear you from the senate.

*Doge.* From the senate?

*Ang.* I would not interrupt him in his  
duty 156  
And theirs.

*Doge.* The senate's duty! you mistake;  
'Tis we who owe all service to the senate.

*Ang.* I thought the Duke had held com-  
mand in Venice.

*Doge.* He shall.—But let that pass.—  
We will be jocund. 160

How fares it with you? have you been  
abroad?

The day is overcast, but the calm wave  
Favours the gondolier's light skimming  
oar;

Or have you held a levee of your friends?  
Or has your music made you solitary?

Say—is there aught that you would will  
within 166

The little sway now left the Duke? or aught  
Of fitting splendour, or of honest pleasure,  
Social or lonely, that would glad your  
heart,

To compensate for many a dull hour,  
wasted 170

On an old man oft moved with many  
cares?

Speak, and 'tis done.

*Ang.* You're ever kind to me.  
I have nothing to desire, or to request,  
Except to see you oftener and calmer.

*Doge.* Calmer?

*Ang.* Ay, calmer, my good lord.—Ah,  
why 175

Do you still keep apart, and walk alone,  
And let such strong emotions stamp your  
brow,

As not betraying their full import, yet  
Disclose too much?

*Doge.* Disclose too much!—of what?  
What is there to disclose?

*Ang.* A heart so ill  
At ease.

*Doge.* 'Tis nothing, child.—But in the  
state 181

You know what daily cares oppress all  
those

Who govern this precarious common-  
wealth;

Now suffering from the Genoese without,  
And malcontents within—'tis this which  
makes me 185

More pensive and less tranquil than my  
wont.

*Ang.* Yet this existed long before, and  
never

Till in these late days did I see you thus.

Forgive me; there is something at your  
heart

More than the mere discharge of public  
duties, 190

Which long use and a talent like to yours  
Have render'd light, nay, a necessity,  
To keep your mind from stagnating. 'Tis  
not

In hostile states, nor perils, thus to shake  
you,—

You, who have stood all storms and never  
sunk, 195

And climb'd up to the pinnacle of power  
And never fainting by the way, and stand  
Upon it, and can look down steadily

Along the depth beneath, and ne'er feel  
dizzy. 199

Were Genoa's galleys riding in the port,  
Were civil fury raging in Saint Mark's,  
You are not to be wrought on, but would  
fall,

As you have risen, with an unalter'd brow:  
Your feelings now are of a different kind;  
Something has stung your pride, not  
patriotism. 205

*Doge.* Pride! Angiolina? Alas! none  
is left me.

*Ang.* Yes—the same sin that overthrew  
the angels,

And of all sins most easily besets

Mortals the nearest to the angelic nature:  
The vile are only vain; the great are proud.

*Doge.* I had the pride of honour, of your  
honour, 211

Deep at my heart—But let us change the  
thème.

*Ang.* Ah no!—As I have ever shared  
your kindness

In all things else, let me not be shut out  
From your distress: were it of public im-  
port, <sup>215</sup>

You know I never sought, would never  
seek

To win a word from you; but feeling now  
Your grief is private, it belongs to me  
To lighten or divide it. Since the day  
When foolish Steno's ribaldry detected  
Unfix'd your quiet, you are greatly  
changed, <sup>221</sup>

And I would soothe you back to what you  
were.

*Doge.* To what I was!—have you heard  
Steno's sentence?

*Ang.* No.

*Doge.* A month's arrest.

*Ang.* Is it not enough?

*Doge.* Enough!—yes, for a drunken  
galley slave, <sup>225</sup>

Who, stung by stripes, may murmur at his  
master;

But not for a deliberate, false, cool villain,  
Who stains a lady's and a prince's honour  
Even on the throne of his authority.

*Ang.* There seems to me enough in the  
conviction <sup>230</sup>

Of a patrician guilty of a falsehood:

All other punishment were light unto  
His loss of honour.

*Doge.* Such men have no honour;  
They have but their vile lives—and these  
are spared.

*Ang.* You would not have him die for  
this offence? <sup>235</sup>

*Doge.* Not now:—being still alive, I'd  
have him live

Long as he can; he has ceased to merit  
death;

The guilty saved hath damn'd his hundred  
judges,

And he is pure, for now his crime is theirs.

*Ang.* Oh! had this false and flippant  
libeller <sup>240</sup>

Shed his young blood for his absurd lam-  
poon,

Ne'er from that moment could this breast  
have known

A joyous hour, or dreamless slumber  
more.

*Doge.* Does not the law of Heaven say  
blood for blood?

And he who *taints* kills more than he who  
sheds it. <sup>245</sup>

Is it the *pain* of blows, or *shame* of blows,  
That makes such deadly to the sense of  
man?

Do not the laws of man say blood for  
honour,—

And, less than honour, for a little gold?  
Say not the laws of nations blood for  
treason? <sup>250</sup>

Is't nothing to have fill'd these veins with  
poison

For their once healthful current? is it no-  
thing

To have stain'd your name and mine—the  
noblest names?

Is't nothing to have brought into contempt  
A prince before his people? to have fail'd

In the respect accorded by mankind <sup>256</sup>

To youth in woman, and old age in man?

To virtue in your sex, and dignity  
In ours?—But let them look to it who have  
saved him.

*Ang.* Heaven bids us to forgive our  
enemies. <sup>260</sup>

*Doge.* Doth Heaven forgive her own?

Is there not Hell

For wrath eternal?

*Ang.* Do not speak thus wildly—  
Heaven will alike forgive you and your  
foes.

*Doge.* Amen! May Heaven forgive  
them!

*Ang.* And will you?

*Doge.* Yes, when they are in heaven!

*Ang.* And not till then?

*Doge.* What matters my forgiveness?  
an old man's, <sup>266</sup>

Worn out, scorn'd, spurn'd, abused; what  
matters then

My pardon more than my resentment,  
both

Being weak and worthless? I have lived  
too long;

But let us change the argument.—My  
child! <sup>270</sup>

My injured wife, the child of Loredano,  
The brave, the chivalrous, how little  
deem'd

Thy father, wedding thee unto his friend,  
That he was linking thee to shame!—Alas!

Shame without sin, for thou art faultless.  
Hadst thou <sup>275</sup>

But had a different husband, *any* husband  
In Venice save the Doge, this blight, this  
brand,

This blasphemy had never fallen upon  
thee.

So young, so beautiful, so good, so pure,  
To suffer this, and yet be unavenged!

*Ang.* I am too well avenged, for you  
still love me, <sup>281</sup>

And trust, and honour me; and all men  
know

That you are just, and I am true: what more  
Could I require, or you command?

*Doge.* 'Tis well,  
And may be better; but whate'er betide,

Be thou at least kind to my memory. <sup>286</sup>

*Ang.* Why speak you thus?

*Doge.* It is no matter why;  
But I would still, whatever others think,

Have your respect both now and in my  
grave.

*Ang.* Why should you doubt it? has it  
ever fail'd? <sup>290</sup>

*Doge.* Come hither, child; I would a word with you.

Your father was my friend; unequal fortune

Made him my debtor for some courtesies Which bind the good more firmly: when, oppress'd

With his last malady, he will'd our union, It was not to repay me, long repaid 296 Before by his great loyalty in friendship; His object was to place your orphan beauty

In honourable safety from the perils Which, in this scorpion nest of vice, assail A lonely and undower'd maid. I did not Think with him, but would not oppose the thought 302

Which soothed his death-bed.

*Ang.* I have not forgotten The nobleness with which you bade me speak

If my young heart held any preference Which would have made me happier; nor your offer 306

To make my dowry equal to the rank Of aught in Venice, and forego all claim My father's last injunction gave you.

*Doge.* Thus, 'Twas not a foolish dotard's vile caprice, Nor the false edge of aged appetite, 311 Which made me covetous of girlish beauty, And a young bride: for in my fieriest youth I sway'd such passions; nor was this my age

Infected with that leprosy of lust 315 Which taints the hoariest years of vicious men,

Making them ransack to the very last The dregs of pleasure for their vanish'd joys;

Or buy in selfish marriage some young victim, 319

Too helpless to refuse a state that's honest, Too feeling not to know herself a wretch. Our woe was not of this sort; you had Freedom from me to choose, and urged in answer

Your father's choice.

*Ang.* I did so; I would do so In face of earth and heaven; for I have never 325

Repented for my sake; sometimes for yours,

In pondering o'er your late disquietudes. *Doge.* I knew my heart would never treat you harshly;

I knew my days could not disturb you long;

And then the daughter of my earliest friend, 330

His worthy daughter, free to choose again, Wealthier and wiser, in the ripe bloom Of womanhood, more skilful to select By passing these probationary years

Inheriting a prince's name and riches, Secured, by the short penance of enduring An old man for some summers, against all That law's chicane or envious kinsmen might

Have urged against her right; my best friend's child

Would choose more fitly in respect of years, 340

And not less truly in a faithful heart.

*Ang.* My lord, I look'd but to my father's wishes,

Hallow'd by his last words, and to my heart

For doing all its duties, and replying With faith to him with whom I was affianced. 345

Ambitious hopes ne'er cross'd my dreams; and should

The hour you speak of come, it will be seen so.

*Doge.* I do believe you; and I know you true:

For love, romantic love, which in my youth

I knew to be illusion, and ne'er saw 350 Lasting, but often fatal, it had been

No lure for me, in my most passionate days,

And could not be so now, did such exist. But such respect, and mildly paid regard As a true feeling for your welfare, and A free compliance with all honest wishes,— A kindness to your virtues, watchfulness Not shown, but shadowing o'er such little failings

As youth is apt in, so as not to check Rashly, but win you from them ere you knew 360

You had been won, but thought the change your choice;

A pride not in your beauty, but your conduct;

A trust in you; a patriarchal love, And not a doting homage; friendship, faith,— 364

Such estimation in your eyes as these Might claim, I hoped for.

*Ang.* And have ever had.

*Doge.* I think so. For the difference in our years

You knew it, choosing me, and chose: I trusted

Not to my qualities, nor would have faith In such, nor outward ornaments of nature,

Were I still in my five and twentieth spring; I trusted to the blood of Loredano 372

Pure in your veins; I trusted to the soul God gave you—to the truths your father taught you—

To your belief in Heaven—to your mild virtues— 375

To your own faith and honour, for my own.



*Ang.* You have done well.—I thank you for that trust,  
Which I have never for one moment ceased  
To honour you the more for.

*Doge.* Where is honour,  
Innate and precept-strengthen'd, 'tis the  
rock 380  
Of faith connubial: where it is not—where  
Light thoughts are lurking, or the vanities  
Of worldly pleasure rankle in the heart,  
Or sensual throbs convulse it, well I know  
'Twere hopeless for humanity to dream  
Of honesty in such infected blood, 386  
Although 'twere wed to him it covets  
most:

An incarnation of the poet's god  
In all his marble-chisell'd beauty, or  
The demi-deity, Alcides, in 390  
His majesty of superhuman manhood,  
Would not suffice to bind where virtue is  
not;

It is consistency which forms and proves it:  
Vice cannot fix, and virtue cannot change.  
The once fall'n woman must for ever fall;  
For vice must have variety, while virtue  
Stands like the sun, and all which rolls  
around 397

Drinks life, and light, and glory from her  
aspect.

*Ang.* And seeing, feeling thus this truth  
in others,  
(I pray you pardon me;) but wherefore  
yield you 400

To the most fierce of fatal passions, and  
Disquiet your great thoughts with restless  
hate

Of such a thing as Steno?

*Doge.* You mistake me.  
It is not Steno who could move me thus;  
Had it been so, he should—but let that  
pass. 405

*Ang.* What is't you feel so deeply, then,  
even now?

*Doge.* The violated majesty of Venice,  
At once insulted in her lord and laws.

*Ang.* Alas! why will you thus consider  
it?

*Doge.* I have thought on't till—but let  
me lead you back 410  
To what I urged; all these things being  
noted,

I wedded you; the world then did me  
justice

Upon the motive, and my conduct proved  
They did me right, while yours was all to  
praise:

You had all freedom, all respect, all trust  
From me and mine; and, born of those  
who made 416

Princes at home, and swept kings from  
their thrones

On foreign shores, in all things you ap-  
pear'd

Worthy to be our first of native dames.

*Ang.* To what does this conduct?

*Doge.* To thus much—that  
A miscreant's angry breath may blast it  
all— 421

A villain, whom for his unbridled bearing  
Even in the midst of our great festival,  
I caused to be conducted forth, and taught  
How to demean himself in ducal cham-  
bers; 425

A wretch like this may leave upon the wall  
The blighting venom of his sweltering  
heart,

And this shall spread itself in general  
poison;

And woman's innocence, man's honour,  
pass

Into a by-word; and the doubly felon  
(Who first insulted virgin modesty 431  
By a gross affront to your attendant  
damsels

Amidst the noblest of our dames in public)  
Requite himself for his most just expulsion  
By blackening publicly his sovereign's  
consort, 435

And be absolved by his upright compeers.  
*Ang.* But he has been condemn'd into  
captivity.

*Doge.* For such as him a dungeon were  
acquittal;

And his brief term of mock-arrest will pass  
Within a palace. But I've done with him;  
The rest must be with you.

*Ang.* With me, my lord?

*Doge.* Yes, Angiolina. Do not marvel;  
I 442

Have let this prey upon me till I feel  
My life cannot be long; and fain would  
have you

Regard the injunctions you will find  
within 445

This scroll [*Giving her a paper*].—Fear  
not; they are for your advantage:  
Read them hereafter at the fitting hour.

*Ang.* My lord, in life, and after life, you  
shall

Be honour'd still by me: but may your  
days

Be many yet—and happier than the  
present! 450

This passion will give way, and you will be  
Serene, and what you should be—what  
you were.

*Doge.* I will be what I should be, or be  
nothing;

But never more—oh! never, never more,  
O'er the few days or hours which yet  
await 455

The blighted old age of Faliero, shall  
Sweet quiet shed her sunset! Never more  
Those summer shadows rising from the  
past

Of a not ill-spent nor inglorious life,  
Mellowing the last hours as the night  
approaches, 460

Shall soothe me to my moment of long rest.

I had but little more to ask, or hope,  
Save the regards due to the blood and sweat,

And the soul's labour through which I had toil'd

To make my country honour'd. As her servant—<sup>465</sup>

Her servant, though her chief—I would have gone

Down to my fathers with a name serene  
And pure as theirs; but this has been denied me.—

Would I had died at Zara!

*Ang.* There you saved  
The state; then live to save her still. A day,  
Another day like that would be the best  
Reproof to them, and sole revenge for you.

*Doge.* But one such day occurs within an age;

My life is little less than one, and 'tis  
Enough for Fortune to have granted *once*,  
That which scarce one more favour'd  
citizen<sup>476</sup>

May win in many states and years. But why  
Thus speak I? Venice has forgot that day—

Then why should I remember it?—Farewell,

Sweet Angiolina! I must to my cabinet;  
There's much for me to do—and the hour hastens.<sup>481</sup>

*Ang.* Remember what you were.  
*Doge.* It were in vain!

Joy's recollection is no longer joy,  
While sorrow's memory is a sorrow still.

*Ang.* At least, whate'er may urge, let me implore<sup>485</sup>

That you will take some little pause of rest:  
Your sleep for many nights has been so turbid,

That it had been relief to have awaked you,  
Had I not hoped that Nature would o'erpower

At length the thoughts which shook your slumbers thus.<sup>490</sup>

An hour of rest will give you to your toils  
With fitter thoughts and freshen'd strength.

*Doge.* I cannot—  
I must not, if I could; for never was

Such reason to be watchful: yet a few—  
Yet a few days and dream-perturbed nights,<sup>495</sup>

And I shall slumber well—but where?—  
no matter.

Adieu, my Angiolina.

*Ang.* Let me be  
An instant—yet an instant your companion!

I cannot bear to leave you thus.  
*Doge.* Come then,

My gentle child—forgive me; thou wert made<sup>500</sup>

For better fortunes than to share in mine,  
Now darkling in their close toward the

deep vale  
Where Death sits robed in his all-sweeping shadow.

When I am gone—it may be sooner than  
Even these years warrant, for there is that stirring<sup>505</sup>

Within, above, around, that in this city  
Will make the cemeteries populous

As e'er they were by pestilence or war,—  
When I am nothing, let that which I was

Be still sometimes a name on thy sweet lips,<sup>510</sup>

A shadow in thy fancy, of a thing  
Which would not have thee mourn it, but

remember.  
Let us begone, my child—the time is pressing.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A retired spot near the Arsenal.*

ISRAEL BERTUCCIO and PHILIP CALENDARO.

*Cal.* How sped you, Israel, in your late complaint?

*I. Ber.* Why, well.

*Cal.* Is't possible! will he be punish'd?

*I. Ber.* Yes.

*Cal.* With what? a mulct or an arrest?

*I. Ber.* With death!

*Cal.* Now you rave, or must intend revenge,

Such as I counsel'd you, with your own hand.<sup>5</sup>

*I. Ber.* Yes; and for one sole draught of hate, forego

The great redress we meditate for Venice,  
And change a life of hope for one of

exile;  
Leaving one scorpion crush'd, and thousands stinging<sup>9</sup>

My friends, my family, my countrymen!  
No, Calendaro; these same drops of blood,

Shed shamefully, shall have the whole of his

For their requital—but not only his;  
We will not strike for private wrongs

alone:<sup>14</sup>  
Such are for selfish passions and rash

men,  
But are unworthy a tyrannicide.

*Cal.* You have more patience than I care to boast.

Had I been present when you bore this insult,

I must have slain him, or expired myself  
In the vain effort to repress my wrath.

*I. Ber.* Thank Heaven you were not—  
all had else been marr'd:<sup>21</sup>

As 'tis, our cause looks prosperous still.  
*Cal.* You saw

The Doge—what answer gave he?  
*I. Ber.* That there was

No punishment for such as Barbaro.

*Cal.* I told you so before, and that 'twas  
idle 25

To think of justice from such hands.

*I. Ber.* At least,  
It lull'd suspicion, showing confidence.

Had I been silent, not a sbirro but

Had kept me in his eye, as meditating

A silent, solitary, deep revenge. 30

*Cal.* But wherefore not address you to  
the Council?

The Doge is a mere puppet, who can  
scarce

Obtain right for himself. Why speak to  
him?

*I. Ber.* You shall know that hereafter.

*Cal.* Why not now?

*I. Ber.* Be patient but till midnight.

Get your musters, 35

And bid our friends prepare their com-  
panies:

Set all in readiness to strike the blow,  
Perhaps in a few hours; we have long

waited

For a fit time—that hour is on the dial,

It may be, of to-morrow's sun: delay

Beyond may breed us double danger. See

That all be punctual at our place of meet-  
ing,

And arm'd, excepting those of the Sixteen,

Who will remain among the troops to wait  
The signal.

*Cal.* These brave words have breathed  
new life 45

Into my veins; I'm sick of these protracted

And hesitating councils: day on day

Crawl'd on, and added but another link

To our long fetters, and some fresher  
wrong 49

Inflicted on our brethren or ourselves,

Helping to swell our tyrants' bloated  
strength.

Let us but deal upon them, and I care not

For the result, which must be death or  
freedom!

I'm weary to the heart of finding neither.

*I. Ber.* We will be free in life or death!  
the grave 55

Is chainless. Have you all the musters  
ready?

And are the sixteen companies completed  
To sixty?

*Cal.* All save two, in which there are  
Twenty-five wanting to make up the num-  
ber.

*I. Ber.* No matter; we can do without.  
Whose are they? 60

*Cal.* Bertram's and old Soranzo's, both  
of whom

Appear less forward in the cause than we  
are.

*I. Ber.* Your fiery nature makes you  
deem all those

Who are not restless cold: but there exists

Oft in concentred spirits not less daring  
Than in more loud avengers. Do not  
doubt them. 66

*Cal.* I do not doubt the elder; but in  
Bertram

There is a hesitating softness, fatal

To enterprise like ours: I've seen that man

Weep like an infant o'er the misery 70

Of others, heedless of his own, though  
greater;

And in a recent quarrel I beheld him

Turn sick at sight of blood, although a  
villain's.

*I. Ber.* The truly brave are soft of heart  
and eyes,

And feel for what their duty bids them do.

I have known Bertram long; there doth  
not breathe 76

A soul more full of honour.

*Cal.* It may be so:  
I apprehend less treachery than weakness;

Yet as he has no mistress, and no wife

To work upon his milkiness of spirit,

He may go through the ordeal; it is well

He is an orphan, friendless save in us:

A woman or a child had made him less

Than either in resolve.

*I. Ber.* Such ties are not  
For those who are call'd to the high des-  
tinies 85

Which purify corrupted commonwealths;

We must forget all feelings save the one,

We must resign all passions save our pur-  
pose,

We must behold no object save our  
country,

And only look on death as beautiful, 90

So that the sacrifice ascend to heaven,

And draw down freedom on her evermore.

*Cal.* But if we fail——

*I. Ber.* They never fail who die  
In a great cause: the block may soak their  
gore;

Their heads may sodden in the sun; their  
limbs 95

Be strung to city gates and castle walls——

But still their spirit walks abroad. Though  
years

Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping  
thoughts

Which overpower all others, and conduct  
The world at last to freedom. What were  
we, 101

If Brutus had not lived? He died in giving  
Rome liberty, but left a deathless lesson——

A name which is a virtue, and a soul  
Which multiplies itself throughout all  
time, 105

When wicked men wax mighty, and a state  
Turns servile. He and his high friend were  
styled

'The last of Romans!' Let us be the  
first

Of true Venetians, sprung from Roman  
sires. 109

*Cal.* Our fathers did not fly from Attila  
Into these isles, where palaces have sprung  
On banks redeem'd from the rude ocean's  
ooze,

To own a thousand despots in his place.  
Better bow down before the Hun, and call  
A Tartar lord, than these swoln silkworms  
masters! 115

The first at least was man, and used his  
sword

As sceptre: these unmanly creeping things  
Command our swords, and rule us with a  
word

As with a spell.

*I. Ber.* It shall be broken soon.  
You say that all things are in readiness;  
To-day I have not been the usual round,  
And why thou knowest; but thy vigilance  
Will better have supplied my care: these  
orders

In recent council to redouble now  
Our efforts to repair the galleys, have 125  
Lent a fair colour to the introduction  
Of many of our cause into the arsenal,  
As new artificers for their equipment,  
Or fresh recruits obtained in haste to man  
The hoped-for fleet.—Are all supplied  
with arms? 130

*Cal.* All who were deem'd trustworthy:  
there are some

Whom it were well to keep in ignorance  
Till it be time to strike, and then supply  
them;

When in the heat and hurry of the hour  
They have no opportunity to pause, 135  
But needs must on with those who will  
surround them.

*I. Ber.* You have said well. Have you  
remark'd all such?

*Cal.* I've noted most; and caused the  
other chiefs

To use like caution in their companies.  
As far as I have seen, we are enough 140  
To make the enterprise secure, if 'tis  
Commenced to-morrow; but, till 'tis begun,  
Each hour is pregnant with a thousand perils.

*I. Ber.* Let the Sixteen meet at the  
wonted hour,

Except Soranzo, Nicoletto Blondo, 145  
And Marco Giuda, who will keep their  
watch

Within the arsenal, and hold all ready,  
Expectant of the signal we will fix on.

*Cal.* We will not fail.

*I. Ber.* Let all the rest be there;  
I have a stranger to present to them. 150

*Cal.* A stranger! doth he know the  
secret?

*I. Ber.* Yes.

*Cal.* And have you dared to peril your  
friends' lives

On a rash confidence in one we know not?

*I. Ber.* I have risk'd no man's life ex-  
cept my own—

Of that be certain: he is one who may  
Make our assurance doubly sure, accord-  
ing 156

His aid; and if reluctant, he no less  
Is in our power: he comes alone with me,  
And cannot 'scape us; but he will not  
swerve.

*Cal.* I cannot judge of this until I know  
him: 160

Is he one of our order?

*I. Ber.* Ay, in spirit,  
Although a child of greatness; he is one—  
Who would become a throne, or over-  
throw one—

One who has done great deeds, and seen  
great changes; 164

No tyrant, though bred up to tyranny;  
Valiant in war, and sage in council: noble  
In nature, although haughty; quick, yet  
wary;

Yet for all this, so full of certain passions,  
That if once stirr'd and baffled, as he has  
been

Upon the tenderest points, there is no  
Fury 170

In Grecian story like to that which wrings  
His vitals with her burning hands, till he  
Grows capable of all things for revenge;  
And add too, that his mind is liberal,  
He sees and feels the people are oppress'd,  
And shares their sufferings. Take him all  
in all, 176

We have need of such, and such have need  
of us.

*Cal.* And what part would you have  
him take with us?

*I. Ber.* It may be, that of chief.

*Cal.* What! and resign  
Your own command as leader?

*I. Ber.* Even so.  
My object is to make your cause end well.

And not to push myself to power. Ex-  
perience, 182

Some skill, and your own choice, had  
mark'd me out

To act in trust as your commander, till  
Some worthier should appear: if I have  
found such 185

As you yourselves shall own more worthy,  
think you

That I would hesitate from selfishness,  
And, covetous of brief authority,

Stake our deep interest on my single  
thoughts, 189

Rather than yield to one above me in  
All leading qualities? No, Calendaro,

Know your friend better; but you all shall  
judge.

Away! and let us meet at the fix'd hour.  
Be vigilant, and all will yet go well.

*Cal.* Worthy Bertuccio, I have known  
you ever 195

Trusty and brave, with head and heart to plan

What I have still been prompt to execute.  
For my own part, I seek no other chief;  
What the rest will decide I know not, but  
I am with you, as I have ever been, 200  
In all our undertakings. Now farewell,  
Until the hour of midnight sees us meet.  
[Exeunt.

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*Scene, the Space between the Canal and the Church of San Giovanni e San Paolo. An equestrian Statue before it.—A Gondola lies in the Canal at some distance.*

*Enter the DOGE alone, disguised.*

*Doge [solus].* I am before the hour, the hour whose voice,  
Pealing into the arch of night, might strike  
These palaces with ominous tottering,  
And rock their marbles to the corner-stone,  
Waking the sleepers from some hideous dream 5

Of indistinct but awful augury  
Of that which will befall them. Yes, proud city!

Thou must be cleansed of the black blood which makes thee

A lazar-house of tyranny: the task 9  
Is forced upon me, I have sought it not;  
And therefore was I punish'd, seeing this  
Patrician pestilence spread on and on,  
Until at length it smote me in my slumbers,  
And I am tainted, and must wash away  
The plague spots in the healing wave. Tall fane! 15

Where sleep my fathers, whose dim statues shadow

The floor which doth divide us from the dead,

Where all the pregnant hearts of our bold blood,

Moulder'd into a mite of ashes, hold  
In one shrunk heap what once made many heroes, 20

When what is now a handful shook the earth—

Fane of the tutelar saints who guard our house!

Vault where two Doges rest—my sires! who died

The one of toil, the other in the field,  
With a long race of other lineal chiefs  
And sages, whose great labours, wounds, and state 26

I have inherited,—let the graves gape,  
Till all thine aisles be peopled with the dead,

And pour them from thy portals to gaze on me!

I call them up, and them and thee to witness 30

What it hath been which put me to this task—

Their pure high blood, their blazon-roll of glories,

Their mighty name dishonour'd all in me,  
Not by me, but by the ungrateful nobles  
We fought to make our equals, not our lords: 35

And chiefly thou, Ordelafo the brave,  
Who perish'd in the field, where I since conquer'd,

Battling at Zara, did the hecatombs  
Of thine and Venice' foes, there offer'd up  
By thy descendant, merit such acquittance? 40

Spirits! smile down upon me; for my cause  
Is yours, in all life now can be of yours,—  
Your fame, your name, all mingled up in mine,

And in the future fortunes of our race!  
Let me but prosper, and I make this city  
Free and immortal, and our house's name  
Worthier of what you were, now and hereafter. 47

*Enter ISRAEL BERTUCCIO.*

*I. Ber.* Who goes there?

*Doge.* A friend to Venice.

*I. Ber.* 'Tis he.  
Welcome, my lord,—you are before the time.

*Doge.* I am ready to proceed to your assembly. 50

*I. Ber.* Have with you.—I am proud and pleased to see

Such confident alacrity. Your doubts  
Since our last meeting, then, are all dispell'd?

*Doge.* Not so—but I have set my little left

Of life upon this cast: the die was thrown  
When I first listen'd to your treason.—  
Start not! 56

That is the word; I cannot shape my tongue  
To syllable black deeds into smooth names,  
Though I be wrought on to commit them.  
When

I heard you tempt your sovereign, and forbore 60

To have you dragg'd to prison, I became  
Your guiltiest accomplice: now you may,  
If it so please you, do as much by me.

*I. Ber.* Strange words, my lord, and most unmerited;

I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.

*Doge.* We—We!—no matter—you have earn'd the right 66

To talk of us.—But to the point.—If this  
Attempt succeeds, and Venice, render'd free

And flourishing, when we are in our graves,  
Conducts her generations to our tombs.

And makes her children with their little hands 71

Strew flowers o'er her deliverers' ashes, then  
The consequence will sanctify the deed,  
And we shall be like the two Bruti in  
The annals of hereafter; but if not, 75  
If we should fail, employing bloody means  
And secret plot, although to a good end,  
Still we are traitors, honest Israel;—thou  
No less than he who was thy sovereign  
Six hours ago, and now thy brother rebel.

*I. Ber.* 'Tis not the moment to consider  
thus, 81  
Else I could answer.—Let us to the meeting,  
Or we may be observed in lingering here.

*Doge.* We are observed, and have been.  
*I. Ber.* We observed!

Let me discover—and this steel—

*Doge.* Put up;  
Here are no human witnesses: look there—  
What see you?

*I. Ber.* Only a tall warrior's statue  
Bestriding a proud steed, in the dim light  
Of the dull moon.

*Doge.* That warrior was the sire  
Of my sire's fathers, and that statue was  
Decreed to him by the twice rescued  
city:— 91

Think you that he looks down on us or no?

*I. Ber.* My lord, these are mere fantas-  
sies; there are  
No eyes in marble.

*Doge.* But there are in Death.  
I tell thee, man, there is a spirit in 95  
Such things that acts and sees, unseen,  
though felt;

And, if there be a spell to stir the dead,  
'Tis in such deeds as we are now upon.  
Deem'st thou the souls of such a race as  
mine

Can rest, when he, their last descendant  
chief, 100  
Stands plotting on the brink of their pure  
graves

With stung plebeians?

*I. Ber.* It had been as well  
To have pondered this before,—ere you  
embark'd

In our great enterprise.—Do you repent?  
*Doge.* No—but I *feel*, and shall do to  
the last. 105

I cannot quench a glorious life at once  
Nor dwindle to the thing I now must be,  
And take men's lives by stealth, without  
some pause:

Yet doubt me not; it is this very feeling,  
And knowing *what* has wrung me to be  
thus, 110

Which is your best security. There's not  
A roused mechanic in your busy plot  
So wrong'd as I, so fall'n, so loudly call'd  
To his redress: the very means I am forced  
By these fell tyrants to adopt is such,  
That I abhor them doubly for the deeds  
Which I must do to pay them back for  
theirs. 117

*I. Ber.* Let us away—hark—the hour  
strikes.

*Doge.* On—on—  
It is our knell, or that of Venice—On.

*I. Ber.* Say rather, 'tis her freedom's  
rising peal 120  
Of triumph.—This way—we are near the  
place. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The House where the Con-  
spirators meet.*

DAGOLINO, DORO, BERTRAM, FEDELE  
TREVISANO, CALENDARO, ANTONIO  
DELLE BENDE, &c. &c.

*Cal.* [entering]. Are all here?

*Dag.* All with you; except the three  
On duty, and our leader Israel,  
Who is expected momentarily.

*Cal.* Where's Bertram?

*Ber.* Here!  
*Cal.* Have you not been able to  
complete

The number wanting in your company?

*Ber.* I had mark'd out some: but I have  
not dared 6

To trust them with the secret, till assured  
That they were worthy faith.

*Cal.* There is no need  
Of trusting to their faith; *who*, save our-  
selves

And our more chosen comrades, is aware  
Fully of our intent? they think themselves  
Engaged in secret to the Signory, 12

To punish some more dissolute young  
nobles

Who have defied the law in their excesses;  
But once drawn up, and their new swords  
well flesh'd 15

In the rank hearts of the more odious  
senators,

They will not hesitate to follow up  
Their blow upon the others, when they see

The example of their chiefs, and I for one  
Will set them such, that they for very  
shame 20

And safety will not pause till all have  
perish'd.

*Ber.* How say you? *all*!

*Cal.* Whom wouldst thou spare?

*Ber.* I spare? I have no power to spare. I only question'd,  
Thinking that even amongst these wicked  
men

There might be some, whose age and  
qualities 25

Might mark them out for pity.

*Cal.* Yes, such pity

As when the viper hath been cut to pieces,  
The separate fragments quivering in the  
sun,

In the last energy of venomous life,  
Deserve and have. Why, I should think as  
soon 30

Of pitying some particular fang which  
made

One in the jaw of the swoln serpent, as  
Of saving one of these: they form but links  
Of one long chain; one mass, one breath,  
one body;

They eat, and drink, and live, and breed  
together,

Revel, and lie, oppress, and kill in concert,—

So let them die as *one*!

*Dag.* Should *one* survive,  
He would be dangerous as the whole; it is  
not

Their number, be it tens or thousands, but  
The spirit of this aristocracy  
Which must be rooted out; and if there  
were

A single shoot of the old tree in life,  
'Twould fasten in the soil, and spring  
again

To gloomy verdure and to bitter fruit.  
Bertram, we must be firm!

*Cal.* Look to it well, 45  
Bertram; I have an eye upon thee.

*Ber.* Who  
Distrusts me?

*Cal.* Not I; for if I did so,  
Thou wouldst not now be there to talk of  
trust:

It is thy softness, not thy want of faith,  
Which makes thee to be doubted.

*Ber.* You should know 50  
Who hear me, who and what I am; a man  
Roused like yourselves to overthrow oppression;

A kind man, I am apt to think, as some  
Of you have found me; and if brave or no,  
You, Calendaro, can pronounce, who  
have seen me

Put to the proof; or, if you should have  
doubts,

I'll clear them on your person!

*Cal.* You are welcome,  
When once our enterprise is o'er, which  
must not

Be interrupted by a private brawl.

*Ber.* I am no brawler; but can bear myself 60

As far among the foe as any he  
Who hears me; else why have I been  
selected

To be of your chief comrades? but no less  
I own my natural weakness; I have not  
Yet learn'd to think of indiscriminate  
murder

Without some sense of shuddering; and  
the sight

Of blood which spouts through hoary  
scalps is not

To me a thing of triumph, nor the death  
Of men surprised a glory. Well—too well  
I know that we must do such things on  
those

Whose acts have raised up such avengers;  
but

If there were some of these who could be  
saved

From out this sweeping fate, for our own  
sakes

And for our honour, to take off some stain  
Of massacre, which else pollutes it wholly,  
I had been glad; and see no cause in this  
For sneer, nor for suspicion!

*Dag.* Calm thee, Bertram,  
For we suspect thee not, and take good  
heart.

It is the cause, and not our will, which asks  
Such actions from our hands: we'll wash  
away

All stains in Freedom's fountain!

*Enter ISRAEL BERTUCCIO, and the DOGE,  
disguised.*

*Dag.* Welcome, Israel.  
*Consp.* Most welcome.—Brave Bertuccio,  
thou art late—

Who is this stranger?

*Cal.* It is time to name him.  
Our comrades are even now prepared to  
greet him

In brotherhood, as I have made it known  
That thou wouldst add a brother to our  
cause,

Approved by thee, and thus approved by all,  
Such is our trust in all thine actions. Now  
Let him unfold himself.

*I. Ber.* Stranger, step forth!  
[*The Doge discovers himself.*]

*Consp.* To arms!—we are betray'd—it  
is the Doge!

Down with them both! our traitorous  
captain, and

The tyrant he hath sold us to.

*Cal.* [*drawing his sword*]. Hold! hold!  
Who moves a step against them dies.

Hold! hear

Bertuccio—What! are you appall'd to see  
A lone, unguarded, weaponless old man  
Amongst you?—Israel, speak; what means  
this mystery?

*I. Ber.* Let them advance and strike at  
their own bosoms,

Ungrateful suicides! for on our lives  
Depend their own, their fortunes, and

their hopes.

*Doge.* Strike!—If I dreaded death, a  
death more fearful

Than any your rash weapons can inflict,  
I should not now be here: Oh, noble  
Courage!

The eldest born of Fear, which makes you  
brave

Against this solitary hoary head!

See the bold chiefs, who would reform a  
state

And shake down senates, mad with wrath  
and dread

At sight of one patrician! Butcher me!  
You can, I care not.—Israel, are these men  
The mighty hearts you spoke of? look  
upon them!

*Cal.* Faith! he hath shamed us, and  
deservedly. 110

Was this your trust in your true chief  
Bertuccio,

To turn your swords against him and his  
guest?

Sheathe them, and hear him.

*I. Ber.* I disdain to speak.  
They might and must have known a heart  
like mine 114

Incapable of treachery; and the power  
They gave me to adopt all fitting means  
To further their design was ne'er abused.  
They might be certain that whoe'er was  
brought

By me into this council had been led  
To take his choice—as brother, or as  
victim. 120

*Doge.* And which am I to be? your  
actions leave  
Some cause to doubt the freedom of the  
choice.

*I. Ber.* My lord, we would have perish'd  
here together,  
Had these rash men proceeded; but, be-  
hold,

They are ashamed of that mad moment's  
impulse, 125

And droop their heads; believe me, they  
are such

As I described them.—Speak to them.

*Cal.* Ay, speak;  
We are all listening in wonder.

*I. Ber.* [addressing the conspirators].  
You are safe,

Nay, more, almost triumphant—listen  
then, 129

And know my words for truth.

*Doge.* You see me here,  
As one of you hath said, an old, unarm'd,  
Defenceless man; and yesterday you saw  
me

Presiding in the hall of ducal state,  
Apparent sovereign of our hundred isles,  
Robed in official purple, dealing out  
The edicts of a power which is not mine,  
Nor yours, but of our masters—the patri-  
cians.

Why I was there you know, or think you  
know;

Why I am *here*, he who hath been most  
wrong'd,

He who among you hath been most in-  
sulted, 140

Outraged, and trodden on, until he doubt  
If he be worm or no, may answer for me,  
Asking of his own heart what brought him  
here?

You know my recent story, all men know  
it.

And judge of it far differently from those  
Who sate in judgment to heap scorn on  
scorn. 146

But spare me the recital—it is here,  
Here at my heart the outrage—but my  
words,

Already spent in unavailing plaints,  
Would only show my feebleness the more,  
And I come here to strengthen even the  
strong, 151

And urge them on to deeds, and not to war  
With woman's weapons; but I need not  
urge you.

Our private wrongs have sprung from  
public vices,

In this—I cannot call it commonwealth,  
Nor kingdom, which hath neither prince  
nor people, 156

But all the sins of the old Spartan state  
Without its virtues—temperance and va-  
lour.

The Lords of Lacedæmon were true sol-  
diers, 159

But ours are Sybarites, while we are Helots,  
Of whom I am the lowest, most enslaved;  
Although dress'd out to head a pageant, as  
The Greeks of yore made drunk their  
slaves to form

A pastime for their children. You are met  
To overthrow this monster of a state,

This mockery of a government, this  
spectre, 166

Which must be exorcised with blood,—  
and then

We will renew the times of truth and justice,  
Condensing in a fair free commonwealth  
Not rash equality but equal rights, 170

Proportion'd like the columns to the  
temple,

Giving and taking strength reciprocal,  
And making firm the whole with grace and  
beauty, 173

So that no part could be removed without  
Infringement of the general symmetry.

In operating this great change, I claim  
To be one of you—if you trust in me;

If not, strike home,—my life is com-  
promised, 178

And I would rather fall by freemen's hands  
Than live another day to act the tyrant

As delegate of tyrants: such I am not,  
And never have been—read it in our  
annals;

I can appeal to my past government  
In many lands and cities; they can tell you

If I were an oppressor, or a man 185  
Feeling and thinking for my fellow men.

Haply had I been what the senate sought,  
A thing of robes and trinkets, dizen'd out

To sit in state as for a sovereign's picture;  
A popular scourge, a ready sentence-  
signer, 190

A stickler for the Senate and 'the Forty',  
A sceptic of all measures which had not



# MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

[ACT III

The sanction of 'the Ten', a council-fawner,

A tool, a fool, a puppet,—they had ne'er Foster'd the wretch who stung me. What I suffer <sup>195</sup>

Has reach'd me through my pity for the people;

That many know, and they who know not yet

Will one day learn: meantime I do devote, Whate'er the issue, my last days of life—

My present power such as it is, not that Of Doge, but of a man who has been great

Before he was degraded to a Doge, <sup>202</sup> And still has individual means and mind;

I stake my fame (and I had fame)—my breath—

(The least of all, for its last hours are nigh) My heart, my hope, my soul, upon this cast! <sup>206</sup>

Such as I am, I offer me to you And to your chiefs; accept me or reject me,—

A Prince who fain would be a citizen Or nothing, and who has left his throne to be so. <sup>210</sup>

Cal. Long live Faliero!—Venice shall be free!

Consp. Long live Faliero!

I. Ber. Comrades! did I well? Is not this man a host in such a cause?

Doge. This is no time for eulogies, nor place

For exultation. Am I one of you? <sup>215</sup>

Cal. Ay, and the first among us, as thou hast been

Of Venice—be our general and chief. Doge. Chief!—general!—I was general

at Zara, And chief in Rhodes and Cyprus, prince in Venice: <sup>219</sup>

I cannot stoop—that is, I am not fit To lead a band of—patriots: when I lay

Aside the dignities which I have borne, 'Tis not to put on others, but to be

Mate to my fellows—but now to the point; Israel has stated to me your whole plan—

'Tis bold, but feasible if I assist it, <sup>226</sup> And must be set in motion instantly.

Cal. E'en when thou wilt. Is it not so, my friends?

I have disposed all for a sudden blow; When shall it be then?

Doge. At sunrise. Ber. So soon?

Doge. So soon?—so late—each hour accumulates <sup>231</sup>

Peril on peril, and the more so now Since I have mingled with you;—know you not

The Council, and 'the Ten'? the spies, the eyes

Of the patricians dubious of their slaves, And now more dubious of the prince they have made one? <sup>236</sup>

I tell you, you must strike, and suddenly, Full to the Hydra's heart—its heads will follow.

Cal. With all my soul and sword, I yield assent; <sup>239</sup>

Our companies are ready, sixty each, And all now under arms by Israel's order;

Each at their different place of rendezvous, And vigilant, expectant of some blow;

Let each repair for action to his post! And now, my lord, the signal?

Doge. When you hear The great bell of St. Mark's, which may not be <sup>246</sup>

Struck without special order of the Doge (The last poor privilege they leave their prince),

March on Saint Mark's!

I. Ber. And there?—

Doge. By different routes Let your march be directed, every sixty

Entering a separate avenue, and still <sup>251</sup> Upon the way let your cry be of war

And of the Genoese fleet, by the first dawn Discern'd before the port; form round the

palace, Within whose court will be drawn out in arms <sup>255</sup>

My nephew and the clients of our house, Many and martial; while the bell tolls on,

Shout ye, 'Saint Mark!—the foe is on our waters!'

Cal. I see it now—but on, my noble lord.

Doge. All the patricians flocking to the Council, <sup>260</sup>

(Which they dare not refuse, at the dread signal

Peeling from out their patron saint's proud tower),

Will then be gather'd in unto the harvest, And we will reap them with the sword for sickle.

If some few should be tardy or absent them, <sup>265</sup>

'Twill be but to be taken faint and single, When the majority are put to rest.

Cal. Would that the hour were come! we will not scotch,

But kill.

Ber. Once more, sir, with your pardon, I Would now repeat the question which I ask'd <sup>270</sup>

Before Bertuccio added to our cause This great ally who renders it more sure,

And therefore safer, and as such admits Some dawn of mercy to a portion of

Our victims—must all perish in this slaughter? <sup>275</sup>

Cal. All who encounter me and mine, be sure,

The mercy they have shown, I show.

Consp. All! all! Is this a time to talk of pity? when

Have they e'er shown, or felt, or feign'd it? .

*I. Ber.* Bertram, This false compassion is a folly, and Injustice to thy comrades and thy cause! Dost thou not see, that if we single out Some for escape, they live but to avenge The fallen? and how distinguish now the innocent From out the guilty? all their acts are one—<sup>285</sup>  
 A single emanation from one body, Together knit for our oppression! 'Tis Much that we let their children live; I doubt<sup>288</sup>  
 If all of these even should be set apart: The hunter may reserve some single cub From out the tiger's litter, but whoe'er Would seek to save the spotted sire or dam, Unless to perish by their fangs? however, I will abide by Doge Faliero's counsel: Let him decide if any should be saved.  
*Doge.* Ask me not—tempt me not with such a question—  
 Decide yourselves.<sup>296</sup>  
*I. Ber.* You know their private virtues Far better than we can, to whom alone Their public vices, and most foul oppression, Have made them deadly; if there be amongst them One who deserves to be repeal'd, pronounce.  
*Doge.* Dolfino's father was my friend, and Lando Fought by my side, and Marc Cornaro shared  
 My Genoese embassy: I saved the life Of Veniero—shall I save it twice?<sup>305</sup> Would that I could save them and Venice also!  
 All these men, or their fathers, were my friends  
 Till they became my subjects; then fell from me  
 As faithless leaves drop from the o'er-blown flower,<sup>309</sup>  
 All left me a lone blighted thorny stalk, Which, in its solitude, can shelter nothing; So, as they let me wither, let them perish.  
*Cal.* They cannot co-exist with Venice' freedom!  
*Doge.* Ye, though you know and feel our mutual mass<sup>314</sup>  
 Of many wrongs, even ye are ignorant What fatal poison to the springs of life, To human ties, and all that's good and dear,  
 Lurks in the present institutes of Venice: All these men were my friends: I loved them, they  
 Requit honourably my regards;<sup>320</sup> We served and fought; we smiled and wept in concert;  
 We revell'd or we sorrow'd side by side: We made alliances of blood and marriage;

We grew in years and honours fairly,—till Their own desire, not my ambition, made Them choose me for their prince, and then farewell!<sup>326</sup>  
 Farewell all social memory! all thoughts In common! and sweet bonds which link old friendships,  
 When the survivors of long years and actions,  
 Which now belong to history, soothe the days<sup>330</sup>  
 Which yet remain by treasuring each other, And never meet, but each beholds the mirror  
 Of half a century on his brother's brow, And sees a hundred beings, now in earth, Flit round them whispering of the days gone by,<sup>335</sup>  
 And seeming not all dead, as long as two Of the brave, joyous, reckless, glorious band,  
 Which once were one and many, still retain A breath to sigh for them, a tongue to speak Of deeds that else were silent, save on marble—<sup>340</sup>  
*Oimè! Oimè!*—and must I do this deed?  
*I. Ber.* My lord, you are much moved: it is not now  
 That such things must be dwelt upon.  
*Doge.* Your patience A moment—I recede not: mark with me The gloomy vices of this government. From the hour they made me Doge, the  
*Doge* THEY made me—  
 Farewell the past! I died to all that had been, Or rather they to me: no friends, no kindness,  
 No privacy of life—all were cut off: They came not near me, such approach gave umbrage;<sup>350</sup>  
 They could not love me, such was not the law;  
 They thwarted me, 'twas the state's policy; They baffled me, 'twas a patrician's duty; They wrong'd me, for such was to right the state;  
 They could not right me, that would give suspicion;<sup>355</sup>  
 So that I was a slave to my own subjects; So that I was a foe to my own friends; Begirt with spies for guards, with robes for power,  
 With pomp for freedom, gaolers for a council,  
 Inquisitors for friends, and hell for life! I had one only fount of quiet left,<sup>361</sup>  
 And that they poison'd! My pure household gods  
 Were shiver'd on my hearth, and o'er their shrine  
 Sate grinning Ribaldry and sneering Scorn.  
*I. Ber.* You have been deeply wrong'd, and now shall be<sup>365</sup>  
 Nobly avenged before another night.

*Doge.* I had borne all—it hurt me, but I bore it—  
Till this last running over of the cup  
Of bitterness—until this last loud insult,  
Not only unredress'd, but sanction'd;  
then, 370  
And thus, I cast all further feelings from me—  
The feelings which they crush'd for me,  
long, long  
Before, even in their oath of false allegiance!  
Even in that very hour and vow, they  
abjured  
Their friend and made a sovereign, as  
boys make 375  
Playthings, to do their pleasure—and be  
broken!  
I from that hour have seen but senators  
In dark suspicious conflict with the Doge,  
Brooding with him in mutual hate and fear;  
They dreading he should snatch the  
tyranny 380  
From out their grasp, and he abhorring  
tyrants.  
To me, then, these men have no *private* life,  
Nor claim to ties they have cut off from  
others;  
As senators for arbitrary acts  
Amenable, I look on them—as such 385  
Let them be dealt upon.  
*Cal.* And now to action!  
Hence, brethren, to our posts, and may  
this be  
The last night of mere words: I'd fain be  
doing!  
Saint Mark's great bell at dawn shall find  
me wakeful!  
*I. Ber.* Disperse then to your posts: be  
firm and vigilant; 390  
Think on the wrongs we bear, the rights  
we claim.  
This day and night shall be the last of  
peril!  
Watch for the signal, and then march. I go  
To join my band: let each be prompt to  
marshal  
His separate charge: the Doge will now  
return 395  
To the palace to prepare all for the blow.  
We part to meet in freedom and in glory!  
*Cal.* Doge, when I greet you next, my  
homage to you  
Shall be the head of Steno on this sword!  
*Doge.* No; let him be reserved unto the  
last, 400  
Nor turn aside to strike at such a prey,  
Till nobler game is quarried: his offence  
Was a mere ebullition of the vice,  
The general corruption generated 404  
By the foul aristocracy: he could not—  
He dared not in more honourable days  
Have risk'd it. I have merged all private  
wrath

Against him in the thought of our great  
purpose.  
A slave insults me—I require his punishment  
From his proud master's hands; if he refuse it, 410  
The offence grows his, and let him answer it.  
*Cal.* Yet, as the immediate cause of the  
alliance  
Which consecrates our undertaking more,  
I owe him such deep gratitude, that fain  
I would repay him as he merits; may I?  
*Doge.* You would but lop the hand, and  
I the head; 416  
You would but smite the scholar, I the  
master;  
You would but punish Steno, I the senate.  
I cannot pause on individual hate,  
In the absorbing, sweeping, whole revenge,  
Which, like the sheeted fire from heaven,  
must blast 421  
Without distinction, as it fell of yore,  
Where the Dead Sea hath quench'd two  
cities' ashes.  
*I. Ber.* Away, then, to your posts! I but  
remain  
A moment to accompany the Doge 425  
To our late place of tryst, to see no spies  
Have been upon the scout, and thence I  
hasten  
To where my allotted band is under arms.  
*Cal.* Farewell, then,—until dawn!  
*I. Ber.* Success go with you!  
*Consp.* We will not fail—Away! My  
lord, farewell! 430  
[*The Conspirators salute the DOGE and  
ISRAEL BERTUCCIO, and retire, headed  
by PHILIP CALENDARO. The DOGE and  
ISRAEL BERTUCCIO remain.*]  
*I. Ber.* We have them in the toil—it can-  
not fail!  
Now thou'rt indeed a sovereign, and wilt  
make  
A name immortal greater than the greatest:  
Free citizens have struck at kings ere now;  
Cæsars have fallen, and even patrician  
hands 435  
Have crush'd dictators, as the popular steel  
Has reach'd patricians: but, until this hour,  
What prince has plotted for his people's  
freedom? 438  
Or risk'd a life to liberate his subjects?  
For ever, and for ever, they conspire  
Against the people, to abuse their hands  
To chains, but laid aside to carry weapons  
Against the fellow nations, so that yoke  
On yoke, and slavery and death may whet,  
*Not glut*, the never-gorged Leviathan!  
Now, my lord, to our enterprise;—'tis  
great, 446  
And greater the reward; why stand you  
rapt?  
A moment back, and you were all im-  
patience!

*Doge.* And is it then decided! must they die?  
*I. Ber.* Who?  
*Doge.* My own friends by blood and courtesy,<sup>450</sup>  
 And many deeds and days—the senators?  
*I. Ber.* You pass'd their sentence, and it is a just one.  
*Doge.* Ay, so it seems, and so it is to you;  
 You are a patriot, plebeian Gracchus—  
 The rebels' oracle, the people's tribune—  
 I blame you not—you act in your vocation;<sup>456</sup>  
 They smote you, and oppress'd you, and despised you;  
 Still they have me; but you ne'er spake with se them;  
 You never broke their bread, nor shared their salt;  
 You never had their wine-cup at your lips;  
 You grew not up with them, nor laugh'd, nor wept,<sup>461</sup>  
 Nor held a revel in their company;  
 Ne'er smiled to see them smile, nor claim'd their smile  
 In social interchange for yours, nor trusted  
 Nor wore them in your heart of hearts, as I have:<sup>465</sup>  
 These hairs of mine are grey, and so are theirs,  
 The elders of the Council: I remember  
 When all our locks were like the raven's wing,  
 As we went forth to take our prey around  
 The isles wrung from the false Mahometan;<sup>470</sup>  
 And can I see them dabbled o'er with blood?  
 Each stab to them will seem my suicide.  
*I. Ber.* Doge! Doge! this vacillation is unworthy  
 A child; if you are not in second childhood,  
 Call back your nerves to your own purpose, nor<sup>475</sup>  
 Thus shame yourself and me. By heavens!  
 I'd rather  
 Forego even now, or fail in our intent,  
 Than see the man I venerate subside  
 From high resolves into such shallow weakness!  
 You have seen blood in battle, shed it, both<sup>480</sup>  
 Your own and that of others; can you shrink then  
 From a few drops from veins of hoary vampires,  
 Who but give back what they have drain'd from millions?  
*Doge.* Bear with me! Step by step, and blow on blow,  
 I will divide with you; think not waver:  
 Ah! no; it is the certainty of all<sup>486</sup>  
 Which I must do doth make me tremble thus.

But let these last and lingering thoughts have way,  
 To which you only and the night are conscious,  
 And both regardless: when the hour arrives,<sup>490</sup>  
 'Tis mine to sound the knell, and strike the blow,  
 Which shall unpeople many palaces,  
 And hew the highest genealogic trees,  
 Down to the earth, strew'd with their bleeding fruit,<sup>494</sup>  
 And crush their blossoms into barrenness:  
*This will I—must I—have I sworn to do,*  
 Nor aught can turn me from my destiny;  
 But still I quiver to behold what I  
 Must be, and think what I have been! Bear with me.  
*I. Ber.* Re-man your breast; I feel no such remorse,<sup>500</sup>  
 I understand it not: why should you change?  
 You acted, and you act, on your free will.  
*Doge.* Ay, there it is—you feel not, nor do I,  
 Else I should stab thee on the spot, to save  
 A thousand lives, and killing, do no murder;<sup>505</sup>  
 You feel not—you go to this butcher-work  
 As if these high-born men were steers for shambles:  
 When all is over, you'll be free and merry,  
 And calmly wash those hands incarnadine;  
 But I, outgoing thee and all thy fellows  
 In this surpassing massacre, shall be,  
 Shall see and feel—oh God! oh God! 'tis true,<sup>512</sup>  
 And thou dost well to answer that it was  
 'My own free will and act,' and yet you err,  
 For I will do this! Doubt not—fear not; I  
 Will be your most unmerciful accomplice!  
 And yet I act no more on my free will,  
 Nor my own feelings—both compel me back;  
 But there is hell within me and around,  
 And like the demon who believes and trembles<sup>520</sup>  
 Must I abhor and do. Away! away!  
 Get thee unto thy fellows, I will hie me  
 To gather the retainers of our house.  
 Doubt not, St. Mark's great bell shall wake  
 all Venice,<sup>524</sup>  
 Except her slaughtered senate: ere the sun  
 Be broad upon the Adriatic there  
 Shall be a voice of weeping, which shall drown  
 The roar of waters in the cry of blood!  
 I am resolved—come on.  
*I. Ber.* With all my soul!  
 Keep a firm rein upon these bursts of passion;<sup>530</sup>  
 Remember what these men have dealt to thee,  
 And that this sacrifice will be succeeded

# MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

[ACT IV

By ages of prosperity and freedom  
To this unshackled city: a true tyrant  
Would have depopulated empires, nor  
Have felt the strange compunction which  
hath wrung you 536  
To punish a few traitors to the people.  
Trust me, such were a pity more misplaced  
Than the late mercy of the state to Steno.  
Doge. Man, thou hast struck upon the  
chord which jars 540  
All nature from my heart. Hence to our  
task!  
[Exeunt.]

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—*Palazzo of the Patrician LIONI.*  
LIONI *laying aside the mask and cloak*  
*which the Venetian Nobles wore in*  
*public, attended by a Domestic.*

Lioni. I will to rest, right weary of this  
revel,  
The gayest we have held for many moons,  
And yet, I know not why, it cheer'd me not;  
There came a heaviness across my heart,  
Which, in the lightest movement of the  
dance, 5  
Though eye to eye, and hand in hand  
united  
Even with the lady of my love, oppress'd  
me,  
And through my spirit chill'd my blood,  
until  
A damp like death rose o'er my brow; I  
strove  
To laugh the thought away, but 'twould  
not be; 10  
Through all the music ringing in my ears  
A knell was sounding as distinct and clear,  
Though low and far, as e'er the Adrian  
wave  
Rose o'er the city's murmur in the night,  
Dashing against the outward Lido's bul-  
wark: 15  
So that I left the festival before  
It reach'd its zenith, and will woo my pil-  
low  
For thoughts more tranquil, or forgetful-  
ness.  
Antonio, take my mask and cloak, and  
light 19  
The lamp within my chamber.  
Ant. Yes, my lord:  
Command you no refreshment?  
Lioni. Nought, save sleep,  
Which will not be commanded. Let me  
hope it, [Exit ANTONIO.]  
Though my breast feels too anxious; I will  
try  
Whether the air will calm my spirits: 'tis  
A goodly night; the cloudy wind which  
blew 25  
From the Levant hath crept into its cave,  
And the broad moon hath brighten'd. What  
a stillness! [Goes to an open lattice.]

And what a contrast with the scene I left,  
Where the tall torches' glare, and silver  
lamps'  
More pallid gleam along the tapestried  
walls, 30  
Spread over the reluctant gloom which  
haunts  
Those vast and dimly-latticed galleries  
A dazzling mass of artificial light,  
Which show'd all things, but nothing as  
they were, 34  
There Age essaying to recall the past,  
After long striving for the hues of youth  
At the sad labour of the toilet, and  
Full many a glance at the too faithful  
mirror,  
Prank'd forth in all the pride of ornament,  
Forgot itself, and trusting to the falseho- 38  
Of the indulgent beams, which show, yet  
hide, 41  
Believed itself forgotten, and was fool'd.  
There Youth, which needed not, nor  
thought of such  
Vain adjuncts, lavish'd its true bloom, and  
health,  
And bridal beauty, in the unwholesome  
press 45  
Of flush'd and crowded wassailers, and  
wasted  
Its hours of rest in dreaming this was  
pleasure,  
And so shall waste them till the sunrise  
streams  
On sallow cheeks and sunken eyes, which  
should not 49  
Have worn this aspect yet for many a year.  
The music, and the banquet, and the wine,  
The garlands, the rose odours, and the  
flowers,  
The sparkling eyes, and flashing orna-  
ments,  
The white arms and the raven hair, the  
braids  
And bracelets; swanlike bosoms, and the  
necklace, 55  
An India in itself, yet dazzling not  
The eye like what it circled; the thin robes,  
Floating like light clouds 'twixt our gaze  
and heaven;  
The many-twinkling feet so small and  
sylph-like,  
Suggesting the more secret symmetry 60  
Of the fair forms which terminate so well—  
All the delusion of the dizzy scene,  
Its false and true enchantments—art and  
nature,  
Which swam before my giddy eyes, that  
drank  
The sight of beauty as the parched pilgrim's  
On Arab sands the false mirage, which  
offers 66  
A lucid lake to his eluded thirst,  
Are gone. Around me are the stars and  
waters—

Worlds mirror'd in the ocean, goodlier  
sight 69

Than torches glared back by a gaudy glass;  
And the great element, which is to space  
What ocean is to earth, spreads its blue  
depths,

Softened with the first breathings of the  
spring;

The high moon sails upon her beauteous  
way, 74

Serenely smoothing o'er the lofty walls  
Of those tall piles and sea-girt palaces,  
Whose porphyry pillars, and whose costly  
fronts,

Fraught with the orient spoil of many  
marbles,

Like altars ranged along the broad canal,  
Seem each a trophy of some mighty deed  
Rear'd up from out the waters, scarce less  
strangely 81

Than those more massy and mysterious  
giants

Of architecture, those Titanian fabrics,  
Which point in Egypt's plains to times that  
have 84

No other record. All is gentle: nought  
Stirs rudely; but, congenial with the night,  
Whatever walks is gliding like a spirit.

The tinklings of some vigilant guitars  
Of sleepless lovers to a wakeful mistress,  
And cautious opening of the casement,  
showing 90

That he is not unheard; while her young  
hand,

Fair as the moonlight of which it seems part,  
So delicately white, it trembles in

The act of opening the forbidden lattice,  
To let in love through music, makes his  
heart 95

Thrill like his lyre-strings at the sight; the  
dash

Phosphoric of the oar, or rapid twinkle  
Of the far lights of skimming gondolas,  
And the responsive voices of the choir  
Of boatmen answering back with verse for  
verse; 100

Some dusky shadow checkering the Rialto;  
Some glimmering palace roof, or tapering  
spire,

Are all the sights and sounds which here  
pervade

The ocean-born and earth-commanding  
city—

How sweet and soothing is this hour of  
calm! 105

I thank thee, Night! for thou hast chased  
away

Those horrid bodements which, amidst  
the throng,

I could not dissipate: and with the blessing  
Of thy benign and quiet influence, 109

Now will I to my couch, although to rest  
Is almost wronging such a night as this.—

[A knocking is heard from without.

Hark! what is that? or who at such a  
moment?

*Enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* My lord, a man without, on urgent  
business,

Implores to be admitted.  
*Lioni.* Is he a stranger?

*Ant.* His face is muffled in his cloak,  
but both 115

His voice and gestures seem familiar to  
me;

I craved his name, but this he seem'd  
reluctant

To trust, save to yourself; most earnestly  
He sues to be permitted to approach you.

*Lioni.* 'Tis a strange hour, and a suspi-  
cious bearing! 120

And yet there is slight peril: 'tis not in  
Their houses noble men are struck at; still,  
Although I know not that I have a foe  
In Venice, 'twill be wise to use some  
caution.

Admit him, and retire; but call up quickly  
Some of thy fellows, who may wait with-  
out.— 126

Who can this man be?

[*Exit ANTONIO, and returns with BER-  
TRAM muffled.*

*Ber.* My good lord Lioni,  
I have no time to lose, nor thou,—dismiss  
This menial hence; I would be private with  
you.

*Lioni.* It seems the voice of Bertram—  
Go, Antonio. [*Exit ANTONIO.*

Now, stranger, what would you at such an  
hour? 131

*Ber.* [*discovering himself*]. A boon, my  
noble patron; you have granted

Many to your poor client, Bertram; add  
This one, and make him happy.

*Lioni.* Thou hast known me  
From boyhood, ever ready to assist thee

In all fair objects of advancement, which  
Beseech one of thy station; I would promise  
Ere thy request was heard, but that the

hour, 138  
Thy bearing, and this strange, and hurried  
mode

Of suing, gives me to suspect this visit  
Hath some mysterious import—but say

on— 141  
What has occurred, some rash and sudden  
broil?—

A cup too much, a scuffle, and a stab?—  
Mere things of every day; so that thou hast  
not

Spilt noble blood, I guarantee thy safety;  
But then thou must withdraw, for angry  
friends 146

And relatives, in the first burst of venge-  
ance,

Are things in Venice deadlier than the  
laws.

*Ber.* My lord, I thank you; but—  
*Lioni.* But what? You have not  
 Raised a rash hand against one of our  
 order? <sup>150</sup>

If so, withdraw and fly, and own it not;  
 I would not slay—but then I must not save  
 thee!

He who has shed patrician blood—

*Ber.* I come  
 To save patrician blood, and not to shed it!  
 And thereunto I must be speedy, for  
 Each minute lost may lose a life; since  
 Time

Has changed his slow scythe for the two-  
 edged sword, <sup>157</sup>

And is about to take, instead of sand,  
 The dust from sepulchres to fill his hour-  
 glass!—

Go not *thou* forth to-morrow!

*Lioni.* Wherefore not?  
 What means this menace?

*Ber.* Do not seek its meaning,  
 But do as I implore thee;—stir not forth,  
 Whate'er be stirring; though the roar of  
 crowds—

The cry of women, and the shrieks of  
 babes—

The groans of men—the clash of arms—  
 the sound <sup>165</sup>

Of rolling drum, shrill trumpet, and hollow  
 bell,

Peal in one wild alarm!—Go not forth,  
 Until the tocsin's silent, nor even then  
 Till I return!

*Lioni.* Again, what does this mean?

*Ber.* Again, I tell thee, ask not; but by  
 all <sup>170</sup>

Thou holdest dear on earth or heaven—by  
 all

The souls of thy great fathers, and thy  
 hope

To emulate them, and to leave behind  
 Descendants worthy both of them and  
 thee—

By all thou hast of bless'd in hope or  
 memory— <sup>175</sup>

By all thou hast to fear here or hereafter—

By all the good deeds thou hast done to  
 me,

Good I would now repay with greater  
 good,

Remain within—trust to thy household  
 gods, <sup>179</sup>

And to my word for safety, if thou dost  
 As I now counsel—but if not, thou art  
 lost!

*Lioni.* I am indeed already lost in won-  
 der;

Surely thou ravest! what have *I* to dread?  
 Who are my foes? or if there be such, *why*  
 Art thou leagued with them? *thou*! or if so  
 leagued, <sup>185</sup>

Why comest thou to tell me at this hour,  
 And not before?

*Ber.* I cannot answer this.  
 Wilt thou go forth despite of this true  
 warning?

*Lioni.* I was not born to shrink from  
 idle threats, <sup>189</sup>

The cause of which I know not: at the hour  
 Of council, be it soon or late, I shall not  
 Be found among the absent.

*Ber.* Say not so!  
 Once more, art thou determined to go  
 forth?

*Lioni.* I am. Nor is there aught which  
 shall impede me!

*Ber.* Then, Heaven have mercy on thy  
 soul!—Farewell! <sup>[Going.]</sup>

*Lioni.* Stay—there is more in this than  
 my own safety <sup>196</sup>

Which makes me call thee back; we must  
 not part thus:

Bertram, I have known thee long.

*Ber.* From childhood, signor,  
 You have been my protector: in the days  
 Of reckless infancy, when rank forgets,  
 Or, rather, is not yet taught to remember,  
 Its cold prerogative, we play'd together;  
 Our sports, our smiles, our tears, were  
 mingled oft;

My father was your father's client, I  
 His son's scarce less than foster-brother;  
 years <sup>205</sup>

Saw us together—happy, heart-ful hours!  
 Oh God! the difference 'twixt those hours  
 and this!

*Lioni.* Bertram, 'tis thou who hast for-  
 gotten them.

*Ber.* Nor now, nor ever; whatsoe'er be-  
 tide,

I would have saved you: when to man-  
 hood's growth <sup>210</sup>

We sprung, and you, devoted to the state,  
 As suits your station, the more humble

Bertram

Was left unto the labours of the humble,  
 Still you forsook me not; and if my for-  
 tunes

Have not been towering, 'twas no fault of  
 him <sup>215</sup>

Who ofttimes rescued and supported me,  
 When struggling with the tides of circum-  
 stance,

Which bear away the weaker: noble blood  
 Ne'er mantled in a nobler heart than thine

Has proved to me, the poor plebeian Ber-  
 tram. <sup>220</sup>

Would that thy fellow senators were like  
 thee!

*Lioni.* Why, what hast thou to say  
 against the senate?

*Ber.* Nothing.

*Lioni.* I know that there are angry  
 spirits <sup>223</sup>

And turbulent mutterers of stifled treason,  
 Who lurk in narrow places, and walk out  
 Muffled to whisper curses to the night;

Disbanded soldiers, discontented ruffians,  
And desperate libertines who brawl in  
taverns;

*Thou* herdest not with such: 'tis true, of late  
I have lost sight of thee, but thou wert  
wont

To lead a temperate life, and break thy bread  
With honest mates, and bear a cheerful  
aspect.

What hath come to thee? in thy hollow eye  
And hueless cheek, and thine unquiet  
motions,

Sorrow and shame and conscience seem at  
war

To waste thee.

*Ber.* Rather shame and sorrow light  
On the accursed tyranny which rides  
The very air in Venice, and makes men  
Madden as in the last hours of the plague  
Which sweeps the soul deliriously from  
life!

*Lioni.* Some villains have been tamper-  
ing with thee, Bertram;  
This is not thy old language, nor own  
thoughts;

Some wretch has made thee drunk with  
disaffection:

But thou must not be lost so; thou wert  
good

And kind, and art not fit for such base acts  
As vice and villainy would put thee to:  
Confess—confide in me—thou know'st  
my nature.

What is it thou and thine are bound to do,  
Which should prevent thy friend, the only  
son

Of him who was a friend unto thy father,  
So that our good-will is a heritage  
We should bequeath to our posterity  
Such as ourselves received it, or aug-  
mented;

I say, what is it thou must do, that I  
Should deem thee dangerous, and keep thee  
house

Like a sick girl?

*Ber.* Nay, question me no further:  
I must be gone.

*Lioni.* And I be murder'd!—say,  
Was it not thus thou said'st, my gentle  
Bertram?

*Ber.* Who talks of murder? what said I  
of murder?

'Tis false! I did not utter such a word.

*Lioni.* Thou didst not; but from out thy  
wolfish eye,  
So changed from what I knew it, there  
glares forth

The gladiator. If my life's thine object,  
Take it—I am unarm'd,—and then away!  
I would not hold my breath on such a  
tenure

As the capricious mercy of such things  
As thou and those who have set thee to thy  
taskwork.

*Ber.* Sooner than spill thy blood, I peril  
mine;

Sooner than harm a hair of thine, I place  
In jeopardy a thousand heads, and some  
As noble, nay, even nobler than thine own.

*Lioni.* Ay, is it even so? Excuse me,  
Bertram;

I am not worthy to be singled out  
From such exalted hecatombs—who are  
they

That *are* in danger, and that *make* the  
danger?

*Ber.* Venice, and all that she inherits,  
are

Divided like a house against itself,  
And so will perish ere to-morrow's twi-  
light!

*Lioni.* More mysteries, and awful ones!  
But now,

Or thou, or I, or both, it may be, are  
Upon the verge of ruin; speak once out,  
And thou art safe and glorious; for 'tis  
more

Glorious to save than slay, and slay 't' the  
dark too—

Fie, Bertram! that was not a craft for thee!  
How would it look to see upon a spear

The head of him whose heart was open to  
thee,

Borne by thy hand before the shuddering  
people?

And such may be my doom; for here I  
swear,

Whate'er the peril or the penalty  
Of thy denunciation, I go forth,  
Unless thou dost detail the cause, and  
show

The consequence of all which led thee here!  
*Ber.* Is there no way to save thee?

minutes fly,  
And thou art lost!—*thou!* my sole bene-  
factor,

The only being who was constant to me  
Through every change. Yet, make me not  
a traitor!

Let me save thee—but spare my honour!  
*Lioni.* Where

Can lie the honour in a league of murder?  
And who are traitors save unto the  
state?

*Ber.* A league is still a compact, and  
more binding

In honest hearts when words must stand  
for law;

And in my mind, there is no traitor like  
He whose domestic treason plants the  
poniard

Within the breast which trusted to his  
truth.

*Lioni.* And *who* will strike the steel to  
mine?

*Ber.* Not I;  
I could have wound my soul up to all  
things



# MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

[ACT IV

Save this. *Thou* must not die! and think  
how dear

Thy life is, when I risk so many lives,  
Nay, more, the life of lives, the liberty  
Of future generations, *not* to be 310  
The assassin thou miscall'st me:—once,  
once more

I do adjure thee, pass not o'er thy threshold!  
*Lioni.* It is in vain—this moment I go  
forth.

*Ber.* Then perish Venice rather than my  
friend!

I will disclose—ensnare—betray—des-  
troy— 315

Oh, what a villain I become for thee!

*Lioni.* Say, rather, thy friend's saviour  
and the state's!—

Speak—pause not—all rewards, all  
pledges for

Thy safety and thy welfare; wealth such as  
The state accords her worthiest servants;  
nay, 320

Nobility itself I guarantee thee,

So that thou art sincere and penitent.

*Ber.* I have thought again: it must not  
be—I love thee—

Thou know'st it—that I stand here is the  
proof,

Not least though last; but having done my  
duty 325

By thee, I now must do it by my country!  
Farewell—we meet no more in life!—fare-  
well!

*Lioni.* What, ho!—Antonio—Pedro—  
to the door!

See that none pass—arrest this man!—

*Enter ANTONIO and other armed Domestics,  
who seize BERTRAM.*

*Lioni [continues].* Take care  
He hath no harm; bring me my sword and  
cloak, 330

And man the gondola with four oars—  
quick—

[Exit ANTONIO.

We will unto Giovanni Gradenigo's,  
And send for Marc Cornaro:—fear not,  
Bertram; 333

This needful violence is for thy safety,  
No less than for the general weal.

*Ber.* Where wouldst thou

Bear me a prisoner?  
*Lioni.* Firstly to 'the Ten';

Next to the Doge.

*Ber.* To the Doge?

*Lioni.* Assuredly:

Is he not chief of the state?

*Ber.* Perhaps at sunrise—

*Lioni.* What mean you?—but we'll  
know anon.

*Ber.* Art sure?

*Lioni.* Sure as all gentle means can  
make; and if 340

They fail, you know 'the Ten' and their  
tribunal,

And that St. Mark's has dungeons, and  
the dungeons

A rack.

*Ber.* Apply it then before the dawn  
Now hastening into heaven.—One more  
such word,

And you shall perish piecemeal, by the  
death 345

You think to doom to me.

*Re-enter ANTONIO.*

*Ant.* The bark is ready,  
My lord, and all prepared.

*Lioni.* Look to the prisoner.  
Bertram, I'll reason with thee as we go  
To the Magnifico's, sage Gradenigo.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The Ducal Palace.—The  
Doge's Apartment.*

*The DOGE and his Nephew BERTUCCIO  
FALIERO.*

*Doge.* Are all the people of our house  
in muster?

*Ber. F.* They are array'd, and eager for  
the signal,

Within our palace precincts at San Polo.  
I come for your last orders.

*Doge.* It had been  
As well had there been time to have got  
together, 5

From my own fief, Val di Marino, more  
Of our retainers—but it is too late.

*Ber. F.* Methinks, my lord, 'tis better as  
it is:

A sudden swelling of our retinue  
Had waked suspicion; and, though fierce  
and trusty, 10

The vassals of that district are too rude  
And quick in quarrel to have long main-  
tain'd

The secret discipline we need for such  
A service, till our foes are dealt upon.

*Doge.* True; but when once the signal  
has been given, 15

*These* are the men for such an enterprise;  
These city slaves have all their private bias  
Their prejudice *against* or *for* this noble,

Which may induce them to o'erdo or spare  
Where mercy may be madness; the fierce  
peasants, 20

Serfs of my county of Val di Marino,  
Would do the bidding of their lord with-  
out

Distinguishing for love or hate his foes;  
Alike to them Marcello or Cornaro,

A Gradenigo or a Foscari; 25

They are not used to start at those vain  
names,

Nor bow the knee before a civic senate;

A chief in armour is their Suzerain,

And not a thing in robes.

*Ber. F.* We are enough;  
And for the dispositions of our clients  
Against the senate I will answer.

*Doge.* Well,  
The die is thrown; but for a warlike service,  
Done in the field, commend me to my  
peasants:

They made the sun shine through the host  
of Huns

When shallow burghers slunk back to their  
tents,  
And cower'd to hear their own victorious  
trumpet.

If there be small resistance you will find  
These citizens all lions, like their standard;  
But if there's much to do, you'll wish,  
with me,

A band of iron rustics at our backs. 40  
*Ber. F.* Thus thinking, I must marvel  
you resolve

To strike the blow so suddenly.

*Doge.* Such blows  
Must be struck suddenly or never. When  
I had o'ermaster'd the weak false remorse  
Which yearn'd about my heart, too fondly  
yielding 45

A moment to the feelings of old days,  
I was most fain to strike; and, firstly, that  
I might not yield again to such emotions;  
And, secondly, because of all these men,  
Save Israel and Philip Calendaro, 50  
I know not well the courage or the faith:  
To-day might find 'mongst them a traitor  
to us,

As yesterday a thousand to the senate;  
But once in, with their hilts hot in their  
hands,

They must *on* for their own sakes: one  
stroke struck, 55

And the mere instinct of the first-born Cain,  
Which ever lurks somewhere in human  
hearts,

Though circumstance may keep it in  
abeyance,

Will urge the rest on like to wolves; the  
sight

Of blood to crowds begets the thirst of  
more, 60

As the first wine-cup leads to the long revel;  
And you will find a harder task to quell  
Than urge them when they have com-  
menced, but *till*

That moment, a mere voice, a straw, a  
shadow,

Are capable of turning them aside.— 65  
How goes the night?

*Ber. F.* Almost upon the dawn.

*Doge.* Then it is time to strike upon the  
bell.

Are the men posted?

*Ber. F.* By this time they are;  
But they have orders not to strike, until

They have command from you through  
me in person. 70

*Doge.* 'Tis well.—Will the morn never  
put to rest

These stars which twinkle yet o'er all the  
heavens?

I am settled and bound up, and being so,  
The very effort which it cost me to

Resolve to cleanse this commonwealth  
with fire, 75

Now leaves my mind more steady. I have  
wept

And trembled at the thought of this dread  
duty;

But now I have put down all idle passion,  
And look the growing tempest in the face,  
As doth the pilot of an admiral galley:

Yet (wouldst thou think it, kinsman?) it  
hath been 81

A greater struggle to me, than when na-  
tions

Beheld their fate merged in the approach-  
ing fight,

Where I was leader of a phalanx, where  
Thousands were sure to perish—Yes, to  
spill 85

The rank polluted current from the veins  
Of a few bloated despots needed more

To steel me to a purpose such as made  
Timoleon immortal, than to face

The toils and dangers of a life of war.

*Ber. F.* It gladdens me to see your for-  
mer wisdom 91

Subdue the furies which so wrung you ere  
You were decided.

*Doge.* It was ever thus  
With me; the hour of agitation came

In the first glimmerings of a purpose, when  
Passion had too much room to sway; but  
in 96

The hour of action I have stood as calm  
As were the dead who lay around me: this

They knew who made me what I am, and  
trusted

To the subduing power which I preserved  
Over my mood, when its first burst was  
spent. 101

But they were not aware that there are  
things

Which make revenge a virtue by reflection,  
And not an impulse of mere anger; though

The laws sleep, justice wakes, and injured  
souls 105

Oft do a public right with private wrong,  
And justify their deeds unto themselves.—

Methinks the day breaks—is it not so?  
look,

Thine eyes are clear with youth;—the air  
puts on 109

A morning freshness, and, at least to me,  
The sea looks greyer through the lattice.

*Ber. F.* True,

The morn is dappling in the sky.  
*Doge.* Away then!

See that they strike without delay, and with  
The first toll from St. Mark's, march on the  
palace

With all our house's strength; here I will  
meet you; <sup>115</sup>

The Sixteen and their companies will move  
In separate columns at the self-same mo-  
ment:

Be sure you post yourself at the great gate:  
I would not trust 'the Ten' except to us—  
The rest, the rabble of patricians, may  
Glut the more careless swords of those  
leagued with us. <sup>121</sup>

Remember that the cry is still 'Saint Mark!  
The Genoese are come—ho! to the rescue!  
Saint Mark and Liberty!'—Now—now to  
action!

*Ber. F.* Farewell then, noble uncle! we  
will meet <sup>125</sup>

In freedom and true sovereignty, or never!

*Doge.* Come hither, my Bertuccio—one  
embrace;

Speed, for the day grows broader; send me  
soon

A messenger to tell me how all goes  
When you rejoin our troops, and then  
sound—sound <sup>130</sup>

The storm-bell from St. Mark's!  
[*Exit BERTUCCIO FALIERO.*]

*Doge [solus].* He is gone,  
And on each footstep moves a life. 'Tis  
done.

Now the destroying angel hovers o'er  
Venice, and pauses ere he pours the vial,  
Even as the eagle overlooks his prey, <sup>135</sup>  
And for a moment, poised in middle air,  
Suspends the motion of his mighty wings,  
Then swoops with his unerring beak.

Thou day!

That slowly walk'st the waters! march—  
march on—

I would not smite i' the dark, but rather see  
That no stroke errs. And you, ye blue sea  
waves! <sup>141</sup>

I have seen you dyed ere now, and deeply  
too,

With Genoese, Saracen, and Hunnish gore,  
While that of Venice flow'd too, but vic-  
torious,

Now thou must wear an unmix'd crimson;  
no <sup>145</sup>

Barbaric blood can reconcile us now  
Unto that horrible incarnadine,  
But friend or foe will roll in civic slaughter.  
And have I lived to fourscore years for this?  
I, who was named Preserver of the City?  
I, at whose name the million's caps were  
flung <sup>151</sup>

Into the air, and cries from tens of thou-  
sands

Rose up, imploring Heaven to send me  
blessings,

And fame, and length of days—to see this  
day? <sup>154</sup>

But this day, black within the calendar,  
Shall be succeeded by a bright millennium.  
Doge Dandolo survived to ninety summers  
To vanquish empires, and refuse their  
crown;

I will resign a crown, and make the state  
Renew its freedom—but oh! by what  
means? <sup>160</sup>

The noble end must justify them. What  
Are a few drops of human blood? 'tis false,  
The blood of tyrants is not human; they,  
Like to incarnate Molochs, feed on ours,  
Until 'tis time to give them to the tombs,  
Which they have made so populous.—Oh  
world! <sup>166</sup>

Oh men! what are ye, and our best designs,  
That we must work by crime to punish  
crime?

And slay as if Death had but this one gate,  
When a few years would make the sword  
superfluous? <sup>170</sup>

And I, upon the verge of th' unknown realm,  
Yet send so many heralds on before me?—  
I must not ponder this. [*A pause.*]

Hark! was there not  
A murmur as of distant voices, and  
The tramp of feet in martial unison?

What phantoms even of sound our wishes  
raise! <sup>176</sup>

It cannot be—the signal hath not rung—  
Why pauses it? My nephew's messenger  
Should be upon his way to me, and he  
Himself perhaps even now draws grating  
back <sup>180</sup>

Upon its ponderous hinge the steep tower  
portal,

Where swings the sullen huge oracular  
bell,

Which never knells but for a princely  
death,

Or for a state in peril, peeling forth  
Tremendous bodements; let it do its office,  
And be this peal its awfulest and last  
Sound till the strong tower rock!—What!  
silent still?

I would go forth, but that my post is here,  
To be the centre of re-union to  
The oft discordant elements which form  
Leagues of this nature, and to keep com-  
pact <sup>191</sup>

The wavering of the weak, in case of con-  
flict;

For if they should do battle, 'twill be here,  
Within the palace, that the strife will  
thicken:

Then here must be my station, as becomes  
The master-mover.—Hark! he comes—  
he comes, <sup>196</sup>

My nephew, brave Bertuccio's messen-  
ger,—

What tidings? Is he marching? hath he  
sped?

They here!—all's lost—yet will I make  
an effort.

*Enter a SIGNOR OF THE NIGHT, with Guards, &c. &c.*

*Sig.* Doge, I arrest thee of high treason!  
*Doge.* Me!

Thy prince, of treason?—Who are they  
that dare <sup>201</sup>  
Cloak their own treason under such an  
order?

*Sig.* [*showing his order*]. Behold my  
order from the assembled Ten.

*Doge.* And where are they, and why  
assembled? no  
Such council can be lawful, till the prince  
Preside there, and that duty's mine: on  
thine <sup>206</sup>

I charge thee, give me way, or marshal me  
To the council chamber.

*Sig.* Duke! it may not be:  
Nor are they in the wonted Hall of Council,

But sitting in the convent of Saint  
Saviour's. <sup>210</sup>

*Doge.* You dare to disobey me, then?  
*Sig.* I serve

The state, and needs must serve it faithfully;  
My warrant is the will of those who rule it.

*Doge.* And till that warrant has my signature  
It is illegal, and, as now applied, <sup>215</sup>

Rebellious. Hast thou weigh'd well thy  
life's worth,

That thus you dare assume a lawless function?

*Sig.* 'Tis not my office to reply, but act—  
I am placed here as guard upon thy person,  
And not as judge to hear or to decide.

*Doge* [*aside*]. I must gain time. So that  
the storm-bell sound, <sup>221</sup>

All may be well yet.—Kinsman, speed—  
speed—speed!—

Our fate is trembling in the balance, and  
Woe to the vanquish'd! be they prince and  
people,

Or slaves and senate—  
[*The great bell of St. Mark's tolls.*

Lo! it sounds—it tolls!  
[*Aloud*]. Hark, Signor of the Night! and  
you, ye hirelings, <sup>226</sup>

Who wield your mercenary staves in fear,  
It is your knell—Swell on, thou lusty peal!

Now, knaves, what ransom for your lives?  
*Sig.* Confusion!

Stand to your arms, and guard the door—  
all's lost <sup>230</sup>

Unless that fearful bell be silenced soon.  
The officer hath miss'd his path or purpose,

Or met some unforeseen and hideous obstacle.

Anselmo, with thy company proceed  
Straight to the tower; the rest remain with  
me. [*Exit part of the Guard.*

*Doge.* Wretch! if thou wouldst have thy  
vile life, implore it; <sup>236</sup>

It is not now a lease of sixty seconds.  
Ay, send thy miserable ruffians forth;  
They never shall return.

*Sig.* So let it be!

They die then in their duty, as will I.  
*Doge.* Fool! the high eagle flies at  
nobler game <sup>241</sup>

Than thou and thy base myrmidons,—live  
on,

So thou provok'st not peril by resistance,  
And learn (if souls so much obscured can  
bear <sup>244</sup>

To gaze upon the sunbeams) to be free.  
*Sig.* And learn thou to be captive. It  
hath ceased, [*The bell ceases to toll.*

The traitorous signal, which was to have set  
The bloodhound mob on their patrician  
prey—

The knell hath rung, but it is not the  
senate's! <sup>249</sup>

*Doge* [*after a pause*]. All's silent, and  
all's lost!

*Sig.* Now, Doge, denounce me  
As rebel slave of a revolted council!

Have I not done my duty?

*Doge.* Peace, thou thing!  
Thou hast done a worthy deed, and earn'd  
the price

Of blood, and they who use thee will re-  
ward thee.

But thou wert sent to watch, and not to  
prate, <sup>255</sup>

As thou said'st even now—then do thine  
office,

But let it be in silence, as behoves thee,  
Since, though thy prisoner, I am thy prince.

*Sig.* I did not mean to fail in the respect  
Due to your rank: in this I shall obey you.

*Doge* [*aside*]. There now is nothing left  
me save to die; <sup>261</sup>

And yet how near success! I would have  
fallen,

And proudly, in the hour of triumph, but  
To miss it thus!—

*Enter other SIGNORS OF THE NIGHT, with  
BERTUCCIO FALIERO prisoner.*

*2nd Sig.* We took him in the act  
Of issuing from the tower, where, at his  
order, <sup>265</sup>

As delegated from the Doge, the signal  
Had thus begun to sound.

*1st Sig.* Are all the passes  
Which lead up to the palace well secured?

*2nd Sig.* They are—besides, it matters  
not; the chiefs

Are all in chains, and some even now on  
trial— <sup>270</sup>

Their followers are dispersed, and many  
taken.

*Ber. F.* Uncle!  
*Doge.* It is in vain to war with Fortune;  
The glory hath departed from our house.

*Ber. F.* Who would have deem'd it?—  
Ah! one moment sooner!

## MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

[ACT V

*Doge.* That moment would have  
changed the face of ages; 275

*This* gives us to eternity—We'll meet it  
As men whose triumph is not in success,  
But who can make their own minds all in  
all, 278

Equal to every fortune. Droop not, 'tis  
But a brief passage—I would go alone,  
Yet if they send us, as 'tis like, together,  
Let us go worthy of our sires and selves.

*Ber. F.* I shall not shame you, uncle.

*1st Sig.* Lords, our orders  
Are to keep guard on both in separate  
chambers, 284

Until the council call ye to your trial.

*Doge.* Our trial! will they keep their  
mockery up

Even to the last? but let them deal upon us,  
As we had dealt on them, but with less  
pomp.

'Tis but a game of mutual homicides,  
Who have cast lots for the first death, and  
they 290

Have won with false dice.—Who hath  
been our Judas?

*1st Sig.* I am not warranted to answer  
that.

*Ber. F.* I'll answer for thee—'tis a cer-  
tain Bertram,

Even now deposing to the secret Giunta.

*Doge.* Bertram, the Bergamask! With  
what vile tools 295

We operate to slay or save! This creature,  
Black with a double treason, now will earn  
Rewards and honours, and be stamp'd in  
story

With the geese in the Capitol, which  
gabbled

Till Rome awoke, and had an annual  
triumph, 300

While Manlius, who hurl'd down the  
Gauls, was cast

From the Tarpeian.

*1st Sig.* He aspired to treason,  
And sought to rule the state.

*Doge.* He saved the state,  
And sought but to reform what he re-  
vived—

But this is idle—Come, sirs, do your work.

*1st Sig.* Noble Bertuccio, we must now  
remove you 306

Into an inner chamber.

*Ber. F.* Farewell, uncle!  
If we shall meet again in life I know not,  
But they perhaps will let our ashes mingle.

*Doge.* Yes, and our spirits, which shall  
yet go forth, 310

And do what our frail clay, thus clogg'd,  
hath fail'd in!

They cannot quench the memory of those  
Who would have hurl'd them from their  
guilty thrones,

And such examples will find heirs, though  
distant.

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The Hall of the Council of Ten,  
assembled with the additional Sena-  
tors, who, on the Trials of the Con-  
spirators for the Treason of MARINO  
FALIERO, composed what was called  
the Giunta.—Guards, Officers, &c. &c.*  
—ISRAEL BERTUCCIO and PHILIP CAL-  
ENDARO as Prisoners.—BERTRAM,  
LIONI, and Witnesses, &c.

*The Chief of the Ten, BENINTENDE.*

*Ben.* There now rests, after such con-  
viction of

Their manifold and manifest offences,  
But to pronounce on these obdurate men  
The sentence of the law:—a grievous task  
To those who hear, and those who speak.

Alas!

That it should fall to me! and that my days  
Of office should be stigmatised through all  
The years of coming time, as bearing  
record

To this most foul and complicated treason  
Against a just and free state, known to all  
The earth as being the Christian bulwark  
gainst 11

The Saracen and the schismatic Greek,  
The savage Hun, and not less barbarous  
Frank;

A city which has open'd India's wealth  
To Europe; the last Roman refuge from  
O'erwhelming Attila; the ocean's queen;  
Proud Genoa's prouder rival! 'Tis to sap  
The throne of such a city, these lost men  
Have risk'd and forfeited their worthless  
lives— 19

So let them die the death.

*I. Ber.* We are prepared;  
Your racks have done that for us. Let us  
die.

*Ben.* If ye have that to say which would  
obtain

Abatement of your punishment, the Giunta  
Will hear you; if you have aught to con-  
fess, 24

Now is your time, perhaps it may avail ye.

*I. Ber.* We stand to hear, and not to  
speak.

*Ben.* Your crimes  
Are fully proved by your accomplices,  
And all which circumstance can add to aid  
them;

Yet we would hear from your own lips  
complete 29

Avowal of your treason: on the verge  
Of that dread gulf which none repass, the  
truth

Alone can profit you on earth or heaven—  
Say, then, what was your motive?

*I. Ber.* Justice!  
*Ben.* What

Your object?

*I. Ber.* Freedom!  
*Ben.* You are brief, sir.  
*I. Ber.* So my life grows: I 35  
 Was bred a soldier, not a senator.  
*Ben.* Perhaps you think by this blunt  
 brevity  
 To brave your judges to postpone the sen-  
 tence?  
*I. Ber.* Do you be brief as I am, and  
 believe me, 39  
 I shall prefer that mercy to your pardon.  
*Ben.* Is this your sole reply to the tribunal?  
*I. Ber.* Go, ask your racks what they  
 have wrung from us,  
 Or place us there again; we have still some  
 blood left,  
 And some slight sense of pain in these  
 wretch'd limbs:  
 But this ye dare not do; for if we die  
 there— 45  
 And you have left us little life to spend  
 Upon your engines, gorged with pangs  
 already—  
 Ye lose the public spectacle, with which  
 You would appal your slaves to further  
 slavery!  
 Groans are not words, nor agony assent,  
 Nor affirmation truth, if nature's sense  
 Should overcome the soul into a lie, 52  
 For a short respite—must we bear or die?  
*Ben.* Say, who were your accomplices?  
*I. Ber.* The Senate.  
*Ben.* What do you mean?  
*I. Ber.* Ask of the suffering people,  
 Whom your patrician crimes have driven  
 to crime. 56  
*Ben.* You know the Doge?  
*I. Ber.* I served with him at Zara  
 In the field, when *you* were pleading here  
 your way  
 To present office; we exposed our lives,  
 While you but hazarded the lives of others,  
 Alike by accusation or defence; 61  
 And for the rest, all Venice knows her Doge,  
 Through his great actions, and the Senate's  
 insults.  
*Ben.* You have held conference with  
 him?  
*I. Ber.* I am weary—  
 Even wearier of your questions than your  
 tortures: 65  
 I pray you pass to judgment.  
*Ben.* It is coming.  
 And you, too, Philip Calendaro, what  
 Have you to say why you should not be  
 doomed?  
*Cal.* I never was a man of many words,  
 And now have few left worth the utterance.  
*Ben.* A further application of yon en-  
 gine 71  
 May change your tone.  
*Cal.* Most true, it *will* do so;  
 A former application did so; but  
 It will not change my words, or, if it did—

*Ben.* What then?  
*Cal.* Will my avowal on yon rack  
 Stand good in law?  
*Ben.* Assuredly.  
*Cal.* Whoe'er  
 The culprit be whom I accuse of treason?  
*Ben.* Without doubt, he will be brought  
 up to trial. 78  
*Cal.* And on this testimony would he  
 perish?  
*Ben.* So your confession be detail'd and  
 full,  
 He will stand here in peril of his life.  
*Cal.* Then look well to thy proud self,  
 President! 82  
 For by the eternity which yawns before me,  
 I swear that *thou*, and only *thou*, shalt be  
 The traitor I denounce upon that rack,  
 If I be stretch'd there for the second time.  
*One of the Giunta.* Lord President,  
 'twere best proceed to judgment;  
 There is no more to be drawn from these  
 men.  
*Ben.* Unhappy men! prepare for instant  
 death.  
 The nature of your crime, our law, and  
 peril 90  
 The state now stands in, leave not an hour's  
 respite.  
 Guards! lead them forth, and upon the  
 balcony  
 Of the red columns, where, on festal Thurs-  
 day,  
 The Doge stands to behold the chase of  
 bulls, 94  
 Let them be justified: and leave exposed  
 Their wavering relics, in the place of judg-  
 ment,  
 To the full view of the assembled people!  
 And Heaven have mercy on their souls!  
*The Giunta.* Amen!  
*I. Ber.* Signors, farewell! we shall not  
 all again 99  
 Meet in one place.  
*Ben.* And lest they should essay  
 To stir up the distracted multitude—  
 Guards! let their mouths be gagg'd even  
 in the act  
 Of execution. Lead them hence!  
*Cal.* What! must we  
 Not even say farewell to some fond friend,  
 Nor leave a last word with our confessor?  
*Ben.* A priest is waiting in the ante-  
 chamber; 106  
 But, for your friends, such interviews  
 would be  
 Painful to them, and useless all to you.  
*Cal.* I knew that we were gagg'd in life;  
 at least  
 All those who had not heart to risk their  
 lives 110  
 Upon their open thoughts; but still I  
 deem'd  
 That in the last few moments, the same idle

Freedom of speech accorded to the dying,  
Would not now be denied to us; but  
since—

*I. Ber.* Even let them have their way,  
brave Calendars! 115

What matter a few syllables? let's die  
Without the slightest show of favour from  
them;

So shall our blood more readily arise  
To Heaven against them, and more testify  
To their atrocities, than could a volume  
Spoken or written of our dying words!  
They tremble at our voices—nay, they  
dread 122

Our very silence—let them live in fear!  
Leave them unto their thoughts, and let us  
now

Address our own above!—Lead on; we  
are ready. 125

*Cal.* Israel, hadst thou but hearken'd  
unto me

It had not now been thus; and yon pale  
villain,

The coward Bertram, would—

*I. Ber.* Peace, Calendars!  
What brooks it now to ponder upon this?

*Bert.* Alas! I fain you died in peace with  
me: 130

I did not seek this task; 'twas forced upon  
me:

Say, you forgive me, though I never can  
Retrieve my own forgiveness—frown not  
thus!

*I. Ber.* I die and pardon thee!  
*Cal.* [spitting at him]. I die and  
scorn thee!

[*Exeunt ISRAEL BERTUCCIO and PHILIP  
CALENDARO, Guards, &c.*]

*Ben.* Now that these criminals have  
been disposed of, 135

'Tis time that we proceed to pass our  
sentence

Upon the greatest traitor upon record  
In any annals, the Doge Faliero!

The proofs and process are complete; the  
time

And crime require a quick procedure:  
shall 140

He now be call'd in to receive the award?  
*The Giunta.* Ay, ay.

*Ben.* Avogadori, order that the Doge  
Be brought before the council.

*One of the Giunta.* And the rest,  
When shall they be brought up?

*Ben.* When all the chiefs  
Have been disposed of. Some have fled to

Chiozza; 145

But there are thousands in pursuit of  
them,

And such precaution ta'en on terra firma,  
As well as in the islands, that we hope

None will escape to utter in strange lands  
His libellous tale of treasons 'gainst the  
senate. 150

*Enter the DOGE as Prisoner, with  
Guards, &c. &c.*

*Ben.* Doge—for such still you are, and  
by the law

Must be consider'd, till the hour shall come  
When you must doff the ducal bonnet from

That head, which could not wear a crown  
more noble 154

Than empires can confer, in quiet honour,  
But it must plot to overthrow your peers,

Who made you what you are, and quench  
in blood

A city's glory—we have laid already  
Before you in your chamber at full length,

By the Avogadori, all the proofs 160

Which have appear'd against you; and  
more ample

Ne'er rear'd their sanguinary shadows to  
Confront a traitor. What have you to say  
In your defence?

*Doge.* What shall I say to ye,  
Since my defence must be your condemna-  
tion? 165

You are at once offenders and accusers,  
Judges and executioners!—Proceed

Upon your power.

*Ben.* Your chief accomplices  
Having confess'd, there is no hope for you.

*Doge.* And who be they?

*Ben.* In number many; but  
The first now stands before you and the  
court, 171

Bertram, of Bergamo,—would you ques-  
tion him?

*Doge.* [looking at him contemptuously].  
No.

*Ben.* And two others, Israel Bertuccio  
And Philip Calendaro, have admitted

Their fellowship in treason with the Doge!  
*Doge.* And where are they?

*Ben.* Gone to their place, and now  
Answering to Heaven for what they did on  
earth. 177

*Doge.* Ah! the plebeian Brutus, is he  
gone?

And the quick Cassius of the arsenal?—  
How did they meet their doom?

*Ben.* Think of your own:  
It is approaching. You decline to plead,  
then? 181

*Doge.* I cannot plead to my inferiors,  
nor

Can recognise your legal power to try me.  
Show me the law!

*Ben.* On great emergencies  
The law must be remodell'd or amended:

Our fathers had not fix'd the punishment  
Of such a crime, as on the old Roman  
tables 187

The sentence against parricide was left  
In pure forgetfulness; they could not render

That penal, which had neither name nor  
thought 190

In their great bosoms; who would have foreseen

That nature could be filed to such a crime  
As sons 'gainst sires, and princes 'gainst their realms?

Your sin hath made us make a law which will

Become a precedent 'gainst such haught traitors, 195

As would with treason mount to tyranny;  
Not even contented with a sceptre, till  
They can convert it to a two-edged sword!  
Was not the place of Doge sufficient for ye?  
What's nobler than the signory of Venice?

*Doge.* The signory of Venice! You betray'd me— 201

*You—*you, who sit there, traitors as ye are!  
From my equality with you in birth,

And my superiority in action,  
You drew me from my honourable toils

In distant lands—on flood, in field, in cities— 206

*You* singled me out like a victim to  
Stand crown'd, but bound and helpless, at the altar

Where you alone could minister. I knew not,

I sought not, wish'd not, dream'd not the election, 210

Which reach'd me first at Rome, and I obey'd;

But found on my arrival, that, besides  
The jealous vigilance which always led you  
To mock and mar your sovereign's best intents, 214

*You* had, even in the interregnum of  
My journey to the capital, curtail'd  
And mutilated the few privileges

Yet left the duke: all this I bore, and would  
Have borne, until my very hearth was stain'd

By the pollution of your ribaldry, 220  
And he, the ribald, whom I see amongst you—

Fit judge in such a tribunal!—  
*Ben.* [interrupting him]. Michel Steno

Is here in virtue of his office, as  
One of the Forty; 'the Ten' having craved

A Giunta of patricians from the senate  
To aid our judgment in a trial arduous

And novel as the present: he was set  
Free from the penalty pronounced upon him,

Because the Doge, who should protect the law, 229

Seeking to abrogate all law, can claim  
No punishment of others by the statutes

Which he himself denies and violates!

*Doge.* His PUNISHMENT! I rather see him there,

Where he now sits, to glut him with my death, 234

Than in the mockery of castigation,  
Which your foul, outward, juggling show

of justice

Decreed as sentence! Base as was his crime,  
'Twas purity compared with your protection.

*Ben.* And can it be, that the great Doge of Venice, 239

With three parts of a century of years  
And honours on his head, could thus allow

His fury, like an angry boy's, to master  
All feeling, wisdom, faith, and fear, on such

A provocation as a young man's petulance?

*Doge.* A spark creates the flame—'tis the last drop 245

Which makes the cup run o'er, and mine was full

Already: you oppress'd the prince and people;

I would have freed both, and have fail'd in both:

The price of such success would have been glory, 249

Vengeance, and victory, and such a name  
As would have made Venetian history

Rival to that of Greece and Syracuse  
When they were freed, and flourish'd ages after, 253

And mine to Gelon and to Thrasylbulus:—  
Failing, I know the penalty of failure

Is present infamy and death—the future  
Will judge, when Venice is no more, or free;

Till then, the truth is in abeyance. Pause not;  
I would have shown no mercy, and I seek none; 259

My life was staked upon a mighty hazard,  
And being lost, take what I would have taken!

I would have stood alone amidst your tombs:

Now you may flock round mine, and trample on it,

As you have done upon my heart while living.

*Ben.* You do confess then, and admit the justice 265

Of our tribunal?

*Doge.* I confess to have fail'd;

Fortune is female: from my youth her favours

Were not withheld, the fault was mine to hope

Her former smiles again at this late hour.

*Ben.* You do not then in aught arraign our equity? 270

*Doge.* Noble Venetians! stir me not with questions.

I am resign'd to the worst; but in me still  
Have something of the blood of brighter days,

And am not over-patient. Pray you, spare me

Further interrogation, which boots nothing, 275



Except to turn a trial to debate.

I shall but answer that which will offend you,  
And please your enemies—a host already;  
'Tis true, these sullen walls should yield no  
echo:

But walls have ears—nay, more, they have  
tongues; and if <sup>280</sup>

There were no other way for truth to o'er-  
leap them,

You who condemn me, you who fear and  
slay me,

Yet could not bear in silence to your graves  
What you would hear from me of good or  
evil; <sup>284</sup>

The secret were too mighty for your souls:  
Then let it sleep in mine, unless you court  
A danger which would double that you  
escape.

Such my defence would be, had I full scope  
To make it famous; for true words are  
things,

And dying men's are things which long  
outlive, <sup>290</sup>

And oftentimes avenge them; bury mine,  
If ye would fain survive me: take this  
counsel,

And though too oft ye made me live in  
wrath,

Let me die calmly; you may grant me this;  
I deny nothing, defend nothing, nothing  
I ask of you, but silence for myself, <sup>296</sup>  
And sentence from the court!

*Ben.* This full admission  
Spare us the harsh necessity of ordering  
The torture to elicit the whole truth.

*Doge.* The torture! you have put me  
there already, <sup>300</sup>

Daily since I was Doge; but if you will  
Add the corporeal rack, you may: these  
limbs

Will yield with age to crushing iron; but  
There's that within my heart shall strain  
your engines.

*Enter an OFFICER.*

*Officer.* Noble Venetians! Duchess Fal-  
iero <sup>305</sup>  
Requests admission to the Giunta's  
presence.

*Ben.* Say, conscript fathers, shall she be  
admitted?

*One of the Giunta.* She may have revela-  
tions of importance

Unto the state, to justify compliance <sup>309</sup>  
With her request.

*Ben.* Is this the general will?

*All.* It is.

*Doge.* Oh! admirable laws of Venice!  
Which would admit the wife, in the full  
hope

That she might testify against the husband.  
What glory to the chaste Venetian dames!  
But such blasphemers 'gainst all honour,  
as <sup>315</sup>

Sit here, do well to act in their vocation.  
Now, villain Steno! if this woman fail,  
I'll pardon thee thy lie, and thy escape,  
And my own violent death, and thy vile life.

*The DUCHESS enters.*

*Ben.* Lady! this just tribunal has re-  
solved, <sup>320</sup>

Though the request be strange, to grant it,  
and

Whatever be its purport, to accord  
A patient hearing with the due respect  
Which fits your ancestry, your rank, and  
virtues:

But you turn pale—ho! there, look to the  
lady! <sup>325</sup>

Place a chair instantly.

*Ang.* A moment's faintness—  
'Tis past; I pray you pardon me,—I sit not  
In presence of my prince and of my hus-  
band,

While he is on his feet.

*Ben.* Your pleasure, lady?

*Ang.* Strange rumours, but most true,  
if all I hear <sup>330</sup>

And see be sooth, have reach'd me, and I  
come

To know the worst, even at the worst; for-  
give

The abruptness of my entrance and my  
bearing.

Is it—I cannot speak—I cannot shape  
The question—but you answer it ere  
spoken, <sup>335</sup>

With eyes averted, and with gloomy  
brows—

Oh God! this is the silence of the grave!

*Ben.* [after a pause]. Spare us, and spare  
thyself the repetition

Of our most awful, but inexorable <sup>339</sup>  
Duty to Heaven and man!

*Ang.* Yet speak; I cannot—  
I cannot—no—even now believe these  
things.

Is he condemned?

*Ben.* Alas!

*Ang.* And was he guilty?

*Ben.* Lady! the natural distraction of  
Thy thoughts at such a moment makes the  
question <sup>344</sup>

Merit forgiveness; else a doubt like this  
Against a just and paramount tribunal

Were deep offence. But question even the  
Doge,

And if he can deny the proofs, believe him  
Guiltless as thy own bosom.

*Ang.* Is it so?  
My lord, my sovereign, my poor father's  
friend, <sup>350</sup>

The mighty in the field, the sage in council,  
Unsay the words of this man!—Thou art  
silent!

*Ben.* He hath already own'd to his own  
guilt,

Nor, as thou see'st, doth he deny it now.

Ang. Ay, but he must not die! Spare his  
few years, 355

Which grief and shame will soon cut down  
to days!

One day of baffled crime must not efface  
Near sixteen lustres crowded with brave  
acts.

Ben. His doom must be fulfill'd without  
remission

Of time or penalty—'tis a decree. 360

Ang. He hath been guilty, but there may  
be mercy.

Ben. Not in this case with justice.

Ang. Alas! signor,

He who is only just is cruel; who  
Upon the earth would live were all judged  
justly?

Ben. His punishment is safety to the  
state. 365

Ang. He was a subject, and hath served  
the state;

He was your general, and hath saved the  
state;

He is your sovereign, and hath ruled the  
state.

One of the Council. He is a traitor, and  
betray'd the state.

Ang. And, but for him, there now had  
been no state 370

To save or to destroy; and you, who sit  
There to pronounce the death of your de-  
liverer,

Had now been groaning at a Moslem oar,  
Or digging in the Hunnish mines in fetters!

One of the Council. No, lady, there are  
others who would die 375

Rather than breathe in slavery!

Ang. If there are so  
Within these walls, thou art not of the  
number:

The truly brave are generous to the  
fallen!—

Is there no hope?

Ben. Lady, it cannot be.

Ang. [turning to the Doge]. Then die,  
Faliero! since it must be so; 380

But with the spirit of my father's friend.  
Thou hast been guilty of a great offence,  
Half cancell'd by the harshness of these  
men.

I would have sued to them, have pray'd  
to them,

Have begg'd as famish'd mendicants for  
bread, 385

Have wept as they will cry unto their God  
For mercy, and be answer'd as they an-  
swer,—

Had it been fitting for thy name or mine,  
And if the cruelty in their cold eyes

Had not announced the heartless wrath  
within. 390

Then, as a prince, address thee to thy  
doom!

Doge. I have lived too long not to know  
how to die!

Thy suing to these men were but the bleat-  
ing

Of the lamb to the butcher, or the cry  
Of seamen to the surge: I would not take

A life eternal, granted at the hands 396

Of wretches, from whose monstrous vil-  
lainies

I sought to free the groaning nations!

Michel Steno. Doge,  
A word with thee, and with this noble  
lady,

Whom I have grievously offended. Would  
Sorrow, or shame, or penance on my part,

Could cancel the inexorable past! 402

But since that cannot be, as Christians let  
us

Say farewell, and in peace: with full con-  
trition

I crave, not pardon, but compassion from  
you, 405

And give, however weak, my prayers for  
both.

Ang. Sage Benintende, now chief judge  
of Venice,

I speak to thee in answer to yon signor.  
Inform the ribald Steno, that his words

Ne'er weigh'd in mind with Loredano's  
daughter, 410

Further than to create a moment's pity  
For such as he is: would that others had

Despis'd him as I pity! I prefer  
My honour to a thousand lives, could such

Be multiplied in mine, but would not have  
A single life of others lost for that 416

Which nothing human can impugn—the  
sense

Of virtue, looking not to what is call'd  
A good name for reward, but to itself.

To me the scorner's words were as the  
wind 420

Unto the rock: but as there are—alas!  
Spirits more sensitive, on which such  
things

Light as the whirlwind on the waters; souls  
To whom dishonour's shadow is a sub-  
stance

More terrible than death, here and here-  
after; 425

Men whose vice is to start at vice's scoffing,  
And who, though proof against all blan-  
dishments

Of pleasure, and all pangs of pain, are  
feeble

When the proud name on which they pin-  
naced

Their hopes is breathed on, jealous as the  
eagle 430

Of her high airy; let what we now  
Behold, and feel, and suffer, be a lesson

To wretches how they tamper in their  
spleen

With beings of a higher order. Insects

Have made the lion mad ere now; a shaft  
I' the heel o'erthrew the bravest of the  
brave; 436

A wife's dishonour was the bane of Troy;  
A wife's dishonour unking'd Rome for  
ever;

An injured husband brought the Gauls to  
Clusium,

And thence to Rome, which perish'd for a  
time; 440

An obscene gesture cost Caligula  
His life, while Earth yet bore his cruelties;  
A virgin's wrong made Spain a Moorish  
province;

And Steno's lie, couch'd in two worthless  
lines, 444

Hath decimated Venice, put in peril  
A senate which hath stood eight hundred  
years,

Discrown'd a prince, cut off his crownless  
head,

And forged new fetters for a groaning  
people!

Let the poor wretch, like to the courtesan  
Who fired Persepolis, be proud of this,  
If it so please him—'twere a pride fit for  
him! 451

But let him not insult the last hours of  
Him, who, whate'er he now is, was a hero,  
By the intrusion of his very prayers;

Nothing of good can come from such a  
source, 455

Nor would we aught with him, nor now,  
nor ever:

We leave him to himself, that lowest depth  
Of human baseness. Pardon is for men,  
And not for reptiles—we have none for  
Steno,

And no resentment: things like him must  
sting, 460

And higher beings suffer; 'tis the charter  
Of life. The man who dies by the adder's  
fang

May have the crawler crush'd, but feels no  
anger:

'Twas the worm's nature; and some men  
are worms

In soul more than the living things of  
tombs. 465

*Doge [to Ben.].* Signor! complete that  
which you deem your duty.

*Ben.* Before we can proceed upon that  
duty,

We would request the princess to with-  
draw;

'Twill move her too much to be witness to it.  
*Ang.* I know it will, and yet I must en-  
dure it, 470

For 'tis a part of mine—I will not quit,  
Except by force, my husband's side.—  
Proceed!

Nay, fear not either shriek, or sigh, or tear;  
Though my heart burst it shall be silent.—  
Speak!

I have that within which shall o'ermaster  
all. 475

*Ben.* Marino Faliero, Doge of Venice,  
Count of Val di Marino, Senator,  
And some time General of the Fleet and  
Army,

Noble Venetian, many times and oft  
Intrusted by the state with high employ-  
ments, 480

Even to the highest, listen to the sentence.  
Convict by many witnesses and proofs,  
And by thine own confession, of the guilt  
Of treachery and treason, yet unheard of  
Until this trial—the decree is death.

Thy goods are confiscate unto the state,  
Thy name is razed from out her records,  
save 487

Upon a public day of thanksgiving  
For this our most miraculous deliverance,  
When thou art noted in our calendars

With earthquakes, pestilence, and foreign  
foes, 491

And the great enemy of man, as subject  
Of grateful masses for Heaven's grace in  
snatching

Our lives and country from thy wickedness.  
The place wherein as Doge thou shouldst  
be painted, 495

With thine illustrious predecessors, is  
To be left vacant, with a death-black veil

Flung over these dim words engraved be-  
neath,—

'This place is of Marino Faliero, 499  
Decapitated for his crimes.'

*Doge.* 'His crimes!'  
But let it be so;—it will be in vain.

The veil which blackens o'er this blighted  
name,

And hides, or seems to hide, these line-  
aments,

Shall draw more gazers than the thousand  
portraits

Which glitter round it in their pictured  
trappings— 505

Your delegated slaves—the people's ty-  
rants!

'Decapitated for his crimes!'—*What*  
crimes?

Were it not better to record the facts,  
So that the contemplator might approve,

Or at the least learn whence the crimes  
arose? 510

When the beholder knows a Doge con-  
spired,

Lethim be told the cause—it is your history.  
*Ben.* Time must reply to that; our sons

will judge  
Their fathers' judgment, which I now pro-  
nounce.

As Doge, clad in the ducal robes and cap,  
Thou shalt be led hence to the Giant's  
Staircase, 516

Where thou and all our princes are in-  
vested;

And there, the ducal crown being first resumed

Upon the spot where it was first assumed,  
Thy head shall be struck off; and Heaven  
have mercy 520

Upon thy soul!

*Doge.* Is this the Giunta's sentence?  
*Ben.* It is.

*Doge.* I can endure it.—And the time?  
*Ben.* Must be immediate.—Make thy  
peace with God:

Within an hour thou must be in His presence.

*Doge.* I am *already*; and my blood will  
rise 525

To Heaven before the souls of those who  
shed it.

Are all my lands confiscated?

*Ben.* They are;

And goods, and jewels, and all kind of  
treasure,

Except two thousand ducats—these dis-  
pose of.

*Doge.* That's harsh.—I would have  
fain reserved the lands 530

Near to Treviso, which I hold by investment  
From Laurence the Count-bishop of  
Ceneda,

In fief perpetual to myself and heirs,  
To portion them (leaving my city spoil,  
My palace and my treasures, to your for-  
feit) 535

Between my consort and my kinsmen.

*Ben.* These  
Lie under the state's ban; their chief, thy  
nephew,

In peril of his own life; but the council  
Postpones his trial for the present. If  
Thou wilt'st a state unto thy widow'd prin-  
cess, 540

Fear not, for we will do her justice.

*Ang.* Signors,  
I share not in your spoil! From hence-  
forth, know

I am devoted unto God alone,  
And take my refuge in the cloister.

*Doge.* Come!

The hour may be a hard one, but 'twill end.  
Have I aught else to undergo save death?

*Ben.* You have nought to do, except  
confess and die. 547

The priest is robbed, the scimitar is bare,  
And both await without. But, above all,  
Think not to speak unto the people; they  
Are now by thousands swarming at the  
gates, 551

But these are closed: the Ten, the Avoga-  
dori,

The Giunta, and the chief men of the Forty,  
Alone will be beholders of thy doom,  
And they are ready to attend the Doge.

*Doge.* The Doge!

*Ben.* Yes, Doge, thou hast lived  
and thou shalt die 556

A sovereign; till the moment which pre-  
cedes

The separation of that head and trunk,  
That ducal crown and head shall be united.  
Thou hast forgot thy dignity in deigning  
To plot with petty traitors; not so we,  
Who in the very punishment acknowledge  
The prince. Thy vile accomplices have  
died

The dog's death, and the wolf's: but thou  
shalt fall

As falls the lion by the hunters, girt 565  
By those who feel a proud compassion for  
thee,

And mourn even the inevitable death  
Provoked by thy wild wrath and regal  
fierceness.

Now we remit thee to thy preparation:

Let it be brief, and we ourselves will be  
Thy guides unto the place where first we  
were 571

United to thee as thy subjects, and  
Thy senate; and must now be parted from  
thee

As such for ever, on the self-same spot.  
Guards! form the Doge's escort to his  
chamber. [Exeunt.

#### SCENE II.—*The Doge's Apartment.*

*The DOGE as Prisoner, and the DUCHESS  
attending him.*

*Doge.* Now, that the priest is gone,  
'twere useless all

To linger out the miserable minutes;  
But one pang more, the pang of parting  
from thee,

And I will leave the few last grains of sand  
Which yet remain of the accorded hour,  
Still falling—I have done with Time.

*Ang.* Alas!

And I have been the cause, the unconscious  
cause;

And for this funeral marriage, this black  
union,

Which thou, compliant with my father's  
wish,

Didst promise at his death, thou hast  
seal'd thine own. 10

*Doge.* Not so; there was that in my  
spirit ever

Which shaped out for itself some great  
reverse;

The marvel is, it came not until now—  
And yet it was foretold me.

*Ang.* How foretold you?

*Doge.* Long years ago—so long, they  
are a doubt 15

In memory, and yet they live in annals:  
When I was in my youth, and served the  
senate

And signory as podesta and captain  
Of the town of Treviso, on a day  
Of festival, the sluggish bishop who 20

Convey'd the Host aroused my rash young anger  
 By strange delay, and arrogant reply  
 To my reproof: I raised my hand and smote him,  
 Until he reel'd beneath his holy burthen;  
 And as he rose from earth again, he raised  
 His tremulous hands in pious wrath towards Heaven. 26  
 Thence pointing to the Host, which had fallen from him,  
 He turn'd to me, and said, 'The hour will come  
 When he thou hast o'erthrown shall overthrow thee:  
 The glory shall depart from out thy house,  
 The wisdom shall be shaken from thy soul,  
 And in thy best maturity of mind 32  
 A madness of the heart shall seize upon thee;  
 Passion shall tear thee when all passions cease  
 In other men, or mellow into virtues;  
 And majesty, which decks all other heads,  
 Shall crown to leave thee headless; honours shall  
 But prove to thee the heralds of destruction,  
 And hoary hairs of shame, and both of death, 39  
 But not such death as fits an aged man.' 39  
 Thus saying, he pass'd on.—That hour is come.  
*Ang.* And with this warning couldst thou not have striven  
 To avert the fatal moment, and atone,  
 By penitence, for that which thou hadst done?  
*Doge.* I own the words went to my heart, so much 45  
 That I remember'd them amid the maze of life, as if they form'd a spectral voice,  
 Which shook me in a supernatural dream;  
 And I repented; but 'twas not for me  
 To pull in resolution: what must be 50  
 I could not change, and would not fear.—  
 Nay more,  
 Thou canst not have forgot, what all remember,  
 That on my day of landing here as Doge,  
 On my return from Rome, a mist of such  
 Unwonted density went on before 55  
 The Bucentaur, like the columnar cloud  
 Which usher'd Israel out of Egypt, till  
 The pilot was misled, and disembark'd us  
 Between the pillars of Saint Mark's, where 'tis 59  
 The custom of the state to put to death  
 Its criminals, instead of touching at  
 The Riva della Paglia, as the wont is,—  
 So that all Venice shudder'd at the omen.  
*Ang.* Ah! little boots it now to recollect  
 Such things.  
*Doge.* And yet I find a comfort in 65

The thought, that these things are the work of Fate;  
 For I would rather yield to gods than men,  
 Or cling to any creed of destiny,  
 Rather than deem these mortals, most of whom 69  
 I know to be as worthless as the dust,  
 And weak as worthless, more than instruments  
 Of an o'er-ruling power; they in themselves  
 Were all incapable—they could not be  
 Victors of him who oft had conquer'd for them.  
*Ang.* Employ the minutes left in aspirations 75  
 Of a more healing nature, and in peace  
 Even with these wretches take thy flight to heaven.  
*Doge.* I am at peace: the peace of certainty  
 That a sure hour will come, when their sons' sons,  
 And this proud city, and these azure waters, 80  
 And all which makes them eminent and bright,  
 Shall be a desolation and a curse,  
 A hissing and a scoff unto the nations,  
 A Carthage, and a Tyre, an Ocean Babel.  
*Ang.* Speak not thus now: the surge of passion still 85  
 Sweeps o'er thee to the last; thou dost deceive  
 Thyself, and canst not injure them—be calmer.  
*Doge.* I stand within eternity, and see  
 Into eternity, and I behold—  
 Ay, palpable as I see thy sweet face 90  
 For the last time—the days which I denounce  
 Unto all time against these wave-girt walls,  
 And they who are indwellers.  
*Guard [coming forward].* Doge of Venice,  
 The Ten are in attendance on your highness.  
*Doge.* Then farewell, Angiolina!—one embrace— 95  
 Forgive the old man who hath been to thee  
 A fond but fatal husband—love my memory—  
 I would not ask so much for me still living,  
 But thou canst judge of me more kindly now,  
 Seeing my evil feelings are at rest. 100  
 Besides, of all the fruit of these long years,  
 Glory, and wealth, and power, and fame, and name,  
 Which generally leave some flowers to bloom  
 Even o'er the grave, I have nothing left, not even 104  
 A little love, or friendship, or esteem,  
 No, not enough to extract an epitaph

From ostentatious kinsmen; in one hour  
I have uprooted all my former life,  
And outlived everything, except thy heart,  
The pure, the good, the gentle, which will  
    off <sup>110</sup>

With unimpair'd but not a clamorous  
grief

Still keep—Thou turn'st so pale!—Alas!  
    she faints,

She has no breath, no pulse!—Guards!  
    lend your aid—

I cannot leave her thus, and yet 'tis better,  
Since every lifeless moment spares a pang.  
When she shakes off this temporary death,  
I shall be with the Eternal.—Call her  
    women— <sup>117</sup>

One look!—how cold her hand!—as cold  
    as mine

Shall be ere she recovers.—Gently tend  
    her,

And take my last thanks—I am ready  
    now. <sup>120</sup>

[*The Attendants of ANGIOLINA enter,  
and surround their Mistress, who has  
fainted.—Exeunt the DOGE, Guards,  
&c. &c.*

SCENE III.—*The Court of the Ducal Palace;  
the outer gates are shut against  
the people.—The DOGE enters in his  
ducal robes, in procession with the  
Council of Ten and other Patricians,  
attended by the Guards, till they ar-  
rive at the top of the 'Giants' Staircase'  
(where the Doges took the oaths); the  
Executioner is stationed there with his  
sword.—On arriving, a Chief of the  
Ten takes off the ducal cap from the  
Doge's head.*

Doge. So now the Doge is nothing, and  
    at last

I am again Marino Faliero:

'Tis well to be so, though but for a  
moment.

Here was I crown'd, and here, bear wit-  
ness, Heaven!

With how much more contentment I  
resign <sup>5</sup>

That shining mockery, the ducal bauble,  
Than I received the fatal ornament.

One of the Ten. Thou tremblest, Faliero!  
Doge. 'Tis with age, then.

Ben. Faliero! hast thou aught further  
to commend,

Compatible with justice, to the senate?  
Doge. I would commend my nephew to  
    their mercy, <sup>11</sup>

My consort to their justice; for methinks  
My death, and such a death, might settle  
    all

Between the state and me.

Ben. They shall be cared for;  
Even notwithstanding thine unheard-of  
    crime. <sup>15</sup>

Doge. Unheard of! ay, there's not a  
history

But shows a thousand crown'd conspira-  
tors

Against the people; but to set them free,  
One sovereign only died, and one is dying.

Ben. And who were they who fell in  
    such a cause? <sup>20</sup>

Doge. The King of Sparta, and the Doge  
    of Venice—

Agis and Faliero!

Ben. Hast thou more  
To utter or to do?

Doge. May I speak?

Ben. Thou may'st;  
But recollect the people are without, <sup>24</sup>

Beyond the compass of the human voice.  
Doge. I speak to Time and to Eternity,

Of which I grow a portion, not to man.  
Ye elements! in which to be resolved

I hasten, let my voice be as a spirit  
Upon you! Ye blue waves! which bore  
    my banner, <sup>30</sup>

Ye winds! which flutter'd o'er as if you  
    loved it,

And fill'd my swelling sails as they were  
wafted

To many a triumph! Thou, my native  
earth,

Which I have bled for! and thou, foreign  
earth,

Which drank this willing blood from many  
a wound! <sup>35</sup>

Ye stones, in which my gore will not sink,  
but

Reek up to heaven! Ye skies, which will  
receive it!

Thou sun! which shinest on these things,  
and Thou!

Who kindest and who quenchest suns!—  
Attest!

I am not innocent—but are these guiltless?  
I perish, but not unavenged; far ages <sup>41</sup>

Float up from the abyss of time to be,  
And show these eyes, before they close,  
    the doom

Of this proud city, and I leave my curse  
On her and hers for ever!—Yes, the  
    hours <sup>45</sup>

Are silently engendering of the day,  
When she, who built 'gainst Attila a bul-  
    work,

Shall yield, and bloodlessly and basely  
yield,

Unto a bastard Attila, without  
Shedding so much blood in her last de-  
    fence, <sup>50</sup>

As these old veins, oft drain'd in shielding  
her,

Shall pour in sacrifice.—She shall be  
bought

And sold, and be an appanage to those  
Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop  
    to be <sup>54</sup>

A province for an empire, petty town  
In lieu of capital, with slaves for senates,  
Beggars for nobles, panders for a people!  
Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces,  
The Hun in thy high places, and the Greek  
Walks o'er thy mart, and smiles on it for  
his;

When thy patricians beg their bitter bread  
In narrow streets, and in their shameful  
need

Make their nobility a plea for pity;  
Then, when the few who still retain a  
wreck

Of their great fathers' heritage shall fawn  
Round a barbarian Vice of Kings' Vice-  
gerent,

Even in the palace where they sway'd as  
sovereigns,

Even in the palace where they slew their  
sovereign,

Proud of some name they have disgraced,  
or sprung

From an adulteress boastful of her guilt  
With some large gondolier or foreign  
soldier,

Shall bear about their bastardy in triumph  
To the third spurious generation;—when  
Thy sons are in the lowest scale of being,  
Slaves turn'd o'er to the vanquish'd by the  
victors,

Despised by cowards for greater coward-  
dice,

And scorn'd even by the vicious for such  
vices

As in the monstrous grasp of their con-  
ception

Defy all codes to image or to name them;  
Then, when of Cyprus, now thy subject  
kingdom,

All thine inheritance shall be her shame  
Entail'd on thy less virtuous daughters,  
grown

A wider proverb for worse prostitution;—  
When all the ills of conquer'd states shall  
cling thee,

Vice without splendour, sin without relief  
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it  
o'er,

But in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude,  
Prurient yet passionless, cold studied  
lewdness,

Depraving nature's frailty to an art;—  
When these and more are heavy on thee,  
when

Smiles without mirth, and pastimes with-  
out pleasure,

Youth without honour, age without res-  
pect,

Meanness and weakness, and a sense of  
woe

'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and  
dar'st not murmur,

Have made thee last and worst of peopled  
deserts,

Then, in the last gasp of thine agony,  
Amidst thy many murders, think of mine!  
Thou den of drunkards with the blood of  
princes!

Gehenna of the waters! thou sea-Sodom!  
Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!  
Thee and thy serpent seed!

[Here the DOGE turns and addresses the  
Executioner.

Slave, do thine office!  
Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would  
Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as  
my curse!

Strike—and but once!

[The DOGE throws himself upon his  
knees, and as the Executioner raises  
his sword the scene closes.

## SCENE IV]

## MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

Ere we were summon'd here—we would 'Justice hath dealt upon the mighty  
have brought 25 Traitor!'

Weapons, and forced them!

*Sixth Cit.* Are you sure he's dead?

*First Cit.* I saw the sword fall—Lo!  
what have we here?

[*The gates are opened; the populace rush in towards the 'Giants' Staircase,' where the execution has taken place. The foremost of them exclaims to those behind,*

*Enter on the Balcony of the Palace which fronts St. Mark's Place a CHIEF OF THE TEN, with a bloody sword. He waves it thrice before the People, and exclaims,*

'The gory head rolls down the Giants' Steps!'  
[*The curtain falls.*

## SARDANAPALUS

## A TRAGEDY

TO

## THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE

A STRANGER PRESUMES TO OFFER THE HOMAGE OF A  
LITERARY VASSAL TO HIS LIEGE LORD, THE FIRST OF EXISTING WRITERS,  
WHO HAS CREATED THE LITERATURE OF HIS OWN COUNTRY,  
AND ILLUSTRATED THAT OF EUROPE.

THE UNWORTHY PRODUCTION  
WHICH THE AUTHOR VENTURES TO INSCRIBE TO HIM IS ENTITLED,  
SARDANAPALUS

## PREFACE

In publishing the following Tragedies\* I have only to repeat, that they were not composed with the most remote view to the stage. On the attempt made by the managers in a former instance, the public opinion has been already expressed. With regard to my own private feelings, as it seems that they are to stand for nothing, I shall say nothing.

For the historical foundation of the following compositions the reader is referred to the Notes.

The Author has in one instance attempted to preserve, and in the other to approach, the 'unities'; conceiving that with any very distant departure from them, there may be poetry, but can be no drama. He is aware of the unpopularity of this notion in present English literature; but it is not a system of his own, being merely an opinion, which, not very long ago, was the law of literature throughout the world, and is still so in the more civilized parts of it. But 'nous avons changé tout cela,' and are reaping the advantages of the change. The writer is far from conceiving that anything he can adduce by personal precept or example can at all approach his regular, or even irregular, predecessors: he is merely giving a reason why he preferred the more regular formation of a structure, however feeble, to an entire abandonment of all rules whatsoever. Where he has failed, the failure is in the architect,—and not in the art.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

## MEN

SARDANAPALUS, *King of Nineveh and Assyria, &c.*  
ARBACES, *the Mede who aspired to the Throne.*  
BELESER, *a Chaldean and Soothsayer.*  
SALEMENES, *the King's Brother-in-Law.*  
ALTADA, *an Assyrian Officer of the Palace.*  
PANIA.  
ZAMES.  
SPERO.  
BALEA.

## WOMEN

ZARINA, *the Queen.*  
MYRRHA, *an Ionian female Slave, and the Favourite of SARDANAPALUS.*

*Women composing the Harem of SARDANAPALUS, Guards, Attendants, Chaldean Priests, Medes, &c. &c.*

SCENE.—*A Hall in the Royal Palace of Nineveh*

In this tragedy it has been my intention to follow the account of Diodorus Siculus; reducing it, however, to such dramatic regularity as I best could, and trying to approach the unities. I therefore suppose the rebellion to explode and succeed in one day by a sudden conspiracy, instead of the long war of the history.

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

*Salemènes [solus].* He hath wrong'd his queen, but still he is her lord;

He hath wrong'd my sister, still he is my brother;

He hath wrong'd his people, still he is their sovereign,

And I must be his friend as well as subject:

\* *'Sardanapalus' and 'The Two Foscari.'*



# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT I

He must not perish thus. I will not see  
The blood of Nimrod and Semiramis 6  
Sink in the earth, and thirteen hundred  
years

Of empire ending like a shepherd's tale;  
He must be roused. In his effeminate heart  
There is a careless courage which cor-  
ruption 10

Has not all quench'd, and latent energies,  
Repress'd by circumstance, but not de-  
stroy'd—

Steep'd, but not drown'd, in deep volup-  
tuousness.

If born a peasant, he had been a man  
To have reach'd an empire: to an empire  
born, 15

He will bequeath none; nothing but a  
name,

Which his sons will not prize in heritage:  
Yet, not all lost, even yet he may redeem  
His sloth and shame, by only being that  
Which he should be, as easily as the thing  
He should not be and is. Were it less toil  
To sway his nations than consume his life?  
To head an army than to rule a harem?  
He sweats in palling pleasures, dulls his  
soul,

And saps his goodly strength, in toils  
which yield not 25

Health like the chase, nor glory like the  
war—

He must be roused. Alas! there is no  
sound

[*Sound of soft music heard from within.*  
To rouse him short of thunder. Hark! the  
lute,

The lyre, the timbrel; the lascivious tink-  
lings

Of lulling instruments, the softening  
voices 30

Of women, and of beings less than women,  
Must chime in to the echo of his revel,  
While the great king of all we know of earth  
Lolls crown'd with roses, and his diadem  
Lies negligently by to be caught up 35  
By the first manly hand which dares to  
snatch it.

Lo, where they come! already I perceive  
The reeking odours of the perfumed trains,  
And see the bright gems of the glittering  
girls, 39

At once his chorus and his council, flash  
Along the gallery, and amidst the damsels,  
As femininely garb'd, and scarce less fe-  
male,  
The grandson of Semiramis, the man-  
queen.—

He comes! Shall I await him? yes, and  
front him,

And tell him what all good men tell each  
other, 45

Speaking of him and his. They come, the  
slaves

Led by the monarch subject to his slaves.

## SCENE II

*Enter SARDANAPALUS effeminately dressed,  
his Head crowned with Flowers, and  
his Robe negligently flowing, attended  
by a Train of Women and young Slaves.*

*Sar. [speaking to some of his attendants].*

Let the pavilion over the Euphrates  
Be garlanded, and lit, and furnish'd forth  
For an especial banquet; at the hour  
Of midnight we will sup there: see nought  
wanting, 4

And bid the galley be prepared. There is  
A cooling breeze which crisps the broad  
clear river:

We will embark anon. Fair nymphs, who  
deign

To share the soft hours of Sardanapalus,  
We'll meet again in that the sweetest hour,  
When we shall gather like the stars above  
us, 10

And you will form a heaven as bright as  
theirs;

Till then, let each be mistress of her time,  
And thou, my own Ionian Myrrha, choose  
Wilt thou along with them or me?

*Myr.* My lord—

*Sar.* My lord!—my life! why answerest  
thou so coldly? 15

It is the curse of kings to be so answer'd.  
Rule thy own hours, thou rulest mine—

say, wouldst thou  
Accompany our guests, or charm away  
The moments from me?

*Myr.* The king's choice is mine.

*Sar.* I pray thee say not so: my chiefest  
joy 20

Is to contribute to thine every wish.  
I do not dare to breathe my own desire,  
Lest it should clash with thine; for thou  
art still

Too prompt to sacrifice thy thoughts for  
others.

*Myr.* I would remain: I have no happi-  
ness 25

Save in beholding thine; yet—

*Sar.* Yet! what YET?  
Thy own sweet will shall be the only  
barrier

Which ever rises betwixt thee and me.

*Myr.* I think the present is the wonted  
hour

Of council; it were better I retire. 30

*Sal.* [*comes forward and says*] The  
Ionian slave says well: let her retire.

*Sar.* Who answers? How now, brother?  
*Sal.* The queen's brother,

And your most faithful vassal, royal lord.  
*Sar.* [*addressing his train*]. As I have  
said, let all dispose their hours 34

Till midnight, when again we pray your  
presence. [*The court retiring.*

[*To MYRRHA, who is going*]. Myrrha! I  
thought thou wouldst remain.

*Myr.* Great king, However harsh and hard in his own bearing.  
 Thou didst not say so. The false and fond examples of thy lusts  
*Sar.* But thou lookedst it: Corrupt no less than they oppress, and  
 I know each glance of those Ionic eyes, sap 75  
 Which said thou wouldst not leave me.  
*Myr.* Sire! your brother—  
*Sal.* His consort's brother, minion of  
 Ionia! 40  
 How darest thou name me and not blush?  
*Sar.* Not blush!  
 Thou hast no more eyes than heart to make  
 her crimson, 80  
 Like to the dying day on Caucasus,  
 Where sunset tints the snow with rosy  
 shadows,  
 And then reproach her with thine own  
 cold blindness, 45  
 Which will not see it. What! in tears, my  
 Myrrha?  
*Sal.* Let them flow on; she weeps for  
 more than one,  
 And is herself the cause of bitterer tears.  
*Sar.* Cursed be he who caused those  
 tears to flow!  
*Sal.* Curse not thyself—millions do  
 that already. 50  
*Sar.* Thou dost forget thee: make me  
 not remember  
 I am a monarch.  
*Sal.* Would thou couldst!  
*Myr.* My sovereign,  
 I pray, and thou, too, prince, permit my  
 absence.  
*Sar.* Since it must be so, and this churl  
 has check'd  
 Thy gentle spirit, go; but recollect 55  
 That we must forthwith meet: I had  
 rather lose  
 An empire than thy presence.  
 [Exit MYRRHA.  
*Sal.* It may be  
 Thou wilt lose both, and both for ever!  
*Sar.* Brother!  
 I can at least command myself, who listen  
 To language such as this: yet urge me not  
 Beyond my easy nature.  
*Sal.* 'Tis beyond 61  
 That easy, far too easy, idle nature,  
 Which I would urge thee. O that I could  
 rouse thee!  
 Though 'twere against myself.  
*Sar.* By the god Baal!  
 The man would make me tyrant.  
*Sal.* So thou art.  
 Think'st thou there is no tyranny but that  
 Of blood and chains? The despotism of  
 vice, 67  
 The weakness and the wickedness of  
 luxury,  
 The negligence, the apathy, the evils  
 Of sensual sloth—produce ten thousand  
 tyrants,  
 Whose delegated cruelty surpasses 71  
 The worst acts of one energetic master,

*Sar.* Whose then is the crime,  
But the false satraps', who provide no  
better?

*Sal.* And somewhat in the monarch  
who ne'er looks

Beyond his palace walls, or if he stirs  
Beyond them, 'tis but to some mountain  
palace,

Till summer heats wear down. O glorious  
Baal!

Who built up this vast empire, and wert  
made

A god, or at the least shimest like a god  
Through the long centuries of thy renown,  
This, thy presumed descendant, ne'er  
beheld

As king the kingdoms thou didst leave as  
hero,

Won with thy blood, and toil, and time,  
and peril!

For what? to furnish imposts for a revel,  
Or multiplied extortions for a minion.

*Sar.* I understand thee—thou wouldst  
have me go

Forth as a conqueror. By all the stars  
Which the Chaldeans read—the restless  
slaves

Deserve that I should curse them with  
their wishes,

And lead them forth to glory.

*Sal.* Wherefore not?  
Semiramis—a woman only—led

These our Assyrians to the solar shores  
Of Ganges.

*Sar.* 'Tis most true. And how re-  
turn'd?

*Sal.* Why, like a *man*—a hero; baffled,  
but

Not vanquish'd. With but twenty guards,  
she made

Good her retreat to Bactria.

*Sar.* And how many  
Left she behind in India to the vultures?

*Sal.* Our annals say not.

*Sar.* Then I will say for them—  
That she had better woven within her  
palace

Some twenty garments, than with twenty  
guards

Have fled to Bactria, leaving to the ravens,  
And wolves, and men—the fiercer of the  
three,

Her myriads of fond subjects. Is *this*  
glory?

Then let me live in ignominy ever.

*Sal.* All warlike spirits have not the  
same fate.

Semiramis, the glorious parent of  
A hundred kings, although she fail'd in  
India,

Brought Persia, Media, Bactria, to the  
realm

Which she once sway'd—and thou *might'st*  
sway.

*Sar.* I sway them—  
She but subdued them.

*Sal.* It may be ere long  
That they will need her sword more than  
your sceptre.

*Sar.* There was a certain Bacchus, was  
there not?

I've heard my Greek girls speak of such—  
they say

He was a god, that is, a Grecian god,  
An idol foreign to Assyria's worship,  
Who conquer'd this same golden realm  
of Ind

Thou prat'st of, where Semiramis was  
vanquish'd.

*Sal.* I have heard of such a man; and  
thou perceiv'st

That he is deem'd a god for what he did.  
*Sar.* And in his godship I will honour  
him—

Not much as man. What, ho! my cup-  
bearer?

*Sal.* What means the king?

*Sar.* To worship your new god  
And ancient conqueror. Some wine, I say.

*Enter Cupbearer.*

*Sar.* [addressing the Cupbearer]. Bring  
me the golden goblet, thick with  
gems,

Which bears the name of Nimrod's cha-  
lice. Hence,

Fill full, and bear it quickly.

[Exit Cupbearer.]

*Sal.* Is this moment  
A fitting one for the resumption of

Thy yet unslept-off revels?

*Re-enter Cupbearer, with wine.*

*Sar.* [taking the cup from him]. Noble  
kinsman,

If these barbarian Greeks of the far shores  
And skirts of these our realms lie not, this

Bacchus  
Conquer'd the whole of India, did he not?

*Sal.* He did, and thence was deem'd a  
deity.

*Sar.* Not so:—of all his conquests a few  
columns

Which may be his, and might be mine, if I  
Thought them worth purchase and con-  
veyance, are

The landmarks of the seas of gore he shed,  
The realms he wasted, and the hearts he  
broke.

But here, here in this goblet is his title  
To immortality—the immortal grape

From which he first express'd the soul, and  
gave

To gladden that of man, as some atone-  
ment

For the victorious mischiefs he had done.  
Had it not been for this, he would have  
been

A mortal still in name as in his grave;  
 And, like my ancestor Semiramis, <sup>180</sup>  
 A sort of semi-glorious human monster.  
 Here's that which deified him—let it now  
 Humanise thee; my surly, chiding brother  
 Pledge me to the Greek god!

*Sal.* For all thy realms  
 I would not so blaspheme our country's  
 creed. <sup>185</sup>

*Sar.* That is to say, thou thinkest him  
 a hero,  
 That he shed blood by oceans; and no god,  
 Because he turn'd a fruit to an enchant-  
 ment,

Which cheers the sad, revives the old,  
 inspires

The young, makes weariness forget his  
 toil, <sup>190</sup>

And fear her danger; opens a new world  
 When this, the present, palls. Well, then  
 I pledge thee

And him as a true man, who did his utmost  
 In good or evil to surprise mankind.

*[Drinks.]*  
*Sal.* Wilt thou resume a revel at this  
 hour? <sup>195</sup>

*Sar.* And if I did, 'twere better than a  
 trophy,  
 Being bought without a tear. But that is  
 not

My present purpose: since thou wilt not  
 pledge me,  
 Continue what thou pleasest.

*[To the Cupbearer.]* Boy, retire.

*[Exit Cupbearer.]*  
*Sal.* I would but have recall'd thee from  
 thy dream; <sup>200</sup>

Better by me awaken'd than rebellion.

*Sar.* Who should rebel? or why? what  
 cause? pretext?

I am the lawful king, descended from  
 A race of kings who knew no predecessors.  
 What have I done to thee, or to the people,  
 That thou shouldst rail, or they rise up  
 against me? <sup>206</sup>

*Sal.* Of what thou hast done to me, I  
 speak not.

*Sar.* But  
 Thou think'st that I have wrong'd the  
 queen: is't not so?

*Sal.* Think! Thou hast wrong'd her!

*Sar.* Patience, prince, and hear me.  
 She has all power and splendour of her  
 station, <sup>210</sup>

Respect, the tutelage of Assyria's heirs,  
 The homage and the appanage of sove-  
 reignty.

I married her as monarchs wed—for state,  
 And loved her as most husbands love their  
 wives.

If she or thou supposedst I could link me  
 Like a Chaldean peasant to his mate,  
 Ye knew nor me, nor monarchs, nor man-  
 kind. <sup>217</sup>

*Sal.* I pray thee, change the theme: my  
 blood disdains

Complaint, and Salmenes' sister seeks not  
 Reluctant love even from Assyria's lord!  
 Nor would she deign to accept divided  
 passion <sup>221</sup>

With foreign strumpets and Ionian slaves.  
 The queen is silent.

*Sar.* And why not her brother?  
*Sal.* I only echo thee the voice of em-  
 pires, <sup>225</sup>

Which he who long neglects not long will  
 govern.

*Sar.* The ungrateful and ungracious  
 slaves! they murmur

Because I have not shed their blood, nor  
 led them

To dry into the desert's dust by myriads,  
 Or whiten with their bones the banks of  
 Ganges; <sup>229</sup>

Nor decimated them with savage laws,  
 Nor sweated them to build up pyramids,  
 Or Babylonian walls.

*Sal.* Yet these are trophies  
 More worthy of a people and their prince  
 Than songs, and lutes, and feasts, and  
 concubines,

And lavish'd treasures, and contemned  
 virtues. <sup>235</sup>

*Sar.* Or for my trophies I have founded  
 cities:

There's Tarsus and Anchialus, both built  
 In one day—what could that blood-loving  
 beldame, <sup>238</sup>

My martial grandam, chaste Semiramis,  
 Do more, except destroy them?

*Sal.* 'Tis most true;  
 I own thy merit in those founded cities,  
 Built for a whim, recorded with a verse,  
 Which shames both them and thee to  
 coming ages.

*Sar.* Shame me! By Baal, the cities,  
 though well built,

Are not more goodly than the verse! Say  
 what <sup>245</sup>

Thou wilt 'gainst me, my mode of life or  
 rule,

But nothing 'gainst the truth of that brief  
 record.

Why, those few lines contain the history  
 Of all things human: hear—'Sardanapalus,

The king, and son of Anacyndaraxes,  
 In one day built Anchialus and Tarsus.

Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth  
 a fillip.'

*Sal.* A worthy moral, and a wise in-  
 scription,

For a king to put up before his subjects!  
*Sar.* Oh, thou wouldst have me doubt-  
 less set up edicts— <sup>255</sup>

'Obey the king—contribute to his trea-  
 sure—

Recruit his phalanx—spill your blood at  
 bidding—

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT I

Fall down and worship, or get up and toil.  
Or thus—'Sardanapalus on this spot  
Slew fifty thousand of his enemies. 260  
These are their sepulchres, and this his  
trophy.'

I leave such things to conquerors; enough  
For me, if I can make my subjects feel  
The weight of human misery less, and glide  
Unroaring to the tomb: I take no licence  
Which I deny to them. We all are men.

*Sal.* Thy sires have been revered as  
gods—

*Sar.* In dust  
And death, where they are neither gods  
nor men.

Talk not of such to me! the worms are  
gods; 269

At least they banqueted upon your gods,  
And died for lack of further nutriment.  
Those gods were merely men; look to their  
issue—

I feel a thousand mortal things about me,  
But nothing godlike,—unless it may be  
The thing which you condemn, a dis-  
position 275

To love and to be merciful, to pardon  
The follies of my species, and (that's  
human)

To be indulgent to my own.

*Sal.* Alas!  
The doom of Nineveh is seal'd.—Woe—  
woe

To the unrivall'd city!

*Sar.* What dost dread?  
*Sal.* Thou art guarded by thy foes: in a  
few hours 281

The tempest may break out which over-  
whelms thee,

And thine and mine; and in another day  
What is shall be the past of Belus' race.

*Sar.* What must we dread?

*Sal.* Ambitious treachery,  
Which has environ'd thee with snares; but  
yet 286

There is resource: empower me with thy  
signet

To quell the machinations, and I lay  
The heads of thy chief foes before thy feet.

*Sar.* The heads—how many?

*Sal.* Must I stay to number  
Wheneven thine own's in peril? Let me go;  
Give me thy signet—trust me with the rest.

*Sar.* I will trust no man with unlimited  
lives.

When we take those from others, we nor  
know

What we have taken, nor the thing we  
give. 295

*Sal.* Wouldst thou not take their lives  
who seek for thine?

*Sar.* That's a hard question—But I  
answer, Yes.

Cannot the thing be done without? Who  
are they

Whom thou suspectest?—Let them be  
arrested.

*Sal.* I would thou wouldst not ask me;  
the next moment 300  
Will send my answer through thy babbling  
troop

Of paramours, and thence fly o'er the  
palace,

Even to the city, and so baffle all.—

Trust me.

*Sar.* Thou knowest I have done so ever;  
Take thou the signet. [*Gives the signet.*

*Sal.* I have one more request. 305  
*Sar.* Name it.

*Sal.* That thou this night forbear the  
banquet

In the pavilion over the Euphrates.

*Sar.* Forbear the banquet! Not for all  
the plotters

That ever shook a kingdom! Let them  
come,

And do their worst: I shall not blench for  
them; 310

Nor rise the sooner; nor forbear the gob-  
let;

Nor crown me with a single rose the less;  
Nor lose one joyous hour.—I fear them  
not.

*Sal.* But thou wouldst arm thee, wouldst  
thou not, if needful?

*Sar.* Perhaps. I have the goodliest ar-  
mour, and 315

A sword of such a temper; and a bow  
And javelin, which might furnish Nimrod  
forth:

A little heavy, but yet not unwieldy.

And now I think on't, 'tis long since I've  
used them,

Even in the chase. Hast ever seen them,  
brother? 320

*Sal.* Is this a time for such fantastic  
trifling?—

If need be, wilt thou wear them?

*Sar.* Will I not?  
Oh! if it must be so, and these rash slaves

Will not be ruled with less, I'll use the  
sword

Till they shall wish it turn'd into a distaff.

*Sal.* They say thy sceptre's turn'd to  
that already. 326

*Sar.* That's false! but let them say so:  
the old Greeks,

Of whom our captives often sing, related  
The same of their chief hero, Hercules,

Because he loved a Lydian queen: thou  
seest 330

The populace of all the nations seize  
Each calumny they can to sink their sove-  
reigns.

*Sal.* They did not speak thus of thy  
fathers.

*Sar.* No;

They dared not. They were kept to toil  
and combat;

And never changed their chains but for  
their armour: 335

Now they have peace and pastime, and the  
licence

To revel and to rail; it irks me not.  
I would not give the smile of one fair girl  
For all the popular breath that e'er divided  
A name from nothing. What are the rank  
tongues 340

Of this vile herd, grown insolent with feed-  
ing,

That I should prize their noisy praise, or  
dread

Their noisome clamour?

*Sal.* You have said they are men;  
As such their hearts are something.

*Sar.* So my dogs' are;  
And better, as more faithful:—but, pro-  
ceed; 345

Thou hast my signet:—since they are  
tumultuous,

Let them be temper'd, yet not roughly, till  
Necessity enforce it. I hate all pain,

Given or received; we have enough within us,  
The meanest vassal as the loftiest monarch,

Not to add to each other's natural burthen  
Of mortal misery, but rather lessen, 352

By mild reciprocal alleviation,  
The fatal penalties imposed on life:

But this they know not, or they will not  
know. 355

I have, by Baal! done all I could to soothe  
them:

I made no wars, I added no new imposts,  
I interfered not with their civic lives,

I let them pass their days as best might suit  
them: 359

Passing my own as suited me.

*Sal.* Thou stopp'st  
Short of the duties of a king; and therefore

They say thou art unfit to be a monarch.

*Sar.* They lie.—Unhappily, I am unfit  
To be aught save a monarch; else for me

The meanest Mede might be the king in-  
stead. 365

*Sal.* There is one Mede, at least, who  
seeks to be so.

*Sar.* What mean'st thou?—'tis thy  
secret; thou desirest

Few questions, and I'm not of curious  
nature.

Take the fit steps; and, since necessity  
Requires, I sanction and support thee.

Ne'er 370

Was man who more desired to rule in peace  
The peaceful only: if they rouse me, better

They had conjured up stern Nimrod from  
his ashes,

'The mighty hunter.' I will turn these  
realms

To one wide desert chase of brutes, who  
were, 375

But would no more, by their own choice,  
be human.

What they have found me, they belie; that  
which

They yet may find me—shall defy their  
wish

To speak it worse; and let them thank  
themselves. 379

*Sal.* Then thou at last canst feel?

*Sar.* Feel! who feels not  
Ingratitude?

*Sal.* I will not pause to answer  
With words, but deeds. Keep thou awake  
that energy

Which sleeps at times, but is not dead with-  
in thee,

And thou may'st yet be glorious in thy  
reign, 384

As powerful in thy realm. Farewell!  
[Exit SALEMENES.

*Sar.* [solus]. Farewell!  
He's gone; and on his finger bears my sig-  
net,

Which is to him a sceptre. He is stern  
As I am heedless; and the slaves deserve

To feel a master. What may be the danger,  
I know not: he hath found it, let him quell  
it. 390

Must I consume my life—this little life—  
In guarding against all may make it less?

It is not worth so much! It were to die  
Before my hour, to live in dread of death,

Tracing revolt; suspecting all about me,  
Because they are near; and all who are  
remote, 396

Because they are far. But if it should be  
so—

If they should sweep me off from earth and  
empire,

Why, what is earth or empire of the earth?  
I have loved, and lived, and multiplied my  
image; 400

To die is no less natural than those  
Acts of this clay! 'Tis true I have not shed

Blood as I might have done, in oceans, till  
My name became the synonyme of death—

A terror and a trophy. But for this 405

I feel no penitence; my life is love:  
If I must shed blood, it shall be by force.

Till now, no drop from an Assyrian vein  
Hath flow'd for me, nor hath the smallest  
coin

Of Nineveh's vast treasures e'er been  
lavish'd 410

On objects which could cost her sons a  
tear:

If then they hate me, 'tis because I hate not:  
If they rebel, 'tis because I oppress not.

Oh, men! ye must be ruled with scythes,  
not sceptres.

And mow'd down like the grass, else all we  
reap 415

Is rank abundance, and a rotten harvest  
Of discontents infecting the fair soil,

Making a desert of fertility.—  
I'll think no more.—Within there, ho!

*Enter an ATTENDANT.*

*Sar.* Slave, tell  
The Ionian Myrrha we could crave her  
presence. 420  
*Attend.* King, she is here.

*MYRRHA enters.*

*Sar.* [*apart to Attendant*]. Away!  
[*Addressing MYRRHA*]. Beautiful being!  
Thou dost almost anticipate my heart;  
It throb'd for thee, and here thou comest:

let me  
Deem that some unknown influence, some  
sweet oracle,  
Communicates between us, though un-  
seen, 425

In absence, and attracts us to each other.  
*Myr.* There doth.

*Sar.* I know there doth, but not its  
name:  
What is it?

*Myr.* In my native land a God,  
And in my heart a feeling like a God's,  
Exalted; yet I own 'tis only mortal; 430  
For what I feel is humble, and yet happy—  
That is, it would be happy; but—

[*MYRRHA pauses.*]

*Sar.* There comes  
For ever something between us and what  
We deem our happiness: let me remove  
The barrier which that hesitating accent  
Proclaims to thine, and mine is seal'd.

*Myr.* My lord! My lord!  
*Sar.* My lord—my king—sire—sove-  
reign; thus it is— 437

For ever thus, address'd with awe. I ne'er  
Can see a smile, unless in some broad  
banquet's

Intoxicating glare, when the buffoons  
Have gorged themselves up to equality,  
Or I have quaff'd me down to their abase-  
ment. 442

Myrrha, I can hear all these things, these  
names,

Lord—king—sire—monarch—nay, time  
was I prized them;

That is, I suffer'd them—from slaves and  
nobles; 445

But when they falter from the lips I love,  
The lips which have been press'd to mine,  
a chill

Comes o'er my heart, a cold sense of the  
falsehood

Of this my station, which represses feeling  
In those for whom I have felt most, and  
makes me 450

Wish that I could lay down the dull tiara,  
And share a cottage on the Caucasus

With thee, and wear no crowns but those  
of flowers.

*Myr.* Would that we could!

*Sar.* And dost thou feel this?—Why?

*Myr.* Then thou wouldst know what  
thou canst never know. 455

*Sar.* And that is—

*Myr.* The true value of a heart;  
At least, a woman's.

*Sar.* I have proved a thousand—  
A thousand, and a thousand.

*Myr.* Hearts?

*Sar.* I think so.

*Myr.* Not one! the time may come thou  
may'st.

*Sar.* It will. 459  
Hear, Myrrha; Salemenes has declared—  
Or why or how he hath divined it, Belus,  
Who founded our great realm, knows more  
than I—

But Salemenes hath declared my throne  
In peril.

*Myr.* He did well.

*Sar.* And say'st thou so?  
Thou whom he spurn'd so harshly, and  
now dared 465  
Drive from our presence with his savage  
jeers,

And made thee weep and blush?

*Myr.* I should do both  
More frequently, and he did well to call me  
Back to my duty. But thou spak'st of  
peril—

Peril to thee—

*Sar.* Ay, from dark plots and snares  
From Medes—and discontented troops  
and nations, 471

I know not what—a labyrinth of things—  
A maze of mutter'd threats and mysteries:  
Thou know'st the man—it is his usual  
custom.

But he is honest. Come, we'll think no  
more on't— 475

But of the midnight festival.

*Myr.* 'Tis time  
To think of aught save festivals. Thou hast  
not

Spurn'd his sage cautions?

*Sar.* What?—and dost thou fear?

*Myr.* Fear!—I'm a Greek, and how  
should I fear death?  
A slave, and wherefore should I dread my  
freedom? 480

*Sar.* Then wherefore dost thou turn so  
pale?

*Myr.* I love.

*Sar.* And do not I? I love thee far—far  
more

Than either the brief life or the wide realm,  
Which, it may be, are menaced;—yet I  
blench not.

*Myr.* That means thou lovest nor thy-  
self nor me; 485

For he who loves another loves himself,  
Even for that other's sake. This is too rash:  
Kingdoms and lives are not to be so lost.

*Sar.* Lost!—why, who is the aspiring  
chief who dared 489

Assume to win them?

*Myr.* Who is he should dread

To try so much? When he who is their ruler  
Forgets himself, will they remember him?

*Sar.* Myrrha!

*Myr.* Frown not upon me; you have  
smiled <sup>493</sup>

Too often on me not to make those frowns  
Bitterer to bear than any punishment  
Which they may augur.—King, I am your  
subject!

Master, I am your slave! Man, I have  
loved you!—

Loved you, I know not by what fatal weak-  
ness,

Although a Greek, and born a foe to  
monarchs— <sup>499</sup>

A slave, and hating fetters—an Ionian,  
And, therefore, when I love a stranger,  
more

Degraded by that passion than by chains!  
Still I have loved you. If that love were  
strong

Enough to overcome all former nature,  
Shall it not claim the privilege to save you?

*Sar.* Save me, my beauty! Thou art  
very fair, <sup>506</sup>

And what I seek of thee is love—not safety.

*Myr.* And without love where dwells  
security?

*Sar.* I speak of woman's love.

*Myr.* The very first  
Of human life must spring from woman's  
breast, <sup>510</sup>

Your first small words are taught you from  
her lips,

Your first tears quench'd by her, and your  
last sighs

Too often breathed out in a woman's hear-  
ing,

When men have shrunk from the ignoble  
care

Of watching the last hour of him who led  
them. <sup>515</sup>

*Sar.* My eloquent Ionian! thou speak'st  
music;

The very chorus of the tragic song  
I have heard thee talk of as the favourite  
pastime

Of thy far father-land. Nay, weep not—  
calm thee.

*Myr.* I weep not.—But I pray thee, do  
not speak <sup>520</sup>

About my fathers or their land.

*Sar.* Yet oft  
Thou speakest of them.

*Myr.* True—true: constant thought  
Will overflow in words unconsciously;

But when another speaks of Greece, it  
wounds me.

*Sar.* Well, then, how wouldst thou save  
me, as thou saidst? <sup>525</sup>

*Myr.* By teaching thee to save thyself,  
and not

Thyself alone, but these vast realms, from  
all

The rage of the worst war—the war of  
brethren.

*Sar.* Why, child, I loathe all war and  
warriors; <sup>529</sup>

I live in peace and pleasure: what can man  
Do more?

*Myr.* Alas! my lord, with common men  
There needs too oft the show of war to keep  
The substance of sweet peace; and, for a  
king,

'Tis sometimes better to be fear'd than lov'd.

*Sar.* And I have never sought but for  
the last. <sup>535</sup>

*Myr.* And now art neither.

*Sar.* Dost thou say so, Myrrha?

*Myr.* I speak of civic popular love, self-  
love,

Which means that men are kept in awe  
and law,

Yet not oppress'd—at least they must not  
think so, <sup>539</sup>

Or if they think so, deem it necessary,  
To ward off worse oppression, their own  
passions.

A king of feasts, and flowers, and wine, and  
revel,

And love, and mirth, was never king of  
glory.

*Sar.* Glory! what's that?

*Myr.* Ask of the gods thy fathers.

*Sar.* They cannot answer; when the  
priests speak for them, <sup>545</sup>

'Tis for some small addition to the temple.

*Myr.* Look to the annals of thine em-  
pire's founders.

*Sar.* They are so blotted o'er with  
blood, I cannot.

But what wouldst have? the empire *has*  
*been* founded.

I cannot go on multiplying empires. <sup>550</sup>

*Myr.* Preserve thine own.

*Sar.* At least, I will enjoy it.

Come, Myrrha, let us go on to the Eu-  
phrates:

The hour invites, the galley is prepared,  
And the pavilion, deck'd for our return,

In fit adornment for the evening banquet,  
Shall blaze with beauty and with light, un-  
til <sup>556</sup>

It seems unto the stars which are above us  
Itself an opposite star; and we will sit

Crown'd with fresh flowers like—

*Myr.* Victims.

*Sar.* No, like sovereigns,  
The shepherd kings of patriarchal times,

Who knew no brighter gems than summer  
wreaths, <sup>561</sup>

And none but tearless triumphs. Let us on.

*Enter PANIA.*

*Pan.* May the king live for ever!

*Sar.* Not an hour  
Longer than he can love. How my soul  
hates



# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT I

This language, which makes life itself a lie,  
Flattering dust with eternity! Well, Pania!  
Be brief.

*Pan.* I am charged by Salemenes to  
Reiterate his prayer unto the king, 568  
That for this day, at least, he will not quit  
The palace: when the general returns,  
He will adduce such reasons as will war-  
rant 571  
His daring, and perhaps obtain the pardon  
Of his presumption.

*Sar.* What! am I then coop'd?  
Already captive? can I not even breathe  
The breath of heaven? Tell prince Saleme-  
nes, 575

Were all Assyria raging round the walls  
In mutinous myriads, I would still go forth.

*Pan.* I must obey you, and yet—

*Myr.* Oh, monarch, listen.—  
How many a day and moon thou hast re-  
clined

Within these palace walls in silken dalli-  
ance, 580

And never shown thee to thy people's long-  
ing;

Leaving thy subjects' eyes ungratified,  
The satraps uncontroll'd, the gods un-  
worshipp'd,

And all things in the anarchy of sloth,  
Till all, save evil, slumber'd through the  
realm! 585

And wilt thou not now tarry for a day,—  
A day which may redeem thee? Wilt thou  
not

Yield to the few still faithful a few hours,  
For them, for thee, for thy past fathers'  
race,

And for thy sons' inheritance?

*Pan.* 'Tis true!  
From the deep urgency with which the  
prince 591

Despatch'd me to your sacred presence, I  
Must dare to add my feeble voice to that  
Which now has spoken.

*Sar.* No, it must not be.

*Myr.* For the sake of thy realm!

*Sar.* Away!

*Pan.* For that  
Of all thy faithful subjects, who will rally  
Round thee and thine.

*Sar.* These are mere fantasies:  
There is no peril:—'tis a sullen scheme  
Of Salemenes, to approve his zeal, 599  
And show himself more necessary to us.

*Myr.* By all that's good and glorious  
take this counsel.

*Sar.* Business to-morrow.

*Myr.* Ay, or death to-night.

*Sar.* Why let it come then unexpectedly,  
'Midst joy and gentleness, and mirth and  
love;

So let me fall like the pluck'd rose!—far  
better 605

Thus than be wither'd.

*Myr.* Then thou wilt not yield,  
Even for the sake of all that ever stirr'd  
A monarch into action, to forego 608  
A trifling revel.

*Sar.* No.

*Myr.* Then yield for mine;  
For my sake!

*Sar.* Thine, my Myrrha!

*Myr.* 'Tis the first  
Boon which I ever ask'd Assyria's king.

*Sar.* That's true, and were't my king-  
dom, must be granted.

Well, for thy sake, I yield me. Pania, hence!  
Thou hear'st me.

*Pan.* And obey. [Exit PANIA.]

*Sar.* I marvel at thee.  
What is thy motive, Myrrha, thus to urge  
me? 615

*Myr.* Thy safety; and the certainty that  
nought

Could urge the prince thy kinsman to re-  
quire

Thus much from thee, but some impending  
danger.

*Sar.* And if I do not dread it, why  
shouldst thou?

*Myr.* Because thou dost not fear, I fear  
for thee. 620

*Sar.* To-morrow thou wilt smile at these  
vain fancies.

*Myr.* If the worst come, I shall be where  
none weep,

And that is better than the power to smile.  
And thou?

*Sar.* I shall be king, as heretofore.

*Myr.* Where?

*Sar.* With Baal, Nimrod, and Semira-  
mis, 625

Sole in Assyria, or with them elsewhere.  
Fate made me what I am—may make me  
nothing—

But either that or nothing must I be:  
I will not live degraded.

*Myr.* Hadst thou felt  
Thus always, none would ever dare de-  
grade thee. 630

*Sar.* And who will do so now?

*Myr.* Dost thou suspect none?

*Sar.* Suspect!—that's a spy's office.

Oh! we lose  
Ten thousand precious moments in vain  
words,

And vainer fears. Within there!—ye  
slaves, deck 634

The hall of Nimrod for the evening revel:  
If I must make a prison of our palace,

At least we'll wear our fetters jocundly;  
If the Euphrates be forbid us, and

The summer dwelling on its beauteous  
border, 639

Here we are still unmenaced. Ho! within  
there!

[Exit SARDANAPALUS.]

*Myr.* [sola]. Why do I love this man?  
My country's daughters

Love none but heroes. But I have no country!

The slave hath lost all save her bonds. I love him;

And that's the heaviest link of the long chain— 644

To love whom we esteem not. Be it so; The hour is coming when he'll need all love,

And find none. To fall from him now were baser

Than to have stabb'd him on his throne when highest

Would have been noble in my country's creed:

I was not made for either. Could I save him, 650

I should not love *him* better, but myself; And I have need of the last, for I have fallen In my own thoughts, by loving this soft stranger:

And yet methinks I love him more, perceiving 654

That he is hated of his own barbarians, The natural foes of all the blood of Greece. Could I but wake a single thought like those Which even the Phrygians felt when battling long

'Twixt Ilion and the sea, within his heart He would tread down the barbarous crowds, and triumph. 660

He loves me, and I love him; the slave loves

Her master, and would free him from his vices.

If not, I have a means of freedom still, And if I cannot teach him how to reign, May show him how alone a king can leave His throne. I must not lose him from my sight. [Exit.]

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Portal of the same Hall of the Palace.*

*Beleses* [solus]. The sun goes down: methinks he sets more slowly, Taking his last look of Assyria's empire. How red he glares amongst those deepening clouds,

Like the blood he predicts! If not in vain, Thou sun that sinkest, and ye stars which rise, 5

I have outwatch'd ye, reading ray by ray The edicts of your orbs, which make Time tremble

For what he brings the nations, 'tis the furthest

Hour of Assyria's years. And yet how calm!

An earthquake should announce so great a fall— 10

A summer's sun discloses it. Yon disk, To the star-read Chaldean, bears upon

Its everlasting page the end of what Seem'd everlasting; but oh! thou true sun!

The burning oracle of all that live, 15  
As fountain of all life, and symbol of

Him who bestows it, wherefore dost thou limit

Thy lore unto calamity? Why not Unfold the rise of days more worthy thine All-glorious burst from ocean? why not dart 20

A beam of hope athwart the future years, As of wrath to its days? Hear me! oh, hear me!

I am thy worshipper, thy priest, thy servant—

I have gazed on thee at thy rise and fall, And bow'd my head beneath thy mid-day beams, 25

When my eye dared not meet thee. I have watch'd

For thee, and after thee, and pray'd to thee, And sacrificed to thee, and read, and fear'd thee,

And ask'd of thee, and thou hast answer'd —but

Only to thus much: while I speak, he sinks— 30

Is gone—and leaves his beauty, not his knowledge,

To the delighted west, which revels in Its hues of dying glory. Yet what is

Death, so it be but glorious? 'Tis a sunset; And mortals may be happy to resemble

The gods but in decay.

*Enter ARBACES by an inner door.*

*Arb.* Beleses, why 36  
So rapt in thy devotions? Dost thou stand Gazing to trace thy disappearing god

Into some realm of undiscover'd day? Our business is with night—'tis come.

*Bel.* But not Gone.

*Arb.* Let it roll on—we are ready. 39  
*Bel.* Yes.

Would it were over!

*Arb.* Does the prophet doubt, To whom the very stars shine victory?

*Bel.* I do not doubt of victory—but the victor.

*Arb.* Well, let thy science settle that. Meantime 45

I have prepared as many glittering spears As will out-sparkle our allies—your planets.

There is no more to thwart us. The she-king,

That less than woman, is even now upon The waters with his female mates. The order 50

Is issued for the feast in the pavilion. The first cup which he drains will be the last

Quaff'd by the line of Nimrod.

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT II

*Bel.* 'Twas a brave one.  
*Arb.* And is a weak one—'tis worn out  
—we'll mend it. 54

*Bel.* Art sure of that?  
*Arb.* Its founder was a hunter—  
I am a soldier—what is there to fear?

*Bel.* The soldier.  
*Arb.* And the priest, it may be: but  
If you thought thus, or think, why not retain  
Your king of concubines? why stir me up?  
Why spur me to this enterprise? your own  
No less than mine?

*Bel.* Look to the sky!  
*Arb.* I look.

*Bel.* What seest thou?  
*Arb.* A fair summer's twilight, and  
The gathering of the stars.

*Bel.* And midst them, mark  
Yon earliest, and the brightest, which so  
quivers, 64  
As it would quit its place in the blue ether.

*Arb.* Well!  
*Bel.* 'Tis thy natal ruler—thy birth  
planet.

*Arb.* [touching his scabbard]. My star is  
in this scabbard: when it shines,  
It shall out-dazzle comets. Let us think  
Of what is to be done to justify  
Thy planets and their portents. When we  
conquer, 70

They shall have temples—ay, and priests  
—and thou  
Shalt be the pontiff of—what gods thou wilt;  
For I observe that they are ever just,  
And own the bravest for the most devout.

*Bel.* Ay, and the most devout for brave  
—thou hast not 75  
Seen me turn back from battle.

*Arb.* No; I own thee  
As firm in fight as Babylonia's captain,  
As skilful in Chaldea's worship: now,  
Will it but please thee to forget the priest,  
And be the warrior?

*Bel.* Why not both?  
*Arb.* The better;  
And yet it almost shames me, we shall have  
So little to effect. This woman's warfare  
Degrades the very conqueror. To have  
pluck'd 83

A bold and bloody despot from his throne,  
And grappled with him, clashing steel with  
steel,

That were heroic or to win or fall;  
But to upraise my sword against this silk-  
worm, 87

And hear him whine, it may be—

*Bel.* Do not deem it:  
He has that in him which may make you  
strife yet;

And were he all you think, his guards are  
hardy, 90

And headed by the cool, stern Salemenes.

*Arb.* They'll not resist.  
*Bel.* Why not? they are soldiers.

*Arb.* True,  
And therefore need a soldier to command  
them.

*Bel.* That Salemenes is.  
*Arb.* But not their king.  
Besides, he hates the effeminate thing that  
governs, 95

For the queen's sake, his sister. Mark you  
not  
He keeps aloof from all the revels?

*Bel.* But  
Not from the council—there he is ever con-  
stant.

*Arb.* And ever thwarted: what would  
you have more  
To make a rebel out of? A fool reigning,  
His blood dishonour'd, and himself dis-  
dain'd: 101

Why, it is his revenge we work for.

*Bel.* Could  
He but be brought to think so: this I doubt  
of.

*Arb.* What, if we sound him?

*Bel.* Yes—if the time served.

Enter BALEA.

*Bal.* Satraps! The king commands your  
presence at 105  
The feast to-night.

*Bel.* To hear is to obey.  
In the pavilion?

*Bal.* No; here in the palace.  
*Arb.* How! in the palace? it was not  
thus order'd.

*Bal.* It is so order'd now.

*Arb.* And why?  
*Bal.* I know not.

May I retire?  
*Arb.* Stay.

*Bel.* [to *Arb.* aside]. Hush! let him go his  
way. 110

[Alternately to *Bal.*]. Yes, Balea, thank the  
monarch, kiss the hem

Of his imperial robe, and say, his slaves  
Will take the crumbs he deigns to scatter  
from

His royal table at the hour—was't mid-  
night?

*Bal.* It was: the place, the hall of Nim-  
rod. Lords, 115

I humble me before you, and depart,  
Exit BALEA.

*Arb.* I like not this same sudden change  
of place;

There is some mystery: wherefore should  
he change it?

*Bel.* Doth he not change a thousand  
times a day?

Sloth is of all things the most fanciful—  
And moves more parasangs in its intents  
Than generals in their marches, when  
they seek

To leave their foe at fault.—Why dost thou  
muse?

*Arb.* He loved that gay pavilion,—it was ever  
His summer dotage. 124

*Bel.* And he loved his queen—  
And thrice a thousand harlotry besides—  
And he has loved all things by turns, except  
Wisdom and glory.

*Arb.* Still—I like it not.  
If he has changed—why, so must we: the  
attack

Were easy in the isolated bower, 130  
Beset with drowsy guards and drunken  
courtiers;

But in the hall of Nimrod—

*Bel.* Is it so?  
Methought the haughty soldier fear'd to  
mount 133

A throne too easily—does it disappoint thee  
To find there is a slipperier step or two  
Than what was counted on?

*Arb.* When the hour comes,  
Thou shalt perceive how far I fear or no.  
Thou hast seen my life at stake—and gaily  
play'd for:

But here is more upon the die—a kingdom.

*Bel.* I have foretold already—thou wilt  
win it: 140

Then on, and prosper.

*Arb.* Now were I a soothsayer,  
I would have boded so much to myself.  
But be the stars obey'd—I cannot quarrel  
With them, nor their interpreter. Who's  
here? 144

*Enter SALEMENES.*

*Sal.* Satraps!

*Bel.* My prince!

*Sal.* Well met—I sought ye both,  
But elsewhere than the palace.

*Arb.* Wherefore so?

*Sal.* 'Tis not the hour.

*Arb.* The hour!—what hour?

*Sal.* Of midnight.

*Bel.* Midnight, my lord!

*Sal.* What, are you not invited?

*Bel.* Oh! yes—we had forgotten.

*Sal.* Is it usual  
Thus to forget a sovereign's invitation?

*Arb.* Why—we but now received it.

*Sal.* Then why here?

*Arb.* On duty.

*Sal.* On what duty?

*Bel.* On the state's.

We have the privilege to approach the  
presence; 153

But found the monarch absent.

*Sal.* And I too  
Am upon duty.

*Arb.* May we crave its purport?

*Sal.* To arrest two traitors. Guards!  
Within there!

*Enter Guards.*

*Sal.* [continuing]. Satraps,

Your swords.

*Bel.* [delivering his]. My lord, behold  
my scimitar.

*Arb.* [drawing his sword]. Take mine.

*Sal.* [advancing]. I will.

*Arb.* But in your heart the blade—  
The hilt quits not this hand.

*Sal.* [drawing]. How! dost thou brave  
me?

'Tis well—this saves a trial, and false  
mercy. 160

Soldiers, hew down the rebel!

*Arb.* Soldiers! Ay—

Alone you dare not.

*Sal.* Alone! foolish slave—

What is there in thee that a prince should  
shrink from

Of open force? We dread thy treason, not  
Thy strength: thy tooth is nought without  
its venom— 165

The serpent's, not the lion's. Cut him  
down.

*Bel.* [interposing]. Arbaces! are you  
mad? Have I not render'd

My sword? Then trust like me our sove-  
reign's justice.

*Arb.* No—I will sooner trust the stars  
thou prat'st of, 169

And this slight arm, and die a king at least  
Of my own breath and body—so far that  
None else shall chain them.

*Sal.* [to the guards]. You hear him and  
me.

Take him not,—kill.

[The Guards attack ARBACES, who de-  
fends himself valiantly and dexter-  
ously till they waver.

*Sal.* Is it even so; and must  
I do the hangman's office? Recreants! see  
How you should fell a traitor.

[SALEMENES attacks ARBACES.

*Enter SARDANAPALUS and Train.*

*Sar.* Hold your hands—  
Upon your lives, I say. What, deaf or  
drunken? 176

My sword! O fool, I wear no sword: here,  
fellow,

Give me thy weapon. [To a Guard.

[SARDANAPALUS snatches a sword from  
one of the soldiers, and rushes between  
the combatants—they separate.

*Sar.* In my very palace!

What hinders me from cleaving you in  
twain, 179

Audacious brawlers?

*Bel.* Sire, your justice.

*Sal.* Or—

Your weakness.

*Sar.* [raising the sword]. How?

*Sal.* Strike! so the blow's repeated  
Upon yon traitor—whom you spare a  
moment,

I trust, for torture—I'm content.

*Sar.* What—him!  
Who dares assail Arbaces?

*Sal.* I!

*Sar.* Indeed!  
Prince, you forget yourself. Upon what  
warrant? 185

*Sal.* [*showing the signet*]. Thine.  
*Arb.* [*confused*]. The king's!

*Sal.* Yes! and let the king confirm it.

*Sar.* I parted not from this for such a  
purpose.

*Sal.* You parted with it for your safety  
—I

Employ'd it for the best. Pronounce in  
person.

Here I am but your slave—a moment past  
I was your representative. 191

*Sar.* Then sheathe  
Your swords.

[*ARBACES and SALEMENES return  
their swords to the scabbards.*]

*Sal.* Mine's sheathed: I pray you  
sheathe *not* yours:

'Tis the sole sceptre left you now with  
safety.

*Sar.* A heavy one; the hilt, too, hurts  
my hand.

[*To a Guard*]. Here, fellow, take thy  
weapon back. Well, sirs, 195

What doth this mean?

*Bel.* The prince must answer that.

*Sal.* Truth upon my part, treason upon  
theirs.

*Sar.* Treason—Arbaces! treachery and  
Beleses!

That were an union I will not believe.

*Bel.* Where is the proof?

*Sal.* I'll answer that, if once  
The king demands your fellow-traitor's  
sword. 201

*Arb.* [*to Sal.*] A sword which hath been  
drawn as oft as thine

Against his foes.

*Sal.* And now against his brother,  
And in an hour or so against himself.

*Sar.* That is not possible: he dared not;  
no— 205

No—I'll not hear of such things.—These  
vain bickerings

Are spawn'd in courts by base intrigues,  
and baser

Hirelings, who live by lies on good men's  
lives.

You must have been deceived, my brother.

*Sal.* First

Let him deliver up his weapon, and  
Proclaim himself your subject by that duty,

And I will answer all.

*Sar.* Why, if I thought so—

But no, it cannot be: the Mede Arbaces—  
The trusty, rough, true soldier—the best  
captain 214

Of all who discipline our nations—No,  
I'll not insult him thus, to bid him render

The scimitar to me he never yielded  
Unto our enemies. Chief, keep your  
weapon. 218

*Sal.* [*delivering back the signet*]. Mon-  
arch, take back your signet.

*Sar.* No, retain it;  
But use it with more moderation.

*Sal.* Sire,  
I used it for your honour, and restore it  
Because I cannot keep it with my own.  
Bestow it on Arbaces.

*Sar.* So I should:  
He never ask'd it.

*Sal.* Doubt not, he will have it,  
Without that hollow semblance of respect.

*Bel.* I know not what hath prejudiced  
the prince 226

So strongly 'gainst two subjects, than  
whom none

Have been more zealous for Assyria's  
weal.

*Sal.* Peace, factious priest, and faithless  
soldier! thou 229

Unitest in thy own person the worst vices  
Of the most dangerous orders of mankind.

Keep thy smooth words and juggling  
homilies

For those who know thee not. Thy fel-  
low's sin 233

Is, at the least, a bold one, and not temper'd  
By the tricks taught thee in Chaldea.

*Bel.* Hear him,  
My liege—the son of Belus! he blasphemes

The worship of the land, which bows the  
knee 237

Before your fathers.

*Sar.* Oh! for that I pray you  
Let him have absolution. I dispense with

The worship of dead men; feeling that I  
Am mortal, and believing that the race

From whence I sprung are—what I see  
them—ashes. 242

*Bel.* King! do not deem so: they are  
with the stars,

And—

*Sar.* You shall join them ere they will  
rise,

If you preach further.—Why, *this* is rank  
treason. 245

*Sal.* My lord!

*Sar.* To school me in the worship of  
Assyria's idols! Let him be released—  
Give him his sword.

*Sal.* My lord, and king, and brother,  
I pray ye pause.

*Sar.* Yes, and be sermonised,  
And dinn'd, and deafen'd with dead men  
and Baal, 250

And all Chaldea's starry mysteries.

*Bel.* Monarch! respect them.

*Sar.* Oh! for that—I love them;  
I love to watch them in the deep blue vault,  
And to compare them with my Myrrha's  
eyes;

I love to see their rays redoubled in 255  
The tremulous silver of Euphrates' wave,  
As the light breeze of midnight crisps the  
broad

And rolling water, sighing through the  
sedges

Which fringe his banks: but whether they  
may be 259

Gods, as some say, or the abodes of gods,  
As others hold, or simply lamps of night,  
Worlds, or the lights of worlds, I know nor  
care not.

There's something sweet in my uncer-  
tainty 263

I would not change for your Chaldean lore;  
Besides, I know of these all clay can know  
Of aught above it, or below it—nothing.  
I see their brilliancy and feel their beauty—  
When they shine on my grave I shall know  
neither.

*Bel.* For neither, sire, say better.

*Sar.* I will wait,  
If it so please you, pontiff, for that know-  
ledge. 270

In the mean time receive your sword, and  
know

That I prefer your service militant  
Unto your ministry—not loving either.

*Sal.* [*aside*]. His lusts have made him  
mad. Then must I save him,  
Spite of himself.

*Sar.* Please you to hear me, Satraps!  
And chiefly thou, my priest, because I  
doubt thee 276  
More than the soldier; and would doubt  
thee all

Wert thou not half a warrior: let us part  
In peace—I'll not say pardon—which  
must be

Earn'd by the guilty; this I'll not pro-  
nounce ye, 280

Although upon this breath of mine de-  
pends

Your own; and, deadlier for ye, on my fears.  
But fear not—for that I am soft, not fear-  
ful—

And so live on. Were I the thing some  
think me,

Your heads would now be dripping the last  
drops 285

Of their attainted gore from the high gates  
Of this our palace, into the dry dust,

Their only portion of the coveted kingdom  
They would be crown'd to reign o'er—let  
that pass. 289

As I have said, I will not deem ye guilty,  
Nor doom ye guiltless. Albeit better men  
Than ye or I stand ready to arraign you;  
And should I leave your fate to sterner  
judges,

And proofs of all kinds, I might sacrifice  
Two men, who, whatsoe'er they now are,  
were 295

Once honest. Ye are free, sirs.

*Arb.* Sire, this clemency—

*Bel.* [*interrupting him*]. Is worthy of  
yourself; and, although innocent,

We thank—

*Sar.* Priest! keep your thanksgivings  
for Belus;

His offspring needs none.

*Bel.* But being innocent—

*Sar.* Be silent.—Guilt is loud. If ye are  
loyal, 300

Ye are injured men, and should be sad, not  
grateful.

*Bel.* So we should be, were justice  
always done

By earthly power omnipotent; but inno-  
cence

Must oft receive her right as a mere favour.

*Sar.* That's a good sentence for a  
homily, 305

Though not for this occasion. Prithee keep  
it

To plead thy sovereign's cause before his  
people.

*Bel.* I trust there is no cause.

*Sar.* No cause, perhaps;

But many causers:—if ye meet with such  
In the exercise of your inquisitive function  
On earth, or should you read of it in  
heaven 311

In some mysterious twinkle of the stars,  
Which are your chronicles, I pray you note,  
That there are worse things betwixt earth  
and heaven

Than him who ruleth many and slays  
none; 315

And, hating not himself, yet loves his  
fellows

Enough to spare even those who would not  
spare him

Were they once masters—but that's doubt-  
ful. Satraps!

Your swords and persons are at liberty  
To use them as ye will—but from this hour

I have no call for either. Salemenes!

Follow me.

[*Exeunt* SARDANAPALUS, SALEMENES,  
and the Train, &c., leaving ARBACES  
and BELESES.

*Arb.* Beleses!

*Bel.* Now, what think you?

*Arb.* That we are lost.

*Bel.* That we have won the kingdom.

*Arb.* What? thus suspected—with the  
sword slung o'er us 324

But by a single hair, and that still wavering,  
To be blown down by his imperious breath  
Which spared us—why, I know not.

*Bel.* Seek not why;

But let us profit by the interval.  
The hour is still our own—our power the  
same—

The night the same we destined. He hath  
changed 330

Nothing except our ignorance of all

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT II

Suspicion into such a certainty  
As must make madness of delay.

*Arb.* And yet—

*Bel.* What, doubting still?

*Arb.* He spared our lives, nay, more,  
Saved them from Salemenes.

*Bel.* And how long  
Will he so spare? till the first drunken  
minute. 336

*Arb.* Or sober, rather. Yet he did it  
nobly;

Gave royally what we had forfeited

Basely—

*Bel.* Say bravely.

*Arb.* Somewhat of both, perhaps,  
But it has touch'd me, and, whate'er be-  
tide, 340

I will no further on.

*Bel.* And lose the world!

*Arb.* Lose anything except my own  
esteem.

*Bel.* I blush that we should owe our  
lives to such

A king of distaffs!

*Arb.* But no less we owe them;

And I should blush far more to take the  
grantor's! 345

*Bel.* Thou may'st endure whate'er thou  
wilt—the stars

Have written otherwise.

*Arb.* Though they came down,  
And marshal'd me the way in all their  
brightness,

I would not follow.

*Bel.* This is weakness—worse  
Than a scared beldam's dreaming of the  
dead, 350

And waking in the dark.—Go to—go to.

*Arb.* Methought he look'd like Nimrod  
as he spoke,

Even as the proud imperial statue stands  
Looking the monarch of the kings around it,  
And sways, while they but ornament, the  
temple. 355

*Bel.* I told you that you had too much  
despised him,

And that there was some royalty within  
him—

What then? he is the nobler foe.

*Arb.* But we

The meaner.—Would he had not spared  
us!

*Bel.* So—

Wouldst thou be sacrificed thus readily?

*Arb.* No—but it had been better to have  
died 361

Than live ungrateful.

*Bel.* Oh, the souls of some men!  
Thou wouldst digest what some call trea-  
son, and

Fools treachery—and, behold, upon the  
sudden,

Because for something or for nothing, this  
Rash reveller steps, ostentatiously, 366

'Twixt thee and Salemenes, thou art turn'd  
Into—what shall I say?—Sardanapalus!  
I know no name more ignominious.

*Arb.*

But

An hour ago, who dared to term me such  
Had held his life but lightly—as it is,

I must forgive you, even as he forgave  
us—

Semiramis herself would not have done it.

*Bel.* No—the queen liked no sharers of  
the kingdom, 374

Not even a husband.

*Arb.* I must serve him truly—

*Bel.* And humbly?

*Arb.* No, sir, proudly—being honest.  
I shall be nearer thrones than you to heaven;  
And if not quite so haughty, yet more lofty.  
You may do your own deeming—you have  
codes,

And mysteries, and corollaries of 380

Right and wrong, which I lack for my  
direction,

And must pursue but what a plain heart  
teaches.

And now you know me.

*Bel.* Have you finish'd?

*Arb.* Yes—

With you.

*Bel.* And would, perhaps, betray as well  
As quit me?

*Arb.* That's a sacerdotal thought 385

And not a soldier's.

*Bel.* Be it what you will—

Truce with these wranglings, and but hear  
me.

*Arb.* No—

There is more peril in your subtle spirit  
Than in a phalanx.

*Bel.* If it must be so—

I'll on alone.

*Arb.* Alone!

*Bel.* Thrones hold but one.

*Arb.* But this is fill'd.

*Bel.* With worse than vacancy—  
A despised monarch. Look to it, Arbaces:  
I have still aided, cherish'd, loved, and  
urged you; 393

Was willing even to serve you, in the hope  
To serve and save Assyria. Heaven itself  
Seem'd to consent, and all events were  
friendly 396

Even to the last, till that your spirit shrunk  
Into a shallow softness; but now, rather  
Than see my country languish, I will be  
Her saviour or the victim of her tyrant,  
Or one or both, for sometimes both are one;  
And if I win, Arbaces is my servant. 402

*Arb.* Your servant!

*Bel.* Why not? better than be slave,  
The pardon'd slave of she Sardanapalus!

Enter PANIA.

*Pan.* My lords, I bear an order from the  
king. 405

*Arb.* It is obey'd ere spoken.  
*Bel.* Notwithstanding,  
 Let's hear it.

*Pan.* Forthwith, on this very night,  
 Repair to your respective satrapies 408  
 Of Babylon and Media.

*Bel.* With our troops?  
*Pan.* My order is unto the satraps and  
 Their household train.

*Arb.* But——  
*Bel.* It must be obey'd:  
 Say, we depart.

*Pan.* My order is to see you  
 Depart, and not to bear your answer.  
*Bel.* [aside]. Ay!

Well, sir, we will accompany you hence.  
*Pan.* I will retire to marshal forth the  
 guard 415

Of honour which befits your rank, and wait  
 Your leisure, so that it the hour exceeds not.  
 [Exit PANIA.]

*Bel.* Now then obey!  
*Arb.* Doubtless.  
*Bel.* Yes, to the gates  
 That grate the palace, which is now our  
 prison— 419  
 No further.

*Arb.* Thou hast harp'd the truth indeed!  
 The realm itself, in all its wide extension,  
 Yawns dungeons at each step for thee and  
 me.

*Bel.* Graves!  
*Arb.* If I thought so, this good  
 sword should dig 423  
 One more than mine.

*Bel.* It shall have work enough.  
 Let me hope better than thou augurst;  
 At present, let us hence as best we may.  
 Thou dost agree with me in understanding  
 This order as a sentence?

*Arb.* Why, what other  
 Interpretation should it bear? it is  
 The very policy of orient monarchs— 430  
 Pardon and poison—favours and a  
 sword—

A distant voyage, and an eternal sleep.  
 How many satraps in his father's time—  
 For he I own is, or at least was, bloodless—  
*Bel.* But will not, can not be so now.

*Arb.* I doubt it.  
 How many satraps have I seen set out  
 In his sire's day for mighty vice-royalties,  
 Whose tombs are on their path! I know  
 not how,  
 But they all sicken'd by the way, it was  
 So long and heavy.

*Bel.* Let us but regain 440  
 The free air of the city, and we'll shorten  
 The journey.

*Arb.* 'Twill be shorten'd at the gates,  
 It may be.

*Bel.* No; they hardly will risk that.  
 They mean us to die privately, but not  
 Within the palace or the city walls, 445

Where we are known, and may have par-  
 tisans:

If they had meant to slay us here, we were  
 No longer with the living. Let us hence.

*Arb.* If I but thought he did not mean  
 my life——

*Bel.* Fool! hence—what else should  
 despotism alarm'd? 450  
 Mean? Let us but rejoin our troops, and  
 march.

*Arb.* Towards our provinces?  
*Bel.* No; towards your kingdom.

There's time, there's heart, and hope, and  
 power, and means, 453  
 Which their half measures leave us in full  
 scope.—

Away!  
*Arb.* And I even yet repenting must  
 Relapse to guilt!

*Bel.* Self-defence is a virtue, 456  
 Sole bulwark of all right. Away, I say!  
 Let's leave this place, the air grows thick  
 and choking,  
 And the walls have a scent of night-shade  
 —hence!

Let us not leave them time for further  
 council. 460  
 Our quick departure proves our civic zeal;  
 Our quick departure hinders our good  
 escort,

The worthy Pania, from anticipating  
 The orders of some parasangs from hence:  
 Nay, there's no other choice, but—hence,  
 I say. 465

[Exit with ARBACES, who follows re-  
 luctantly.]

Enter SARDANAPALUS and SALEMENES.

*Sar.* Well, all is remedied, and without  
 bloodshed,  
 That worst of mockeries of a remedy;  
 We are now secure by these men's exile.

*Sal.* Yes,  
 As he who treads on flowers is from the  
 adder 469

Twined round their roots.

*Sar.* Why, what wouldst have me do?  
*Sal.* Undo what you have done.

*Sar.* Revoke my pardon?  
*Sal.* Replace the crown now tottering  
 on your temples.

*Sar.* That were tyrannical.  
*Sal.* But sure.

*Sar.* We are so.  
 What danger can they work upon the  
 frontier?

*Sal.* They are not there yet—never  
 should they be so, 475

Were I well listen'd to.

*Sar.* Nay, I have listen'd  
 Impartially to thee—why not to them?

*Sal.* You may know that hereafter; as  
 it is,  
 I take my leave to order forth the guard.



# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT II

*Sal.* And you will join us at the banquet?

*Sal.* Dispense with me—I am no wassailer:  
Command me in all service save the Bac-  
chant's.

*Sal.* Nay, but 'tis fit to revel now and then.

*Sal.* And fit that some should watch for those who revel  
Too oft. Am I permitted to depart?

*Sal.* Yes—Stay a moment, my good Salemenes,  
My brother, my best subject, better prince  
Than I am king. You should have been the monarch,

And I—I know not what, and care not; but  
Think not I am insensible to all  
Thine honest wisdom, and thy rough yet kind,

Though oft reproving, sufferance of my follies.

If I have spared these men against thy counsel,

That is, their lives—it is not that I doubt  
The advice was sound; but, let them live:  
we will not

Cavil about their lives—so let them mend  
them.

Their banishment will leave me still sound  
sleep,

Which their death had not left me.

*Sal.* Thus you run  
The risk to sleep for ever, to save traitors—  
A moment's pang now changed for years  
of crime.

Still let them be made quiet.

*Sal.* Tempt me not;  
My word is past.

*Sal.* But it may be recall'd.  
*Sal.* 'Tis royal.

*Sal.* And should therefore be decisive.  
This half indulgence of an exile serves  
But to provoke—a pardon should be full,  
Or it is none.

*Sal.* And who persuaded me  
After I had repeal'd them, or at least  
Only dissolv'd them from our presence,  
who

Urged me to send them to their satrapies?

*Sal.* True; that I had forgotten; that is,  
sire,

If they e'er reach'd their satrapies—why,  
then,

Reprove me more for my advice.

*Sal.* And if  
They do not reach them—look to it!—in  
safety,

In safety, mark me—and security—  
Look to thine own.

*Sal.* Permit me to depart;  
Their safety shall be cared for.

*Sal.* Get thee hence, then;  
And, prithee, think more gently of thy  
brother.

*Sal.* Sire, I shall ever duly serve my  
sovereign.

*Sal. [solus].* That man is of a temper too  
severe;

Hard but as lofty as the rock, and free  
From all the taints of common earth—  
while I

Am softer clay, impregnated with flowers:  
But as our mould is, must the produce be.  
If I have err'd this time, 'tis on the side  
Where error sits most lightly on that sense,  
I know not what to call it; but it reckons  
With me oftentimes for pain, and sometimes  
pleasure;

A spirit which seems placed about my heart  
To count its throbs, not quicken them, and  
ask

Questions which mortal never dared to  
ask me,

Nor Baal, though an oracular deity—  
Albeit his marble face majestic

Frowns as the shadows of the evening dim  
His brows to changed expression, till at  
times

I think the statue looks in act to speak.

Away with these vain thoughts, I will be  
joyous—

And here comes Joy's true herald.

*Enter MYRRHA.*

*Myr.* King! the sky  
Is overcast, and musters muttering thun-  
der,

In clouds that seem approaching fast, and  
show

In forked flashes a commanding tempest.  
Will you then quit the palace?

*Sal.* Tempest, say'st thou?

*Myr.* Ay, my good lord.

*Sal.* For my own part, I should be  
Not ill content to vary the smooth scene,  
And watch the warring elements; but this  
Would little suit the silken garments and  
Smooth faces of our festive friends. Say,  
Myrrha,

Art thou of those who dread the roar of  
clouds?

*Myr.* In my own country we respect  
their voices

As auguries of Jove.

*Sal.* Jove!—ay, your Baal—  
Ours also has a property in thunder, 550  
And ever and anon some falling bolt  
Proves his divinity,—and yet sometimes  
Strikes his own altars.

*Myr.* That were a dread omen.

*Sal.* Yes—for the priests. Well, we will  
not go forth

Beyond the palace walls to-night, but  
make

Our feast within.

*Myr.* Now, Jove be praised! that he  
Hath heard the prayer thou wouldst not  
hear. The gods

Are kinder to thee than thou to thyself,  
And flash this storm between thee and thy  
foes, 559

To shield thee from them.

*Sar.* Child, if there be peril,  
Methinks it is the same within these walls  
As on the river's brink.

*Myr.* Not so; these walls  
Are high and strong, and guarded. Treason  
has 563

To penetrate through many a winding way,  
And massy portal; but in the pavilion  
There is no bulwark.

*Sar.* No, nor in the palace,  
Nor in the fortress, nor upon the top  
Of cloud-fenced Caucasus, where the eagle  
sits

Nested in pathless clefts, if treachery be:  
Even as the arrow finds the airy king,  
The steel will reach the earthly. But be  
calm; 571

The men, or innocent or guilty, are  
Banish'd, and far upon their way.

*Myr.* They live, then?

*Sar.* So sanguinary? *Thou!*

*Myr.* I would not shrink  
From just infliction of due punishment  
On those who seek your life: were't other-  
wise, 576

I should not merit mine. Besides, you heard  
The princely Salemenes.

*Sar.* This is strange;  
The gentle and the austere are both against me,  
And urge me to revenge.

*Myr.* 'Tis a Greek virtue.

*Sar.* But not a kingly one—I'll none  
on't; or 581

If ever I indulge in't, it shall be  
With kings—my equals.

*Myr.* These men sought to be so.

*Sar.* Myrrha, this is too feminine, and  
springs

From fear—

*Myr.* For you.

*Sar.* No matter, still 'tis fear.  
I have observed your sex, once roused to  
wrath, 586

Are timidly vindictive to a pitch  
Of perseverance, which I would not copy.  
I thought you were exempt from this, as  
from

The childish helplessness of Asian women.

*Myr.* My lord, I am no boaster of my  
love, 591

Nor of my attributes; I have shared your  
splendour,

And will partake your fortunes. You may  
live

To find one slave more true than subject  
myriads: 594

But this the gods avert! I am content  
To be beloved on trust for what I feel,  
Rather than prove it to you in your griefs,  
Which might not yield to any cares of mine.

*Sar.* Grief cannot come where perfect  
love exists, 599

Except to heighten it, and vanish from  
That which it could not scare away. Let's  
in—

The hour approaches, and we must prepare  
To meet the invited guests who grace our  
feast. [Exeunt.

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Hall of the Palace illuminated—SARDANAPALUS and his Guests at Table.—A storm without, and Thunder occasionally heard during the Banquet.*

*Sar.* Fill full! why this is as it should be:  
here

Is my true realm, amidst bright eyes and  
faces

Happy as fair! Here sorrow cannot reach.

*Zam.* Nor elsewhere—where the king  
is, pleasure sparkles.

*Sar.* Is not this better now than Nim-  
rod's huntings, 5

Or my wild grandam's chase in search of  
kingdoms

She could not keep when conquer'd?

*Alt.* Mighty though  
They were, as all thy royal line have been,  
Yet none of these who went before have  
reach'd

The acmé of Sardanapalus, who 10

Has placed his joy in peace—the sole true  
glory.

*Sar.* And pleasure, good Altada, to  
which glory

Is but the path. What is it that we seek?  
Enjoyment! We have cut the way short to  
it,

And not gone tracking it through human  
ashes, 15

Making a grave with every footstep.

*Zam.* No;  
All hearts are happy, and all voices bless  
The king of peace, who holds a world in  
jubilee.

*Sar.* Art sure of that? I have heard  
otherwise; 19

Some say that there be traitors.

*Zam.* Traitors they  
Who dare to say so!—'Tis impossible.

What cause?

*Sar.* What cause? true,—fill the  
goblet up;

We will not think of them: there are none  
such,

Or if there be, they are gone.

*Alt.* Guests, to my pledge!  
Down on your knees, and drink a measure  
to 25

The safety of the king—the monarch, say I?  
The god Sardanapalus!

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT III

[*ZAMES and the Guests kneel, and exclaim—*

*Mightier than His father Baal, the god Sardanapalus!*

[*It thunders as they kneel; some start up in confusion.*

*Zam.* Why do you rise, my friends? in that strong peal 29

His father gods consented.

*Myr.* Menaced, rather. King, wilt thou bear this mad impiety?

*Sar.* Impiety!—nay, if the sires who reign'd

Before me can be gods, I'll not disgrace Their lineage. But arise, my pious friends; Hoard your devotion for the thunderer there: 35

I seek but to be loved, not worshipp'd. *Alt.* Both—

Both you must ever be by all true subjects. *Sar.* Methinks the thunders still increase: it is

An awful night.

*Myr.* Oh yes, for those who have No palace to protect their worshippers.

*Sar.* That's true, my Myrrha; and could I convert 41

My realm to one wide shelter for the wretched,

I'd do it.

*Myr.* Thou'rt no god then, not to be Able to work a will so good and general, As thy wish would imply.

*Sar.* And your gods, then, Who can, and do not?

*Myr.* Do not speak of that, Lest we provoke them.

*Sar.* True, they love not censure Better than mortals. Friends, a thought has struck me: 48

Were there no temples, would there, think ye, be

Air worshippers? that is, when it is angry, And pelting as even now.

*Myr.* The Persian prays Upon his mountain.

*Sar.* Yes, when the sun shines. *Myr.* And I would ask if this your palace were 53

Unroof'd and desolate, how many flatterers Would lick the dust in which the king lay low?

*Alt.* The fair Ionian is too sarcastic Upon a nation whom she knows not well; The Assyrians know no pleasure but their king's, 58

And homage is their pride.

*Sar.* Nay, pardon, guests, The fair Greek's readiness of speech.

*Alt.* Pardon! sire: We honour her of all things next to thee. Hark! what was that?

*Zam.* That! nothing but the jar Of distant portals shaken by the wind.

*Alt.* It sounded like the clash of—hark again! 64

*Zam.* The big rain pattering on the roof.

*Sar.* No more. Myrrha, my love, hast thou thy shell in order?

Sing me a song of Sappho, her, thou know'st,

Who in thy country threw—

*Enter PANIA, with his sword and garments bloody, and disordered. The guests rise in confusion.*

*Pan.* [to the Guards]. Look to the portals; And with your best speed to the walls without.

Your arms! To arms! The king's in danger. Monarch, 70

Excuse this haste,—'tis faith.

*Sar.* Speak on. *Pan.* It is

As Salemenes fear'd; the faithless satraps—

*Sar.* You are wounded—give some wine. Take breath, good Pania.

*Pan.* 'Tis nothing—a mere flesh wound. I am worn 75

More with my speed to warn my sovereign, Than hurt in his defence.

*Myr.* Well, sir, the rebels? *Pan.* Soon as Arbaces and Beleses reach'd

Their stations in the city, they refused To march; and on my attempt to use the power 79

Which I was delegated with, they call'd Upon their troops, who rose in fierce defiance.

*Myr.* All? *Pan.* Too many.

*Sar.* Spare not of thy free speech, To spare mine ears the truth.

*Pan.* My own slight guard Were faithful, and what's left of it is still so. 84

*Myr.* And are these all the force still faithful?

*Pan.* No— The Bactrians, now led on by Salemenes, Who even then was on his way, still urged By strong suspicion of the Median chiefs, Are numerous, and make strong head against

The rebels, fighting inch by inch, and forming 90

An orb around the palace, where they mean To centre all their force, and save the king. [He hesitates]. I am charged to—

*Myr.* 'Tis no time for hesitation. *Pan.* Prince Salemenes doth implore the king

To arm himself, although but for a moment, 95

And show himself unto the soldiers: his Solepresence in this instance might do more Than hosts can do in his behalf.

*Sar.* What, ho! My armour there.

*Myr.* And wilt thou?

*Sar.* Will I not? Ho, there!—but seek not for the buckler: 'tis 100

Too heavy:—a light cuirass and my sword. Where are the rebels?

*Pan.* Scarce a furlong's length From the outward wall the fiercest conflict rages.

*Sar.* Then I may charge on horseback.

*Sfero*, ho!

Order my horse out.—There is space enough 105

Even in our courts, and by the outer gate, To marshal half the horsemen of Arabia.

[*Exit Sfero for the armour.*]

*Myr.* How I do love thee!

*Sar.* I ne'er doubted it.

*Myr.* But now I know thee.

*Sar.* [*to his Attendant*]. Bring down my spear too.— 109

Where's Salemenes?

*Pan.* Where a soldier should be, In the thick of the fight.

*Sar.* Then hasten to him—Is The path still open, and communication Left 'twixt the palace and the phalanx?

*Pan.* 'Twas When I late left him, and I have no fear: Our troops were steady, and the phalanx form'd. 115

*Sar.* Tell him to spare his person for the present,

And that I will not spare my own—and say, I come.

*Pan.* There's victory in the very word. [*Exit PANIA.*]

*Sar.* Altada—Zames—forth, and arm ye! There

Is all in readiness in the armoury. 120

See that the women are bestow'd in safety In the remote apartments: let a guard

Be set before them, with strict charge to quit The post but with their lives—command it, Zames. 124

Altada, arm yourself, and return here;

Your post is near our person.

[*Exeunt ZAMES, ALTADA, and all save MYRRHA.*]

*Enter Sfero and others with the King's Arms, &c.*

*Sfe.* King! your armour. *Sar.* [*arming himself*]. Give me the

cuirass—so: my baldric; now

My sword: I had forgot the helm—where is it?

That's well—no, 'tis too heavy: you mistake, too—

It was not this I meant, but that which bears 130

A diadem around it.

*Sfe.* Sire, I deem'd

That too conspicuous from the precious stones

To risk your sacred brow beneath—and trust me,

This is of better metal, though less rich.

*Sar.* You deem'd! Are you too turn'd a rebel? Fellow! 135

Your part is to obey: return, and—no—It is too late—I will go forth without it.

*Sfe.* At least, wear this.

*Sar.* Wear Caucasus! why, 'tis A mountain on my temples.

*Sfe.* Sire, the meanest Soldier goes not forth thus exposed to battle. 140

All men will recognise you—for the storm Has ceased, and the moon breaks forth in

her brightness.

*Sar.* I go forth to be recognised, and thus Shall be so sooner. Now—my spear! I'm

arm'd. 144

[*In going stops short, and turns to Sfero.* Sfero—I had forgotten—bring the mirror.

*Sfe.* The mirror, sire?

*Sar.* Yes, sir, of polish'd brass, Brought from the spoils of India—but be

speedy. [*Exit Sfero.*]

*Sar.* Myrrha, retire unto a place of safety.

Why went you not forth with the other damsels? 149

*Myr.* Because my place is here.

*Sar.* And when I am gone—

*Myr.* I follow.

*Sar.* You! to battle?

*Myr.* If it were so,

'Twere not the first Greek girl had trod the path.

I will await here your return.

*Sar.* The place Is spacious, and the first to be sought out,

If they prevail; and, if it be so, 155

And I return not—

*Myr.* Still we meet again.

*Sar.* How?

*Myr.* In the spot where all must meet at last—

In Hades! if there be, as I believe, A shore beyond the Styx; and if there be

not, 159

In ashes.

*Sar.* Darest thou so much?

*Myr.* I dare all things

Except survive what I have loved, to be A rebel's booty: forth, and do your

bravest.

*Re-enter Sfero with the mirror.*

*Sar.* [*looking at himself*]. This cuirass fits me well, the baldric better,

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT III

And the helm not at all. Methinks I seem  
[Flings away the helmet after trying it  
again.

Passing well in these toys; and now to  
prove them. 165

Altada! Where's Altada?

Sfe. Waiting, sire,  
Without: he has your shield in readiness.

Sar. True; I forgot he is my shield-  
bearer

By right of blood, derived from age to age.  
Myrrha, embrace me; yet once more—  
once more— 170

Love me, whate'er betide. My chiefest  
glory

Shall be to make me worthier of your love.  
Myr. Go forth, and conquer!

[Exeunt SARDANAPALUS and SFERO.  
Now, I am alone,

All are gone forth, and of that all how few  
Perhaps return! Let him but vanquish, and

Me perish! If he vanquish not, I perish;  
For I will not outlive him. He has wound

About my heart, I know not how nor why.  
Not for that he is king; for now his king-  
dom 179

Rocks underneath his throne, and the  
earth yawns

To yield him no more of it than a grave;  
And yet I love him more. Oh, mighty

Jove!  
Forgive this monstrous love for a bar-  
barian,

Who knows not of Olympus! yes, I love  
him

Now, now, far more than—Hark—to  
the war shout! 185

Methinks it nears me. If it should be so,  
[She draws forth a small vial.

This cunning Colchian poison, which my  
father

Learn'd to compound on Euxine shores,  
and taught me

How to preserve, shall free me! It had  
freed me 189

Long ere this hour, but that I loved, until  
I half forgot I was a slave:—where all

Are slaves save one, and proud of servi-  
tude,

So they are served in turn by something  
lower

In the degree of bondage, we forget  
That shackles worn like ornaments no  
less 195

Are chains. Again that shout! and now  
the clash

Of arms—and now—and now—

Enter ALTADA.

Alt. Ho, Sfero, ho!

Myr. He is not here; what wouldst thou  
with him? How

Goes on the conflict?

Alt. Dubiously and fiercely.

Myr. And the king?

Alt. Like a king. I must find Sfero,  
And bring him a new spear and his own  
helmet. 201

He fights till now bare-headed, and by far  
Too much exposed. The soldiers knew

his face,  
And the foe too; and in the moon's broad  
light,

His silk tiara and his flowing hair 205

Make him a mark too royal. Every arrow  
Is pointed at the fair hair and fair features,  
And the broad fillet which crowns both.

Myr. Ye gods,  
Who fulminate o'er my father's land, pro-  
tect him! 209

Were you sent by the king?

Alt. By Salamenes,  
Who sent me privily upon this charge,

Without the knowledge of the careless  
sovereign.

The king! the king fights as he revels! ho!  
What, Sfero! I will seek the armoury—  
He must be there. [Exit ALTADA.

Myr. 'Tis no dishonour—no—  
'Tis no dishonour to have loved this man.

I almost wish now, what I never wish'd  
Before, that he were Grecian. If Alcides

Were shamed in wearing Lydian Om-  
phale's

She-garb, and wielding her vile distaff;  
surely 220

He, who springs up a Hercules at once,  
Nursed in effeminate arts from youth to  
manhood,

And rushes from the banquet to the battle,  
As though it were a bed of love, deserves

That a Greek girl should be his paramour,  
And a Greek bard his minstrel, a Greek  
tomb 226

His monument. How goes the strife, sir?

Enter an Officer.

Officer. Lost,  
Lost almost past recovery. Zames!

Where  
Is Zames?

Myr. Posted with the guard appointed  
To watch before the apartment of the  
women. 230

[Exit Officer.

Myr. [sola]. He's gone; and told no  
more than that all's lost!

What need have I to know more? In  
those words,

Those little words, a kingdom and a king,  
A line of thirteen ages, and the lives

Of thousands, and the fortune of all left  
With life, are merged; and I, too, with the  
great,

Like a small bubble breaking with the  
wave

Which bore it, shall be nothing. At the  
least, 238

My fate is in my keeping: no proud victor  
Shall count me with his spoils.

*Enter PANIA.*

*Pan.* Away with me,  
Myrrha, without delay; we must not lose  
A moment—all that's left us now.

*Myr.* The king?  
*Pan.* Sent me here to conduct you  
hence beyond  
The river, by a secret passage.

*Myr.* Then  
He lives—

*Pan.* And charged me to secure your  
life,  
And beg you to live on for his sake, till  
He can rejoin you.

*Myr.* Will he then give way?  
*Pan.* Not till the last. Still, still he does  
whate'er

Despair can do; and step by step disputes  
The very palace.

*Myr.* They are here, then:—ay,  
Their shouts come ringing through the  
ancient halls,

Never profaned by rebel echoes till  
This fatal night. Farewell, Assyria's line!  
Farewell to all of Nimrod! Even the name  
Is now no more.

*Pan.* Away with me—away!  
*Myr.* No: I'll die here!—Away, and  
tell your king  
I loved him to the last.

*Enter SARDANAPALUS and SALEMENES with  
Soldiers. PANIA quits MYRRHA, and  
ranges herself with them.*

*Sar.* Since it is thus,  
We'll die where we were born—in our own  
halls.

Serry your ranks—stand firm. I have de-  
spatch'd

A trusty satrap for the guard of Zames,  
All fresh and faithful; they'll be here anon.  
All is not over.—Pania, look to Myrrha.

[*PANIA returns towards MYRRHA.*  
*Sal.* We have breathing time; yet once  
more charge, my friends—  
One for Assyria!

*Sar.* Rather say for Bactria!  
My faithful Bactrians, I will henceforth be  
King of your nation, and we'll hold to-  
gether

This realm as province.  
*Sal.* Hark! they come—they come.

*Enter BELESES and ARBACES with the Rebels.*

*Arb.* Set on, we have them in the toil.  
Charge! charge!

*Bel.* On! on!—Heaven fights for us,  
and with us—On!

[*They charge the King and SALEMENES  
with their troops, who defend them-*

*selves till the arrival of ZAMES with the  
Guard before mentioned. The Rebels  
are then driven off, and pursued by  
SALEMENES, &c. As the King is going  
to join the pursuit, BELESES crosses him.*

*Bel.* Ho! tyrant—I will end this war.  
*Sar.* Even so,

My warlike priest, and precious prophet,  
and

Grateful and trusty subject: yield, I pray  
thee.

I would reserve thee for a fitter doom,  
Rather than dip my hands in holy blood.

*Bel.* Thine hour is come.

*Sar.* No, thine.—I've lately read,  
Though but a young astrologer, the stars;  
And ranging round the zodiac, found thy  
fate

In the sign of the Scorpion, which pro-  
claims

That thou wilt now be crush'd.  
*Bel.* But not by thee.

[*They fight; BELESES is wounded and  
disarmed.*

*Sar.* [raising his sword to despatch him,  
exclaims]—

Now call upon thy planets, will they shoot  
From the sky to preserve their seer and  
credit?

[*A party of Rebels enter and rescue BE-  
LESES. They assail the King, who, in  
turn, is rescued by a Party of his  
Soldiers, who drive the Rebels off.*

The villain was a prophet after all.  
Upon them—ho! there—victory is ours.

[*Exit in pursuit.*  
*Myr.* [to *Pan.*] Pursue! Why stand'st  
thou here, and leav'st the ranks

Of fellow-soldiers conquering without  
thee?

*Pan.* The king's command was not to  
quit thee.

*Myr.* *Me!*  
Think not of me—a single soldier's arm  
Must not be wanting now. I ask no guard,

I need no guard: what, with a world at  
stake,

Keep watch upon a woman? Hence, I say,  
Or thou art shamed! Nay, then, I will go  
forth,

A feeble female, 'midst their desperate  
strife,

And bid thee guard me *there*—where thou  
shouldst shield

Thy sovereign. [*Exit MYRRHA.*  
*Pan.* Yet stay, damsel!—She is gone.

If aught of ill betide her, better I  
Had lost my life. Sardanapalus holds her  
Far dearer than his kingdom, yet he fights  
For that too; and can I do less than he,  
Who never flash'd a scimitar till now?  
Myrrha, return, and I obey you, though  
In disobedience to the monarch.

[*Exit PANIA.*

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT III

*Enter ALTADA and SFERO by an opposite door.*

*Alt.* Myrrha! 301  
What, gone? yet she was here when the fight raged,  
And Pania also. Can aught have befallen them?

*Sfe.* I saw both safe, when late the rebels fled; 304  
They probably are but retired to make  
Their way back to the harem.

*Alt.* If the king  
Prove victor, as it seems even now he must,  
And miss his own Ionian, we are doom'd  
To worse than captive rebels.

*Sfe.* Let us trace them;  
She cannot be fled far; and, found, she makes 310

A richer prize to our soft sovereign  
Than his recover'd kingdom.

*Alt.* Baal himself  
Ne'er fought more fiercely to win empire,  
than

His silken son to save it: he defies  
All augury of foes or friends; and like  
The close and sultry summer's day, which  
bodes 316

A twilight tempest, bursts forth in such  
thunder

As sweeps the air and deluges the earth.  
The man's inscrutable.

*Sfe.* Not more than others.  
All are the sons of circumstance: away—  
Let's seek the slave out, or prepare to be  
Tortured for his infatuation, and 322  
Condemn'd without a crime. [*Exeunt.*

*Enter SALEMENES and Soldiers, &c.*

*Sal.* The triumph is  
Flattering: they are beaten backward from  
the palace,

And we have open'd regular access 325  
To the troops station'd on the other side  
Euphrates, who may still be true; nay,  
must be,

When they hear of our victory.—But  
where 328  
Is the chief victor? where's the king?

*Enter SARDANAPALUS, cum suis, &c. and MYRRHA.*

*Sar.* Here, brother.  
*Sal.* Unhurt, I hope.

*Sar.* Not quite; but let it pass.  
We've clear'd the palace—

*Sal.* And I trust the city.  
Our numbers gather; and I've order'd on-  
ward 332

A cloud of Parthians, hitherto reserved,  
All fresh and fiery, to be pour'd upon them  
In their retreat, which soon will be a flight.

*Sar.* It is already, or at least they  
march'd 336

Faster than I could follow with my Bac-  
trians,

Who spared no speed. I am spent: give  
me a seat.

*Sal.* There stands the throne, sire.  
*Sar.* 'Tis no place to rest on,

For mind nor body: let me have a couch,  
[*They place a seat.*

A peasant's stool, I care not what: so—  
now 341

I breathe more freely.  
*Sal.* This great hour has proved

The brightest and most glorious of your life.  
*Sar.* And the most tiresome. Where's  
my cupbearer?

Bring me some water.  
*Sal.* [smiling]. 'Tis the first time he

Ever had such an order: even I, 346  
Your most austere of counsellors, would  
now

Suggest a purpler beverage.  
*Sar.* Blood—doubtless.

But there's enough of that shed; as for  
wine,

I have learn'd to-night the price of the pure  
element: 350

Thrice have I drank of it, and thrice re-  
new'd,

With greater strength than the grape ever  
gave me,

My charge upon the rebels. Where's the  
soldier

Who gave me water in his helmet?  
*One of the Guards.* Slain, sire!

An arrow pierced his brain, while, scat-  
tering 355

The last drops from his helm, he stood in  
act

To place it on his brows.  
*Sar.* Slain! unrewarded!

And slain to serve my thirst: that's hard,  
poor slave!

Had he but lived, I would have gorged him  
with

Gold: all the gold of earth could ne'er  
repay 360

The pleasure of that draught; for I was  
parch'd

As I am now. [*They bring water—he drinks.*  
I live again—from henceforth

The goblet I reserve for hours of love,  
But war on water.

*Sal.* And that bandage, sire,  
Which girds your arm?

*Sar.* A scratch from brave Beleses.  
*Myr.* Oh! he is wounded!

*Sar.* Not too much of that;  
And yet it feels a little stiff and painful,

Now I am cooler.  
*Myr.* You have bound it with—

*Sar.* The fillet of my diadem: the first  
time 369

That ornament was ever aught to me  
Save an encumbrance.

## SCENE I]

## SARDANAPALUS

*Myr.* [to the Attendants]. Summon speedily

A leech of the most skilful: pray, retire; I will unbind your wound and tend it.

*Sar.* Do so, For now it throbs sufficiently: but what know'st thou of wounds? yet wherefore do I ask? 375

Know'st thou, my brother, where I lighted on

This minion?

*Sal.* Herding with the other females, Like frighten'd antelopes.

*Sar.* No: like the dam Of the young lion, femininely raging (And femininely meaneth furiously, 380 Because all passions in excess are female) Against the hunter flying with her cub, She urged on with her voice and gesture, and

Her floating hair and flashing eyes, the soldiers, 314

In the pursuit.

*Sal.* Indeed!

*Sar.* You see, this night Made warriors of more than me. I paused To look upon her, and her kindled cheek; Her large black eyes, that flash'd through her long hair

As it stream'd o'er her; her blue veins that rose

Along her most transparent brow; her nostril

Dilated from its symmetry; her lips Apart; her voice that clove through all the din,

As a lute pierceth through the cymbals' clash,

Jarr'd but not drown'd by the loud brattling; her

Waved arms, more dazzling with their own born whiteness 395

Than the steel her hand held, which she caught up

From a dead soldier's grasp;—all these things made

Her seem unto the troops a prophetess Of victory, or Victory herself, 399

Come down to hail us hers.

*Sal.* [aside]. This is too much. Again the love-fit's on him, and all's lost, Unless we turn his thoughts.

[Aloud.] But pray thee, sire, Think of your wound—you said even now 'twas painful.

*Sar.* That's true, too; but I must not think of it.

*Sal.* I have look'd to all things needful, and will now 405

Receive reports of progress made in such Orders as I had given, and then return To hear your further pleasure.

*Sar.* Be it so.

*Sal.* [in retiring]. Myrrha!

*Myr.* Prince!

*Sal.* You have shown a soul to-night, Which, were he not my sister's lord—But now 410

I have no time: thou lovest the king? *Myr.* I love

Sardanapalus.

*Sal.* But wouldst have him king still?

*Myr.* I would not have him less than what he should be.

*Sal.* Well then, to have him king, and yours, and all

He should, or should not be; to have him live, 415

Let him not sink back into luxury. You have more power upon his spirit than

Wisdom within these walls, or fierce rebellion

Raging without: look well that he relapse not.

*Myr.* There needed not the voice of Salemenes 420

To urge me on to this: I will not fail.

All that a woman's weakness can—

*Sal.* Is power Omnipotent o'er such a heart as his:

Exert it wisely. [Exit SALEMENES.

*Sar.* Myrrha! what, at whispers With my stern brother? I shall soon be jealous. 425

*Myr.* [smiling]. You have cause, sire; for on the earth there breathes not A man more worthy of a woman's love, A soldier's trust, a subject's reverence, A king's esteem—the whole world's admiration!

*Sar.* Praise him, but not so warmly. I must not 430

Hear those sweet lips grow eloquent in aught

That throws me into shade; yet you speak truth.

*Myr.* And now retire, to have your wound look'd to.

Pray lean on me.

*Sar.* Yes, love! but not from pain. [Exeunt omnes.

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—SARDANAPALUS discovered sleeping upon a Couch, and occasionally disturbed in his slumbers, with MYRRHA watching.

*Myr.* [sola, gazing]. I have stolen upon his rest, if rest it be,

Which thus convulses slumber: shall I wake him?

No, he seems calmer. Oh, thou God of Quiet!

Whose reign is o'er seal'd eyelids and soft dreams,

Or deep, deep sleep, so as to be unfathom'd, 5



# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT IV

Look like thy brother, Death,—so still, so  
stirless—

For then we are happiest, as it may be, we  
Are happiest of all within the realm 8  
Of thy stern, silent, and unawakening twin.  
Again he moves—again the play of pain  
Shoots o'er his features, as the sudden gust  
Crisps the reluctant lake that lay so calm  
Beneath the mountain shadow; or the  
blast

Ruffles the autumn leaves, that drooping  
cling

Faintly and motionless to their loved  
boughs. 15

I must awake him—yet not yet; who  
knows

From what I rouse him? It seems pain;  
but if

I quicken him to heavier pain? The fever  
Of this tumultuous night, the grief too of  
His wound, though slight, may cause all  
this, and shake 20

Me more to see than him to suffer. No:  
Let Nature use her own maternal means,  
And I await to second, not disturb her.

*Sar.* [awakening]. Not so—although ye  
multiplied the stars,

And gave them to me as a realm to share  
From you and with you! I would not so  
purchase 26

The empire of eternity. Hence—hence—  
Old hunter of the earliest brutes! and ye,  
Who hunted fellow-creatures as if brutes!  
Once bloody mortals—and now bloodier  
idols, 30

If your priests lie not! And thou, ghastly  
beldame!

Dripping with dusky gore, and trampling  
on

The carcasses of Inde—away! away!  
Where am I? Where the spectres?

Where—No—that  
Is no false phantom: I should know it  
'midst 35

All that the dead dare gloomily raise up  
From their black gulf to daunt the living.

*Myrrha!*

*Myr.* Alas! thou art pale, and on thy  
brow the drops

Gather like night dew. My beloved,  
hush—

Calm thee. Thy speech seems of another  
world, 40

And thou art lord of this. Be of good  
cheer;

All will go well.

*Sar.* Thy hand—so—'tis thy hand;  
'Tis flesh; grasp—clasp—yet closer, till I  
feel

Myself that which I was.

*Myr.* At least know me  
For what I am, and ever must be—thine.

*Sar.* I know it now. I know this life  
again. 46

Ah, *Myrrha!* I have been where we shall  
be.

*Myr.* My lord!

*Sar.* I've been i' the grave—where  
worms are lords,

And kings are—But I did not deem it so;  
I thought 'twas nothing.

*Myr.* So it is; except  
Unto the timid, who anticipate 51

That which may never be.

*Sar.* Oh, *Myrrha!* if  
Sleep shows such things, what may not  
death disclose?

*Myr.* I know no evil death can show,  
which life 54

Has not already shown to those who live  
Embodied longest. If there be indeed

A shore where mind survives, 'twill be as  
mind,

All unincorporate: or if there flits  
A shadow of this cumbrous clog of clay,

Which stalks, methinks, between our  
souls and heaven, 60

And fetters us to earth—at least the phan-  
tom,

Whate'er it have to fear, will not fear  
death.

*Sar.* I fear it not; but I have felt—have  
seen—

A legion of the dead.

*Myr.* And so have I.  
The dust we tread upon was once alive,

And wretched. But proceed: what hast  
thou seen? 66

Speak it, 'twill lighten thy dimm'd mind.

*Sar.* Methought—  
*Myr.* Yet pause, thou art tired—in  
pain—exhausted; all

Which can impair both strength and  
spirit: seek 69

Rather to sleep again.

*Sar.* Not now—I would not  
Dream; though I know it now to be a dream

What I have dreamt:—and canst thou  
bear to hear it?

*Myr.* I can bear all things, dreams of  
life or death,

Which I participate with you in semblance  
Or full reality.

*Sar.* And this look'd real, 75  
I tell you: after that these eyes were open,  
I saw them in their flight—for then they fled.

*Myr.* Say on.

*Sar.* I saw, that is, I dream'd myself  
Here—here—even where we are, guests as  
we were,

Myself a host that deem'd himself but  
guest, 80

Willing to equal all in social freedom;  
But, on my right hand and my left, instead

Of thee and Zames, and our custom'd  
meeting,  
Was ranged on my left hand a haughty,  
dark, 84

And deadly face; I could not recognise it,  
Yet I had seen it, though I knew not where:  
The features were a giant's, and the eye  
Was still, yet lighted; his long locks curl'd  
down

On his vast bust, whence a huge quiver rose  
With shaft-heads feather'd from the  
eagle's wing, 90  
That peep'd up bristling through his serpent  
hair.

I invited him to fill the cup which stood  
Between us, but he answer'd not; I fill'd it;  
He took it not, but stared upon me, till  
I trembled at the fix'd glare of his eye: 95  
I frown'd upon him as a king should  
frown;

He frown'd not in his turn, but look'd  
upon me

With the same aspect, which appall'd me  
more,

Because it changed not; and I turn'd for  
refuge

To milder guests, and sought them on the  
right, 100

Where thou wert wont to be. But——  
[He pauses.

*Myr.* What instead?

*Sar.* In thy own chair—thy own place  
in the banquet—

I sought thy sweet face in the circle—but  
Instead—a grey-hair'd, wither'd bloody-  
eyed,

And bloody-handed, ghastly, ghostly  
thing, 105

Female in garb, and crown'd upon the  
brow,

Furrow'd with years, yet sneering with the  
passion

Of vengeance, leering too with that of lust,  
Sate:—my veins curdled.

*Myr.* Is this all?

*Sar.* Upon

Her right hand—her lank, bird-like right  
hand—stood 110

A goblet, bubbling o'er with blood; and on  
Her left, another, fill'd with—what I saw  
not,

But turn'd from it and her. But all along  
The table sate a range of crowned wretches,  
Of various aspects, but of one expression.

*Myr.* And felt you not this a mere  
vision?

*Sar.* No:

It was so palpable, I could have touch'd  
them. 117

I turn'd from one face to another, in  
The hope to find at last one which I knew  
Ere I saw theirs: but no—all turn'd upon  
me, 120

And stared, but neither ate nor drank, but  
stared,

Till I grew stone, as they seem'd half to be,  
Yet breathing stone, for I felt life in them,  
And life in me: there was a horrid kind

Of sympathy between us, as if they 125  
Had lost a part of death to come to me,  
And I the half of life to sit by them.

We were in an existence all apart  
From heaven or earth—And rather let me  
see 129

Death all than such a being!

*Myr.* And the end?

*Sar.* At last I sate, marble, as they, when  
rose

The hunter and the crone; and smiling on  
me—

Yes, the enlarged but noble aspect of  
The hunter smiled upon me—I should say,  
His lips, for his eyes moved not—and the  
woman's 135

Thin lips relax'd to something like a smile.  
Both rose, and the crown'd figures on each  
hand

Rose also, as if aping their chief shades—  
Mere mimics even in death—but I sate  
still:

A desperate courage crept through every  
limb, 140

And at the last I fear'd them not, but  
laugh'd

Full in their phantom faces. But then—  
then

The hunter laid his hand on mine: I took it,  
And grasp'd it—but it melted from my  
own;

While he too vanish'd, and left nothing  
but 145

The memory of a hero, for he look'd so.  
*Myr.* And was: the ancestor of heroes,  
too,

And thine no less.

*Sar.* Ay, Myrrha, but the woman,  
The female who remain'd, she flew upon  
me,

And burnt my lips up with her noisome  
kisses; 150

And, flinging down the goblets on each  
hand,

Methought their poisons flow'd around  
us, till

Each form'd a hideous river. Still she  
clung;

The other phantoms, like a row of statues,  
Stood dull as in our temples, but she still

Embraced me, while I shrunk from her,  
as if, 156

In lieu of her remote descendant, I  
Had been the son who slew her for her  
incest.

Then—then—a chaos of all loathsome  
things

Throng'd thick and shapeless: I was dead,  
yet feeling— 160

Buried, and raised again—consumed by  
worms,

Purged by the flames, and wither'd in the  
air!

I can fix nothing further of my thoughts,

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT IV

Save that I long'd for thee, and sought for thee,  
In all these agonies,—and woke and found thee. 165

*Myr.* So shalt thou find me ever at thy side,  
Here and hereafter, if the last may be.  
But think not of these things—the mere creations  
Of late events, acting upon a frame 169  
Unused to toil, yet over-wrought by toil  
Such as might try the sternest.

*Sar.* I am better.  
Now that I see thee once more, what was seen 172  
Seems nothing.

*Enter SALEMENES.*

*Sal.* Is the king so soon awake?  
*Sar.* Yes, brother, and I would I had not slept;

For all the predecessors of our line  
Rose up, methought, to drag me down to them. 176  
My father was amongst them, too; but he,  
I know not why, kept from me, leaving me  
Between the hunter-founder of our race,  
And her, the homicide and husband-killer,  
Whom you call glorious.

*Sal.* So I term you also,  
Now you have shown a spirit like to hers.  
By day-break I propose that we set forth,  
And charge once more the rebel crew, who still

Keep gathering head, repulsed, but not quite quell'd. 185

*Sar.* How wears the night?  
*Sal.* There yet remain some hours  
Of darkness: use them for your further rest.

*Sar.* No, not to-night, if 'tis not gone: methought 188

I pass'd hours in that vision.

*Myr.* Scarcely one;  
I watch'd by you: it was a heavy hour,  
But an hour only.

*Sar.* Let us then hold council;  
To-morrow we set forth.

*Sal.* But ere that time,  
I had a grace to seek.

*Sar.* 'Tis granted.  
*Sal.* Hear it

Ere you reply too readily; and 'tis 194  
For your ear only.

*Myr.* Prince, I take my leave.  
[*Exit MYRRHA.*]

*Sal.* That slave deserves her freedom.  
*Sar.* Freedom only!

That slave deserves to share a throne.  
*Sal.* Your patience—

'Tis not yet vacant, and 'tis of its partner  
I come to speak with you.

*Sar.* How! of the queen?  
*Sal.* Even so. I judged it fitting for their safety 200

That, ere the dawn, she sets forth with her children

For Paphlagonia, where our kinsman Cotta

Governs; and there at all events secure  
My nephews and your sons their lives, and with them

Their just pretensions to the crown in case— 205

*Sar.* I perish—as is probable: well thought—

Let them set forth with a sure escort.  
*Sal.* That

Is all provided, and the galley ready  
To drop down the Euphrates: but ere they

Depart, will you not see—  
*Sar.* My sons? It may

Unman my heart, and the poor boys will weep; 211

And what can I reply to comfort them,  
Save with some hollow hopes and ill-worn

smiles?  
You know I cannot feign.

*Sal.* But you can feel!  
At least, I trust so; in a word, the queen

Requests to see you ere you part—for ever.  
*Sar.* Unto what end? what purpose? I

will grant 217  
Aught—all that she can ask—but such a

meeting.  
*Sal.* You know, or ought to know,

enough of women,  
Since you have studied them so steadily,

That what they ask in aught that touches on 221

The heart, is dearer to their feelings or  
Their fancy than the whole external world.

I think as you do of my sister's wish;  
But 'twas her wish—she is my sister—

you 225  
Her husband—will you grant it?

*Sar.* 'Twill be useless:  
But let her come.

*Sal.* I go. [*Exit SALEMENES.*]  
*Sar.* We have lived asunder

Too long to meet again—and now to meet!  
Have I not cares enow, and pangs enow,

To bear alone, that we must mingle sorrows, 230

Who have ceased to mingle love?

*Re-enter SALEMENES and ZARINA.*

*Sal.* My sister! Courage:  
Shame not our blood with trembling, but

remember  
From whence we sprung. The queen is

present, sire.  
*Zar.* I pray thee, brother, leave me.

*Sal.* Since you ask it.  
[*Exit SALEMENES.*]

*Zar.* Alone with him! How many a  
year has pass'd, 235

Though we are still so young, since we  
• have met,

Which I have worn in widowhood of heart!

He loved me not: yet he seems little changed—

Changed to me only—would the change were mutual!

He speaks not—scarce regards me—not a word,

Nor look—yet he *was* soft of voice and aspect,

Indifferent, not austere. My lord!

*Sar.* *Zarina!*

*Zar.* No, *not* Zarina—do not say *Zarina.*

That tone—that word—annihilate long years,

And things which make them longer.

*Sar.* 'Tis too late <sup>245</sup>  
To think of these past dreams. Let's not reproach—

That is, reproach me not—for the *last* time—

*Zar.* And *first*. I ne'er reproach'd you.

*Sar.* 'Tis most true;  
And that reproof comes heavier on my heart

Than—But our hearts are not in our own power. <sup>250</sup>

*Zar.* Nor hands; but I gave both.

*Sar.* Your brother said  
It was your will to see me ere you went

From Nineveh with—[*He hesitates*].

*Zar.* Our children: it is true.  
I wish'd to thank you that you have not divided

My heart from all that's left it now to love— <sup>255</sup>

Those who are yours and mine, who look like you,

And look upon me as you look'd upon me  
Once—But they have not changed.

*Sar.* Nor ever will.  
I fain would have them dutiful.

*Zar.* I cherish  
Those infants, not alone from the blind love <sup>260</sup>

Of a fond mother, but as a fond woman.  
They are now the only tie between us.

*Sar.* Deem not  
I have not done you justice: rather make them

Resemble your own line than their own sire.

I trust them with you—to you: fit them for <sup>265</sup>

A throne, or, if that be denied—You have heard

Of this night's tumults?

*Zar.* I had half forgotten,  
And could have welcomed any grief save yours,

Which gave me to behold your face again.

*Sar.* The throne—I say it not in fear—  
but 'tis <sup>270</sup>

In peril: they perhaps may never mount it;  
But let them not for this lose sight of it.

I will dare all things to bequeath it them;  
But if I fail, then they must win it back

Bravely—and, won, wear it wisely, not as I <sup>275</sup>

Have wasted down my royalty.

*Zar.* They ne'er  
Shall know from me of aught but what may honour

Their father's memory.

*Sar.* Rather let them hear  
The truth from you than from a trampling world.

If they be in adversity, they'll learn <sup>280</sup>  
Too soon the scorn of crowds for crownless princes,

And find that all their father's sins are theirs.

My boys!—I could have borne it were I childless.

*Zar.* Oh! do not say so—do not poison all

My peace left, by unwishing that thou wert  
A father. If thou conquerest, they shall reign, <sup>286</sup>

And honour him who saved the realm for them,

So little cared for as his own; and if—

*Sar.* 'Tis lost, all earth will cry out,  
thank your father!

And they will swell the echo with a curse.

*Zar.* That they shall never do; but rather honour <sup>291</sup>

The name of him, who, dying like a king,  
In his last hours did more for his own memory

Than many monarchs in a length of days.  
Which date the flight of time, but make no annals. <sup>295</sup>

*Sar.* Our annals draw perchance unto their close;

But at the least, whate'er the past, their end  
Shall be like their beginning—memorable.

*Zar.* Yet be not rash—be careful of your life,

Live but for those who love.

*Sar.* And who are they? <sup>300</sup>  
A slave, who loves from passion—I'll not say

Ambition—she has seen thrones shake, and loves;

A few friends who have revell'd till we are  
As one, for they are nothing if I fall;

A brother I have injured—children whom  
I have neglected, and a spouse—

*Zar.* Who loves. <sup>306</sup>

*Sar.* And pardons?

*Zar.* I have never thought of this,  
And cannot pardon till I have condemn'd.

*Sar.* My wife!

*Zar.* Now blessings on thee  
for that word!

I never thought to hear it more—from thee.

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT IV

*Sal.* Oh! thou wilt hear it from my subjects. Yes—<sup>311</sup>  
 These slaves whom I have nurtured, pamper'd, fed,  
 And swoln with peace, and gorged with plenty, till  
 They reign themselves—all monarchs in their mansions—  
 Now swarm forth in rebellion, and demand<sup>315</sup>  
 His death, who made their lives a jubilee;  
 While the few upon whom I have no claim  
 Are faithful! This is true, yet monstrous.  
*Zar.* 'Tis  
 Perhaps too natural; for benefits  
 Turn poison in bad minds.  
*Sal.* And good ones make<sup>320</sup>  
 Good out of evil. Happier than the bee,  
 Which hives not but from wholesome flowers.  
*Zar.* Then reap  
 The honey, nor inquire whence 'tis derived.  
 Be satisfied—you are not all abandon'd.  
*Sal.* My life insures me that. How long,  
 bethink you,<sup>325</sup>  
 Were not I yet a king, should I be mortal;  
 That is, where mortals *are*, not where they  
 must be?  
*Zar.* I know not. But yet live for my—that is,  
 Your children's sake!  
*Sal.* My gentle, wrong'd Zarina!  
 I am the very slave of circumstance<sup>330</sup>  
 And impulse—borne away with every  
 breath!  
 Misplaced upon the throne—misplaced  
 in life.  
 I know not what I could have been, but feel  
 I am not what I should be—let it end.  
 But take this with thee: if I was not form'd  
 To prize a love like thine, a mind like  
 thine,<sup>336</sup>  
 Nor devote even on thy beauty—as I've  
 doted  
 On lesser charms, for no cause save that  
 such  
 Devotion was a duty, and I hated  
 All that look'd like a chain for me or  
 others<sup>340</sup>  
 (This even rebellion must avouch); yet  
 hear  
 These words, perhaps among my last—that none  
 E'er valued more thy virtues, though he  
 knew not  
 To profit by them—as the miner lights  
 Upon a vein of virgin ore, discovering  
 That which avails him nothing: he hath  
 found it,<sup>346</sup>  
 But 'tis not his—but some superior's, who  
 Placed him to dig, but not divide the  
 wealth  
 Which sparkles at his feet; nor dare he lift

Nor poise it, but must grovel on, up-  
 turning<sup>350</sup>  
 The sullen earth.  
*Zar.* Oh! if thou hast at length  
 Discover'd that my love is worth esteem,  
 I ask no more—but let us hence together,  
 And I—let me say *we*—shall yet be happy.  
 Assyria is not all the earth—we'll find  
 A world out of our own—and be more  
 bless'd<sup>356</sup>  
 Than I have ever been, or thou, with all  
 An empire to indulge thee.

Enter SALEMENES.

*Sal.* I must part ye—  
 The moments, which must not be lost, are  
 passing.  
*Zar.* Inhuman brother! wilt thou thus  
 weigh out<sup>360</sup>  
 Instants so high and blest?  
*Sal.* Blest!  
*Zar.* He hath been  
 So gentle with me, that I cannot think  
 Of quitting.  
*Sal.* So—this feminine farewell  
 Ends as such partings end, in *no* departure.  
 I thought as much, and yielded against all  
 My better bodings. But it must not be.  
*Zar.* Not be?  
*Sal.* Remain, and perish—  
*Zar.* With my husband—  
*Sal.* And children.  
*Zar.* Alas!  
*Sal.* Hear me, sister, like  
 My sister:—all's prepared to make your  
 safety  
 Certain, and of the boys too, our last  
 hopes;<sup>370</sup>  
 'Tis not a single question of mere feeling,  
 Though that were much—but 'tis a point  
 of state:  
 The rebels would do more to seize upon  
 The offspring of their sovereign, and so  
 crush—  
*Zar.* Ah! do not name it.  
*Sal.* Well, then, mark me: when  
 They are safe beyond the Median's grasp,  
 the rebels<sup>376</sup>  
 Have miss'd their chief aim—the extinc-  
 tion of  
 The line of Nimrod. Though the present  
 king  
 Fall, his sons live for victory and ven-  
 geance.  
*Zar.* But could not I remain, alone?  
*Sal.* What! leave  
 Your children, with two parents and yet  
 orphans—<sup>381</sup>  
 In a strange land—so young, so distant?  
*Zar.* No—  
 My heart will break.  
*Sal.* Now you know all—decide.  
*Sal.* Zarina, he hath spoken well, and  
 we

Must yield awhile to this necessity. 385  
 Remaining here, you may lose all; de-  
 parting,

You save the better part of what is left,  
 To both of us, and to such loyal hearts  
 As yet beat in these kingdoms.

*Sal.* The time presses.

*Sar.* Go, then. If e'er we meet again,  
 perhaps 390

I may be worthier of you—and, if not,  
 Remember that my faults, though not  
 atoned for,

Are ended. Yet, I dread thy nature will  
 Grieve more about the blighted name and  
 ashes

Which once were mightiest in Assyria—  
 than— 395

But I grow womanish again, and must not;  
 I must learn sternness now. My sins have  
 all

Been of the softer order—*hide* thy  
 tears—

I do not bid thee *not* to shed them—'twere  
 Easier to stop Euphrates at its source

Than one tear of a true and tender heart—  
 But let me not behold them; they unman  
 me 402

Here when I had remann'd myself. My  
 brother,  
 Lead her away.

*Zar.* Oh, God! I never shall  
 Behold him more!

*Sal.* [*striving to conduct her*]. Nay,  
 sister, I *must* be obey'd. 405

*Zar.* I must remain—away! you shall  
 not hold me.

What, shall he die alone?—*I* live alone?

*Sal.* He shall *not* die alone; but lonely  
 you

Have lived for years.

*Zar.* That's false! I knew *he* lived,  
 And lived upon his image—let me go!

*Sal.* [*conducting her off the stage*]. Nay,  
 then, I must use some fraternal  
 force, 411

Which you will pardon.

*Zar.* Never. Help me! Oh!  
 Sardanapalus, wilt thou thus behold me  
 Torn from thee?

*Sal.* Nay—then all is lost again,  
 If that this moment is not gain'd.

*Zar.* My brain turns— 415  
 My eyes fail—where is he? [*She faints.*

*Sar.* [*advancing*]. No—set her down;  
 She's dead—and you have slain her.

*Sal.* 'Tis the mere  
 Faintness of o'erwrought passion: in the air  
 She will recover. Pray, keep back.—

[*Aside*] I must  
 Avail myself of this sole moment to 420

Bear her to where her children are em-  
 bark'd,

I' the royal galley on the river.

[*SALEMENES bears her off.*

*Sar.* [*solus*].

This, too—

And this too must I suffer—I, who never  
 Inflicted purposely on human hearts

A voluntary pang! But that is false—  
 She loved me, and I loved her.—Fatal

passion! 426  
 Why dost thou not expire *at once* in hearts  
 Which thou hast lighted up at once?

*Zarina!*

I must pay dearly for the desolation  
 Now brought upon thee. Had I never  
 loved 430

But thee, I should have been an unopposed  
 Monarch of honouring nations. To what

gulfs

A single deviation from the track  
 Of human duties leads even those who

claim 434  
 The homage of mankind as their born due,  
 And find it, till they forfeit it themselves!

*Enter MYRRHA.*

*Sar.* You here! Who call'd you?

*Myr.* No one—but I heard  
 Far off a voice of wail and lamentation,  
 And thought—

*Sar.* It forms no portion of your duties  
 To enter here till sought for.

*Myr.* Though I might, 440  
 Perhaps, recall some softer words of yours  
 (Although they *too* were *chiding*), which

reproved

Because I ever dreaded to intrude;  
 Resisting my own wish and your in-

junction

To heed no time nor presence, but ap-  
 proach you 445

Uncall'd for:—I retire.

*Sar.* Yet stay—being here.  
 I pray you pardon me: events have sour'd  
 me

Till I wax peevish—heed it not: I shall  
 Soon be myself again.

*Myr.* I wait with patience,  
 What I shall see with pleasure.

*Sar.* Scarce a moment 450  
 Before your entrance in this hall, *Zarina*,  
 Queen of Assyria, departed hence.

*Myr.* Ah!

*Sar.* Wherefore do you start?

*Myr.* Did I do so?

*Sar.* 'Twas well you enter'd by another  
 portal,

Else you had met. That pang at least is  
 spared her! 455

*Myr.* I know to feel for her.

*Sar.* That is too much,  
 And beyond nature—'tis nor mutual  
 Nor possible. You cannot pity her,  
 Nor she aught but—

*Myr.* Despise the favourite slave?  
 Not more than I have ever scorn'd myself.

*Sar.* Scorn'd! what, to be the envy of  
 your sex, 461

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT IV

And lord it o'er the heart of the world's lord?

*Myr.* Were you the lord of twice ten thousand worlds—

As you are like to lose the one you sway'd—

I did abase myself as much in being 465  
Your paramour, as though you were a peasant—

Nay, more, if that the peasant were a Greek.

*Sar.* You talk it well—

*Myr.*

And truly.

*Sar.* In the hour  
Of man's adversity all things grow daring  
Against the falling; but as I am not 470  
Quite fall'n, nor now disposed to bear reproaches,

Perhaps because I merit them too often,  
Let us then part while peace is still between us.

*Myr.* Part!

*Sar.* Have not all past human beings parted,  
And must not all the present one day part? 475

*Myr.* Why?

*Sar.* For your safety, which I will have look'd to,  
With a strong escort to your native land;  
And such gifts, as, if you had not been all  
A queen, shall make your dowry worth a kingdom.

*Myr.* I pray you talk not thus.

*Sar.* The queen is gone: 480  
You need not shame to follow. I would fall

Alone—I seek no partners but in pleasure.

*Myr.* And I no pleasure but in parting not.

You shall not force me from you.

*Sar.* Think well of it—  
It soon may be too late.

*Myr.* So let it be; 485  
For then you cannot separate me from you.

*Sar.* And will not; but I thought you wish'd it.

*Myr.* II!

*Sar.* You spoke of your abasement.

*Myr.* And I feel it  
Deeply—more deeply than all things but love. 489

*Sar.* Then fly from it.

*Myr.* 'Twill not recall the past—  
'Twill not restore my honour, nor my heart.

No—here I stand or fall. If that you conquer,

I live to joy in your great triumph: should  
Your lot be different, I'll not weep, but share it.

You did not doubt me a few hours ago.

*Sar.* Your courage never—nor your love till now; 496

And none could make me doubt it save yourself.

Those words—

*Myr.* Were words. I pray you, let the proofs

Be in the past acts you were pleased to praise

This very night, and in my further bearing, 500

Beside, wherever you are borne by fate.

*Sar.* I am content: and, trusting in my cause,

Think we may yet be victors and return  
To peace—the only victory I covet.

To me war is no glory—conquest no Renown. To be forced thus to uphold my right 506

Sits heavier on my heart than all the wrongs

These men would bow me down with. Never, never

Can I forget this night, even should I live  
To add it to the memory of others. 510

I thought to have made mine inoffensive rule

An era of sweet peace 'midst bloody annals,

A green spot amidst desert centuries,  
On which the future would turn back and smile, 514

And cultivate, or sigh when it could not  
Recall Sardanapalus' golden reign.

I thought to have made my realm a paradise,

And every moon an epoch of new pleasures.

I took the rabble's shouts for love—the breath

Of friends for truth—the lips of woman for 520

My only guerdon—so they are, my Myrrha: [He kisses her.

Kiss me. Now let them take my realm and life!

They shall have both, but never thee!

*Myr.* No, never!

Man may despoil his brother man of all  
That's great or glittering—kingdoms fall,

hosts yield, 525  
Friends fail, slaves fly, and all betray—

and, more  
Than all, the most indebted—but a heart  
That loves without self-love! 'Tis here—

now prove it.

*Enter SALEMENES.*

*Sal.* I sought you—How! she here again?

*Sar.* Return not  
Now to reproof: methinks your aspect speaks 530

Of higher matter than a woman's presence.

*Sal.* The only woman whom it much imports me

## SCENE I]

At such a moment now is safe in absence—  
The queen's embark'd.

*Sar.* And well? say that much.

*Sal.* Yes.  
Her transient weakness has pass'd o'er; at  
least, 535

It settled into tearless silence: her  
Pale face and glittering eye, after a glance  
Upon her sleeping children, were still fix'd  
Upon the palace towers as the swift galley  
Stole down the hurrying stream beneath  
the starlight; 540

But she said nothing.

*Sar.* Would I felt no more  
Than she has said!

*Sal.* 'Tis now too late to feel.  
Your feelings cannot cancel a sole pang:  
To change them, my advices bring sure  
tidings

That the rebellious Medes and Chaldees,  
marshall'd 545

By their two leaders, are already up  
In arms again; and, serrying their ranks,  
Prepare to attack: they have apparently  
Been join'd by other satraps.

*Sar.* What! more rebels?

Let us be first, then.

*Sal.* That were hardly prudent 550  
Now, though it was our first intention. If  
By noon to-morrow we are join'd by those  
I've sent for by sure messengers, we shall  
be

In strength enough to venture an attack,  
Ay, and pursuit too; but, till then, my  
voice 555

Is to await the onset.

*Sar.* I detest

That waiting; though it seems so safe to  
fight

Behind high walls, and hurl down foes into  
Deep fosses, or behold them sprawl on  
spikes

Strew'd to receive them, still I like it not—  
My soul seems lukewarm; but when I set  
on them, 561

Though they were piled on mountains, I  
would have

A pluck at them, or perish in hot blood!—  
Let me then charge.

*Sal.* You talk like a young soldier.

*Sar.* I am no soldier, but a man: speak  
not 565  
Of soldierish, I loathe the word, and  
those

Who pride themselves upon it; but direct  
me

Where I may pour upon them.

*Sal.* You must spare  
To expose your life too hastily: 'tis not  
Like mine or any other subject's breath;  
The whole war turns upon it—with it; this  
Alone creates it, kindles, and may quench  
it— 572

Prolong it—end it.

## SARDANAPALUS

*Sar.* Then let us end both!

'Twere better thus, perhaps, than pro-  
long either;

I'm sick of one, perchance of both.

[*A trumpet sounds without.*

*Hark!*

Let us 575

*Sal.* Reply, not listen.

*Sar.* And your wound!

'Tis bound—

'Tis heal'd—I had forgotten it. Away!

A leech's lancet would have scratch'd me  
deeper;

The slave that gave it might be well  
ashamed

To have struck so weakly.

*Sal.* Now, may none this hour 580  
Strike with a better aim!

*Sar.* Ay, if we conquer;

But if not, they will only leave to me

A task they might have spared their king.  
Upon them! [*Trumpet sounds again.*

*Sal.* I am with you.

*Sar.* Ho, my arms! again, my arms!  
[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*The same Hall in the Palace.*

MYRRHA and BALEA.

*Myr.* [*at a window*]. The day at last  
has broken. What a night

Hath usher'd it! how beautiful in heaven!  
Though varied with a transitory storm,

More beautiful in that variety!  
How hideous upon earth! where peace and  
hope, 5

And love and revel, in an hour were  
trampled

By human passions to a human chaos,  
Not yet resolved to separate elements—

'Tis warring still! And can the sun so rise,  
So bright, so rolling back the clouds into

Vapours more lovely than the unclouded  
sky, 11

With golden pinnacles, and snowy moun-  
tains,

And billows purpler than the ocean's,  
making

In heaven a glorious mockery of the earth,  
So like we almost deem it permanent; 15

So fleeting, we can scarcely call it aught  
Beyond a vision, 'tis so transiently

Scatter'd along the eternal vault: and yet  
It dwells upon the soul, and soothes the  
soul, 20

And blends itself into the soul, until  
Sunrise and sunset form the haunted  
epoch

Of sorrow and of love; which they who  
mark not,

Know not the realms where those twin  
genii

(Who chasten and who purify our hearts,



So that we would not change their sweet  
rebukes

For all the boisterous joys that ever shook<sup>25</sup>  
The air with clamour) build the palaces  
Where their fond votaries repose and  
breathe

Briefly;—but in that brief cool calm inhale  
Enough of heaven to enable them to bear  
The rest of common, heavy, human hours,  
And dream them through in placid  
sufferance,

Though seemingly employ'd like all the  
rest

Of toiling breathers in allotted tasks  
Of pain or pleasure, *two names for one*  
feeling,

Which our internal, restless agony<sup>35</sup>  
Would vary in the sound, although the  
sense

Escapes our highest efforts to be happy.

*Bal.* You must right calmly: and can  
you so watch

The sunrise which may be our last?

*Myr.* It is<sup>40</sup>  
Therefore that I so watch it, and reproach  
Those eyes, which never may behold it  
more,

For having look'd upon it oft, too oft,  
Without the reverence and the rapture due  
To that which keeps all earth from being  
as fragile

As I am in this form. Come, look upon it,  
The Chaldee's god, which when I gaze  
upon

I grow almost a convert to your Baal.

*Bal.* As now he reigns in heaven, so  
once on earth

He sway'd.

*Myr.* He sways it now far more,  
then; never<sup>50</sup>

Had earthly monarch half the power and  
glory

Which centres in a single ray of his.

*Bal.* Surely he is a god!

*Myr.* So we Greeks deem too;  
And yet I sometimes think that gorgeous  
orb<sup>54</sup>

Must rather be the abode of gods than one  
Of the immortal sovereigns. Now he  
breaks

Through all the clouds, and fills my eyes  
with light

That shuts the world out. I can look no  
more.

*Bal.* Hark! heard you not a sound?

*Myr.* No, 'twas mere fancy;<sup>59</sup>  
They battle it beyond the wall, and not  
As in late midnight conflict in the very  
Chambers: the palace has become a  
fortress

Since that insidious hour; and here,  
within

The very centre, girded by vast courts<sup>64</sup>  
And regal halls of pyramid proportions,

Which must be carried one by one before  
They penetrate to where they then arrived,  
We are as much shut in even from the  
sound

Of peril as from glory.

*Bal.* But they reach'd

Thus far before.

*Myr.* Yes, by surprise, and were<sup>70</sup>  
Beat back by valour: now at once we have  
Courage and vigilance to guard us.

*Bal.* May they  
Prosper!

*Myr.* That is the prayer of many, and  
The dread of more: it is an anxious hour;  
I strive to keep it from my thoughts. Alas!  
How vainly!

*Bal.* It is said the king's demeanour  
In the late action scarcely more appall'd  
The rebels than astonish'd his true subjects.

*Myr.* 'Tis easy to astonish or appal  
The vulgar mass which moulds a horde of  
slaves;<sup>80</sup>

But he did bravely.

*Bal.* Slew he not Beleses?  
I heard the soldiers say he struck him  
down.

*Myr.* The wretch was overthrown,  
but rescued to  
Triumph, perhaps, o'er one who  
vanquish'd him<sup>84</sup>

In fight, as he had spared him in his peril;  
And by that heedless pity risk'd a crown.

*Bal.* Hark!

*Myr.* You are right; some steps  
approach, but slowly.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing in SALEMENES*  
*wounded, with a broken javelin in his*  
*side: they seat him upon one of the*  
*couches which furnish the Apartment.*

*Myr.* Oh, Jove!

*Bal.* Then all is over.

*Sal.* That is false.  
Hew down the slave who says so, if a  
soldier.

*Myr.* Spare him—he's none: a mere  
court butterfly,<sup>90</sup>

That flutters in the pageant of a monarch.

*Sal.* Let him live on, then.

*Myr.* So wilt thou, I trust.

*Sal.* I fain would live this hour out,  
and the event,  
But doubt it. Wherefore did ye bear me  
here?

*Sol.* By the king's order. When the  
javelin struck you,<sup>95</sup>

You fell and fainted: 'twas his strict com-  
mand

To bear you to this hall.

*Sal.* 'Twas not ill done:  
For seeming slain in that cold dizzy trance,  
The sight might shake our soldiers—but—

'tis vain,  
I feel it ebbing!

*Myr.* Let me see the wound; 100  
I am not quite skillless: in my native land  
'Tis part of our instruction. War being  
constant,

We are nerved to look on such things.  
*Sol.* Best extract

The javelin.

*Myr.* Hold! no, no, it cannot be.

*Sal.* I am sped, then!

*Myr.* With the blood that fast must  
follow 105

The extracted weapon, I do fear thy life.

*Sal.* And I *not* death. Where was the  
king when you

Convey'd me from the spot where I was  
stricken?

*Sol.* Upon the same ground, and en-  
couraging

With voice and gesture the dispirited  
troops 110

Who had seen you fall, and falter'd back.

*Sal.* Whom heard ye

Named next to the command?

*Sol.* I did not hear.

*Sal.* Fly then, and tell him, 'twas my  
last request

That Zames take my post until the  
junction, 114

So hoped for, yet delay'd, of Ofratanes,  
Satrap of Susa. Leave me here: our troops  
Are not so numerous as to spare your  
absence.

*Sol.* But, prince—

*Sal.* Hence, I say! Here's a courtier and  
A woman, the best chamber company.  
As you would not permit me to expire  
Upon the field, I'll have no idle soldiers  
About my sick couch. Hence! and do my  
bidding! [*Exeunt the Soldiers.*]

*Myr.* Gallant and glorious spirit!  
must the earth

So soon resign thee?

*Sal.* Gentle Myrrha, 'tis 124

The end I would have chosen, had I saved  
The monarch or the monarchy by this;  
As 'tis, I have not outlived them.

*Myr.* You wax paler.

*Sal.* Your hand; this broken weapon  
but prolongs 128

My pangs, without sustaining life enough  
To make me useful: I would draw it forth  
And my life with it, could I but hear how  
The fight goes.

*Enter SARDANAPALUS and Soldiers.*

*Sar.* My best brother!  
*Sal.* And the battle 132

Is lost?

*Sar.* [*despondingly*]. You see me here.

*Sal.* I'd rather see you *thus*!

[*He draws out the weapon from the  
wound, and dies.*]

*Sar.* And *thus* I will be seen; unless  
the succour,

The last frail reed of our beleagu'er'd  
hopes, 135

Arrive with Ofratanes.

*Myr.* Did you not

Receive a token from your dying brother,  
Appointing Zames chief?

*Sar.* I did.

*Myr.* Where's Zames?

*Sar.* Dead.

*Myr.* And Altada?

*Sar.* Dying.

*Myr.* Pania? Sfero?

*Sar.* Pania yet lives: but Sfero's fled  
or captive. 140

I am alone.

*Myr.* And is all lost?

*Sar.* Our walls,

Though thinly mann'd, may still hold out  
against

Their present force, or aught save  
treachery:

But i' the field—

*Myr.* I thought 'twas the intent

Of Salemenes not to risk a sally 145

Till ye were strengthen'd by the expected  
succours.

*Sar.* I overruled him.

*Myr.* Well, the fault's a brave one.

*Sar.* But fatal. Oh, my brother! I  
would give

These realms, of which thou wert the orna-  
ment,

The sword and shield, the sole-redeeming  
honour, 150

To call back—But I will not weep for thee;  
Thou shalt be mourn'd for as thou wouldst  
be mourn'd.

It grieves me most that thou couldst quit  
this life

Believing that I could survive what thou  
Hast died for—our long royalty of race.

If I redeem it, I will give thee blood 156

Of thousands, tears of millions, for atone-  
ment

(The tears of all the good are thine  
already).

If not, we meet again soon,—if the spirit  
Within us lives beyond;—thou readest

mine, 160

And dost me justice now. Let me once  
clasp

That yet warm hand, and fold that throb-  
less heart [*Embraces the body.*]

To this which beats so bitterly. Now, bear  
The body hence.

*Soldier.* Where?

*Sar.* To my proper chamber.

Place it beneath my canopy, as though  
The king lay there: when this is done, we

will 166

Speak further of the rites due to such  
ashes.

[*Exeunt Soldiers with the body of  
SALEMENES.*]

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT V

*Enter PANIA.*

*Sar.* Well, Pania! have you placed the guards, and issued The orders fix'd on?

*Pan.* Sire, I have obey'd.

*Sar.* And do the soldiers keep their hearts up?

*Pan.* Sire? 170

*Sar.* I'm answer'd! When a king asks twice, and has

A question as an answer to *his* question, It is a portent. What! they are dishearten'd?

*Pan.* The death of Salemenes, and the shouts

Of the exulting rebels on his fall, 175 Have made them—

*Sar.* Rage—not droop—it should have been.

We'll find the means to rouse them.

*Pan.* Such a loss Might sadden even a victory.

*Sar.* Alas! Who can so feel it as I feel? but yet,

Though coop'd within these walls, they are strong, and we 180

Have those without will break their way through hosts,

To make their sovereign's dwelling what it was—

A palace; not a prison, nor a fortress.

*Enter an Officer, hastily.*

*Sar.* Thy face seems ominous. Speak!

*Offi.* I dare not.

*Sar.* Dare not?

While millions dare revolt with sword in hand! 185

That's strange. I pray thee break that loyal silence

Which loathes to shock its sovereign; we can hear

More than thou hast to tell.

*Pan.* Proceed, thou hearest.

*Offi.* The wall which skirted near the river's brink 189

Is thrown down by the sudden inundation Of the Euphrates, which now rolling, swoln

From the enormous mountains where it rises,

By the late rains of that tempestuous region, O'erfloods its banks, and hath destroy'd the bulwark.

*Pan.* That's a black augury! it has been said 195

For ages, 'That the city ne'er should yield To man, until the river grew its foe.'

*Sar.* I can forgive the omen, not the ravage.

How much is swept down of the wall?

*Offi.* About Some twenty stadia.

*Sar.* And all this is left 200 Pervious to the assailants?

*Offi.*

For the present

The river's fury must impede the assault; But when he shrinks into his wonted channel,

And may be cross'd by the accustom'd barks,

The palace is their own.

*Sar.* That shall be never 205 Though men, and gods, and elements, and omens,

Have risen up 'gainst one who ne'er provoked them,

My fathers' house shall never be a cave For wolves to horde and howl in.

*Pan.* With your sanction, I will proceed to the spot, and take such measures 210

For the assurance of the vacant space As time and means permit.

*Sar.* About it straight, And bring me back, as speedily as full

And fair investigation may permit, 214 Report of the true state of this irruption Of waters. [*Exeunt PANIA and the Officer.*]

*Myr.* Thus the very waves rise up Against you.

*Sar.* They are not my subjects, girl, And may be pardon'd, since they can't be

punish'd

*Myr.* I joy to see this portent shakes you not.

*Sar.* I am past the fear of portents: they can tell me 220

Nothing I have not told myself since midnight:

Despair anticipates such things.

*Myr.* Despair!

*Sar.* No; not despair precisely. When we know

All that can come, and how to meet it, our Resolves, if firm, may merit a more noble

Word than this is to give it utterance. 226 But what are words to us? we have well

nigh done

With them and all things.

*Myr.* Save one deed—the last And greatest to all mortals; crowning act

Of all that was, or is, or is to be— 230 The only thing common to all mankind, So different in their births, tongues, sexes,

natures, Hues, features, climes, times, feelings, intellects,

Without one point of union save in this, To which we tend, for which we're born,

and thread 235

The labyrinth of mystery, call'd life.

*Sar.* Our clue being well nigh wound out, let's be cheerful.

They who have nothing more to fear may well

Indulge a smile at that which once appall'd; 239

As children at discover'd bugbears.

*Re-enter PANIA.*

*Pan.* 'Tis  
As was reported: I have order'd there  
A double guard, withdrawing from the  
wall  
Where it was strongest the required  
addition  
To watch the breach occasion'd by the  
waters.

*Sar.* You have done your duty faith-  
fully, and as <sup>245</sup>  
My worthy Pania! further ties between us  
Draw near a close—I pray you take this  
key; [*Gives a key.*]  
It opens to a secret chamber, placed  
Behind the couch in my own chamber.

(Now  
Press'd by a nobler weight than e'er it  
bore— <sup>250</sup>  
Though a long line of sovereigns have lain  
down

Along its golden frame—as bearing for  
A time what late was Salemenes). Search  
The secret covert to which this will lead  
you; <sup>254</sup>

'Tis full of treasure; take it for yourself  
And your companions: there's enough to  
load ye,

Though ye be many. Let the slaves be  
freed, too;  
And all the inmates of the palace, of  
Whatever sex, now quit it in an hour.

Thence launch the regal barks, once form'd  
for pleasure, <sup>260</sup>

And now to serve for safety, and embark.  
The river's broad and swoln, and uncom-  
manded

(More potent than a king) by these  
besiegers.

Fly! and be happy!

*Pan.* Under your protection!  
So you accompany your faithful guard.

*Sar.* No, Pania! that must not be; get  
thee hence, <sup>266</sup>

And leave me to my fate.

*Pan.* 'Tis the first time  
I ever disobey'd: but now—

*Sar.* So all men  
Dare beard me now, and Insolence within  
Apes Treason from without. Question no  
further; <sup>270</sup>

'Tis my command, my last command.  
Wilt thou

Oppose it? thou!

*Pan.* But yet—not yet.

*Sar.* Well, then,  
Swear that you will obey when I shall give  
The signal.

*Pan.* With a heavy but true heart,  
I promise.

*Sar.* 'Tis enough. Now order here  
Faggots, pine-nuts, and wither'd leaves,  
and such <sup>276</sup>

Things as catch fire and blaze with one sole  
spark;

Bring cedar, too, and precious drugs, and  
spices,

And mighty planks, to nourish a tall pile;  
Bring frankincense and myrrh, too, for  
it is <sup>280</sup>

For a great sacrifice I build the pyre!  
And heap them round yon throne.

*Pan.* My lord!  
*Sar.* I have said it,  
And you have sworn.

*Pan.* And could keep my faith  
Without a vow. [*Exit PANIA.*]

*Myr.* What mean you?  
*Sar.* You shall know

Anon—what the whole earth shall ne'er  
forget. <sup>285</sup>

*PANIA, returning with a Herald.*  
*Pan.* My king, in going forth upon my  
duty,

This herald has been brought before me,  
craving

An audience.

*Sar.* Let him speak.  
*Her.* The King Arbaces—

*Sar.* What, crown'd already?—But,  
proceed.

*Her.* Beleses, <sup>289</sup>  
The anointed high-priest—

*Sar.* Of what god or demon?  
With new kings rise new altars. But,  
proceed;

You are sent to prate your master's will,  
and not

Reply to mine.

*Her.* And Satrap Ofratanes—  
*Sar.* Why, he is ours.

*Her.* [*showing a ring.*] Be sure that he  
is now <sup>294</sup>

In the camp of the conquerors; behold  
His signet ring.

*Sar.* 'Tis his. A worthy triad!  
Poor Salemenes! thou hast died in time

To see one treachery the less: this man  
Was thy true friend and my most trusted  
subject.

Proceed.

*Her.* They offer thee thy life, and free-  
dom <sup>300</sup>

Of choice to single out a residence  
In any of the further provinces,

Guarded and watch'd, but not confined  
in person,

Where thou shalt pass thy days in peace;  
but on

Condition that the three young princes  
are <sup>305</sup>

Given up as hostages.  
*Sar.* [*ironically.*] The generous victors!

*Her.* I wait the answer.  
*Sar.* Answer, slave! How long

Have slaves decided on the doom of kings?

# SARDANAPALUS

[ACT V

*Her.* Since they were free. 308  
*Sar.* Mouthpiece of mutiny!  
 Thou at the least shalt learn the penalty  
 Of treason, though its proxy only. Pania!  
 Let his head be thrown from our walls  
 within  
 The rebels' lines, his carcass down the  
 river.  
 Away with him!  
*[PANIA and the Guards seizing him.*  
*Pan.* I never yet obey'd  
 Your orders with more pleasure than the  
 present. 315  
 Hence with him, soldiers! do not soil this  
 hall  
 Of royalty with treasonable gore;  
 Put him to rest without.  
*Her.* A single word:  
 My office, king, is sacred.  
*Sar.* And what's mine?  
 That thou shouldst come and dare to ask  
 of me 320  
 To lay it down?  
*Her.* I but obey'd my orders,  
 At the same peril if refused, as now  
 Incurr'd by my obedience.  
*Sar.* So there are  
 New monarchs of an hour's growth as  
 despotic  
 As sovereigns swathed in purple, and  
 enthroned 325  
 From birth to manhood!  
*Her.* My life waits your breath.  
 Yours (I speak humbly)—but it may be—  
 yours  
 May also be in danger scarce less  
 imminent:  
 Would it then suit the last hours of a line  
 Such as is that of Nimrod, to destroy  
 A peaceful herald, unarm'd, in his office;  
 And violate not only all that man  
 Holds sacred between man and man—  
 but that  
 More holy tie which links us with the gods?  
*Sar.* He's right.—Let him go free.—  
 My life's last act 335  
 Shall not be one of wrath. Here, fellow,  
 take  
*[Gives him a golden cup from a table near.*  
 This golden goblet, let it hold your wine,  
 And think of me; or melt it into ingots,  
 And think of nothing but their weight and  
 value.  
*Her.* I thank you doubly for my life,  
 and this 340  
 Most gorgeous gift, which renders it more  
 precious.  
 But must I bear no answer?  
*Sar.* Yes,—I ask  
 An hour's truce to consider.  
*Her.* But an hour's?  
*Sar.* An hour's: if at the expiration of  
 That time your masters hear no further  
 from me, 345

They are to deem that I reject their terms,  
 And act befittingly.  
*Her.* I shall not fail  
 To be a faithful legate of your pleasure.  
*Sar.* And hark! a word more.  
*Her.* I shall not forget it,  
 Whate'er it be.  
*Sar.* Commend me to Beleses; 350  
 And tell him, ere a year expire, I summon  
 Him hence to meet me.  
*Her.* Where?  
*Sar.* At Babylon.  
 At least from thence he will depart to meet  
 me.  
*Her.* I shall obey you to the letter.  
*[Exit Herald.*  
*Pania!*—  
*Sar.* Now, my good Pania!—quick—with  
 what I order'd. 355  
*Pan.* My lord,—the soldiers are  
 already charged.  
 And see! they enter.  
*[Soldiers enter, and form a Pile about  
 the Throne, &c.*  
*Sar.* Higher, my good soldiers,  
 And thicker yet; and see that the founda-  
 tion  
 Be such as will not speedily exhaust  
 Its own too subtle flame; nor yet be  
 quench'd 360  
 With aught officious aid would bring to  
 quell it.  
 Let the throne form the *core* of it; I would  
 not  
 Leave that, save fraught with fire un-  
 quenchable,  
 To the new comers. Frame the whole as if  
 'Twere to enkindle the strong tower of our  
 Inveterate enemies. Now it bears an  
 aspect! 366  
 How say you, Pania, will this pile suffice  
 For a king's obsequies?  
*Pan.* Ay, for a kingdom's.  
 I understand you, now.  
*Sar.* And blame me?  
*Pan.* No—  
 Let me but fire the pile, and share it with  
 you. 370  
*Myr.* That duty's mine.  
*Pan.* A woman's!  
*Myr.* 'Tis the soldier's  
 Part to die for his sovereign, and why not  
 The woman's with her lover?  
*Pan.* 'Tis most strange!  
*Myr.* But not so rare, my Pania, as thou  
 think'st it.  
 In the mean time, live thou.—Farewell!  
 the pile 375  
 Is ready.  
*Pan.* I should shame to leave my sove-  
 reign  
 With but a single female to partake  
 His death.  
*Sar.* Too many far have heralded

Me to the dust already. Get thee hence:  
Enrich thee.

*Pan.* And live wretched!

*Sar.* Think upon 380  
Thy vow:—'tis sacred and irrevocable.

*Pan.* Since it is so, farewell.

*Sar.* Search well my chamber,  
Feel no remorse at bearing off the gold;  
Remember, what you leave you leave the  
slaves

Who slew me: and when you have borne  
away 385  
All safe off to your boats, blow one long  
blast

Upon the trumpet as you quit the palace.  
The river's brink is too remote, its stream  
Too loud at present to permit the echo  
To reach distinctly from its banks. Then  
fly,— 390

And as you sail, turn back; but still keep on  
Your way along the Euphrates: if you reach  
The land of Paphlagonia, where the queen  
Is safe with my three sons in Cotta's court,  
Say, what you saw at parting, and request  
That she remember what I said at one  
Parting more mournful still.

*Pan.* That royal hand!  
Let me then once more press it to my lips;  
And these poor soldiers who throng round  
you, and

Would fain die with you!

*[The Soldiers and PANIA throng round  
him, kissing his hand and the hem of  
his robe.]*

*Sar.* My best! my last friends! 400  
Let's not unman each other: part at once:  
All farewells should be sudden, when for  
ever,

Else they make an eternity of moments,  
And clog the last sad sands of life with tears.  
Hence, and be happy: trust me, I am not  
Now to be pitied; or far more for what  
Is past than present; for the future, 'tis  
In the hands of the deities, if such  
There be: I shall know soon. Farewell—  
Farewell.

*[Exeunt PANIA and Soldiers.]*

*Myr.* These men were honest: it is com-  
fort still 410  
That our last looks should be on loving  
faces.

*Sar.* And lovely ones, my beautiful! but  
hear me!

If at this moment—for we now are on  
The brink—thou feel'st an inward shrink-  
ing from

This leap through flame into the future,  
say it: 415

I shall not love thee less; nay, perhaps more,  
For yielding to thy nature; and there's time  
Yet for thee to escape hence.

*Myr.* Shall I light  
One of the torches which lie heap'd be-  
neath 419

The ever-burning lamp that burns without,  
Before Baal's shrine, in the adjoining hall?

*Sar.* Do so. Is that thy answer?

*Myr.* Thou shalt see.

*[Exit MYRRHA.]*

*Sar.* *[solus].* She's firm. My fathers!  
whom I will rejoin, 423

It may be, purified by death from some  
Of the gross stains of too material being,  
I would not leave your ancient first abode  
To the defilement of usurping bondmen;  
If I have not kept your inheritance  
As ye bequeath'd it, this bright part of it,  
Your treasure, your abode, your sacred  
relics 430

Of arms and records, monuments, and  
spoils,  
In which *they* would have revell'd, I bear  
with me

To you in that absorbing element, 433  
Which most personifies the soul as leaving  
The least of matter unconsumed before  
Its fiery workings:—and the light of this  
Most royal of funeral pyres shall be  
Not a mere pillar form'd of cloud and flame,  
A beacon in the horizon for a day,  
And then a mount of ashes, but a light  
To lesson ages, rebel nations, and 441  
Voluptuous princes. Time shall quench  
full many

A people's records, and a hero's acts;  
Sweep empire after empire, like this first  
Of empires, into nothing; but even then  
Shall spare this deed of mine, and hold it up  
A problem few dare imitate, and none  
Despise—but, it may be, avoid the life  
Which led to such a consummation.

*MYRRHA returns with a lighted Torch in  
one Hand, and a Cup in the other.*

*Myr.* Lo!

I've lit the lamp which lights us to the stars.

*Sar.* And the cup?

*Myr.* 'Tis my country's custom to  
Make a libation to the gods.

*Sar.* And mine

To make libations amongst men. I've not  
Forgot the custom; and although alone,  
Will drain one draught in memory of  
many 455

A joyous banquet past.

*[SARDANAPALUS takes the cup, and after  
drinking and tinkling the reversed cup,  
as a drop falls, exclaims—]*

And this libation

Is for the excellent Beleses.

*Myr.* Why

Dwells thy mind rather upon that man's  
name

Than on his mate's in villainy?

*Sar.* The one

Is a mere soldier, a mere tool, a kind  
Of human sword in a friend's hand; the  
other 461

## SARDANAPALUS

[ACT V

Is master-mover of his warlike puppet;  
But I dismiss them from my mind.—Yet

pause,  
My Myrrha! dost thou truly follow me,  
Freely and fearlessly?

Myr. And dost thou think 465  
A Greek girl dare not do for love, that which  
An Indian widow braves for custom?

Sar. Then  
We but await the signal.

Myr. It is long  
In sounding.

Sar. Now, farewell; one last embrace.

Myr. Embrace, but *not* the last; there  
is one more. 470

Sar. True, the commingling fire will  
mix our ashes.

Myr. And pure as is my love to thee,  
shall they,

Purged from the dross of earth, and earthly  
passion,

Mix pale with thine. A single thought yet  
irks me.

Sar. Say it.

Myr. It is that no kind hand will  
gather 475

The dust of both into one urn.

Sar. The better:  
Rather let them be borne abroad upon

The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air,  
Than be polluted more by human hands

Of slaves and traitors. In this blazing  
palace, 480

And its enormous walls of reeking ruin,  
We leave a nobler monument than Egypt

Hath piled in her brick mountains, o'er  
dead kings,

Or *kine*, for none know whether those  
proud piles 484

Be for their monarch or their ox-god Apis:  
So much for monuments that have for-

gotten

Their very record!

Myr. Then farewell, thou earth!  
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell,

Ionia!

Be thou still free and beautiful, and far  
Aloof from desolation! My last prayer

Was for thee, my last thoughts, save *one*,  
were of thee! 491

Sar. And that?

Myr. Is yours.

[*The trumpet of PANIA sounds without.*

Sar. Hark!

Myr. Now!

Sar. Adieu, Assyria!

I loved thee well, my own, my father's land,  
And better as my country than my king-

dom.

I sated thee with peace and joys; and this  
Is my reward! and now I owe thee nothing,

Not even a grave. [*He mounts the pile.*  
Now, Myrrha!

Myr. Art thou ready?

Sar. As the torch in thy grasp.

[*MYRRHA fires the pile.*

Myr. 'Tis fired! I come.  
[*As MYRRHA springs forward to throw*

*herself into the flames, the Curtain*  
*falls.*

## THE TWO FOSCARI

### AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY

'The father softens, but the governor's resolved.'—CRITIC.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

##### MEN

FRANCIS FOSCARI, *Doge of Venice.*

JACOPO FOSCARI, *Son of the Doge.*

JAMES LOREDANO, *a Patrician.*

MARCO MEMMO, *a Chief of the Forty.*

BARBARIGO, *a Senator.*

*Other Senators, The Council of Ten, Guards,  
Attendants, &c., &c.*

##### WOMAN

MARINA, *Wife of young FOSCARI.*

SCENE.—*The Ducal Palace, Venice*

#### ACT I

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Ducal Palace.*

Enter LOREDANO and BARBARIGO, *meeting.*

Lor. Where is the prisoner?

Bar. Reposing from

The Question.

Lor. The hour 's past—fix'd yesterday  
For the resumption of his trial.—Let us  
Rejoin our colleagues in the council, and

Urge his recall.

Bar. Nay, let him profit by 5  
A few brief minutes for his tortured limbs;

He was o'erwrought by the Question  
yesterday,

And may die under it if now repeated.

Lor. Well?

Bar. I yield not to you in love of justice,

Or hate of the ambitious Foscari, 10  
Father and son, and all their noxious  
race;

But the poor wretch has suffer'd beyond  
nature's  
Most stoical endurance.

*Lor.* Without owning  
His crime?

*Bar.* Perhaps without committing any.  
But he avow'd the letter to the Duke 15  
Of Milan, and his sufferings half atone for  
Such weakness.

*Lor.* We shall see.  
*Bar.* You, Loredano,  
Pursue hereditary hate too far.

*Lor.* How far?  
*Bar.* To extermination.

*Lor.* When they are  
Extinct, you may say this.—Let's in to  
council. 20

*Bar.* Yet pause—the number of our  
colleagues is not  
Complete yet; two are wanting ere we can  
Proceed.

*Lor.* And the chief judge, the Doge?  
*Bar.* No—he,  
With more than Roman fortitude, is ever  
First at the board in this unhappy process  
Against his last and only son.

*Lor.* True—true—  
His last.

*Bar.* Will nothing move you?  
*Lor.* Feels he, think you?

*Bar.* He shows it not.  
*Lor.* I have mark'd that—the wretch!

*Bar.* But yesterday, I hear, on his return  
To the ducal chambers, as he pass'd the  
threshold 30

The old man fainted.  
*Lor.* It begins to work, then.

*Bar.* The work is half your own.  
*Lor.* And should be all mine—

My father and my uncle are no more.  
*Bar.* I have read their epitaph, which  
says they died 34

By poison.  
*Lor.* When the Doge declared that he

Should never deem himself a sovereign till  
The death of Peter Loredano, both  
The brothers sicken'd shortly:—he is sove-  
reign.

*Bar.* A wretched one.  
*Lor.* What should they be who make  
Orphans?

*Bar.* But did the Doge make you so?  
*Lor.* Yes. 40

*Bar.* What solid proofs?  
*Lor.* When princes set themselves

To work in secret, proofs and process are  
Alike made difficult; but I have such  
Of the first, as shall make the second needless.

*Bar.* But you will move by law?  
*Lor.* By all the laws 45

Which he would leave us.  
*Bar.* They are such in this

Our state as render retribution easier  
Than 'mongst remoter nations. Is it true

That you have written in your books of  
commerce

(The wealthy practice of our highest  
nobles), 50

'Doge Foscari, my debtor for the deaths  
Of Marco and Pietro Loredano,  
My sire and uncle?'

*Lor.* It is written thus.  
*Bar.* And will you leave it unerased?

*Lor.* Till balanced.  
*Bar.* And how?

[Two Senators pass over the stage, as in  
their way to 'the Hall of the Council  
of Ten.'

*Lor.* You see the number is complete.  
Follow me. [Exit LOREDANO.

*Bar.* [solus]. Follow thee! I have fol-  
low'd long 56

Thy path of desolation, as the wave  
Sweeps after that before it, alike whelming  
The wreck that creaks to the wild winds,  
and wretch

Who shrieks within its riven ribs, as gush  
The waters through them; but this son and  
sire 61

Might move the elements to pause, and yet  
Must I on hardly like them—Oh! would  
I could as blindly and remorselessly!—

Lo, where he comes!—Be still, my heart!  
they are 65

Thy foes, must be thy victims: wilt thou  
beat

For those who almost broke thee?

*Enter Guards, with young FOSCARI as  
prisoner, &c.*

*Guard.* Let him rest.

*Signor, take time.*

*Jac. Fos.* I thank thee, friend, I'm  
feeble;

But thou may'st stand reproved.  
*Guard.* I'll stand the hazard.

*Jac. Fos.* That's kind:—I meet some  
pity, but no mercy; 70

This is the first.  
*Guard.* And might be the last, did they

Who rule behold us.  
*Bar.* [advancing to the Guard]. There is

one who does:  
Yet fear not; I will neither be thy judge

Nor thy accuser; though the hour is past,  
Wait their last summons—I am of 'the  
Ten', 75

And waiting for that summons, sanction you  
Even by my presence: when the last call

sounds,  
We'll in together.—Look well to the

prisoner!  
*Jac. Fos.* What voice is that?—'Tis

Barbarigo's! Ah!

Our house's foe, and one of my few judges.  
*Bar.* To balance such a foe, if such there  
be, 81

Thy father sits amongst thy judges.



## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT I

*Jac. Fos.*  
He judges.

*Bar.* Then deem not the laws too harsh  
Which yield so much indulgence to a sire,  
As to allow his voice in such high matter  
As the state's safety—

*Jac. Fos.* And his son's. I'm faint;  
Let me approach, I pray you, for a breath  
Of air, yon window which o'erlooks the  
waters.

*Enter an Officer, who whispers BARBARIGO.*

*Bar.* [to the Guard]. Let him approach.  
I must not speak with him

Further than thus: I have transgress'd my  
duty 90

In this brief parley, and must now redeem it  
Within the Council Chamber.

[*Exit BARBARIGO.*  
*Guard conducting JACOPO FOSCARI to  
the window.*

*Guard.* There, sir, 'tis  
Open.—How feel you?

*Jac. Fos.* Like a boy—Oh Venice!  
*Guard.* And your limbs?

*Jas. Fos.* Limbs! how often have they  
borne me

Bounding o'er yon blue tide, as I have  
skimm'd 95

The gondola along in childish race,  
And, masqued as a young gondolier,  
amidst

My gay competitors, noble as I,  
Raced for our pleasure, in the pride of  
strength;

While the fair populace of crowding beauties,  
Plebeian as patrician, cheer'd us on 101

With dazzling smiles, and wishes audible,  
And waving kerchiefs, and applauding  
hands,

Even to the goal!—How many a time have I  
Cloven with arm still lustier, breast more  
daring, 105

The wave all roughen'd; with a swimmer's  
stroke

Flinging the billows back from my drench'd  
hair,

And laughing from my lip the audacious  
brine,

Which kiss'd it like a wine-cup, rising o'er  
The waves as they arose, and prouder still

The loftier they uplifted me; and oft,  
In wantonness of spirit, plunging down  
Into their green and glassy gulfs, and  
making

My way to shells and sea-weed, all unseen  
By those above, till they wax'd fearful;  
then 115

Returning with my grasp full of such  
tokens

As show'd that I had search'd the deep:  
exulting,

With a far-dashing stroke, and drawing  
deep

True, The long-suspended breath, again I  
spurn'd

The foam which broke around me, and  
pursued 120

My track like a sea-bird.—I was a boy  
then.

*Guard.* Be a man now: there never was  
more need

Of manhood's strength.

*Jas. Fos.* [looking from the lattice]. My  
beautiful, my own,

My only Venice—this is breath! Thy  
breeze,

Thine Adrian sea-breeze, how it fans my  
face! 125

Thy very winds feel native to my veins,  
And cool them into calmness! How  
unlike

The hot gales of the horrid Cyclades,  
Which howled about my Candiot  
dungeon, and

Made my heart sick!

*Guard.* I see the colour comes  
Back to your cheek: Heaven send you  
strength to bear 131

What more may be imposed!—I dread  
to think on't.

*Jac. Fos.* They will not banish me  
again?—No—no,

Let them wring on; I am strong yet.

*Guard.* Confess,  
And the rack will be spared you.

*Jac. Fos.* I confess'd 135  
Once—twice before: both times they  
exiled me,

*Guard.* And the third time will slay  
you.

*Jac. Fos.* Let them do so,  
So I be buried in my birth-place: better  
Be ashes here than aught that lives else-  
where.

*Guard.* And can you so much love the  
soil which hates you? 140

*Jac. Fos.* The soil!—Oh no, it is the  
seed of the soil

Which persecutes me; but my native earth  
Will take me as a mother to her arms.

I ask no more than a Venetian grave,  
A dungeon, what they will, so it be  
here. 145

*Enter an Officer.*

*Offi.* Bring in the prisoner!

*Guard.* Signor, you hear the order.

*Jac. Fos.* Ay, I am used to such a sum-  
mons: 't is

The third time they have tortured me:—  
then lend me

Thine arm. [To the Guard.  
*Offi.* Take mine, sir; 'tis my duty to  
Be nearest to your person.

*Jac. Fos.* You!—you are he 150  
Who yesterday presided o'er my pangs—  
Away!—I'll walk alone.

*Offi.* As you please, signor;  
The sentence was not of my signing,  
but

I dared not disobey the Council when  
They—

*Jac. Fos.* Bade thee stretch me on  
their horrid engine. 155

I pray thee touch me not—that is, just  
now;

The time will come they will renew that  
order,

But keep off from me till 'tis issued. As  
I look upon thy hands my curdling limbs  
Quiver with the anticipated wrench-  
ing, 160

And the cold drops strain through my  
brow, as if—

But onward—I have borne it—I can bear  
it.—

How looks my father?

*Offi.* With his wonted aspect.

*Jac. Fos.* So does the earth, and sky,  
the blue of ocean,

The brightness of our city, and her  
domes, 165

The mirth of her Piazza, even now  
Its merry hum of nations pierces here,

Even here, into these chambers of the  
unknown

Who govern, and the unknown and the  
unnumber'd

Judged and destroy'd in silence,—all  
things wear 170

The self-same aspect, to my very sire!  
Nothing can sympathise with Foscari,

Not even a Foscari.—Sir, I attend you.  
[*Exeunt JACOPO FOSCARI, Officer, &c.*

*Enter MEMMO and another Senator.*

*Mem.* He's gone—we are too late:—  
think you 'the Ten' 174

Will sit for any length of time to-day?

*Sen.* They say the prisoner is most  
obdurate,

Persisting in his first avowal; but  
More I know not.

*Mem.* And that is much; the secrets  
Of yon terrific chamber are as hidden

From us, the premier nobles of the  
state, 180

As from the people.

*Sen.* Save the wonted rumours,  
Which—like the tales of spectres, that  
are rife

Near ruin'd buildings—never have been  
proved,

Nor wholly disbelieved: men know as  
little 184

Of the state's real acts as of the grave's  
Unfathom'd mysteries.

*Mem.* But with length of time  
We gain a step in knowledge, and I look

Forward to be one day of the decemvirs.  
*Sen.* Or Doge?

*Mem.* Why, no; not if I can avoid it.

*Sen.* 'Tis the first station of the state,  
and may 190

Be lawfully desired, and lawfully

Attain'd by noble aspirants.

*Mem.* To such  
I leave it; though born noble, my ambi-  
tion

Is limited: I'd rather be an unit  
Of an united and imperial 'Ten,' 195

Than shine a lonely though a gilded  
cipher.—

Whom have we here? the wife of Foscari?

*Enter MARINA, with a female Attendant.*

*Mar.* What, no one?—I am wrong,  
there still are two;

But they are senators.

*Mem.* Most noble lady,  
Command us.

*Mar.* I command!—Alas! my life 200  
Has been one long entreaty, and a vain one.

*Mem.* I understand thee, but I must  
not answer.

*Mar.* [fiercely]. True—none dare  
answer here save on the rack,

Or question save those—

*Mem.* [interrupting her]. High-born  
dame! bethink thee

Where thou now art.

*Mar.* Where I now am!—It was 205  
My husband's father's palace.

*Mem.* The Duke's palace.

*Mar.* And his son's prison!—True, I  
have not forgot it;

And if there were no other nearer,  
bitterer

Remembrances, would thank the illus-  
trious Memmo

For pointing out the pleasures of the  
place. 210

*Mem.* Be calm!

*Mar.* [looking up towards heaven]. I  
am; but oh, thou eternal God!

Canst thou continue so, with such a  
world?

*Mem.* Thy husband yet may be ab-  
solved.

*Mar.* He is,  
In heaven. I pray you, signor senator,

Speak not of that; you are a man of  
office, 215

So is the Doge; he has a son at stake  
Now, at this moment, and I have a

husband,  
Or had; they are there within, or were

at least  
An hour since, face to face, as judge and

culprit:  
Will he condemn him?

*Mem.* I trust not.

*Mar.* But if  
He does not, there are those will sentence  
both. 221

## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT I]

*Mem.* They can.  
*Mar.* And with them power and will are one  
In wickedness:—my husband's lost!

*Mem.* Not so; Justice is judge in Venice.

*Mar.* If it were so, There now would be no Venice. But let it <sup>225</sup>  
Live on, so the good die not, till the hour Of nature's summons; but 'the Ten's' is quicker,  
And we must wait on't. Ah! a voice of wail!

[*A faint cry within.*]

*Sen.* Hark!

*Mem.* 'Twas a cry of—

*Mar.* No, no; not my husband's—  
Not Foscari's.

*Mem.* The voice was—

*Mar.* Not his: no. <sup>230</sup>  
He shriek! No; that should be his father's part,  
Not his—not his—he'll die in silence.

[*A faint groan again within.*]

*Mem.* What!  
Again?

*Mar.* His voice! it seem'd so: I will not Believe it. Should he shrink, I cannot cease

To love; but—no—no—no—it must have been <sup>235</sup>  
A fearful pang, which wrung a groan from him.

*Sen.* And, feeling for thy husband's wrongs, wouldst thou Have him bear more than mortal pain in silence?

*Mar.* We all must bear our tortures. I have not

Left barren the great house of Foscari, Though they sweep both the Doge and son from life; <sup>241</sup>

I have endured as much in giving life To those who will succeed them, as they can In leaving it: but mine were joyful pangs: And yet they wrung me till I could have shriek'd, <sup>245</sup>  
But did not; for my hope was to bring forth Heroes, and would not welcome them with tears.

*Mem.* All's silent now.

*Mar.* Perhaps all's over; but I will not deem it: he hath nerved himself,  
And now defies them.

*Enter an Officer hastily.*

*Mem.* How now, friend, what seek you? <sup>250</sup>

*Offi.* A leech. The prisoner has fainted.  
[*Exit Officer.*]

*Mem.* Lady,

'Twere better to retire.

*Sen.* [*offering to assist her*]. I pray thee do so.

*Mar.* Off! I will tend him.

*Mem.* You! Remember, lady! Ingress is given to none within those chambers,

Except 'the Ten,' and their familiars.

*Mar.* Well, I know that none who enter there <sup>256</sup>  
return

As they have enter'd—many never; but They shall not balk my entrance.

*Mem.* Alas! this Is but to expose yourself to harsh repulse, And worse suspense.

*Mar.* Who shall oppose me?

*Mem.* They Whose duty 'tis to do so.

*Mar.* 'Tis *their* duty <sup>261</sup>  
To trample on all human feelings, all Ties which bind man to man, to emulate The fiends who will one day requite them in

Variety of torturing! Yet I'll pass. <sup>265</sup>

*Mem.* It is impossible.

*Mar.* That shall be tried. Despair defies even despotism: there is That in my heart would make its way through hosts

With level'd spears; and think you a few jailors

Shall put me from my path? Give me, then, way; <sup>270</sup>

This is the Doge's palace; I am wife Of the Duke's son, the *innocent* Duke's son,

And they shall hear this!

*Mem.* It will only serve More to exasperate his judges.

*Mar.* What Are judges who give way to anger? <sup>275</sup>  
they

Who do so are assassins. Give me way. [*Exit MARINA.*]

*Sen.* Poor lady!

*Mem.* 'Tis mere desperation: she Will not be admitted o'er the threshold.

*Sen.* And Even if she be so, cannot save her husband.

But see, the officer returns.

[*The Officer passes over the stage with another person.*]

*Mem.* I hardly <sup>280</sup>  
Thought that 'the Ten' had even this touch of pity,  
Or would permit assistance to this sufferer.

*Sen.* Pity! Is't pity to recall to feeling The wretch too happy to escape to death By the compassionate trance, poor nature's last <sup>285</sup>

Resource against the tyranny of pain?

*Mem.* I marvel they condemn him not at once.

*Sen.* That's not their policy: they'd have him live,  
Because he fears not death; and banish him,

Because all earth, except his native land,  
To him is one wide prison, and each breath  
Of foreign air he draws seems a slow poison,  
Consuming but not killing.

*Mem.* Circumstance  
Confirms his crimes, but he avows them not.

*Sen.* None, save the Letter, which he says was written,  
Address'd to Milan's duke, in the full knowledge

That it would fall into the senate's hands,  
And thus he should be re-conveyed to Venice.

*Mem.* But as a culprit.  
*Sen.* Yes, but to his country;  
And that was all he sought,—so he avouches.

*Mem.* The accusation of the bribes was proved.

*Sen.* Not clearly, and the charge of homicide

Has been annull'd by the death-bed confession  
Of Nicolas Erizzo, who slew the late Chief of 'the Ten.'

*Mem.* Then why not clear him?

*Sen.* That  
They ought to answer; for it is well known

That Almoro Donato, as I said,  
Was slain by Erizzo for private vengeance.

*Mem.* There must be more in this strange process than

The apparent crimes of the accused disclose—

But here come two of 'the Ten;' let us retire.

[*Exeunt MEMMO and Senator.*]

*Enter LOREDANO and BARBARIGO.*

*Bar.* [*addressing LOR.*]. That were too much: believe me, 'twas not meet

The trial should go further at this moment.

*Lor.* And so the Council must break up, and Justice

Pause in her full career, because a woman Breaks in on our deliberations?

*Bar.* No,  
That's not the cause; you saw the prisoner's state.

*Lor.* And had he not recover'd?

*Bar.* To relapse  
Upon the least renewal.

*Lor.* 'Twas not tried.

*Bar.* 'Tis vain to murmur; the majority

In council were against you.  
*Lor.* Thanks to you, sir,

And the old ducal dotard, who com- bined

The worthy voices which o'er-ruled my own.

*Bar.* I am a judge; but must confess that part

Of our stern duty, which prescribes the Question,

And bids us sit and see its sharp in- fiction,

Makes me wish—

*Lor.* What?  
*Bar.* That you would sometimes feel,  
As I do always.

*Lor.* Go to, you're a child,  
Infirm of feeling as of purpose, blown

About by every breath, shook by a sigh,

And melted by a tear—a precious judge For Venice! and a worthy statesman to

Be partner in my policy.  
*Bar.* He shed

No tears.

*Lor.* He cried out twice.  
*Bar.* A saint had done so,

Even with the crown of glory in his eye,  
At such inhuman artifice of pain

As was forced on him; but he did not cry

For pity; not a word nor groan escaped him,

And those two shrieks were not in suppli- cation,

But wrung from pangs, and follow'd by no prayers.

*Lor.* He mutter'd many times between his teeth,

But inarticulately.  
*Bar.* That I heard not;

You stood more near him. I did so.  
*Lor.* Methought,

To my surprise too, you were touch'd with mercy,

And were the first to call out for assis- tance

When he was failing. I believed that swoon

His last.  
*Bar.* And have I not oft heard thee name

His and his father's death your nearest wish?

*Lor.* If he dies innocent, that is to say,  
With his guilt unavow'd, he'll be lamented.

## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT I

*Bar.* What, wouldst thou slay his memory?

*Lor.* Wouldst thou have His state descend to his children, as it must,  
If he die unattainted?

*Bar.* War with *them* too?

*Lor.* With all their house, till theirs or mine are nothing.

*Bar.* And the deep agony of his pale wife,  
And the repress'd convulsion of the high

And princely brow of his old father, which

Broke forth in a slight shuddering, though rarely,

Or in some clammy drops, soon wiped away

In stern serenity; these moved you not? 359

[*Exit* LOREDANO.

*He's* silent in his hate, as Foscari Was in his suffering; and the poor wretch

More by his silence than a thousand outcries

Could have effected. 'Twas a dreadful sight

When his distracted wife broke through into 365

The hall of our tribunal, and beheld What we could scarcely look upon, long

used To such sights. I must think no more of this,

Lest I forget in this compassion for Our foes, their former injuries, and

lose 370

The hold of vengeance Loredano plans For him and me; but mine would be

content With lesser retribution than he thirsts for,

And I would mitigate his deeper hatred To milder thoughts; but for the present,

Foscari 375

Has a short hourly respite, granted at The instance of the elders of the Council,

Moved doubtless by his wife's appearance in

The hall, and his own sufferings.—Lo! they come:

How feeble and forlorn! I cannot bear 380

To look on them again in this extremity: I'll hence, and try to soften Loredano.

[*Exit* BARBARIGO.

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the DOGE's palace.*

*The DOGE and a SENATOR.*

*Sen.* Is it your pleasure to sign the report

Now, or postpone it till to-morrow?

*Doge.* Now;

I overlook'd it yesterday: it wants Merely the signature. Give me the

pen—

[*The DOGE sits down and signs the paper.* There, signor.

*Sen.* [looking at the paper]. You have forgot; it is not signed. 5

*Doge.* Not sign'd? Ah, I perceive my eyes begin

To wax more weak with age. I did not see That I had dipp'd the pen without

effect. *Sen.* [dipping the pen into the ink, and placing the paper before the DOGE].

Your hand, too, shakes, my lord: allow me, thus—

*Doge.* 'Tis done, I thank you.

*Sen.* Thus the act confirm'd 10  
By you and by 'the Ten' gives peace to Venice.

*Doge.* 'Tis long since she enjoyed it: may it be

As long ere she resume her arms!

*Sen.* 'Tis almost Thirty-four years of nearly ceaseless

warfare 14  
With the Turk, or the powers of Italy; The state had need of some repose.

*Doge.* No doubt: I found her Queen of Ocean, and I leave

her Lady of Lombardy; it is a comfort That I have added to her diadem

The gems of Brescia and Ravenna; Crema 20

And Bergamo no less are hers; her realm By land has grown by thus much in my

reign, While her sea-sway has not shrunk.

*Sen.* 'Tis most true, And merits all our country's gratitude.

*Doge.* Perhaps so.

*Sen.* Which should be made manifest. 25

*Doge.* I have not complain'd, sir.

*Sen.* My good lord, forgive me.

*Doge.* For what?

*Sen.* My heart bleeds for you.

*Doge.* For me, signor?

*Sen.* And for your—

*Doge.* Stop! It must have way, my lord:

I have too many duties towards you And all your house, for past and present

kindness, 30  
Not to feel deeply for your son.

*Doge.* Was this In your commission?

*Sen.* What, my lord?

*Doge.* This prattle Of things you know not: but the treaty's

sign'd; Return with it to them who sent you.

*Sen.* I have no repose, that is, none which shall cause  
The loss of an hour's time unto the state.  
Let them meet when they will, I shall be found  
Where I should be, and what I have been ever.  
[Exit SENATOR. The DOGE remains in silence.]

*Sen.* They would accord some time for your repose.

*Doge.* I have no repose, that is, none which shall cause  
The loss of an hour's time unto the state.  
Let them meet when they will, I shall be found  
Where I should be, and what I have been ever.

[Exit SENATOR. The DOGE remains in silence.]

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att. Prince!*  
*Doge.* Say on.  
*Att.* The illustrious lady Foscari Requests an audience.

*Doge.* Bid her enter. Poor Marina! [Exit Attendant. The DOGE remains in silence as before.]

*Enter MARINA.*

*Mar.* I have ventured, father, on Your privacy.  
*Doge.* I have none from you, my child. Command my time, when not commanded by The state.

*Mar.* I wish'd to speak to you of him.  
*Doge.* Your husband?  
*Mar.* And your son.  
*Doge.* Proceed, my daughter!  
*Mar.* I had obtain'd permission from 'the Ten' To attend my husband for a limited number Of hours.

*Doge.* You had so.  
*Mar.* 'Tis revoked.  
*Doge.* By whom?  
*Mar.* 'The Ten.'—When we had reach'd 'the Bridge of Sighs,' Which I prepared to pass with Foscari, The gloomy guardian of that passage first Demur'd: a messenger was sent back to 'The Ten';—but as the court no longer sate,

And no permission had been given in writing,

I was thrust back, with the assurance that Until that high tribunal re-assembled 61 The dungeon walls must still divide us.

*Doge.* True, The form has been omitted in the haste With which the court adjourn'd; and till it meets,

'Tis dubious.  
*Mar.* Till it meets! and when it meets,

They'll torture him again; and he and I Must purchase by renewal of the rack The interview of husband and of wife, The holiest tie beneath the heavens!— Oh God!

Dost thou see this?  
*Doge.* Child—child—  
*Mar.* [abruptly]. Call me not 'child'!

You soon will have no children—you deserve none—

You, who can talk thus calmly of a son In circumstances which would call forth tears

Of blood from Spartans! Though these did not weep

Their boys who died in battle, is it written

That they beheld them perish piecemeal, nor

Stretch'd forth a hand to save them?  
*Doge.* You behold me:

I cannot weep—I would I could; but if Each white hair on this head were a young life,

This ducal cap the diadem of earth, This ducal ring with which I wed the waves

A talisman to still them—I'd give all For him.

*Mar.* With less he surely might be saved.

*Doge.* That answer only shows you know not Venice.

Alas! how should you? she knows not herself,

In all her mystery. Hear me—they who aim

At Foscari, aim no less at his father; The sire's destruction would not save the son;

They work by different means to the same end,

And that is—but they have not conquer'd yet.

*Mar.* But they have crush'd.  
*Doge.* Nor crush'd as yet—I live.

*Mar.* And your son,—how long will he live?

*Doge.* I trust,

For all that yet is past, as many years And happier than his father. The rash boy,

With womanish impatience to return, Hath ruin'd all by that detected letter:

A high crime, which I neither can deny Nor palliate, as parent or as Duke:

Had he but borne a little, little longer His Candiot exile, I had hopes—he has quench'd them—

He must return.

# THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT II

*Mar.* To exile?  
*Doge.* I have said it.  
*Mar.* And can I not go with him?  
*Doge.* You well know  
 This prayer of yours was twice denied  
 before  
 By the assembled 'Ten,' and hardly now  
 Will be accorded to a third request, 105  
 Since aggravated errors on the part  
 Of your lord renders them still more  
 austere.  
*Mar.* Austere? Atrocious! The old  
 human fiends,  
 With one foot in the grave, with dim eyes,  
 strange  
 To tears save drops of dotage, with long  
 white 110  
 And scanty hairs, and shaking hands, and  
 heads  
 As palsied as their hearts are hard, they  
 counsel,  
 Cabal, and put men's lives out, as if life  
 Were no more than the feelings long  
 extinguish'd  
 In their accursed bosoms.  
*Doge.* You know not— 115  
*Mar.* I do—I do—and so should you,  
 methinks—  
 That these are demons: could it be else  
 that  
 Men, who have been of women born and  
 suckled—  
 Who have loved, or talk'd at least of  
 love—have given  
 Their hands in sacred vows—have danced  
 their babes 120  
 Upon their knees, perhaps have mourn'd  
 above them—  
 In pain, in peril, or in death—who are,  
 Or were at least in seeming, human,  
 could  
 Do as they have done by yours, and you  
 yourself—  
 You, who abet them?  
*Doge.* I forgive this, for 125  
 You know not what you say.  
*Mar.* You know it well,  
 And feel it nothing.  
*Doge.* I have borne so much,  
 That words have ceased to shake me.  
*Mar.* Oh, no doubt!  
 You have seen your son's blood flow,  
 and your flesh shook not;  
 And after that, what are a woman's  
 words? 130  
 No more than woman's tears, that they  
 should shake you.  
*Doge.* Woman, this clamorous grief of  
 thine, I tell thee,  
 Is no more in the balance weigh'd with that  
 Which—but I pity thee, my poor  
 Marina:  
*Mar.* Pity my husband, or I cast it  
 from me; 135

Pity thy son! *Thou* pity!—'tis a word  
 Strange to thy heart—how came it on  
 thy lips?  
*Doge.* I must bear these reproaches,  
 though they wrong me.  
 Couldst thou but read—  
*Mar.* 'Tis not upon thy brow,  
 Nor in thine eyes, nor in thine acts,—  
 where then 140  
 Should I behold this sympathy? or shall?  
*Doge* (*pointing downwards*). There.  
*Mar.* In the earth?  
*Doge.* To which I am tending; when  
 It lies upon this heart, far lightlier, though  
 Loaded with marble, than the thoughts  
 which press it  
 Now, you will know me better.  
*Mar.* Are you, then, 145  
 Indeed, thus to be pitied?  
*Doge.* Pitied! None  
 Shall ever use that base word, with which  
 men  
 Cloak their soul's hoarded triumph, as a  
 fit one  
 To mingle with my name; that name  
 shall be, 149  
 As far as I have borne it, what it was  
 When I received it.  
*Mar.* But for the poor children  
 Of him thou canst not, or thou wilt not  
 save  
 You were the last to bear it.  
*Doge.* Would it were so!  
 Better for him he never had been born;  
 Better for me,—I have seen our house  
 dishonour'd. 155  
*Mar.* That's false! A truer, nobler,  
 trustier heart,  
 More loving, or more loyal, never beat  
 Within a human breast. I would not  
 change  
 My exiled, persecuted, mangled husband,  
 Oppress'd but not disgraced, crush'd,  
 overwhelm'd, 160  
 Alive, or dead, for prince or paladin  
 In story or in fable, with a world  
 To back his suit. Dishonour'd!—*he*  
 dishonour'd!  
 I tell thee, Doge, 'tis Venice is dis-  
 honour'd!  
 His name shall be her foulest, worst  
 reproach, 165  
 For what he suffers, not for what he did.  
 'Tis ye who are all traitors, tyrant!—  
 ye!  
 Did you but love your country like this  
 victim  
 Who totters back in chains to tortures,  
 and  
 Submits to all things rather than to  
 exile, 170  
 You'd fling yourselves before him, and  
 implore  
 His grace for your enormous guilt.

*Doge.* He was  
Indeed all you have said. I better bore  
The deaths of the two sons Heaven took  
from me,  
Than Jacopo's disgrace.

*Mar.* That word again? 175

*Doge.* Has he not been condemn'd?

*Mar.* Is none but guilt so?

*Doge.* Time may restore his memory—  
I would hope so.  
He was my pride, my—but 'tis useless  
now—

I am not given to tears, but wept for joy  
When he was born: those drops were  
ominous. 180

*Mar.* I say he's innocent! And were  
he not so,  
Is our own blood and kin to shrink from us  
In fatal moments?

*Doge.* I shrank not from him:  
But I have other duties than a father's;  
The state would not dispense me from  
those duties; 185  
Twice I demanded it, but was refused:  
They must then be fulfill'd.

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* A message from  
'The Ten.'

*Doge.* Who bears it?

*Att.* Noble Loredano.

*Doge.* He!—but admit him.

*[Exit Attendant.]*

*Mar.* Must I then retire?

*Doge.* Perhaps it is not requisite, if  
this 190  
Concerns your husband, and if not—  
Well, signor,

Your pleasure? *[To LOREDANO entering.]*

*Lor.* I bear that of 'the Ten.'

*Doge.* They  
Have chosen well their envoy.

*Lor.* 'Tis *their* choice  
Which leads me here.

*Doge.* It does their wisdom honour,  
And no less to their courtesy.—Proceed.

*Lor.* We have decided.

*Doge.* We?

*Lor.* 'The Ten' in council. 196

*Doge.* What! have they met again, and  
met without

Apprising me?

*Lor.* They wish'd to spare your feel-  
ings,  
No less than age.

*Doge.* That's new—when spared they  
either?

I thank them, notwithstanding.

*Lor.* You know well  
That they have power to act at their dis-  
cretion, 201

With or without the presence of the Doge.

*Doge.* 'Tis some years since I learn'd  
this, long before

I became Doge, or dream'd of such ad-  
vancement.

You need not school me, signor; I sate in  
That council when you were a young  
patrician. 206

*Lor.* True, in my father's time; I have  
heard him and

The admiral, his brother, say as much.  
Your highness may remember them; they  
both

Died suddenly.

*Doge.* And if they did so, better  
So die than live on lingeringly in pain.

*Lor.* No doubt: yet most men like to  
live their days out. 212

*Doge.* And did not they?

*Lor.* The grave knows best: they died,  
As I said, suddenly.

*Doge.* Is that so strange,  
That you repeat the word emphatically?

*Lor.* So far from strange, that never  
was there death 216

In my mind half so natural as theirs.  
Think you not so?

*Doge.* What should I think of mortals?

*Lor.* That they have mortal foes.

*Doge.* I understand you;  
Your sires were mine, and you are heir in  
all things. 220

*Lor.* You best know if I should be so.

*Doge.* I do.  
Your fathers were my foes, and I have  
heard

Foul rumours were abroad; I have also  
read 223

Their epitaph, attributing their deaths  
To poison. 'Tis perhaps as true as most

Inscriptions upon tombs, and yet no less  
A fable.

*Lor.* Who dares say so?

*Doge.* I!—'Tis true  
Your fathers were mine enemies, as bitter

As their son e'er can be, and I no less  
Was theirs; but I was *openly* their foe:

I never work'd by plot in council, nor  
Cabal in commonwealth, nor secret

means  
Of practice against life by steel or drug.

The proof is, your existence.

*Lor.* I fear not.  
*Doge.* You have no cause, being what I  
am; but were I 235

That you would have me thought, you  
long ere now

Were past the sense of fear. Hate on; I  
care not.

*Lor.* I never yet knew that a noble's life  
In Venice had to dread a Doge's frown,

That is, by open means.

*Doge.* But I, good signor, 240  
Am, or at least *was*, more than a mere

duke,  
In blood, in mind, in means; and that  
they know



## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT II

Who dreaded to elect me, and have since  
Striven all they dare to weigh me down:  
be sure,

Before or since that period, had I held  
you <sup>245</sup>  
At so much price as to require your ab-  
sence,

A word of mine had set such spirits to  
work

As would have made you nothing. But in  
all things

I have observed the strictest reverence;  
Not for the laws alone, for those *you* have  
strain'd <sup>250</sup>

(I do not speak of *you* but as a single  
Voice of the many) somewhat beyond  
what

I could enforce for my authority,  
Were I disposed to brawl; but, as I said,  
I have observed with veneration, like  
A priest's for the high altar, even unto  
The sacrifice of my own blood and quiet,  
Safety, and all save honour, the decrees,  
The health, the pride, and welfare of the  
state. <sup>259</sup>

And now, sir, to your business.

*Lor.* 'Tis decreed,  
That, without further repetition of  
The Question, or continuance of the trial,  
Which only tends to show how stubborn  
guilt is

('The Ten,' dispensing with the stricter  
law

Which still prescribes the Question till a  
full <sup>265</sup>

Confession, and the prisoner partly having  
Ayow'd his crime in not denying that  
The letter to the Duke of Milan's his),  
James Foscari return to banishment,  
And sail in the same galley which con-  
vey'd him. <sup>270</sup>

*Mar.* Thank God! At least they will  
not drag him more

Before that horrible tribunal. Would he  
But think so, to my mind the happiest  
doom,

Not he alone, but all who dwell here,  
could

Desire, were to escape from such a land.

*Doge.* That is not a Venetian thought,  
my daughter. <sup>276</sup>

*Mar.* No, 'twas too human. May I  
share his exile?

*Lor.* Of this 'the Ten' said nothing.

*Mar.* So I thought!  
That were too human, also. But it was not  
inhibited?

*Lor.* It was not named.

*Mar.* [to the *Doge*]. Then, father,  
Surely you can obtain or grant me thus  
much: [To LOREDANO.

And you, sir, not oppose my prayer to be  
Permitted to accompany my husband.

*Doge.* I will endeavour.

*Mar.* And you, signor?

*Lor.* Lady!

'Tis not for me to anticipate the pleasure  
Of the tribunal.

*Mar.* Pleasure! what a word  
To use for the decrees of —

*Doge.* Daughter, know you  
In what a presence you pronounce these  
things? <sup>288</sup>

*Mar.* A prince's and his subject's.

*Lor.* Subject!

*Mar.* Oh!  
It galls you:—well, you are his equal, as  
You think; but that you are not, nor  
would be, <sup>291</sup>

Were he a peasant:—well, then, you're a  
prince,

A princely noble; and what then am I?

*Lor.* The offspring of a noble house.

*Mar.* And wedded  
To one as noble. What, or whose, then,  
is <sup>295</sup>

The presence that should silence my free  
thoughts?

*Lor.* The presence of your husband's  
judges.

*Doge.* And  
The deference due even to the lightest  
word

That falls from those who rule in Venice.

*Mar.* Keep  
Those maxims for your mass of scared  
mechanics, <sup>300</sup>

Your merchants, your Dalmatian and  
Greek slaves,

Your tributaries, your dumb citizens,  
And mask'd nobility, your sbirri, and  
Your spies, your galley and your other  
slaves,

To whom your midnight carryings off and  
drownings, <sup>305</sup>

Your dungeons next the palace roofs, or  
under

The water's level; your mysterious meet-  
ings,

And unknown dooms, and sudden execu-  
tions,

Your 'Bridge of Sighs,' your strangling  
chamber, and

Your torturing instruments, have made ye  
seem <sup>310</sup>

The beings of another and worse world!  
Keep such for them: I fear ye not. I know  
ye;

Have known and proved your worst, in  
the infernal

Process of my poor husband! Treat me as  
Ye treated him:—you did so, in so dealing  
With him. Then what have I to fear from  
you, <sup>316</sup>

Even if I were of fearful nature, which  
I trust I am not?

*Doge.* You hear, she speaks wildly.

*Mar.* Not wisely, yet not wildly.

*Lor.* Lady! words 319  
Utter'd within these walls I bear no further  
Than to the threshold, saving such as pass  
Between the Duke and me on the state's  
service.

Doge! have you aught in answer?

*Doge.* Something from  
The Doge; it may be also from a parent.

*Lor.* My mission *here* is to the Doge.

*Doge.* Then say 325  
The Doge will choose his own ambassador,  
Or state in person what is meet; and for  
The father—

*Lor.* I remember *mine*.—Farewell!  
I kiss the hands of the illustrious lady,  
And bow me to the Duke.

[Exit LOREDANO.

*Mar.* Are you content? 330

*Doge.* I am what you behold.

*Mar.* And that's a mystery.

*Doge.* All things are so to mortals;  
who can read them

Save he who made? or, if they can, the few  
And gifted spirits, who have studied long  
That loathsome volume—man, and pored  
upon 335

Those black and bloody leaves, his heart  
and brain,

But learn a magic which recoils upon  
The adept who pursues it: all the sins

We find in others, nature made our own;  
All our advantages are those of fortune;  
Birth, wealth, health, beauty, are her acci-  
dents, 341

And when we cry out against Fate, 'twere  
well

We should remember Fortune can take  
nought

Save what she *gave*—the rest was naked-  
ness,

And lusts, and appetites, and vanities,  
The universal heritage, to battle 346

With as we may, and least in humblest  
stations,

Where hunger swallows all in one low  
want,

And the original ordinance, that man  
Must sweat for his poor pittance, keeps all  
passions 350

Aloof, save fear of famine! All is low,  
And false, and hollow—clay from first to  
last,

The prince's urn no less than potter's vessel.  
Our fame is in men's breath, our lives upon  
Less than their breath; our durance upon  
days, 355

Our days on seasons; our whole being on  
Something which is not *us*!—So, we are  
slaves,

The greatest as the meanest—nothing rests  
Upon our will; the will itself no less

Depends upon a straw than on a storm;  
And when we think we lead, we are most  
led, 361

And still towards death, a thing which  
comes as much

Without our act or choice as birth, so that  
Methinks we must have sinn'd in some  
old world, 364

And *this* is hell: the best is, that it is not  
Eternal.

*Mar.* These are things we cannot judge  
On earth.

*Doge.* And how then shall we judge  
each other,

Who are all earth, and I, who am call'd  
upon

To judge my son? I have administer'd  
My country faithfully—victoriously—

I dare them to the proof, the *chart* of what  
She was and is: my reign has doubled  
realms; 372

And, in reward, the gratitude of Venice  
Has left, or is about to leave, *me* single.

*Mar.* And Foscari? I do not think of  
such things, 375

So I be left with him.

*Doge.* You shall be so;  
Thus much they cannot well deny.

*Mar.* And if  
They should, I will fly with him.

*Doge.* That can ne'er be.  
And whither would you fly?

*Mar.* I know not, reckon not—  
To Syria, Egypt, to the Ottoman— 380

Anywhere, where we might respire  
unfetter'd,

And live nor girt by spies, nor liable  
To edicts of inquisitors of state.

*Doge.* What, wouldst thou have a  
renegade for husband,

And turn him into traitor?

*Mar.* He is none! 385  
The country is the traitress, which thrusts  
forth

Her best and bravest from her. Tyranny  
Is far the worst of treasons. Dost thou  
deem

None rebels except subjects? The prince  
who

Neglects or violates his trust is more  
A brigand than the robber-chief.

*Doge.* I cannot 391  
Charge me with such a breach of faith.

*Mar.* No; thou  
Observe'st, obey'st such laws as make old  
Draco's

A code of mercy by comparison.

*Doge.* I found the law; I did not make  
it. Were I 395

A subject, still I might find parts and  
portions

Fit for amendment; but as prince, I never  
Would change, for the sake of my house,  
the charter

Left by our fathers.

*Mar.* Did they make it for  
The ruin of their children?

## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT II

*Doge.* Under such laws, Venice  
Has risen to what she is—a state to rival  
In deeds, and days, and sway, and, let me add,  
In glory (for we have had Roman spirits  
Amongst us), all that history has  
bequeath'd

Of Rome and Carthage in their best times,  
when 405

The people sway'd by senates.

*Mar.* Rather say,  
Groan'd under the stern oligarchs.

*Doge.* Perhaps so;  
But yet subdued the world: in such a state  
An individual, be he richest of 409  
Such rank as is permitted, or the meanest,  
Without a name, is alike nothing, when  
The policy, irrevocably tending  
To one great end, must be maintain'd in  
vigour.

*Mar.* This means that you are more a  
Doge than father.

*Doge.* It means, I am more citizen  
than either. 415

If we had not for many centuries  
Had thousands of such citizens, and shall,  
I trust, have still such, Venice were no city.

*Mar.* Accused be the city where the laws  
Would stifle nature's!

*Doge.* Had I as many sons  
As I have years, I would have given them  
all, 420

Not without feeling, but I would have  
given them

To the state's service, to fulfil her wishes  
On the flood, in the field, or, if it must be,  
As it, alas! has been, to ostracism,  
Exile, or chains, or whatsoever worse 425  
She might decree.

*Mar.* And this is patriotism?  
To me it seems the worst barbarity.

Let me seek out my husband: the sage 'Ten,'  
With all its jealousy, will hardly war

So far with a weak woman as deny me  
A moment's access to his dungeon. 430

*Doge.* I'll  
So far take on myself, as order that  
You may be admitted.

*Mar.* And what shall I say  
To Foscari from his father?

*Doge.* That he obey  
The laws.

*Mar.* And nothing more? Will  
you not see him 435

Ere he depart? It may be the last time.

*Doge.* The last!—my boy!—the last  
time I shall see

My last of children! Tell him I will come.  
[*Exeunt.*]

Which never echo'd but to sorrow's  
sounds,

The sigh of long imprisonment, the step  
Of feet on which the iron clank'd, the  
groan 5

Of death, the imprecation of despair!

And yet for this I have return'd to Venice,  
With some faint hope, 'tis true, that time,  
which wears

The marble down, had worn away the hate  
Of men's hearts; but I knew them not, and  
here 10

Must I consume my own, which never beat  
For Venice but with such a yearning as

The dove has for her distant nest, when  
wheeling

High in the air on her return to greet  
Her callow brood. What letters are these  
which [Approaching the wall.

Are scrawl'd along the inexorable wall?  
Will the gleam let me trace them? Ah! the  
names 17

Of my sad predecessors in this place,  
The dates of their despair, the brief words  
of

A grief too great for many. This stone  
page 20

Holds like an epitaph their history;  
And the poor captive's tale is graven on

His dungeon barrier, like the lover's  
record

Upon the bark of some tall tree, which  
bears 24

His own and his beloved's name. Alas!  
I recognise some names familiar to me,

And blighted like to mine, which I will add,  
Fittest for such a chronicle as this,

Which only can be read, as writ, by  
wretches. [He engraves his name.

*Enter a Familiar of 'the Ten.'*

*Fam.* I bring you food.

*Jac. Fos.* I pray you set it down; 30  
I am past hunger: but my lips are parch'd—  
The water!

*Fam.* There.

*Jac. Fos.* [after drinking]. I thank you:  
I am better.

*Fam.* I am commanded to inform you  
that

Your further trial is postponed.

*Jac. Fos.* Till when?

*Fam.* I know not.—It is also in my  
orders 35

That your illustrious lady be admitted.

*Jac. Fos.* Ah! they relent, then—I had  
ceased to hope it:

'Twas time.

*Enter MARINA.*

*Mar.* My best beloved!

*Jac. Fos.* [embracing her]. My true  
wife,

And only friend! What happiness!

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Prison of JACOPO FOSCARI.*

*Jac. Fos.* [solus]. No light, save yon  
faint gleam which shows me walls

*Mar.* We'll part  
No more.

*Jac. Fos.* How! wouldst thou share a  
dungeon?

*Mar.* Ay, 40  
The rack, the grave, all—anything with thee.  
But the tomb last of all, for there we shall  
Be ignorant of each other, yet I will  
Share that—all things except new separa-  
tion;

It is too much to have survived the first.  
How dost thou? How are those worn  
limbs? Alas! 46

Why do I ask? Thy paleness—

*Jac. Fos.* 'Tis the joy  
Of seeing thee again so soon, and so  
Without expectancy, has sent the blood  
Back to my heart, and left my cheeks like  
thine, 50

For thou art pale too, my Marina!

*Mar.* 'Tis  
The gloom of this eternal cell, which never  
Knew sunbeam, and the sallow sullen glare  
Of the familiar's torch, which seems akin  
To darkness more than light, by lending to  
The dungeon vapours its bituminous  
smoke, 56

Which cloud whate'er we gaze on, even  
thine eyes—

No, not thine eyes—they sparkle—how  
they sparkle!

*Jac. Fos.* And thine!—but I am  
blinded by the torch.

*Mar.* As I had been without it.  
Couldst thou see here? 60

*Jac. Fos.* Nothing at first; but use and  
time had taught me

Familiarity with what was darkness;  
And the grey twilight of such glimmerings as  
Glide through the crevices made by the  
winds 64

Was kinder to mine eyes than the full sun,  
When gorgeously o'ergilding any towers  
Save those of Venice: but a moment ere  
Thou camest hither I was busy writing.

*Mar.* What?

*Jac. Fos.* My name: look, 'tis there—  
recorded next 69

The name of him who here preceded me,  
If dungeon dates say true.

*Mar.* And what of him?

*Jac. Fos.* These walls are silent of  
men's ends; they only

Seem to hint shrewdly of them. Such  
stern walls

Were never piled on high save o'er the  
dead,

Or those who soon must be so.—*What of  
him?* 75

Thou askest.—What of me? may soon be  
ask'd,

With the like answer—doubt and dreadful  
surmise—

Unless thou tell'st my tale.

*Mar.* I speak of thee!

*Jac. Fos.* And wherefore not? All then  
shall speak of me:

The tyranny of silence is not lasting, 80  
And, though events be hidden, just men's  
groans

Will burst all cerement, even a living  
grave's!

I do not doubt my memory, but my life;  
And neither do I fear.

*Mar.* Thy life is safe. 84

*Jac. Fos.* And liberty?

*Mar.* The mind should make its own.

*Jac. Fos.* That has a noble sound; but  
'tis a sound,

A music most impressive, but too  
transient:

The mind is much, but is not all. The  
mind

Hath nerved me to endure the risk of  
death, 89

And torture positive, far worse than death  
(If death be a deep sleep), without a groan,

Or with a cry which rather shamed my  
judges

Than me; but 'tis not all, for there are  
things

More woful—such as this small dungeon,  
where

I may breathe many years.

*Mar.* Alas! and this 95

Small dungeon is all that belongs to thee  
Of this wide realm, of which thy sire is  
prince.

*Jac. Fos.* That thought would scarcely  
aid me to endure it.

My doom is common; many are in  
dungeons,

But none like mine, so near their father's  
palace; 100

But then my heart is sometimes high, and  
hope

Will stream along those moted rays of  
light

Peopled with dusty atoms, which afford  
Our only day: for, save the gaoler's torch,

And a strange firefly, which was quickly  
caught 105

Last night in yon enormous spider's net,  
I ne'er saw aught here like a ray. Alas!

I know if mind may bear us up, or no,  
For I have such, and shown it before men;

It sinks in solitude: my soul is social. 110

*Mar.* I will be with thee.

*Jac. Fos.* Ah! if it were so!  
But that they never granted—nor will grant,

And I shall be alone: no men; no books—  
Those lying likenesses of lying men.

I ask'd for even those outlines of their  
kind, 115

Which they term annals, history, what you  
will,

Which men bequeath as portraits, and  
they were

## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT III

Refused me,—so these walls have been my study,

More faithful pictures of Venetian story,  
With all their blank, or dismal stains,  
than is

The Hall not far from hence, which bears  
on high <sup>121</sup>

Hundreds of doges, and their deeds and  
dates.

Mar. I come to tell thee the result of  
their

Last council on thy doom.

Jac. Fos. I know it—look!

[He points to his limbs, as referring to  
the Question which he had undergone.

Mar. No—no—no more of that: even  
they relent <sup>125</sup>

From that atrocity.

Jac. Fos. What then?

Mar. That you  
Return to Candia.

Jac. Fos. Then my last hope's gone.  
I could endure my dungeon, for 'twas  
Venice;

I could support the torture, there was  
something <sup>129</sup>

In my native air that buoy'd my spirits up  
Like a ship on the ocean toss'd by storms,  
But proudly still bestriding the high waves,  
And holding on its course; but *there*,  
afar,

In that accursed isle of slaves and captives,  
And unbelievers, like a stranded wreck,  
My very soul seem'd mouldering in my  
bosom, <sup>136</sup>

And piecemeal I shall perish, if remanded.

Mar. And here?

Jac. Fos. At once—by better means,  
as briefer.

What! would they even deny me my sire's  
sepulchre,

As well as home and heritage?

Mar. My husband! <sup>140</sup>

I have sued to accompany thee hence,  
And not so hopelessly. This love of thine  
For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil  
Is passion, and not patriotism; for me,  
So I could see thee with a quiet aspect,  
And the sweet freedom of the earth and  
air, <sup>146</sup>

I would not cavil about climes or regions.  
This crowd of palaces and prisons is not  
A paradise; its first inhabitants  
Were wretched exiles.

Jac. Fos. Well I know *how* wretched!

Mar. And yet you see how, from their  
banishment <sup>151</sup>

Before the Tartar into these salt isles,  
Their antique energy of mind, all that  
Remain'd of Rome for their inheritance,  
Created by degrees an ocean Rome; <sup>155</sup>  
And shall an evil, which so often leads  
To good, depress thee thus?

Jac. Fos. Had I gone forth

From my own land, like the old patriarchs,  
seeking

Another region, with their flocks and  
herds;

Had I been cast out like the Jews from  
Zion, <sup>160</sup>

Or like our fathers, driven by Attila

From fertile Italy, to barren islets,

I would have given some tears to my late  
country,

And many thoughts; but afterwards  
address'd

Myself, with those about me, to create  
A new home and fresh state: perhaps I  
could <sup>166</sup>

Have borne this—though I know not.

Mar. Wherefore not?

It was the lot of millions, and must be  
The fate of myriads more.

Jac. Fos. Ay—we but hear <sup>169</sup>

Of the survivors' toil in their new lands,  
Their numbers and success; but who can  
number

The hearts which broke in silence at that  
parting,

Or after their departure; of that malady  
Which calls up green and native fields to  
view <sup>174</sup>

From the rough deep, with such identity  
To the poor exile's fever'd eye, that he

Can scarcely be restrained from treading  
them?

That melody, which out of tones and tunes  
Collects such pasture for the longing  
sorrow <sup>179</sup>

Of the sad mountaineer, when far away  
From his snow canopy of cliffs and clouds,  
That he feeds on the sweet, but poisonous  
thought,

And dies. You call this *weakness*! It is  
strength,

I say,—the parent of all honest feeling.

He who loves not his country, can love  
nothing. <sup>185</sup>

Mar. Obey her, then: 'tis she that puts  
thee forth.

Jac. Fos. Ay, there it is; 'tis like a  
mother's curse

Upon my soul—the mark is set upon me.

The exiles you speak of went forth by  
nations,

Their hands upheld each other by the way,  
Their tents were pitch'd together—I'm  
alone. <sup>191</sup>

Mar. You shall be so no more—I will  
go with thee.

Jac. Fos. My best Marina!—and our  
children?

Mar. They,

I fear, by the prevention of the state's  
Abhorrent policy (which holds all ties  
As threads, which may be broken at her  
pleasure), <sup>196</sup>

Will not be suffer'd to proceed with us.

*Jac. Fos.* And canst thou leave them?  
*Mar.* Yes. With many a pang.

But—I can leave them, children as they are,  
 To teach you to be less a child. From this  
 Learn you to sway your feelings, when  
 exacted 201

By duties paramount; and 'tis our first  
 On earth to bear.

*Jac. Fos.* Have I not borne?

*Mar.* Too much  
 From tyrannous injustice, and enough  
 To teach you not to shrink now from a lot,  
 Which, as compared with what you have  
 undergone 206  
 Of late, is mercy.

*Jac. Fos.* Ah! you never yet  
 Were far away from Venice, never saw  
 Her beautiful towers in the receding  
 distance,

While every furrow of the vessel's track  
 Seem'd ploughing deep into your heart;  
 you never 211

Saw day go down upon your native spires  
 So calmly with its gold and crimson glory,  
 And after dreaming a disturbed vision  
 Of them and theirs, awoke and found them  
 not. 215

*Mar.* I will divide this with you. Let  
 us think  
 Of our departure from this much-loved  
 city

(Since you must love it, as it seems), and  
 this

Chamber of state, her gratitude allots you.  
 Our children will be cared for by the Doge,  
 And by my uncles: we must sail ere night.

*Jac. Fos.* That's sudden. Shall I not  
 behold my father? 222

*Mar.* You will.

*Jac. Fos.* Where?

*Mar.* Here, or in the ducal chamber—  
 He said not which. I would that you could  
 bear

Your exile as he bears it.

*Jac. Fos.* Blame him not. 225  
 I sometimes murmur for a moment; but  
 He could not now act otherwise. A show  
 Of feeling or compassion on his part  
 Would have but drawn upon his aged head  
 Suspicion from 'the Ten,' and upon mine  
 Accumulated ills.

*Mar.* Accumulated!  
 What pangs are those they have spared  
 you?

*Jac. Fos.* That of leaving  
 Venice without beholding him or you,  
 Which might have been forbidden now,  
 as 'twas

Upon my former exile.

*Mar.* That is true, 235  
 And thus far I am also the state's debtor,  
 And shall be more so when I see us both  
 Floating on the free waves—away—  
 away—

Be it to the earth's end, from this abhorrd,  
 Unjust, and—

*Jac. Fos.* Curse it not. If I am silent,  
 Who dares accuse my country?

*Mar.* Men and angels!  
 The blood of myriads reeking up to  
 heaven, 242

The groans of slaves in chains, and men in  
 dungeons,

Mothers, and wives, and sons, and sires,  
 and subjects,

Held in the bondage of ten bald-heads;  
 and 245

Though last, not least, thy silence! *Couldst*  
 thou say

Aught in its favour, who would praise like  
 thee?

*Jac. Fos.* Let us address us then, since  
 so it must be,

To our departure. Who comes here?

*Enter LOREDANO, attended by Familiars.*

*Lor.* [to the Familiars]. Retire,  
 But leave the torch.

[*Exeunt the two Familiars.*]

*Jac. Fos.* Most welcome, noble signor.  
 I did not deem this poor place could  
 have drawn 251

Such presence hither.

*Lor.* 'Tis not the first time  
 I have visited these places.

*Mar.* Nor would be  
 The last, were all men's merits well re-  
 warded. 254

Came you here to insult us, or remain  
 As spy upon us, or as hostage for us?

*Lor.* Neither are of my office, noble  
 lady!

I am sent hither to your husband, to  
 Announce 'the Ten's' decree.

*Mar.* That tenderness  
 Has been anticipated: it is known. 260

*Lor.* As how?

*Mar.* I have inform'd him, not so  
 gently,

Doubtless, as your nice feelings would  
 prescribe,

The indulgence of your colleagues; but he  
 knew it.

If you come for our thanks, take them, and  
 hence!

The dungeon gloom is deep enough with-  
 out you, 265

And full of reptiles, not less loathsome,  
 though

Their sting is honest.

*Jac. Fos.* I pray you, calm you:  
 What can avail such words?

*Mar.* To let him know  
 That he is known.

*Lor.* Let the fair dame preserve  
 Her sex's privilege.

*Mar.* I have some sons, sir, 270  
 Will one day thank you better.

# THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT III]

*Lor.* You do well  
To nurse them wisely. Foscari—you  
know  
Your sentence, then?  
*Jac. Fos.* Return to Candia?  
*Lor.* True—  
For life.  
*Jac. Fos.* Not long.  
*Lor.* I said—for life.  
*Jac. Fos.* And I  
Repeat—not long.  
*Lor.* A year's imprisonment 275  
In Canea—afterwards the freedom of  
The whole isle.  
*Jac. Fos.* Both the same to me: the after  
Freedom as is the first imprisonment.  
Is't true my wife accompanies me?  
*Lor.* Yes,  
If she so wills it.  
*Mar.* Who obtain'd that justice?  
*Lor.* One who wars not with women.  
*Mar.* But oppresses  
Men: howsoever let him have *my* thanks  
For the only boon I would have ask'd or  
taken  
From him or such as he is.  
*Lor.* He receives them  
As they are offer'd.  
*Mar.* May they thrive with him 285  
So much!—no more.  
*Jac. Fos.* Is this, sir, your whole  
mission?  
Because we have brief time for prepara-  
tion,  
And you perceive your presence doth  
disquiet  
This lady, of a house noble as yours.  
*Mar.* Nobler!  
*Lor.* How nobler?  
*Mar.* As more generous! 290  
We say the 'generous steed' to express the  
purity  
Of his high blood. Thus much I've learnt,  
although  
Venetian (who see few steeds save of  
bronze),  
From those Venetians who have skimm'd  
the coasts  
Of Egypt and her neighbour Araby: 295  
And why not say as soon the 'generous  
man'?

If race be aught, it is in qualities  
More than in years; and mine, which is as  
old  
As yours, is better in its product, nay—  
Look not so stern—but get you back, and  
pore 300  
Upon your genealogic tree's most green  
Of leaves and most mature of fruits, and  
there  
Blush to find ancestors, who would have  
blush'd  
For such a son—thou cold inveterate  
hater!

*Jac. Fos.* Again, Marina!  
*Mar.* Again! *still*, Marina.  
See you not, he comes here to glut his hate  
With a last look upon our misery?  
Let him partake it!  
*Jac. Fos.* That were difficult.  
*Mar.* Nothing more easy. He par-  
takes it now—  
Ay, he may veil beneath a marble brow  
And sneering lip the pang, but he partakes  
it. 311  
A few brief words of truth shame the  
devil's servants  
No less than master; I have probed his soul  
A moment, as the eternal fire, ere long,  
Will reach it always. See how he shrinks  
from me! 315  
With death, and chains, and exile in his  
hand,  
To scatter o'er his kind as he thinks fit;  
They are his weapons, not his armour, for  
I have pierced him to the core of his cold  
heart. 319  
I care not for his frowns! We can but die,  
And he but live, for him the very worst  
Of destinies: each day secures him more  
His tempter's.

*Jac. Fos.* This is mere insanity.  
*Mar.* It may be so; and *who* hath made  
us mad?  
*Lor.* Let her go on; it irks not me.  
*Mar.* That's false! 325  
You came here to enjoy a heartless triumph  
Of cold looks upon manifold griefs! You  
came  
To be sued to in vain—to mark our tears,  
And hoard our groans—to gaze upon the  
wreck  
Which you have made a prince's son—my  
husband; 330  
In short, to trample on the fallen—an  
office  
The hangman shrinks from, as all men  
from him!  
How have you sped? We are wretched,  
signor, as  
Your plots could make, and vengeance  
could desire us,  
And how *feel* you?  
*Lor.* As rocks.  
*Mar.* By thunder blasted: 335  
They feel not, but no less are shiver'd.  
Come,  
Foscari; now let us go, and leave this felon,  
The sole fit habitant of such a cell,  
Which he has peopled often, but ne'er fitly  
Till he himself shall brood in it alone. 340

*Enter the DOGE.*  
*Jac. Fos.* My father!  
*Doge* [embracing him]. Jacopo! my  
son—my son!  
*Jac. Fos.* My father still! How long it  
is since I

Have heard thee name my name—our name!

*Doge.* My boy!

Couldst thou but know—

*Jac. Fos.* I rarely, sir, have murmur'd.

*Doge.* I feel too much thou hast not.

*Mar.* Doge, look there! 345

[*She points to LOREDANO.*]

*Doge.* I see the man—what mean'st thou?

*Mar.* Caution!

*Lor.* Being

The virtue which this noble lady most May practise, she doth well to recommend it.

*Mar.* Wretch! 'tis no virtue, but the policy

Of those who fain must deal perforce with vice: 350

As such I recommend it, as I would To one whose foot was on an adder's path.

*Doge.* Daughter, it is superfluous; I have long

Known Loredano.

*Lor.* You may know him better.

*Mar.* Yes: worse he could not.

*Jac. Fos.* Father, let not these 355

Our parting hours be lost in listening to Reproaches, which boot nothing. Is it—

is it, Indeed, our last of meetings?

*Doge.* You behold

These white hairs!

*Jac. Fos.* And I feel, besides, that mine

Will never be so white. Embrace me, father! 360

I loved you ever—never more than now. Look to my children—to your last child's children:

Let them be all to you which he was once, And never be to you what I am now.

May I not see them also?

*Mar.* No—not here. 365

*Jac. Fos.* They might behold their parent anywhere.

*Mar.* I would that they beheld their father in

A place which would not mingle fear with love,

To freeze their young blood in its natural current.

They have fed well, slept soft, and knew not that 370

Their sire was a mere hunted outlaw. Well,

I know his fate may one day be their heritage;

But let it only be their heritage, And not their present fee. Their senses,

though

Alive to love, are yet awake to terror; And these vile damps, too, and yon thick green wave 376

Which floats above the place where we now stand—

A cell so far below the water's level, Sending its pestilence through every crevice,

Might strike them: *this is not their atmosphere,* 380

However you—and you—and most of all, As worthiest—you, sir, noble Loredano! May breathe it without prejudice.

*Jac. Fos.* I have not

Reflected upon this, but acquiesce. I shall depart, then, without meeting

them? 385

*Doge.* Not so: they shall await you in my chamber.

*Jac. Fos.* And must I leave them—all?

*Lor.* You must.

*Jac. Fos.* Not one?

*Lor.* They are the state's.

*Mar.* I thought they had been mine.

*Lor.* They are, in all maternal things.

*Mar.* That is

In all things painful. If they're sick, they will 390

Be left to me to tend them; should they die, To me to bury and to mourn; but if

They live, they'll make you soldiers, senators,

Slaves, exiles—what you will; or if they are Females with portions, brides and bribes

for nobles! 395

Behold the state's care for its sons and mothers!

*Lor.* The hour approaches, and the wind is fair.

*Jac. Fos.* How know you that here, where the genial wind

Ne'er blows in all its blustering freedom?

*Lor.* 'Twas so

When I came here. The galley floats within 400

A bow-shot of the 'Riva di Schiavoni.'

*Jac. Fos.* Father! I pray you to precede me, and

Prepare my children to behold their father.

*Doge.* Be firm, my son!

*Jac. Fos.* I will do my endeavour.

*Mar.* Farewell! at least to this detested dungeon, 405

And him to whose good offices you owe In part your past imprisonment.

*Lor.* And present

Liberation. *Doge.* He speaks truth.

*Jac. Fos.* No doubt! but 'tis Exchange of chains for heavier chains I

owe him. He knows this, or he had not sought to

change them. 410

But I reproach not. *Lor.* The time narrows, signor.

*Jac. Fos.* Alas! I little thought so lingeringly



## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT III]

To leave abodes like this: but when I feel  
That every step I take, even from this cell,  
Is one away from Venice, I look back 415  
Even on these dull damp walls, and—

*Doge.* Boy! no tears.

*Mar.* Let them flow on: he wept not on  
the rack.

To shame him, and they cannot shame  
him now.

They will relieve his heart—that too kind  
heart—

And I will find an hour to wipe away 420  
Those tears, or add my own. I could weep  
now,

But would not gratify yon wretch so far.  
Let us proceed. *Doge*, lead the way.

*Lor.* [to the Familiar]. The torch, there!

*Mar.* Yes, light us on, as to a funeral  
pyre,

With Loredano mourning like an heir.

*Doge.* My son, you are feeble; take  
this hand.

*Jac. Fos.* Alas! 426

Must youth support itself on age, and I  
Who ought to be the prop of yours?

*Lor.* Take mine.

*Mar.* Touch it not, Foscari; 'twill  
sting you. Signor,

Stand off! be sure, that if a grasp of yours  
Would raise us from the gulf wherein we  
are plunged, 431

No hand of ours would stretch itself to  
meet it.

Come, Foscari, take the hand the altar  
gave you;

It could not save, but will support you  
ever. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Hall in the Ducal Palace.

Enter LOREDANO and BARBARIGO.

*Bar.* And have you confidence in such  
a project?

*Lor.* I have.

*Bar.* 'Tis hard upon his years.

*Lor.* Say rather

Kind to relieve him from the cares of state.

*Bar.* 'Twill break his heart.

*Lor.* Age has no heart to break.

He has seen his son's half broken, and,  
except 5

A start of feeling in his dungeon, never  
Swerved.

*Bar.* In his countenance, I grant you,  
never;

But I have seen him sometimes in a calm  
So desolate, that the most clamorous grief  
Had nought to envy him within. Where is  
he? 10

*Lor.* In his own portion of the palace,  
with

His son, and the whole race of Foscari.

*Bar.* Bidding farewell.

*Lor.* A last. As soon he shall  
Bid to his dukedom.

*Bar.* When embarks the son?

*Lor.* Forthwith—when this long leave  
is taken. 'Tis 15

Time to admonish them again.

*Bar.* Forbear;

Retrench not from their moments.

*Lor.* Not I, now

We have higher business for our own.  
This day

Shall be the last of the old Doge's reign,  
As the first of his son's last banishment,  
And that is vengeance.

*Bar.* In my mind, too deep. 21

*Lor.* 'Tis moderate—not even life for  
life, the rule

Denounced of retribution from all time;  
They owe me still my father's and my  
uncle's.

*Bar.* Did not the Doge deny this  
strongly?

*Lor.* Doubtless. 25

*Bar.* And did not this shake your  
suspicion?

*Lor.* No.

*Bar.* But if this deposition should take  
place

By our united influence in the Council,  
It must be done with all the deference  
Due to his years, his station, and his deeds.

*Lor.* As much of ceremony as you will,  
So that the thing be done. You may, for  
aught

I care, depute the Council on their knees  
(Like Barbarossa to the Pope), to beg him  
To have the courtesy to abdicate. 35

*Bar.* What if he will not?

*Lor.* We'll elect another,

And make him null.

*Bar.* But will the laws uphold us?

*Lor.* What laws?—'The Ten' are  
laws; and if they were not,  
I will be legislator in this business.

*Bar.* At your own peril?

*Lor.* There is none, I tell you, 40  
Our powers are such.

*Bar.* But he has twice already  
Solicited permission to retire,  
And twice it was refused.

*Lor.* The better reason  
To grant it the third time.

*Bar.* Unask'd?

*Lor.* It shows  
The impression of his former instances:  
If they were from his heart, he may be  
thankful: 46

If not, 'twill punish his hypocrisy.  
Come, they are met by this time; let us  
join them,

And be thou fix'd in purpose for this once.  
I have prepared such arguments as will  
not 50

Fail to move them, and to remove him:  
since

Their thoughts, their objects, have been  
sounded, do not

You, with your wonted scruples, teach us  
pause,

And all will prosper.

*Bar.* Could I but be certain 54  
This is no prelude to such persecution  
Of the sire as has fallen upon the son,  
I would support you.

*Lor.* He is safe, I tell you;  
His fourscore years and five may linger on  
As long as he can drag them: 'tis his throne  
Alone is aim'd at.

*Bar.* But discarded princes 60  
Are seldom long of life.

*Lor.* And men of eighty  
More seldom still.

*Bar.* And why not wait these few years?

*Lor.* Because we have waited long  
enough, and he  
Lived longer than enough. Hence! in to  
council!

[*Exeunt LOREDANO and BARBARIGO.*]

*Enter MEMMO and a Senator.*

*Sen.* A summons to 'the Ten'! why  
so?

*Mem.* 'The Ten' 65  
Alone can answer; they are rarely wont  
To let their thoughts anticipate their  
purpose

By previous proclamation. We are sum-  
mon'd—

That is enough.

*Sen.* For them, but not for us;  
I would know why.

*Mem.* You will know why anon,  
If you obey: and, if not, you no less 71  
Will know why you should have obey'd.

*Sen.* I mean not  
To oppose them, but—

*Mem.* In Venice 'but' 's a traitor.  
But me no 'buts,' unless you would pass  
o'er

The Bridge which few repass.

*Sen.* I am silent.  
*Mem.* Why 75

Thus hesitate? 'The Ten' have call'd in aid  
Of their deliberation five and twenty

Patricians of the senate—you are one,  
And I another; and it seems to me

Both honour'd by the choice or chance  
which leads us 80

To mingle with a body so august.

*Sen.* Most true. I say no more.  
*Mem.* As we hope, signor,

And all may honestly, (that is, all those  
Of noble blood may,) one day hope to be

Decemvir, it is surely for the senate's 85  
Chosen delegates a school of wisdom, to  
Be thus admitted, though as novices,

To view the mysteries.

*Sen.* Let us view them: they,  
No doubt, are worth it.

*Mem.* Being worth our lives  
If we divulge them, doubtless they are

worth 90  
Something, at least to you or me.

*Sen.* I sought not  
A place within the sanctuary; but being  
Chosen, however reluctantly so chosen,  
I shall fulfil my office.

*Mem.* Let us not  
Be latest in obeying 'the Ten's' summons.

*Sen.* All are not met, but I am of your  
thought 96

So far—let's in.  
*Mem.* The earliest are most welcome

In earnest councils—we will not be least  
so. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter the DOGE, JACOPO FOSCARI, and  
MARINA.*

*Jac. Fos.* Ah, father! though I must  
and will depart, 99

Yet—yet—I pray you to obtain for me  
That I once more return unto my home,  
Howe'er remote the period. Let there be  
A point of time, as beacon to my heart,  
With any penalty annex'd they please,  
But let me still return.

*Doge.* Son Jacopo, 105  
Go and obey our country's will: 'tis not  
For us to look beyond.

*Jac. Fos.* But still I must  
Look back. I pray you think of me.

*Doge.* Alas!  
You ever were my dearest offspring, when  
They were more numerous, nor can be less

so 110  
Now you are last; but did the state demand  
The exile of the disinterred ashes

Of your three goodly brothers, now in  
earth,

And their desponding shades came flitting  
round

To impede the act, I must no less obey  
A duty, paramount to every duty. 116

*Mar.* My husband! let us on: this but  
prolongs

Our sorrow.  
*Jac. Fos.* But we are not summon'd yet;

The galley's sails are not unfurl'd:—who  
knows?

The wind may change.  
*Mar.* And if it do, it will not 120

Change *their* hearts, or your lot: the  
galley's oars

Will quickly clear the harbour.  
*Jac. Fos.* O ye elements!

Where are your storms?  
*Mar.* In human breasts. Alas!

Will nothing calm you?  
*Jac. Fos.* Never yet did mariner

Put up to patron saint such prayers for  
prosperous 125

## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT IV

And pleasant breezes, as I call upon you,  
Ye tutelar saints of my own city! which  
Ye love not with more holy love than I,  
To lash up from the deep the Adrian

waves,  
And waken Auster, sovereign of the  
tempest! 130

Till the sea dash me back on my own shore  
A broken corse upon the barren Lido,  
Where I may mingle with the sands which  
skirt

The land I love, and never shall see more!  
*Mar.* And wish you this with me  
beside you?

*Jac. Fos.* No— 135  
No—not for thee, too good, too kind!  
May'st thou

Live long to be a mother to those children  
Thy fond fidelity for a time deprives  
Of such support! But for myself alone,  
May all the winds of heaven howl down  
the Gulf, 140

And tear the vessel, till the mariners,  
Appall'd, turn their despairing eyes on me,  
As the Phenicians did on Jonah, then  
Cast me out from amongst them, as an  
offering

To appease the waves. The billow which  
destroys me 145  
Will be more merciful than man, and bear  
me

Dead, but *still bear* me to a native grave,  
From fishers' hands, upon the desolate  
strand,

Which, of its thousand wrecks, hath ne'er  
received

One lacerated like the heart which then  
Will be.—But wherefore breaks it not?  
why live I? 151

*Mar.* To man thyself, I trust, with  
time, to master

Such useless passion. Until now thou wert  
A sufferer, but not a loud one: why,  
What is this to the things thou hast borne  
in silence— 155

Imprisonment and actual torture?

*Jac. Fos.* Double,  
Triple, and tenfold torture! But you are  
right,

It must be borne. Father, your blessing.  
*Doge.* Would

It could avail thee! but no less thou hast it.  
*Jac. Fos.* Forgive—

*Doge.* What?  
*Jac. Fos.* My poor mother, for my

birth, 160

And me for having lived, and you yourself  
(As I forgive you), for the gift of life,  
Which you bestow'd upon me as my sire.

*Mar.* What hast thou done?  
*Jac. Fos.* Nothing. I cannot charge

My memory with much save sorrow: but  
I have been so beyond the common lot  
Chasten'd and visited, I needs must think

That I was wicked. If it be so, may  
What I have undergone here keep me from  
A like hereafter!

*Mar.* Fear not; *that's* reserved 170  
For your oppressors.

*Jac. Fos.* Let me hope not.  
*Mar.* Hope not?

*Jac. Fos.* I cannot wish them *all* they  
have inflicted.

*Mar.* *All!* the consummate fiends! A  
thousand-fold

May the worm which ne'er dieth feed upon  
them! 174

*Jac. Fos.* They may repent.  
*Mar.* And if they do, Heaven will not  
Accept the tardy penitence of demons.

*Enter an Officer and Guards.*

*Offi.* Signor! the boat is at the shore—  
the wind

Is rising—we are ready to attend you.  
*Jac. Fos.* And I to be attended. Once  
more, father,

Your hand!  
*Doge.* Take it. Alas! how thine own  
trembles! 180

*Jac. Fos.* No—you mistake; 'tis yours  
that shakes, my father.

Farewell!  
*Doge.* Farewell! Is there aught else?

*Jac. Fos.* No—nothing.  
[To the Officer.]

Lend me your arm, good signor.  
*Offi.* You turn pale—

Let me support you—paler—ho! some  
aid there!

Some water!  
*Mar.* Ah, he is dying!

*Jac. Fos.* Now, I'm ready— 185  
My eyes swim strangely—where's the  
door?

*Mar.* Away!  
Let me support him—my best love! Oh,  
God!

How faintly beats this heart—this pulse!  
*Jac. Fos.* The light!

Is it the light?—I am faint.  
[Officer presents him with water.]

*Offi.* He will be better, 189  
Perhaps, in the air.

*Jac. Fos.* I doubt not. Father—wife—  
Your hands!

*Mar.* There's death in that damp,  
clammy grasp.

Oh God!—My Foscari, how fare you?  
*Jac. Fos.* Well! [He dies.]

*Offi.* He's gone!  
*Doge.* He's free.

*Mar.* No—no, he is not dead;  
There must be life yet in that heart—he  
could not

Thus leave me.  
*Doge.* Daughter!

*Mar.* Hold thy peace, old man! 195

I am no daughter now—thou hast no son.  
Oh, Foscari!

*Offi.* We must remove the body.

*Mar.* Touch it not, dungeon mis-  
creants! your base office  
Ends with his life, and goes not beyond  
murder,  
Even by your murderous laws. Leave his  
remains <sup>200</sup>

To those who know to honour them.

*Offi.* I must  
Inform the signory, and learn their  
pleasure.

*Doge.* Inform the signory from me,  
the Doge,  
They have no further power upon those  
ashes:

While he lived, he was theirs, as fits a  
subject— <sup>205</sup>

Now he is *mine*—my broken-hearted boy!  
[*Exit Officer.*]

*Mar.* And I must live!

*Doge.* Your children live, Marina.

*Mar.* My children! true—they live,  
and I must live

To bring them up to serve the state, and  
die

As died their father. Oh! what best of  
blessings <sup>210</sup>

Were barrenness in Venice! Would my  
mother

Had been so!

*Doge.* My unhappy children!

*Mar.* What!

You feel it then at last—*you!*—Where is  
now

The stoic of the state?

*Doge* [*throwing himself down by the  
body*]. Here!

*Mar.* Ay, weep on!

I thought you had no tears—you hoarded  
them <sup>215</sup>

Until they are useless; but weep on! he  
never

Shall weep more—never, never more.

*Enter LOREDANO and BARBARIGO.*

*Lor.* What's here?

*Mar.* Ah! the devil come to insult the  
dead! Avaunt!

Incarnate Lucifer! 'tis holy ground.

A martyr's ashes now lie there, which  
make it <sup>220</sup>

A shrine. Get thee back to thy place of  
torment!

*Bar.* Lady, we knew not of this sad  
event,

But pass'd here merely on our path from  
council.

*Mar.* Pass on.

*Lor.* We sought the Doge.

*Mar.* [*pointing to the Doge, who is still on  
the ground by his son's body*].

He's busy, look,

About the business *you* provided for him,  
Are ye content?

*Bar.* We will not interrupt

A parent's sorrows.

*Mar.* No, ye only make them,

Then leave them.

*Doge* [*rising*]. Sirs, I am ready.

*Bar.* No—not now.

*Lor.* Yet 'twas important.

*Doge.* If 'twas so, I can

Only repeat—I am ready.

*Bar.* It shall not be <sup>230</sup>  
Just now, though Venice totter'd o'er the  
deep

Like a frail vessel. I respect your griefs.

*Doge.* I thank you. If the tidings  
which you bring

Are evil, you may say them; nothing  
further

Can touch me more than him thou look'st  
on there; <sup>235</sup>

If they be good, say on; you need not fear  
That they can *comfort* me.

*Bar.* I would they could!

*Doge.* I spoke not to *you*, but to  
Loredano.

*He* understands me.

*Mar.* Ah! I thought it would be so.

*Doge.* What mean you?

*Mar.* Lo! there is the blood  
beginning <sup>240</sup>

To flow through the dead lips of Foscari—  
The body bleeds in presence of the

assassin. [*To LOREDANO.*]  
Thou cowardly murderer by law, behold

How death itself bears witness to thy  
deeds!

*Doge.* My child! this is a phantasy of  
grief. <sup>245</sup>

Bear hence the body. [*To his attendants.*]

Signors, if it please you,

Within an hour I'll hear you.

[*Exeunt DOGE, MARINA, and attendants  
with the body. Manent LOREDANO  
and BARBARIGO.*]

*Bar.* He must not

Be troubled now.

*Lor.* He said himself that nought  
Could give him trouble further.

*Bar.* These are words;

But grief is lonely, and the breaking in  
Upon it barbarous.

*Lor.* Sorrow preys upon <sup>251</sup>

Its solitude, and nothing more diverts it  
From its sad visions of the other world,

Than calling it at moments back to this.  
The busy have no time for tears.

*Bar.* And therefore <sup>255</sup>

You would deprive this old man of all  
business?

*Lor.* The thing's decreed. The Giunta  
and 'the Ten'

Have made it law—who shall oppose that  
law?

# THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT IV

*Bar.* Humanity!  
*Lor.* Because his son is dead? 259  
*Bar.* And yet unburied.  
*Lor.* Had we known this when  
The act was passing, it might have  
suspended  
Its passage, but impedes it not—once past.  
*Bar.* I'll not consent.  
*Lor.* You have consented to  
All that's essential—leave the rest to me.  
*Bar.* Why press his abdication now?  
*Lor.* The feelings  
Of private passion may not interrupt 266  
The public benefit; and what the state  
Decides to-day must not give way before  
To-morrow for a natural accident.  
*Bar.* You have a son.  
*Lor.* I have—and had a father. 270  
*Bar.* Still so inexorable?  
*Lor.* Still.  
*Bar.* But let him  
Enter his son before we press upon him  
This edict.  
*Lor.* Let him call up into life  
My sire and uncle—I consent. Men may,  
Even aged men, be, or appear to be, 275  
Sires of a hundred sons, but cannot kindle  
An atom of their ancestors from earth.  
The victims are not equal; he has seen  
His sons expire by natural deaths, and I  
My sires by violent and mysterious  
maladies. 280  
I used no poison, bribed no subtle master  
Of the destructive art of healing, to  
Shorten the path to the eternal cure.  
His sons—and he had four—are dead,  
without  
My dabbling in vile drugs.  
*Bar.* And art thou sure 285  
He dealt in such?  
*Lor.* Most sure.  
*Bar.* And yet he seems  
All openness.  
*Lor.* And so he seem'd not long  
Ago to Carmagnuola.  
*Bar.* The attained  
And foreign traitor?  
*Lor.* Even so: when he, 289  
After the very night in which 'the Ten'  
(Join'd with the Doge) decided his destruc-  
tion,  
Met the great Duke at daybreak with a jest,  
Demanding whether he should augur him  
'The good day or good night?' his Doge-  
ship answer'd,  
'That he in truth had pass'd a night of  
vigil, 295  
In which (he added with a gracious smile),  
There often has been question about you.  
'Twas true; the question was the death  
resolved  
Of Carmagnuola, eight months ere he died;  
And the old Doge, who knew him doom'd,  
smiled on him 300

With deadly cozenage, eight long months  
beforehand—  
Eight months of such hypocrisy as is  
Learnt but in eighty years. Brave Car-  
magnuola  
Is dead; so is young Foscari and his  
brethren—  
I never *smiled* on them.  
*Bar.* Was Carmagnuola 305  
Your friend?  
*Lor.* He was the safeguard of the city.  
In early life its foe, but, in his manhood,  
Its saviour first, then victim.  
*Bar.* Ah! that seems  
The penalty of saving cities. He 309  
Whom we now act against not only saved  
Our own, but added others to our sway.  
*Lor.* The Romans (and we ape them)  
gave a crown  
To him who took a city; and they gave  
A crown to him who saved a citizen 314  
In battle: the rewards are equal. Now,  
If we should measure forth the cities taken  
By the Doge Foscari, with citizens  
Destroy'd by him, or *through* him, the  
account  
Were fearfully against him, although  
narrow'd 319  
To private havoc, such as between him  
And my dead father.  
*Bar.* Are you then thus fix'd?  
*Lor.* Why, what should change me?  
*Bar.* That which changes me:  
But you, I know, are marble to retain  
A feud. But when all is accomplish'd,  
when  
The old man is deposed, his name  
degraded. 325  
His sons all dead, his family depress'd.  
And you and yours triumphant, shall you  
sleep?  
*Lor.* More soundly.  
*Bar.* That's an error, and you'll  
find it  
Ere you sleep with your fathers.  
*Lor.* They sleep not  
In their accelerated graves, nor will 330  
Till Foscari fills his. Each night I see them  
Stalk frowning round my couch, and,  
pointing towards  
The ducal palace, marshal me to  
vengeance.  
*Bar.* Fancy's distemperature! There  
is no passion  
More spectral or fantastical than Hate;  
Not even its opposite, Love, so peoples air  
With phantoms, as this madness of the  
heart. 337

*Enter an Officer.*  
*Lor.* Where go you, sirrah?  
*Offi.* By the ducal order  
To forward the preparatory rites  
For the late Foscari's interment.

*Bar.* Their 340  
Vault has been often open'd of late years.

*Lor.* 'Twill be full soon, and may be closed for ever.

*Offi.* May I pass on?

*Lor.* You may.

*Bar.* How bears the Doge  
This last calamity?

*Offi.* With desperate firmness.  
In presence of another he says little, 345

But I perceive his lips move now and then;  
And once or twice I heard him, from the adjoining

Apartment, mutter forth the words—'My son!'

Scarce audibly. I must proceed.

[*Exit Officer.*]

*Bar.* This stroke  
Will move all Venice in his favour.

*Lor.* Right! 350  
We must be speedy: let us call together

The delegates appointed to convey  
The Council's resolution.

*Bar.* I protest  
Against it at this moment.

*Lor.* As you please—  
I'll take their voices on it ne'ertheless,

And see whose most may sway them,  
yours or mine. 356

[*Exeunt BARBARIGO and LOREDANO.*]

## ACT V

### SCENE I.—*The DOGE's Apartment.*

*The DOGE and Attendants.*

*Att.* My lord, the deputation is in waiting;

But add, that if another hour would better  
Accord with your will, they will make it theirs.

*Doge.* To me all hours are like. Let them approach. [*Exit Attendant.*]

*An Officer.* Prince! I have done your bidding.

*Doge.* What command? 5

*Offi.* A melancholy one—to call the attendance

Of—

*Doge.* True—true—true; I crave your pardon. I

Begin to fail in apprehension, and Wax very old—old almost as my years. Till now I fought them off, but they begin To overtake me.

*Enter the Deputation, consisting of six of the Signory and the Chief of the Ten.*

Noble men, your pleasure! 11

*Chief of the Ten.* In the first place, the Council doth condole

With the Doge on his late and private grief.

*Doge.* No more—no more of that.

*Chief of the Ten.* Will not the Duke  
Accept the homage of respect?

*Doge.* I do 15

Accept it as 'tis given—proceed.

*Chief of the Ten.* 'The Ten',

With a selected Giunta from the senate  
Of twenty-five of the best born patricians,

Having deliberated on the state  
Of the republic, and the o'erwhelming

cares 20

Which, at this moment, doubly must oppress

Your years, so long devoted to your country,

Have judged it fitting, with all reverence,  
Now to solicit from your wisdom (which

Upon reflection must accord in this), 25  
The resignation of the ducal ring,

Which you have worn so long and venerably;

And to prove that they are not ungrateful,  
nor

Cold to your years and services, they add  
An appanage of twenty hundred golden

Ducats, to make retirement not less  
splendid 31

Than should become a sovereign's retreat.

*Doge.* Did I hear rightly?

*Chief of the Ten.* Need I say again?

*Doge.* No—Have you done?

*Chief of the Ten.* I have spoken.

Twenty-four

Hours are accorded you to give an answer.

*Doge.* I shall not need so many  
seconds.

*Chief of the Ten.*

We

Will now retire.

*Doge.* Stay! four and twenty hours

Will alter nothing which I have to say.

*Chief of the Ten.* Speak!

*Doge.* When I twice before reiterated  
My wish to abdicate, it was refused me:

And not alone refused, but ye exacted  
An oath from me that I would never more

Renew this instance. I have sworn to die  
In full exertion of the functions which

My country call'd me here to exercise, 45  
According to my honour and my

conscience—

I cannot break my oath.

*Chief of the Ten.*

Reduce us not

To the alternative of a decree,

Instead of your compliance.

*Doge.*

Providence

Prolongs my days to prove and chasten  
me; 50

But ye have no right to reproach my  
length

Of days, since every hour has been the  
country's.

I am ready to lay down my life for her,  
As I have laid down dearer things than

life:

But for my dignity—I hold it of 55

The whole republic: when the general will  
Is manifest, then you shall all be answer'd.

## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT V

*Chief of the Ten.* We grieve for such an answer; but it cannot avail you aught.

*Doge.* I can submit to all things, But nothing will advance; no, not a moment. 60

What you decree—decree.

*Chief of the Ten.* With this, then, must we Return to those who sent us?

*Doge.* You have heard me.

*Chief of the Ten.* With all due reverence we retire.

[*Exeunt the Deputation, &c.*

*Enter an Attendant.*

*Att.* My lord, The noble dame Marina craves an audience. 64

*Doge.* My time is hers.

*Enter MARINA.*

*Mar.* My lord, if I intrude— Perhaps you fain would be alone?

*Doge.* Alone! Alone, come all the world around me, I Am now and evermore. But we will bear it.

*Mar.* We will, and for the sake of those who are, Endeavour—Oh, my husband!

*Doge.* Give it way: 70 I cannot comfort thee.

*Mar.* He might have lived, So form'd for gentle privacy of life, So loving, so beloved; the native of Another land, and who so blest and blessing

As my poor Foscari? Nothing was wanting 75 Unto his happiness and mine save not To be Venetian.

*Doge.* Or a prince's son.

*Mar.* Yes; all things which conduce to other men's Imperfect happiness or high ambition, By some strange destiny, to him proved deadly. 80

The country and the people whom he loved, The prince of whom he was the elder born, And—

*Doge.* Soon may be a prince no longer.

*Mar.* How?

*Doge.* They have taken my son from me, and now aim At my too long worn diadem and ring. Let them resume the gewgaws!

*Mar.* Oh, the tyrants! 86 In such an hour too!

*Doge.* 'Tis the fittest time;

An hour ago I should have felt it.

*Mar.* And Will you not now resent it?—Oh, for vengeance!

But he, who, had he been enough protected, 90

Might have repaid protection in this moment,

Cannot assist his father.

*Doge.* Nor should do so Against his country, had he a thousand lives

Instead of that—

*Mar.* They tortured from him. This May be pure patriotism. I am a woman: To me my husband and my children were Country and home. I loved him—how I loved him! 97

I have seen him pass through such an ordeal as

The old martyrs would have shrunk from: he is gone,

And I, who would have given my blood for him, 100

Have nought to give but tears! But could I compass

The retribution of his wrongs!—Well, well!

I have sons, who shall be men.

*Doge.* Your grief distracts you.

*Mar.* I thought I could have borne it, when I saw him

Bow'd down by such oppression; yes, I thought 105

That I would rather look upon his corse Than his prolong'd captivity:—I am punish'd

For that thought now. Would I were in his grave!

*Doge.* I must look on him once more.

*Mar.* Come with me!

*Doge.* Is he—

*Mar.* Our bridal bed is now his bier. 110

*Doge.* And he is in his shroud!

*Mar.* Come, come, old man!

[*Exeunt the DOGE and MARINA.*

*Enter BARBARIGO and LOREDANO.*

*Bar.* [to an Attendant]. Where is the Doge?

*Att.* This instant retired hence, With the illustrious lady his son's widow.

*Lor.* Where?

*Att.* To the chamber where the body lies.

*Bar.* Let us return, then.

*Lor.* You forget, you cannot. 115 We have the implicit order of the Giunta To await their coming here, and join them in

Their office: they'll be here soon after us.

*Bar.* And will they press their answer on the Doge?

*Lor.* 'Twas his own wish that all should be done promptly. 120 He answer'd quickly, and must so be answer'd;

His dignity is look'd to, his estate  
Cared for—what would he more?

*Bar.* Die in his robes:  
He could not have lived long; but I have  
done <sup>124</sup>

My best to save his honours, and opposed  
This proposition to the last, though vainly.  
Why would the general vote compel me  
hither?

*Lor.* 'Twas fit that some one of such  
different thoughts  
From ours should be a witness, lest false  
tongues

Should whisper that a harsh majority <sup>130</sup>  
Dreaded to have its acts beheld by others.

*Bar.* And not less, I must needs think,  
for the sake

Of humbling me for my vain opposition.  
You are ingenious, Loredano, in  
Your modes of vengeance, nay, poetical,  
A very Ovid in the art of *hating*; <sup>136</sup>  
'Tis thus (although a secondary object,  
Yet hate has microscopic eyes), to you  
I owe by way of foil to the more zealous,  
This undesired association in <sup>140</sup>  
Your Giunta's duties.

*Lor.* How!—my Giunta!  
*Bar.* Yours!

They speak your language, watch your  
nod, approve  
Your plans, and do your work. Are they  
not yours?

*Lor.* You talk unwarily. 'Twere best  
they hear not  
This from you.

*Bar.* Oh! they'll hear as much one day  
From louder tongues than mine; they have  
gone beyond <sup>146</sup>

Even their exorbitance of power: and when  
This happens in the most contemn'd and  
abject

States, stung humanity will rise to check it.  
*Lor.* You talk but idly.

*Bar.* That remains for proof. <sup>150</sup>  
Here come our colleagues.

*Enter the Deputation as before.*

*Chief of the Ten.* Is the Duke aware  
We seek his presence?

*Att.* He shall be inform'd.  
*[Exit Attendant.]*

*Bar.* The Duke is with his son.  
*Chief of the Ten.* If it be so,

We will remit him till the rites are over.  
Let us return. 'Tis time enough to-  
morrow. <sup>155</sup>

*Lor.* [*aside to Bar.*] Now the rich  
man's hell-fire upon your tongue,  
Unquench'd, unquenchable! I'll have it  
torn

From its vile babbling roots, till you shall  
utter

Nothing but sobs through blood, for this!  
Sage signors,

I pray ye be not hasty.

*[Aloud to the others.]*  
*Bar.* But be human! <sup>160</sup>

*Lor.* See, the Duke comes!

*Enter the DOGE.*

*Doge.* I have obey'd your summons.  
*Chief of the Ten.* We come once more  
to urge our past request.

*Doge.* And I to answer.

*Chief of the Ten.* What?

*Doge.* My only answer.  
You have heard it.

*Chief of the Ten.* Hear you then the  
last decree,

Definitive and absolute!

*Doge.* To the point— <sup>165</sup>  
To the point! I know of old the forms of  
office,

And gentle preludes to strong acts.—Go on!  
*Chief of the Ten.* You are no longer

*Doge;* you are released  
From your imperial oath as sovereign;

Your ducal robes must be put off; but for  
Your services, the state allots the ap-  
panage <sup>171</sup>

Already mention'd in our former congress.  
Three days are left you to remove from  
hence,

Under the penalty to see confiscated  
All your own private fortune.

*Doge.* That last clause, <sup>175</sup>  
I am proud to say, would not enrich the  
treasury.

*Chief of the Ten.* Your answer, Duke!

*Lor.* Your answer, Francis Foscari!

*Doge.* If I could have foreseen that my  
old age

Was prejudicial to the state, the chief  
Of the republic never would have shown  
Himself so far ungrateful, as to place

His own high dignity before his country;  
But this *life* having been so many years

Not useless to that country, I would fain  
Have consecrated my last moments to her.

But the decree being render'd, I obey. <sup>186</sup>  
*Chief of the Ten.* If you would have  
three days named extended,

We willingly will lengthen them to eight,  
As sign of our esteem.

*Doge.* Not eight hours, signor,  
Nor even eight minutes—there's the  
ducal ring <sup>190</sup>

*[Taking off his ring and cap.]*  
And there the ducal diadem. And so  
The Adriatic's free to wed another.

*Chief of the Ten.* Yet go not forth so  
quickly.

*Doge.* I am old, sir,  
And even to move but slowly must begin  
To move betimes. Methinks I see amongst  
you <sup>195</sup>

A face I know not.—Senator! your name,  
You, by your garb, Chief of the Forty!



## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT V

*Mem.* Signor, *Lor.* What!  
I am the son of Marco Memmo. Do you regret a traitor?  
*Doge.* Ah! *Doge.* No—I merely  
Your father was my friend.—But sons and  
fathers!—Envy the dead.  
What, ho! my servants there! *Chief of the Ten.* My lord, if you  
indeed  
*Atien.* My prince! Are bent upon this rash abandonment  
*Doge.* No prince— 200 Of the state's palace, at the least retire  
There are the princes of the prince! By the private staircase, which conducts  
[Pointing to the Ten's Deputation.]— you towards  
Prepare The landing-place of the canal.  
To part from hence upon the instant. *Doge.* No. I  
*Chief of the Ten.* Why Will now descend the stairs by which I  
So rashly? 'twill give scandal. mounted 240  
*Doge.* Answer that; To sovereignty—the Giants' Stairs, on  
[To the Ten. whose  
It is your province.—Sirs, bestir your- Broad eminence I was invested duke.  
selves: [To the Servants. My services have called me up those steps,  
There is one burthen which I beg you bear The malice of my foes will drive me down  
With care, although 'tis past all further them. 244  
harm—  
But I will look to that myself. 206 *There* five and thirty years ago was I  
Install'd, and traversed these same halls,  
from which  
*Bar.* He means I never thought to be divorced except  
The body of his son. A corse—a corse, it might be, fighting for  
them—  
*Doge.* And call Marina, But not push'd hence by fellow-citizens.  
My daughter! But come; my son and I will go together—  
He to his grave, and I to pray for mine.  
*Chief of the Ten.* What! thus in public?  
*Doge.* I was publicly  
Elected, and so will I be deposed.  
Marina! art thou willing?  
*Mar.* Here's my arm!  
*Doge.* And here my staff: thus  
propp'd will I go forth. 255  
*Chief of the Ten.* It must not be—the  
people will perceive it.  
*Doge.* The people!—There's no  
people, you well know it,  
Else you dare not deal thus by them or me.  
There is a *populace*, perhaps, whose looks  
May shame you; but they dare not groan  
nor curse you, 260  
Save with their hearts and eyes.  
*Chief of the Ten.* You speak in passion,  
Else—  
*Doge.* You have reason. I have  
spoken much  
More than my wont: it is a foible which  
Was not of mine, but more excuses you,  
Inasmuch as it shows that I approach  
A dotage which may justify this deed  
Of yours, although the law does not, nor  
will. 267  
Farewell, sirs!  
*Bar.* You shall not depart without  
An escort fitting past and present rank.  
We will accompany, with due respect,  
The Doge unto his private palace. Say!  
My brethren, will we not?  
*Different voices.* Ay!—Ay!  
*Doge.* You shall not  
Stir—in my train, at least. I enter'd here

As sovereign—I go out as citizen  
 By the same portals, but as citizen. 275  
 All these vain ceremonies are base insults,  
 Which only ulcerate the heart the more,  
 Applying poisons there as antidotes.  
 Pomp is for princes—I am none!—That's  
 false,

I am, but only to these gates.—Ah!

Lor. Hark! 280

[*The great bell of St. Mark's tolls.*]

Bar. The bell!

Chief of the Ten. St. Mark's, which  
 tolls for the election

Of Malipiero.

Doge. Well I recognise  
 The sound! I heard it once, but once  
 before,

And that is five and thirty years ago;  
 Even then I was not young.

Bar. Sit down, my lord! 285  
 You tremble.

Doge. 'Tis the knell of my poor boy!  
 My heart aches bitterly.

Bar. I pray you sit.

Doge. No; my seat here has been a  
 throne till now.

Marina! let us go.

Mar. Most readily. 289

Doge [*walks a few steps, then stops*]. I  
 feel athirst—will no one bring me here  
 A cup of water?

Bar. I—

Mar. And I—

Lor. And I—  
 [*The Doge takes a goblet from the hand*  
*of LOREDANO.*]

Doge. I take yours, Loredano, from  
 the hand

Most fit for such an hour as this.

Lor. Why so?

Doge. 'Tis said that our Venetian  
 crystal has 294

Such pure antipathy to poisons as  
 To burst, if aught of venom touches it.  
 You bore this goblet, and it is not broken.

Lor. Well, sir!

Doge. Then it is false, or you are true.  
 For my own part, I credit neither; 'tis  
 An idle legend.

Mar. You talk wildly, and 300  
 Had better now be seated, nor as yet  
 Depart. Ah! now you look as look'd my  
 husband!

Bar. He sinks!—support him!—quick  
 —a chair—support him!

Doge. The bell tolls on!—let's hence  
 —my brain's on fire!

Bar. I do beseech you, lean upon us!

Doge. No! 305  
 A sovereign should die standing. My poor  
 boy!—

Off with your arms!—*That bell!*

[*The DOGE drops down and dies.*]  
 Mar. My God! My God!

Bar. [*to Lor.*]. Behold! your work's  
 completed!

Chief of the Ten. Is there then  
 No aid? Call in assistance!

Att. 'Tis all over.

Chief of the Ten. If it be so, at least his  
 obsequies 310

Shall be such as befits his name and nation,  
 His rank and his devotion to the duties  
 Of the realm, while his age permitted him  
 To do himself and them full justice. Breth-

ren,  
 Say, shall it not be so?

Bar. He has not had 315

The misery to die a subject where  
 He reign'd; then let his funeral rites be  
 princely.

Chief of the Ten. We are agreed, then?

All, except Lor., answer. Yes.

Chief of the Ten. Heaven's peace be  
 with him!

Mar. Signors, your pardon: this is  
 mockery.

Juggle no more with that poor remnant,  
 which, 320

A moment since, while yet it had a soul,  
 (A soul by whom you have increased your  
 empire,

And made your power as proud as was his  
 glory,)

You banish'd from his palace, and tore  
 down

From his high place, with such relentless  
 coldness; 325

And now, when he can neither know these  
 honours,

Nor would accept them if he could, you,  
 signors,

Purpose, with idle and superfluous pomp,  
 To make a pageant over what you  
 trampled.

A princely funeral will be your reproach,  
 And not his honour. 331

Chief of the Ten. Lady, we revoke not  
 Our purposes so readily.

Mar. I know it,  
 As far as touches torturing the living.

I thought the dead had been beyond even  
 you,

Though (some, no doubt) consign'd to  
 powers which may 335

Resemble that you exercise on earth.  
 Leave him to me; you would have done so for

His dregs of life, which you have kindly  
 shorten'd:

It is my last of duties, and may prove  
 A dreary comfort in my desolation. 340

Grief is fantastical, and loves the dead,  
 And the apparel of the grave.

Chief of the Ten. Do you

Pretend still to this office?

Mar. I do, signor.  
 Though his possessions have been all con-

sumed

## THE TWO FOSCARI

[ACT V. SCENE I

In the state's service, I have still my dowry, 345  
Which shall be consecrated to his rites,  
And those of—  
[*She stops with agitation.*  
*Chief of the Ten.* Best retain it for your children.  
*Mar.* Ay, they are fatherless, I thank you.  
*Chief of the Ten.* We Cannot comply with your request. His 350  
relics  
Shall be exposed with wonted pomp, and follow'd 350  
Unto their home by the new Doge, not clad  
As *Doge*, but simply as a senator.  
*Mar.* I have heard of murderers, who have interr'd  
Their victims; but ne'er heard, until this hour,  
Of so much splendour in hypocrisy 355  
O'er those they slew. I've heard of widows' tears—  
Alas! I have shed some—always thanks to you!  
I've heard of *heirs* in sables—you have left none

To the deceased, so you would act the part Of such. Well, sirs, your will be done! as one day, 360  
I trust, Heaven's will be done too!  
*Chief of the Ten.* Know you, lady, To whom ye speak, and perils of such speech?  
*Mar.* I know the former better than yourselves;  
The latter—like yourselves; and can face both.  
Wish you more funerals?  
*Bar.* Heed not her rash words; 365  
Her circumstances must excuse her bearing.  
*Chief of the Ten.* We will not note them down.  
*Bar.* [*turning to Lor., who is writing upon his tablets.*] What art thou writing, With such an earnest brow, upon thy tablets?  
*Lor.* [*pointing to the Doge's body.*] That he has paid me!  
*Chief of the Ten.* What debt did he owe you?  
*Lor.* A long and just one; Nature's debt and mine. 370  
[*Curtain falls.*

## CAIN

### A MYSTERY

Now the Serpent was more subtil than any beast of the field which the LORD God had made.—*Gen.* iii. 1.

TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.,

THIS MYSTERY OF CAIN IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED FRIEND AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

### PREFACE

THE following scenes are entitled 'A Mystery', in conformity with the ancient title annexed to dramas upon similar subjects, which were styled 'Mysteries, or Moralities'. The author has by no means taken the same liberties with his subject which were common formerly, as may be seen by any reader curious enough to refer to those very profane productions, whether in English, French, Italian, or Spanish. The author has endeavoured to preserve the language adapted to his characters; and where it is (and this is but rarely) taken from actual *Scripture*, he has made as little alteration, even of words, as the rhythm would permit. The reader will recollect that the book of Genesis does not state that Eve was tempted by a demon, but by 'the Serpent'; and that only because he was 'the most subtil of all the beasts of the field'. Whatever interpretation the Rabbins and the Fathers may have put upon this, I take the words as I find them, and reply, with Bishop Watson upon similar occasions, when the Fathers were quoted to him, as Moderator in the schools of Cambridge, 'Behold the Book!'—holding up the *Scripture*. It is to be recollected, that my present subject has nothing to do with the *New Testament*, to which no reference can be here made without anachronism. With the poems upon similar topics I have not been recently familiar. Since I was twenty I have never read Milton; but I had read him so frequently before, that this may make little difference. Gesner's 'Death of Abel' I have never read since I was eight years of age, at Aberdeen. The general impression of my recollection is delight; but of the contents I remember only that Cain's wife was called Mahala, and Abel's Thirza; in the following pages I have called them 'Adah' and 'Zillah', the earliest female names which occur in Genesis; they were those of Lamech's wives; those of Cain and Abel are not called by their names. Whether, then, a coincidence of subject may have caused the same in expression, I know nothing, and care as little.

The reader will please to bear in mind (what few choose to recollect), that there is no allusion to a future state in any of the books of Moses, nor indeed in the Old Testament. For a reason for this extraordinary omission he may consult Warburton's 'Divine Legation'; whether satisfactory or not, no better has yet been assigned. I have therefore supposed it new to Cain, without, I hope, any perversion of Holy Writ.

With regard to the language of Lucifer, it was difficult for me to make him talk like a clergyman upon the same subjects; but I have done what I could to restrain him within the bounds of spiritual politeness. If he disclaims having tempted Eve in the shape of the Serpent, it is only because the book of Genesis has not the most distant allusion to anything of the kind, but merely to the Serpent in his serpentine capacity.

*Note.*—The reader will perceive that the author has partly adopted in this poem the notion of Cuvier, that the world had been destroyed several times before the creation of man. This speculation, derived from the different strata and the bones of enormous and unknown animals found in them, is not contrary to the Mosaic account, but rather confirms it; as no human bones have yet been discovered in those strata, although those of many known animals are found near the remains of the unknown. The assertion of Lucifer, that the pre-Adamite world was also peopled by rational beings much more intelligent than man, and proportionably powerful to the mammoth, &c., &c., is, of course, a poetical fiction to help him to make out his case.

I ought to add, that there is a 'tramelogedia' of Alfieri, called 'Abele'. I have never read that, nor any other of the posthumous works of the writer, except his Life.

RAVENNA, Sept. 20, 1821.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN  
ADAM  
CAIN  
ABEL

WOMEN  
EVE  
ADAH  
ZILLAH

SPIRITS  
ANGEL OF THE LORD  
LUCIFER

## ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Land without Paradise.—  
Time, Sunrise.*

ADAM, EVE, CAIN, ABEL, ADAH, ZILLAH,  
*offering a Sacrifice.*

Adam. God, the Eternal! Infinite!  
All-wise!—

Who out of darkness on the deep didst  
make

Light on the waters with a word—all hail!  
Jehovah, with returning light, all hail!

Eve. God! who didst name the day,  
and separate

Morning from night, till then divided  
never—

Who didst divide the wave from wave, and  
call

Part of thy work the firmament—all hail!  
Abel. God! who didst call the elements  
into

Earth, ocean, air, and fire, and with the  
day

And night, and worlds which these  
illuminate,

Or shadow, madest beings to enjoy them,  
And love both them and thee—all hail!

Adah. God, the Eternal! Parent of all  
things!

Who didst create these best and beauteous  
beings,

To be beloved, more than all, save thee—  
Let me love thee and them:—All hail! all  
hail!

Zillah. Oh, God! who loving, making,  
blessing all,

Yet didst permit the serpent to creep in,  
And drive my father forth from Paradise,  
Keep us from further evil:—Hail! all hail!

Adam. Son Cain, my first-born,  
wherefore art thou silent? 22

Cain. Why should I speak?  
Adam. To pray.

Cain. Have ye not pray'd?  
Adam. We have, most fervently.

Cain. And loudly: I  
Have heard you.

Adam. So will God, I trust.  
Abel. Amen! 25

Adam. But thou, my eldest born, art  
silent still.

Cain. 'Tis better I should be so.  
Adam. Wherefore so?

Cain. I have nought to ask.  
Adam. Nor ought to thank for!

Cain. Dost thou not live? No.

Cain. Must I not die? Alas!

The fruit of our forbidden tree begins 30  
To fall.

Adam. And we must gather it again.  
Oh, God! why didst thou plant the tree of  
knowledge?

Cain. And wherefore pluck'd ye not  
the tree of life?

Ye might have then defied him.  
Adam. Oh! my son,

Blaspheme not: these are serpent's words.  
Cain. Why not? 35

The snake spoke *truth*; it was the tree of  
knowledge;

It was the tree of life; knowledge is good,  
And life is good; and how can both be evil?

# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT I

*Eve.* My boy! thou speakest as I spoke, in sin, <sup>39</sup>

Before thy birth: let me not see renew'd  
My misery in thine. I have repented.

Let me not see my offspring fall into  
The snares beyond the walls of Paradise,  
Which e'en in Paradise destroy'd his  
parents.

Content thee with what *is*. Had we been  
so, <sup>45</sup>

Thou now hadst been contented.—Oh,  
my son!

*Adam.* Our orisons completed, let us  
hence,

Each to his task of toil—not heavy,  
though

Needful: the earth is young, and yields us  
kindly

Her fruits with little labour.

*Eve.* Cain, my son, <sup>50</sup>  
Behold thy father cheerful and resign'd,  
And do as he doth.

[*Exeunt ADAM and EVE.*

*Zillah.* Will thou not, my brother?

*Abel.* Why wilt thou wear this gloom  
upon thy brow,

Which can avail thee nothing, save to  
rouse

The Eternal anger?

*Adah.* My beloved Cain, <sup>55</sup>  
Will thou frown even on me?

*Cain.* No, Adah! no;  
I fain would be alone a little while.

Abel, I'm sick at heart; but it will pass;  
Precede me, brother—I will follow  
shortly. <sup>59</sup>

And you, too, sisters, tarry not behind;  
Your gentleness must not be harshly met;  
I'll follow you anon.

*Adah.* If not, I will  
Return to seek you here.

*Abel.* The peace of God  
Be on your spirit, brother!

[*Exeunt ABEL, ZILLAH, and ADAH.*  
*Cain* [solus]. And this is

Life!—Toil! and wherefore should I toil?  
—because <sup>65</sup>

My father could not keep his place in  
Eden.

What had I done in this?—I was unborn:  
I sought not to be born; nor love the state  
To which that birth has brought me. Why  
did he

Yield to the serpent and the woman? or,  
Yielding, why suffer? What was there in  
this? <sup>71</sup>

The tree was planted, and why not for him?  
If not, why place him near it, where it  
grew,

The fairest in the centre? They have but  
One answer to all questions, 'Twas *his*  
will, <sup>75</sup>

And *he* is good.' How know I that? Be-  
cause

He is all-powerful, must all-good, too,  
follow?

I judge but by the fruits—and they are  
bitter—

Which I must feed on for a fault not mine.  
Whom have we here?—A shape like to  
the angels, <sup>80</sup>

Yet of a sterner and a sadder aspect  
Of spiritual essence: why do I quake?

Why should I fear him more than other  
spirits,

Whom I see daily wave their fiery swords  
Before the gates round which I linger oft,  
In twilight's hour, to catch a glimpse of  
those <sup>86</sup>

Gardens which are my just inheritance,  
Ere the night closes o'er the inhibited walls  
And the immortal trees which overtop  
The cherubim-defended battlements?

If I shrink not from these, the fire-arm'd  
angels, <sup>91</sup>

Why should I quail from him who now  
approaches?

Yet he seems mightier far than them, nor  
less

Beauteous, and yet not all as beautiful  
As he hath been, and might be: sorrow  
seems <sup>95</sup>

Half of his immortality. And is it  
So? and can aught grieve save humanity?  
He cometh.

*Enter LUCIFER.*

*Lucifer.* Mortal!

*Cain.* Spirit, who art thou?  
*Lucifer.* Master of Spirits.

*Cain.* And being so, canst thou  
Leave them, and walk with dust?

*Lucifer.* I know the thoughts <sup>100</sup>  
Of dust, and feel for it, and with you.

*Cain.* How!  
You know my thoughts?

*Lucifer.* They are the thoughts of all  
Worthy of thought;—'tis your immortal  
part

Which speaks within you.  
*Cain.* What immortal part?

This has not been reveal'd: the tree of life  
Was withheld from us by my father's  
folly, <sup>106</sup>

While that of knowledge, by my mother's  
haste,

Was pluck'd too soon; and all the fruit is  
death!

*Lucifer.* They have deceived thee;  
thou shalt live.

*Cain.* I live,  
But live to die; and, living, see no thing  
To make death hateful, save an innate  
clinging, <sup>111</sup>

A loathsome, and yet all invincible  
Instinct of life, which I abhor, as I  
Despise myself, yet cannot overcome—  
And so I live. Would I had never lived!

*Lucifer.* Thou livest, and must live  
for ever: think not <sup>116</sup>  
The earth, which is thine outward  
cov'ring, is  
Existence—it will cease, and thou wilt be  
No less than thou art now.

*Cain.* No less! and why  
No more?

*Lucifer.* It may be thou shalt be as we.

*Cain.* And ye?

*Lucifer.* Are everlasting.

*Cain.* Are ye happy? <sup>121</sup>

*Lucifer.* We are mighty.

*Cain.* Are ye happy?

*Lucifer.* No: art thou?

*Cain.* How should I be so? Look on  
me!

*Lucifer.* Poor clay!  
And thou pretendest to be wretched!  
Thou!

*Cain.* I am:—and thou, with all thy  
might, what art thou? <sup>125</sup>

*Lucifer.* One who aspired to be what  
made thee, and

Would not have made thee what thou art.

*Cain.* Ah!

Thou look'st almost a god; and—

*Lucifer.* I am none:

And having fail'd to be one, would be  
nought

Save what I am. He conquer'd; let him  
reign! <sup>130</sup>

*Cain.* Who?

*Lucifer.* Thy sire's Maker, and the  
earth's.

*Cain.* And heaven's,  
And all that in them is. So I have heard  
His seraphs sing; and so my father saith.

*Lucifer.* They say—what they must  
sing and say, on pain <sup>134</sup>

Of being that which I am—and thou art—  
Of spirits and of men.

*Cain.* And what is that?

*Lucifer.* Souls who dare use their im-  
mortality—

Souls who dare look the Omnipotent  
tyrant in

His everlasting face, and tell him that  
His evil is not good! If he has made, <sup>140</sup>  
As he saith—which I know not, nor  
believe—

But, if he made us—he cannot unmake:  
We are immortal! nay, he'd have us so,  
That he may torture:—let him! He is  
great—

But, in his greatness, is no happier than  
We in our conflict: Goodness would not  
make <sup>146</sup>

Evil; and what else hath he made? But  
let him

Sit on his vast and solitary throne,  
Creating worlds, to make eternity  
Less burthensome to his immense  
existence <sup>150</sup>

And unparticipated solitude;  
Let him crowd orb on orb: he is alone  
Indefinite, indissoluble tyrant;  
Could he but crush himself, 'twere the best  
boon

He ever granted: but let him reign on,  
And multiply himself in misery! <sup>156</sup>

Spirits and Men, at least we sympathise—  
And, suffering in concert, make our pangs  
Innumerable more endurable,

By the unbounded sympathy of all <sup>160</sup>  
With all! But *He!* so wretched in his  
height,

So restless in his wretchedness, must still  
Create, and re-create—

*Cain.* Thou speak'st to me of things  
which long have swum

In visions through my thought: I never  
could <sup>165</sup>

Reconcile what I saw with what I heard.  
My father and my mother talk to me

Of serpents, and of fruits and trees: I see  
The gates of what they call their Paradise

Guarded by fiery-sworded cherubim,  
Which shut them out and me: I feel the  
weight <sup>171</sup>

Of daily toil, and constant thought: I look  
Around a world where I seem nothing,

with  
Thoughts which arise within me, as if they  
Could master all things—but I thought  
alone <sup>175</sup>

This misery was *mine*. My father is  
Tamed down; my mother has forgot the  
mind

Which made her thirst for knowledge at  
the risk

Of an eternal curse; my brother is <sup>179</sup>  
A watching shepherd boy, who offers up  
The firstlings of the flock to him who bids

The earth yield nothing to us without  
sweat;

My sister Zillah sings an earlier hymn  
Than the birds' matins; and my Adah, my  
Own and beloved, she, too, understands  
not <sup>185</sup>

The mind which overwhelms me: never till  
Now met I aught to sympathise with me.

'Tis well—I rather would consort with  
spirits.

*Lucifer.* And hadst thou not been fit  
by thine own soul

For such companionship, I would not  
now <sup>190</sup>

Have stood before thee as I am: a serpent  
Had been enough to charm ye, as before.

*Cain.* Ah! didst thou tempt my  
mother?

*Lucifer.* I tempt none,  
Save with the truth: was not the tree the  
tree

Of knowledge? and was not the tree of life  
Still fruitful? Did I bid her pluck them  
not? <sup>196</sup>

# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT I

Did I plant things prohibited within  
The reach of beings innocent, and curious  
By their own innocence? I would have  
made ye

Gods; and even He who thrust ye forth, so  
thrust ye 200

Because 'ye should not eat the fruits of  
life,  
And become gods as we.' Were those his  
words?

*Cain.* They were, as I have heard from  
those who heard them,  
In thunder.

*Lucifer.* Then who was the demon? He  
Who would not let ye live, or he who  
would 205

Have made ye live for ever in the joy  
And power of knowledge?

*Cain.* Would they had snatch'd both  
The fruits, or neither!

*Lucifer.* One is yours already,  
The other may be still.

*Cain.* How so?  
*Lucifer.* By being  
Yourself, in your resistance. Nothing  
can 210

Quench the mind, if the mind will be itself  
And centre of surrounding things—'tis  
made

To sway.  
*Cain.* But didst thou tempt my  
parents?

*Lucifer.* I?  
Poor clay! what should I tempt them for,  
or how?

*Cain.* They say the serpent was a  
spirit. 215

*Lucifer.* Who  
Saith that? It is not written so on high:  
The proud One will not so far falsify,  
Though man's vast fears and little vanity  
Would make him cast upon the spiritual  
nature

His own low failing. The snake was the  
snake— 220

No more; and yet not less than those he  
tempted,

In nature being earth also—*more* in  
*wisdom,*

Since he could overcome them, and fore-  
knew

The knowledge fatal to their narrow joys.  
Think'st thou I'd take the shape of things  
that die? 225

*Cain.* But the thing had a demon?  
*Lucifer.* He but woke one

In those he spake to with his forked tongue.  
I tell thee that the serpent was no more  
Than a mere serpent: ask the cherubim  
Who guard the tempting tree. When thou-  
sand ages 230

Have roll'd o'er your dead ashes, and  
your seed's,

The seed of the then world may thus array

Their earliest fault in fable, and attribute  
To me a shape I scorn, as I scorn all  
That bows to him, who made things but to  
bend 235

Before his sullen, sole eternity;  
But we, who see the truth, must speak it.

Thy  
Fond parents listen'd to a creeping thing,  
And fell. For what should spirits tempt  
them? What

Was there to envy in the narrow bounds  
Of Paradise, that spirits who pervade 241  
Space—but I speak to thee of what  
thou know'st not,

With all thy tree of knowledge.

*Cain.* But thou canst not  
Speak aught of knowledge which I would  
not know,

And do not thirst to know, and bear a  
mind 245

To know.  
*Lucifer.* And heart to look on?

*Cain.* Be it proved.

*Lucifer.* Darest thou look on Death?  
*Cain.* He has not yet

Been seen.  
*Lucifer.* But must be undergone.

*Cain.* My father  
Says he is something dreadful, and my  
mother

Weeps when he's named; and Abel lifts  
his eyes 250

To heaven, and Zillah casts hers to the  
earth,

And sighs a prayer; and Adah looks on  
me,

And speaks not.  
*Lucifer.* And thou?

*Cain.* Thoughts unspeakable  
Crowd in my breast to burning, when I  
hear 254

Of this almighty Death, who is, it seems,  
Inevitable. Could I wrestle with him?

I wrestled with the lion, when a boy,  
In play, till he ran roaring from my gripe.

*Lucifer.* It has no shape; but will  
absorb all things

That bear the form of earth-born being.  
*Cain.* Ah! 260

I thought it was a being: who could do  
Such evil things to beings save a being?

*Lucifer.* Ask the Destroyer.  
*Cain.* Who?

*Lucifer.* The Maker—call him  
Which name thou wilt: he makes but to  
destroy.

*Cain.* I knew not that, yet thought it,  
since I heard 265

Of Death: although I know not what it is,  
Yet it seems horrible. I have look'd out

In the vast desolate night in search of him;  
And when I saw gigantic shadows in

The umbrage of the walls of Eden,  
chequer'd 270

By the far-flashing of the cherubs' swords,  
I watch'd for what I thought his coming:

With fear rose longing in my heart to know  
What 'twas which shook us all—but  
nothing came. <sup>274</sup>

And then I turn'd my weary eyes from off  
Our native and forbidden Paradise,  
Up to the lights above us, in the azure,  
Which are so beautiful: shall they, too,  
die?

*Lucifer.* Perhaps—but long outlive  
both thine and thee.

*Cain.* I'm glad of that: I would not  
have them die— <sup>280</sup>

They are so lovely. What is death? I fear,  
I feel, it is a dreadful thing; but what,  
I cannot compass: 'tis denounced against  
us,

Both them who sinn'd and sinn'd not, as  
an ill— <sup>284</sup>

What ill?

*Lucifer.* To be resolved into the earth.

*Cain.* But shall I know it?

*Lucifer.* As I know not death,  
I cannot answer.

*Cain.* Were I quiet earth,  
That were no evil: would I ne'er had been  
Aught else but dust!

*Lucifer.* That is a grovelling wish,  
Less than thy father's, for he wish'd to  
know. <sup>290</sup>

*Cain.* But not to live, or wherefore  
pluck'd he not

The life-tree?

*Lucifer.* He was hinder'd.

*Cain.* Deadly error!  
Not to snatch first that fruit:—but ere he  
pluck'd

The knowledge, he was ignorant of death.  
Alas! I scarcely now know what it is, <sup>295</sup>  
And yet I fear it—fear I know not what!

*Lucifer.* And I, who know all things,  
fear nothing; see

What is true knowledge.

*Cain.* Wilt thou teach me all?

*Lucifer.* Ay, upon one condition.

*Cain.* Name it.

*Lucifer.* That  
Thou dost fall down and worship me—  
thy Lord. <sup>300</sup>

*Cain.* Thou art not the Lord my father  
worships.

*Lucifer.* No.

*Cain.* His equal?

*Lucifer.* No;—I have nought  
in common with him!

Nor would: I would be aught above—  
beneath—

Aught save a sharer or a servant of  
His power. I dwell apart; but I am great:—

Many there are who worship me, and  
more <sup>306</sup>

Who shall—be thou amongst the first.

*Cain.*

I never  
As yet have bow'd unto my father's God,  
Although my brother Abel oft implores  
That I would join with him in sacrifice:—  
Why should I bow to thee?

*Lucifer.* Hast thou ne'er bow'd <sup>311</sup>  
To him?

*Cain.* Have I not said it?—need I say  
it?

Could not thy mighty knowledge teach  
thee that?

*Lucifer.* He who bows not to him has  
bow'd to me.

*Cain.* But I will bend to neither.

*Lucifer.* Ne'er the less, <sup>315</sup>  
Thou art my worshipper; not worshipping  
Him makes thee mine the same.

*Cain.* And what is that?

*Lucifer.* Thou'lt know here—and  
hereafter.

*Cain.* Let me but  
Be taught the mystery of my being.

*Lucifer.* Follow

Where I will lead thee.

*Cain.* But I must retire <sup>320</sup>

till the earth—for I had promised—

*Lucifer.* What?

*Cain.* To cull some first-fruits.

*Lucifer.* Why?

*Cain.* To offer up

With Abel on an altar.

*Lucifer.* Said'st thou not

Thou ne'er hadst bent to him who made  
thee?

*Cain.* Yes—

But Abel's earnest prayer has wrought  
upon me. <sup>325</sup>

The offering is more his than mine—and  
Adah—

*Lucifer.* Why dost thou hesitate?

*Cain.* She is my sister,

Born on the same day, of the same womb;  
and

She wrung from me, with tears, this  
promise; and

Rather than see her weep, I would, me-  
thinks, <sup>330</sup>

Bear all—and worship aught.

*Lucifer.* Then follow me!

*Cain.* I will.

*Enter ADAH.*

*Adah.* My brother, I have come for  
thee;

It is our hour of rest and joy—and we  
Have less without thee. Thou hast

labour'd not

This morn; but I have done thy task; the  
fruits <sup>335</sup>

Are ripe, and glowing as the light which  
ripens.

Come away.

*Cain.* Seest thou not?

*Adah.* I see an angel;



# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT I

We have seen many: will he share our  
hour  
Of rest?—he is welcome.  
*Cain.* But he is not like  
The angels we have seen.  
*Adah.* Are there, then, others? 340  
But he is welcome, as they were: they  
deign'd  
To be our guests—will he?  
*Cain* [to *Lucifer*]. Wilt thou?  
*Lucifer.* I ask  
Thee to be mine.  
*Cain.* I must away with him.  
*Adah.* And leave us?  
*Cain.* Ay.  
*Adah.* And me?  
*Cain.* Beloved *Adah*!  
*Adah.* Let me go with thee.  
*Lucifer.* No, she must not.  
*Adah.* Who  
Art thou that steppest between heart and  
heart? 346  
*Cain.* He is a god.  
*Adah.* How know'st thou?  
*Cain.* He speaks like  
A god.  
*Adah.* So did the serpent, and it lied.  
*Lucifer.* Thou errest, *Adah*!—was not  
the tree that 349  
Of knowledge?  
*Adah.* Ay—to our eternal sorrow.  
*Lucifer.* And yet that grief is know-  
ledge—so he lied not:  
And if he did betray you, 'twas with truth;  
And truth in its own essence cannot be  
But good.  
*Adah.* But all we know of it has  
gather'd  
Evil on ill; expulsion from our home,  
And dread, and toil, and sweat, and heaviness; 356  
Remorse of that which was—and hope of  
that  
Which cometh not. *Cain*! walk not with  
this spirit.  
Bear with what we have borne, and love  
me—I  
Love thee.  
*Lucifer.* More than thy mother, and  
thy sire? 360  
*Adah.* I do. Is that a sin, too?  
*Lucifer.* No, not yet;  
It one day will be in your children.  
*Adah.* What!  
Must not my daughter love her brother  
Enoch?  
*Lucifer.* Not as thou lovest *Cain*.  
*Adah.* Oh, my God!  
Shall they not love and bring forth things  
that love 365  
Out of their love? have they not drawn  
their milk  
Out of this bosom? was not he, their  
father,  
Born of the same sole womb, in the same  
hour  
With me? did we not love each other? and  
In multiplying our being multiply 370  
Things which will love each other as we  
love  
Them?—And as I love thee, my *Cain*! go  
not  
Forth with this spirit; he is not of ours.  
*Lucifer.* The sin I speak of is not of  
my making,  
And cannot be a sin in you—whate'er  
It seem in those who will replace ye in  
Mortality.  
*Adah.* What is the sin which is not  
Sin in itself? Can circumstance make sin  
Or virtue?—if it doth, we are the slaves  
Of—  
*Lucifer.* Higher things than ye are  
slaves: and higher 380  
Than them or ye would be so, did they not  
Prefer an independency of torture  
To the smooth agonies of adulation,  
In hymns and harpings, and self-seeking  
prayers.  
To that which is omnipotent, because  
It is omnipotent, and not from love, 386  
But terror and self-hope.  
*Adah.* Omnipotence  
Must be all goodness.  
*Lucifer.* Was it so in Eden?  
*Adah.* Fiend! tempt me not with  
beauty; thou art fairer  
Than was the serpent, and as false.  
*Lucifer.* As true. 390  
Ask Eve, your mother: bears she not the  
knowledge  
Of good and evil?  
*Adah.* Oh, my mother! thou  
Hast pluck'd a fruit more fatal to thine off-  
spring  
Than to thyself; thou at the least hast  
pass'd  
Thy youth in Paradise, in innocent 395  
And happy intercourse with happy spirits:  
But we, thy children, ignorant of Eden,  
Are girt about by demons, who assume  
The words of God, and tempt us with our  
own  
Dissatisfied and curious thoughts—as  
thou 400  
Wert work'd on by the snake, in thy most  
flush'd  
And heedless, harmless wantonness of  
bliss.  
I cannot answer this immortal thing  
Which stands before me; I cannot abhor  
him; 404  
I look upon him with a pleasing fear,  
And yet I fly not from him: in his eye  
There is a fastening attraction which  
Fixes my fluttering eyes on his; my heart  
Beats quick; he awes me, and yet draws  
me near,

Nearer and nearer:—Cain—Cain—save  
me from him! 410

*Cain.* What dreads my Adah? This  
is no ill spirit.

*Adah.* He is not God—nor God's: I  
have beheld

The cherubs and the seraphs; he looks not  
like them.

*Cain.* But there are spirits loftier  
still—

The archangels.

*Lucifer.* And still loftier than the  
archangels. 415

*Adah.* Ay—but not blessed.

*Lucifer.* If the blessedness  
Consists in slavery—no.

*Adah.* I have heard it said,  
The seraphs love most—cherubim know  
most—

And this should be a cherub—since he  
loves not.

*Lucifer.* And if the higher knowledge  
quenches love, 420

What must he be you cannot love when  
known?

Since the all-knowing cherubim love  
least,

The seraphs' love can be but ignorance:  
That they are not compatible, the doom

Of thy fond parents, for their daring,  
proves. 425

Choose betwixt love and knowledge—  
since there is

No other choice: your sire hath chosen  
already:

His worship is but fear.

*Adah.* Oh, Cain! choose love.

*Cain.* For thee, my Adah, I choose  
not—it was

Born with me—but I love nought else.

*Adah.* Our parents?

*Cain.* Did they love us when they  
snatch'd from the tree 430

That which hath driven us all from  
Paradise?

*Adah.* We were not born then—and  
if we had been,

Should we not love them and our children,  
Cain?

*Cain.* My little Enoch! and his lisping  
sister!

Could I but deem them happy, I would  
half 435

Forget—but it can never be forgotten  
Through thrice a thousand generations!  
never

Shall men love the remembrance of the  
man

Who sow'd the seed of evil and mankind  
In the same hour! They pluck'd the tree  
of science 440

And sin—and, not content with their own  
sorrow,

Begot me—thee—and all the few that are,

And all the unnumber'd and innumerable  
Multitudes, millions, myriads, which may  
be,

To inherit agonies accumulated 445

By ages!—and I must be sire of such

things!

Thy beauty and thy love—my love and joy,  
The rapturous moment and the placid

hour,

All we love in our children and each other,  
But lead them and ourselves through many  
years 450

Of sin and pain—or few, but still of  
sorrow,

Intercheck'd with an instant of brief  
pleasure,

To Death—the unknown! Methinks the  
tree of knowledge

Hath not fulfil'd its promise:—if they  
sinn'd,

At least they ought to have known all  
things that are 455

Of knowledge—and the mystery of death.  
What do they know?—that they are

miserable.

What need of snakes and fruits to teach us  
that?

*Adah.* I am not wretched, Cain, and if  
thou

Wert happy—

*Cain.* Be thou happy, then,  
alone— 460

I will have nought to do with happiness,  
Which humbles me and mine.

*Adah.*

Alone I could not,  
Nor would be happy; but with those  
around us

I think I could be so, despite of death,  
Which, as I know it not, I dread not,

though 465

It seems an awful shadow—if I may

Judge from what I have heard.

*Lucifer.* And thou couldst not

Alone, thou say'st, be happy?

*Adah.*

Alone! Oh, my God!  
Who could be happy and alone, or good?

To me my solitude seems sin; unless 470

When I think how soon I shall see my  
brother,

His brother, and our children, and our  
parents.

*Lucifer.* Yet thy God is alone; and is  
he happy,

Lonely, and good?

*Adah.* He is not so; he hath 474

The angels and the mortals to make happy,  
And thus becomes so in diffusing joy.

What else can joy be, but the spreading  
joy?

*Lucifer.* Ask of your sire, the exile  
fresh from Eden;

Or of his first-born son: ask your own  
heart;

It is not tranquil.

# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT I

*Adah.* Alas! no! and you— 480  
 Are you of heaven?  
*Lucifer.* If I am not, inquire  
 The cause of this all-spreading happiness  
 (Which you proclaim) of the all-great and  
 good 483  
 Maker of life and living things; it is  
 His secret, and he keeps it. *We* must bear,  
 And some of us resist, and both in vain,  
 His seraphs say: but it is worth the trial,  
 Since better may not be without: there is  
 A wisdom in the spirit, which directs  
 To right, as in the dim blue air the eye  
 Of you, young mortals, lights at once upon  
 The star which watches, welcoming the  
 morn.  
*Adah.* It is a beautiful star; I love it for  
 Its beauty.  
*Lucifer.* And why not adore?  
*Adah.* Our father  
 Adores the Invisible only.  
*Lucifer.* But the symbols 495  
 Of the Invisible are the loveliest  
 Of what is visible; and yon bright star  
 Is leader of the host of heaven.  
*Adah.* Our father  
 Saith that he has beheld the God himself  
 Who made him and our mother.  
*Lucifer.* Hast thou seen him? 500  
*Adah.* Yes—in his works.  
*Lucifer.* But in his being?  
*Adah.* No—  
 Save in my father, who is God's own  
 image;  
 Or in his angels, who are like to thee—  
 And brighter, yet less beautiful and  
 powerful 504  
 In seeming: as the silent sunny noon,  
 All light, they look upon us; but thou  
 seem'st  
 Like an ethereal night, where long white  
 clouds  
 Streak the deep purple, and unnumber'd  
 stars  
 Spangle the wonderful mysterious vault  
 With things that look as if they would be  
 suns; 510  
 So beautiful, unnumber'd, and endearing,  
 Not dazzling, and yet drawing us to them,  
 They fill my eyes with tears, and so dost  
 thou.  
 Thou seem'st unhappy: do not make us so,  
 And I will weep for thee.  
*Lucifer.* Alas! those tears! 515  
 Couldst thou but know what oceans will  
 be shed—  
*Adah.* By me?  
*Lucifer.* By all.  
*Adah.* What all?  
*Lucifer.* The million millions—  
 The myriad myriads—the all-peopled  
 earth—  
 The unpeopled earth—and the o'er-  
 peopled hell,

Of which thy bosom is the germ.  
*Adah.* O Cain! 520  
 This spirit curseth us.  
*Cain.* Let him say on;  
 Him will I follow.  
*Adah.* Whither?  
*Lucifer.* To a place  
*Whence* he shall come back to thee in an  
 hour;  
 But in that hour see things of many days.  
*Adah.* How can that be? 524  
*Lucifer.* Did not your Maker make  
 Out of old worlds this new one in few days?  
 And cannot I, who aided in this work,  
 Show in an hour what he hath made in  
 many,  
 Or hath destroy'd in few?  
*Cain.* Lead on.  
*Adah.* Will he,  
 In sooth, return within an hour?  
*Lucifer.* He shall. 530  
 With us acts are exempt from time, and *we*  
 Can crowd eternity into an hour,  
 Or stretch an hour into eternity:  
 We breathe not by a mortal measure-  
 ment—  
 But that's a mystery. Cain, come on with  
 me. 535  
*Adah.* Will he return?  
*Lucifer.* Ay, woman! he alone  
 Of mortals from that place (the first and  
 last  
 Who shall return, save ONE), shall come  
 back to thee,  
 To make that silent and expectant world  
 As populous as this: at present there 540  
 Are few inhabitants.  
*Adah.* Where dwellest thou?  
*Lucifer.* Throughout all space. Where  
 should I dwell? Where are  
 Thy God or Gods—there am I: all things  
 are  
 Divided with me: life and death—and  
 time—  
 Eternity—and heaven and earth—and  
 that 545  
 Which is not heaven nor earth, but  
 peopled with  
 Those who once peopled or shall people  
 both—  
 These are my realms! So that I do divide  
*His*, and possess a kingdom which is not  
*His*. If I were not that which I have  
 said, 550  
 Could I stand here? His angels are within  
 Your vision.  
*Adah.* So they were when the fair  
 serpent  
 Spoke with our mother first.  
*Lucifer.* Cain! thou hast heard.  
 If thou dost long for knowledge, I can  
 satiate  
 That thirst; nor ask thee to partake of  
 fruits 555

Which shall deprive thee of a single good  
The conqueror has left thee. Follow me.

*Cain.* Spirit, I have said it.

[*Exeunt LUCIFER and CAIN.*]

*Adah* [follows exclaiming]. *Cain!* my brother! *Cain!*

## ACT II

SCENE I.—*The Abyss of Space.*

*Cain.* I tread on air, and sink not; yet  
I fear  
To sink.

*Lucifer.* Have faith in me, and thou  
shalt be

Borne on the air, of which I am the prince.

*Cain.* Can I do so without impiety?

*Lucifer.* Believe—and sink not!  
doubt—and perish! thus

Would run the edict of the other God,  
Who names me demon to his angels; they  
Echo the sound to miserable things,  
Which, knowing nought beyond their  
shallow senses,

Worship the word which strikes their ear,  
and deem

Evil or good what is proclaim'd to them  
In their abasement. I will have none such:  
Worship or worship not, thou shalt behold  
The worlds beyond thy little world, nor be  
Amerced for doubts beyond thy little life,  
With torture of my dooming. There will  
come

An hour, when, toss'd upon some water-  
drops,

A man shall say to a man, 'Believe in me,  
And walk the waters;' and the man shall  
walk

The billows and be safe. I will not say,  
Believe in me, as a conditional creed  
To save thee; but fly with me o'er the gulf  
Of space an equal flight, and I will show  
What thou dar'st not deny,—the history  
Of past, and present, and of future worlds.

*Cain.* Oh, god, or demon, or whate'er  
thou art,

Is yon our earth?

*Lucifer.* Dost thou not recognise  
The dust which form'd your father?

*Cain.* Can it be?  
Yon small blue circle, swinging in far  
ether,

With an inferior circlet near it still,  
Which looks like that which lit our earthly  
night?

Is this our Paradise? Where are its walls,  
And they who guard them?

*Lucifer.* Point me out the site  
Of Paradise.

*Cain.* How should I? As we move  
Like sunbeams onward, it grows small and  
smaller,

And as it waxes little, and then less,  
Gathers a halo round it, like the light

Which shone the roundest of the stars,  
when I

Beheld them from the skirts of Paradise:  
Methinks they both, as we recede from  
them,

Appear to join the innumerable stars  
Which are around us; and, as we move on,  
Increase their myriads.

*Lucifer.* And if there should be  
Worlds greater than thine own, inhabited  
By greater things, and they themselves far  
more

In number than the dust of thy dull earth,  
Though multiplied to animated atoms,  
All living, and all doom'd to death, and  
wretched,

What wouldst thou think?

*Cain.* I should be proud of thought  
Which knew such things.

*Lucifer.* But if that high thought were  
Link'd to a servile mass of matter, and,  
Knowing such things, aspiring to such  
things,

And science still beyond them, were  
chain'd down

To the most gross and petty paltry wants,  
All foul and fulsome, and the very best  
Of thine enjoyments a sweet degradation,  
A most enervating and filthy cheat  
To lure thee on to the renewal of  
Fresh souls and bodies, all foredoom'd to be  
As frail, and few so happy—

*Cain.* Spirit! I  
Know nought of death, save as a dreadful  
thing

Of which I have heard my parents speak,  
as of

A hideous heritage I owe to them  
No less than life; a heritage not happy,  
If I may judge, till now. But, spirit! if  
It be as thou hast said (and I within  
Feel the prophetic torture of its truth),  
Here let me die: for to give birth to those  
Who can but suffer many years, and die,  
Methinks is merely propagating death,  
And multiplying murder.

*Lucifer.* Thou canst not  
All die—there is what must survive.

*Cain.* The Other  
Spake not of this unto my father, when  
He shut him forth from Paradise, with  
death

Written upon his forehead. But at least  
Let what is mortal of me perish, that  
I may be in the rest as angels are.

*Lucifer.* I am angelic: wouldst thou be  
as I am?

*Cain.* I know not what thou art: I see  
thy power,

And see thou show'st me things beyond  
my power,

Beyond all power of my born faculties,  
Although inferior still to my desires  
And my conceptions.

# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT II

*Lucifer.* What are they which dwell  
So humbly in their pride, as to sojourn  
With worms in clay?

*Cain.* And what art thou who dwellest  
So haughtily in spirit, and canst range  
Nature and immortality—and yet 87  
Seem'st sorrowful?

*Lucifer.* I seem that which I am;  
And therefore do I ask of thee, if thou  
Wouldst be immortal?

*Cain.* Thou hast said, I must be 90  
Immortal in despite of me. I knew not  
This until lately—but since it must be,  
Let me, or happy or unhappy, learn  
To anticipate my immortality.

*Lucifer.* Thou didst before I came  
upon thee.

*Cain.* How? 95

*Lucifer.* By suffering.

*Cain.* And must torture be immortal?

*Lucifer.* We and thy sons will try.  
But now, behold!

Is it not glorious?

*Cain.* Oh, thou beautiful  
And unimaginable ether! and  
Ye multiplying masses of increased 100  
And still increasing lights! what are ye?  
what

Is this blue wilderness of interminable  
Air, where ye roll along, as I have seen  
The leaves along the limpid streams of  
Eden? 104

Is your course measured for ye? Or do ye  
Sweep on in your unbounded revelry  
Through an aerial universe of endless  
Expansion—at which my soul aches to  
think—

Intoxicated with eternity? 109  
Oh God! Oh Gods! or whatsoever ye are!  
How beautiful ye are! how beautiful  
Your works, or accidents, or whatsoever  
They may be! Let me die, as atoms die  
(If that they die), or know ye in your might  
And knowledge! My thoughts are not in  
this hour 115

Unworthy what I see, though my dust is;  
Spirit! let me expire, or see them nearer.

*Lucifer.* Art thou not nearer? look  
back to thine earth!

*Cain.* Where is it? I see nothing save a mass  
Of most innumerable lights.

*Lucifer.* Look there! 120

*Cain.* I cannot see it.

*Lucifer.* Yet it sparkles still.

*Cain.* That!—yonder!

*Lucifer.* Yea.

*Cain.* And wilt thou tell me so?  
Why, I have seen the fire-flies and fire-  
worms

Sprinkle the dusky groves and the green  
banks

In the dim twilight, brighter than yon  
world 125

Which bears them.

*Lucifer.* Thou hast seen both worms  
and worlds,

Each bright and sparkling—what dost  
think of them?

*Cain.* That they are beautiful in their  
own sphere,  
And that the night, which makes both  
beautiful,

The little shining fire-fly in its flight, 130  
And the immortal star in its great course,  
Must both be guided.

*Lucifer.* But by whom or what?

*Cain.* Show me.

*Lucifer.* Dar'st thou behold?

*Cain.* How know I what  
I dare behold? As yet, thou hast shown  
nought

I dare not gaze on further.

*Lucifer.* On, then, with me. 135  
Wouldst thou behold things mortal or  
immortal?

*Cain.* Why, what are things?

*Lucifer.* Both partly: but what doth  
Sit next thy heart?

*Cain.* The things I see.

*Lucifer.* But what  
Sate nearest it?

*Cain.* The things I have not seen,  
Nor ever shall—the mysteries of death.

*Lucifer.* What, if I show to thee things  
which have died, 141

As I have shown thee much which cannot  
die?

*Cain.* Do so.

*Lucifer.* Away, then! on our mighty  
wings.

*Cain.* Oh! how we cleave the blue!  
The stars fade from us!

The earth! where is my earth? Let me  
look on it, 145

For I was made of it.

*Lucifer.* 'Tis now beyond thee,  
Less, in the universe, than thou in it;  
Yet deem not that thou canst escape it;  
thou

Shalt soon return to earth, and all its dust:  
'Tis part of thy eternity, and mine. 150

*Cain.* Where dost thou lead me?

*Lucifer.* To what was before thee!  
The phantasm of the world; of which thy  
world

Is but the wreck.

*Cain.* What! is it not then new?

*Lucifer.* No more than life is; and that  
was ere thou 154

Or I were, or the things which seem to us  
Greater than either: many things will have  
No end; and some, which would pretend  
to have

Had no beginning, have had one as mean  
As thou; and mightier things have been  
extinct

To make way for much meaner than we  
can 160

## SCENE I]

## CAIN: A MYSTERY

Surmise; for *moments* only and the *space*  
Have been and must be all *unchangeable*.  
But changes make not death, except to  
clay;

But thou art clay—and canst but com-  
prehend

That which was clay, and such thou shalt  
behold. 165

*Cain*. Clay, spirit! what thou wilt, I  
can survey.

*Lucifer*. Away, then!

*Cain*. But the lights fade from me fast,  
And some till now grew larger as we  
approach'd,

And wore the look of worlds.

*Lucifer*. And such they are.

*Cain*. And Edens in them?

*Lucifer*. It may be.

*Cain*. And men? 170

*Lucifer*. Yea, or things higher?

*Cain*. Ay? and serpents too?

*Lucifer*. Wouldst thou have men with-  
out them? must no reptiles  
Breathe, save the erect ones?

*Cain*. How the lights recede!  
Where fly we?

*Lucifer*. To the world of phantoms,  
which 174

Are beings past, and shadows still to come.

*Cain*. But it grows dark, and dark—  
the stars are gone!

*Lucifer*. And yet thou seest.

*Cain*. 'Tis a fearful light!

No sun, no moon, no lights innumerable.

The very blue of the empurpled night

Fades to a dreary twilight, yet I see 180

Huge dusky masses; but unlike the worlds

We were approaching, which, begirt with  
light,

Seem'd full of life even when their  
atmosphere

Of light gave way, and show'd them taking  
shapes

Unequal, of deep valleys and vast moun-  
tains; 185

And some emitting sparks, and some dis-  
playing

Enormous liquid plains, and some begirt  
With luminous belts, and floating moons,

which took,

Like them, the features of fair earth:—  
instead,

All here seems dark and dreadful.

*Lucifer*. But distinct.  
Thou seekest to behold death, and dead  
things? 191

*Cain*. I seek it not; but as I know there  
are

Such, and that my sire's sin makes him and  
me,

And all that we inherit, liable  
To such, I would behold at once, what I

Must one day see perforce.

*Lucifer*. Behold!

*Cain*. 'Tis darkness. 196

*Lucifer*. And so it shall be ever; but  
we will

Unfold its gates!

*Cain*. Enormous vapours roll

Apart—what's this?

*Lucifer*. Enter!

*Cain*. Can I return?

*Lucifer*. Return! be sure: how else  
should death be peopled? 200

Its present realm is thin to what it will be  
Through thee and thine.

*Cain*. The clouds still open wide  
And wider, and make widening circles  
round us.

*Lucifer*. Advance!

*Cain*. And thou!

*Lucifer*. Fear not—without me thou  
Couldst not have gone beyond thy world.

On! on! 205

[*They disappear through the clouds.*]

## SCENE II.—Hades.

Enter LUCIFER and CAIN.

*Cain*. How silent and how vast are  
these dim worlds!

For they seem more than one, and yet  
more peopled

Than the huge brilliant luminous orbs  
which swung

So thickly in the upper air, that I  
Had deem'd them rather the bright  
populace 5

Of some all unimaginable Heaven,  
Than things to be inhabited themselves,

But that on drawing near them I beheld  
Their swelling into palpable immensity

Of matter, which seem'd made for life to  
dwell on, 10

Rather than life itself. But here, all is  
So shadowy, and so full of twilight, that

It speaks of a day past.

*Lucifer*. It is the realm  
Of death.—Wouldst have it present? 14

*Cain*. Till I know

That which it really is, I cannot answer.  
But if it be as I have heard my father

Deal out in his long homilies, 'tis a thing—  
Oh God! I dare not think on 't! Cursed be

He who invented life that leads to death!  
Or the dull mass of life, that, being life,

Could not retain, but needs must forfeit it—  
Even for the innocent!

*Lucifer*. Dost thou curse thy father?

*Cain*. Cursed he not me in giving me  
my birth?

Cursed he not me before my birth, in  
daring

To pluck the fruit forbidden?

*Lucifer*. Thou say'st well: 25  
The curse is mutual 'twixt thy sire and  
thee—

But for thy sons and brother?

# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT II

*Cain.* Let them share it  
With me, their sire and brother! What  
else is  
Bequeath'd to me? I leave them my  
inheritance.

Oh, ye interminable gloomy realms 30  
Of swimming shadows and enormous  
shapes,  
Some fully shown, some indistinct, and all  
Mighty and melancholy—what are ye?  
Live ye, or have ye lived?

*Lucifer.* Somewhat of both.

*Cain.* Then what is death?

*Lucifer.* What! Hath not he who  
made ye 35  
Said 'tis another life?

*Cain.* Till now he hath  
Said nothing, save that all shall die.

*Lucifer.* Perhaps  
He one day will unfold that further secret.

*Cain.* Happy the day!

*Lucifer.* Yes; happy! when unfolded,  
Through agonies unspeakable, and  
clogg'd 40

With agonies eternal, to innumerable  
Yet unborn myriads of unconscious  
atoms,

All to be animated for this only!

*Cain.* What are these mighty  
phantoms which I see  
Floating around me?—They wear not the  
form 45

Of the intelligences I have seen  
Round our regretted and unenter'd Eden,  
Nor wear the form of man as I have view'd  
it

In Adam's and in Abel's, and in mine,  
Nor in my sister-bride's, nor in my  
children's: 50

And yet they have an aspect, which,  
though not

Of men nor angels, looks like something  
which,

If not the last, rose higher than the first,  
Haughty, and high, and beautiful, and  
full

Of seeming strength, but of inexplicable  
Shape; for I never saw such. They bear  
not 56

The wing of seraph, nor the face of man,  
Nor form of mightiest brute, nor aught  
that is

Now breathing; mighty yet and beautiful  
As the most beautiful and mighty which  
Live, and yet so unlike them, that I scarce  
Can call them living.

*Lucifer.* Yet they lived.

*Cain.* Where?

*Lucifer.* Where  
Thou livest.

*Cain.* When?

*Lucifer.* On what thou callest earth  
They did inhabit.

*Cain.* Adam is the first.

*Lucifer.* Of thine, I grant thee—but too  
mean to be 65  
The last of these.

*Cain.* And what are they?

*Lucifer.* That which

Thou shalt be.

*Cain.* But what *were* they?

*Lucifer.* Living, high,  
Intelligent, good, great, and glorious  
things,

As much superior unto all thy sire, 69  
Adam, could e'er have been in Eden, as  
The sixty-thousandth generation shall be,  
In its dull damp degeneracy, to  
Thee and thy son;—and how weak they  
are, judge

By thy own flesh.

*Cain.* Ah me! and did *they* perish?

*Lucifer.* Yes, from their earth, as thou  
wilt fade from thine. 75

*Cain.* But was *mine* theirs?

*Lucifer.* It was.

*Cain.* But not as now.

It is too little and too lowly to  
Sustain such creatures.

*Lucifer.* True, it was more glorious.

*Cain.* And wherefore did it fall?

*Lucifer.* Ask him who fells.

*Cain.* But how?

*Lucifer.* By a most crushing and  
inexorable 80

Destruction and disorder of the elements,  
Which struck a world to chaos, as a chaos  
Subsiding has struck out a world: such  
things,

Though rare in time, are frequent in  
eternity.—

Pass on, and gaze upon the past.

*Cain.* 'Tis awful! 85

*Lucifer.* And true. Behold these  
phantoms! they were once

Material as thou art.

*Cain.* And must I be

Like them?

*Lucifer.* Let Him who made thee  
answer that.

I show thee what thy predecessors are,  
And what they *were* thou feeblest, in degree  
Inferior as thy petty feelings and 91  
Thy pettier portion of the immortal part  
Of high intelligence and earthly strength.  
What ye in common have with what they  
had

Is life, and what ye *shall* have—death: the  
rest 95

Of your poor attributes is such as suits  
Reptiles engender'd out of the subsiding  
Slime of a mighty universe, crush'd into  
A scarcely-yet shaped planet, peopled with  
Things whose enjoyment was to be in  
blindness— 100

A Paradise of Ignorance, from which  
Knowledge was barr'd as poison. But  
behold

What these superior beings are or were;  
Or, if it irk thee, turn thee back and till  
The earth, thy task—I'll waft thee there  
in safety. 105

*Cain.* No: I'll stay here.

*Lucifer.* How long?

*Cain.* For ever! Since  
I must one day return here from the earth,  
I rather would remain; I am sick of all  
That dust has shown me—let me dwell in  
shadows.

*Lucifer.* It cannot be: thou now  
beholdest as 110

A vision that which is reality.

To make thyself fit for this dwelling, thou  
Must pass through what the things thou  
see'st have pass'd—

The gates of death.

*Cain.* By what gate have we enter'd  
Even now?

*Lucifer.* By mine! But, plighted to  
return, 115

My spirit buoys thee up to bathe in  
regions

Where all is breathless save thyself. Gaze  
on;

But do not think to dwell here till thine  
hour

Is come.

*Cain.* And these, too; can they ne'er  
repass

To earth again?

*Lucifer.* Their earth is gone for ever—  
So changed by its convulsion, they would  
not 121

Be conscious to a single present spot  
Of its new scarcely harden'd surface—  
'twas—

Oh, what a beautiful world it was!

*Cain.* And is.

It is not with the earth, though I must till it,  
I feel at war, but that I may not profit 126

By what it bears of beautiful, untailing,  
Nor gratify my thousand swelling thoughts

With knowledge, nor allay my thousand  
fears

Of death and life.

*Lucifer.* What thy world is thou see'st,  
But canst not comprehend the shadow of  
That which it was.

*Cain.* And those enormous creatures,  
Phantoms inferior in intelligence 133  
(At least so seeming) to the things we have  
pass'd,

Resembling somewhat the wild habitants  
Of the deep woods of earth, the hugest  
which 136

Roar nightly in the forest, but ten-fold  
In magnitude and terror; taller than

The cherub-guarded walls of Eden, with  
Eyes flashing like the fiery swords which  
fence them, 140

And tusks projecting like the trees stripp'd  
of

Their bark and branches—what were they?

*Lucifer.* That which  
The Mammoth is in thy world;—but  
these lie

By myriads underneath its surface.

*Cain.* But

None on it?

*Lucifer.* No: for thy frail race to war  
With them would render the curse on it  
useless— 146

'Twould be destroy'd so early.

*Cain.* But why war?

*Lucifer.* You have forgotten the  
denunciation

Which drove your race from Eden—war  
with all things,

And death to all things, and disease to  
most things, 150

And pangs, and bitterness; these were the  
fruits

Of the forbidden tree.

*Cain.* But animals—

Did they, too, eat of it, that they must die?

*Lucifer.* Your Maker told ye, *they*  
were made for you,

As you for him.—You would not have  
their doom 155

Superior to your own? Had Adam not  
Fallen, all had stood.

*Cain.* Alas! the hopeless wretches!  
They too must share my sire's fate, like

his sons;

Like them, too, without having shared the  
apple;

Like them, too, without the so dear-  
bought *knowledge!* 160

It was a lying tree—for we know nothing.  
At least it *promised knowledge* at the *price*

Of death—but *knowledge* still: but what  
*knows* man?

*Lucifer.* It may be death leads to the  
*highest knowledge;*

And being of all things the sole thing  
certain, 165

At least leads to the *surest* science: there-  
fore

The tree was true, though deadly.

*Cain.* These dim realms!

I see them, but I know them not.

*Lucifer.* Because  
Thy hour is yet afar, and matter cannot

Comprehend spirit wholly—but 'tis some-  
thing 170

To know there are such realms.

*Cain.* We knew already

That there was death.

*Lucifer.* But not what was beyond it.

*Cain.* Nor know I now.

*Lucifer.* Thou knowest that there is  
A state, and many states beyond thine  
own—

And this thou knewest not this morn.

*Cain.* But all  
Seems dim and shadowy.



# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT II

*Lucifer.* Be content; it will 176  
Seem clearer to thine immortality.

*Cain.* And yon immeasurable liquid space

Of glorious azure, which floats on beyond us,  
Which looks like water, and which I  
should deem 180

The river which flows out of Paradise  
Past my own dwelling, but that it is bank-  
less

And boundless, and of an ethereal hue—  
What is it?

*Lucifer.* There is still some such on  
earth,

Although inferior, and thy children shall  
Dwell near it—'tis the phantasm of an  
ocean. 186

*Cain.* 'Tis like another world; a liquid  
sun—

And those inordinate creatures sporting  
o'er

Its shining surface?  
*Lucifer.* Are its inhabitants,

The past leviathans.  
*Cain.* And yon immense

Serpent, which rears his dripping mane  
and vasty 191

Head ten times higher than the haughtiest  
cedar

Forth from the abyss, looking as he could  
coil

Himself around the orbs we lately look'd  
on—

Is he not of the kind which bask'd beneath  
The tree in Eden?

*Lucifer.* Eve, thy mother, best 196  
Can tell what shape of serpent tempted her.

*Cain.* This seems too terrible. No  
doubt the other

Had more of beauty.  
*Lucifer.* Hast thou ne'er beheld him?

*Cain.* Many of the same kind (at least  
so call'd), 200

But never that precisely which persuaded  
The fatal fruit, nor even of the same aspect.

*Lucifer.* Your father saw him not?  
*Cain.* No: 'twas my mother

Who tempted him—she tempted by the  
serpent.

*Lucifer.* Good man! when'er thy wife,  
or thy sons' wives, 205

Tempt thee or them to aught that's new  
or strange,

Be sure thou see'st first who hath tempted  
them.

*Cain.* Thy precept comes too late:  
there is no more

For serpents to tempt woman to.  
*Lucifer.* But there

Are some things still which woman may  
tempt man to, 210

And man tempt woman:—let thy sons  
look to it!

My counsel is a kind one; for 'tis even

Given chiefly at my own expense; 'tis true,  
'Twill not be follow'd, so there's little lost.

*Cain.* I understand not this.  
*Lucifer.* The happier thou!—

Thy world and thou are still too young!  
Thou thinkest 216

Thyself most wicked and unhappy: is it  
Not so?

*Cain.* For crime, I know not; but for  
pain,

I have felt much.  
*Lucifer.* First-born of the first man!

Thy present state of sin, and thou art evil—  
Of sorrow, and thou sufferest—are both 221

Eden  
In all its innocence compared to what  
Thou shortly may'st be; and that state

again,  
In its redoubled wretchedness, a Paradise

To what thy sons' sons' sons, accumulating  
In generations like to dust (which they

In fact but add to), shall endure and do.—  
Now let us back to earth!

*Cain.* And wherefore didst thou  
Lead me here only to inform me this?

*Lucifer.* Was not thy quest for know-  
ledge?

*Cain.* Yes; as being 230  
The road to happiness.

*Lucifer.* If truth be so,  
Thou hast it.

*Cain.* Then my father's God did well  
When he prohibited the fatal tree.

*Lucifer.* But had done better in not  
planting it.

But ignorance of evil doth not save 235  
From evil; it must still roll on the same,  
A part of all things.

*Cain.* Not of all things. No:  
I'll not believe it—for I thirst for good.

*Lucifer.* And who and what doth not?  
*Who* covets evil

For its own bitter sake?—None—nothing!  
'tis 240

The haven of all life, and lifelessness.  
*Cain.* Within those glorious orbs

which we beheld,  
Distant, and dazzling, and innumerable,

Ere we came down into this phantom  
realm,

Ill cannot come: they are too beautiful.  
*Lucifer.* Thou hast seen them from

afar.  
*Cain.* And what of that? 246

Distance can but diminish glory—they,  
When nearer, must be more ineffable.

*Lucifer.* Approach the things of earth  
most beautiful,

And judge their beauty near.  
*Cain.* I have done this—

The loveliest thing I know is loveliest  
nearest. 251

*Lucifer.* Then there must be delusion.  
—What is that

Which being nearest to thine eyes is still  
More beautiful than beauteous things re-  
mote?

*Cain.* My sister Adah.—All the stars  
of heaven,  
The deep blue noon of night, lit by an orb  
Which looks a spirit, or a spirit's world—  
The hues of twilight—the sun's gorgeous  
coming—

His setting indescribable, which fills  
My eyes with pleasant tears as I behold  
Him sink, and feel my heart float softly  
with him 261

Along that western paradise of clouds,  
The forest shade, the green bough, the  
bird's voice—

The vesper bird's, which seems to sing of  
love,

And mingles with the song of cherubim,  
As the day closes over Eden's walls:—

All these are nothing, to my eyes and  
heart, 267

Like Adah's face: I turn from earth and  
heaven

To gaze on it.

*Lucifer.* 'Tis fair as frail mortality,  
In the first dawn and bloom of young  
creation, 270

And earliest embraces of earth's parents,  
Can make its offspring; still it is delusion.

*Cain.* You think so, being not her  
brother.

*Lucifer.* Mortal!  
My brotherhood's with those who have  
no children.

*Cain.* Then thou canst have no fellow-  
ship with us. 275

*Lucifer.* It may be that thine own shall  
be for me.

But if thou dost possess a beautiful  
Being beyond all beauty in thine eyes,

Why art thou wretched?

*Cain.* Why do I exist?

Why art thou wretched? why are all things  
so? 280

Even he who made us must be, as the  
maker

Of things unhappy! To produce destruc-  
tion

Can surely never be the task of joy,

And yet my sire says he's omnipotent:

Then why is evil—he being good? I ask'd

This question of my father; and he said,

Because this evil only was the path 287

To good. Strange good, that must arise  
from out

Its deadly opposite! I lately saw

A lamb stung by a reptile: the poor  
suckling 290

Lay foaming on the earth, beneath the  
vain

And piteous bleating of its restless dam;

My father pluck'd some herbs, and laid  
them to

The wound; and by degrees the helpless  
wretch

Resumed its careless life, and rose to  
drain 295

The mother's milk, who o'er it tremulous

Stood licking its reviving limbs with joy.

Behold, my son! said Adam, how from  
evil

Springs good!

*Lucifer.* What didst thou answer?

*Cain.* Nothing; for

He is my father: but I thought, that 'twere

A better portion for the animal 301

Never to have been *stung at all*, than to

Purchase renewal of its little life

With agonies unutterable, though

Dispell'd by antidotes.

*Lucifer.* But as thou saidst

Of all beloved things thou lovest her 306

Who shared thy mother's milk, and giveth

hers

Unto thy children—

*Cain.* Most assuredly:

What should I be without her?

*Lucifer.*

What am I?

*Cain.* Dost thou love nothing?

*Lucifer.* What does thy God love?

*Cain.* All things, my father says; but

I confess 311

I see it not in their allotment here.

*Lucifer.* And, therefore, thou canst  
not see if I love

Or no, except some vast and general  
purpose,

To which particular things must melt like  
snows. 315

*Cain.* Snows! what are they?

*Lucifer.* Be happier in not knowing  
What thy remoter offspring must en-  
counter;

But bask beneath the clime which knows  
no winter.

*Cain.* But dost thou not love some-  
thing like thyself? 319

*Lucifer.* And dost thou love *thyself*?

*Cain.* Yes, but love more

What makes my feelings more endurable,

And is more than myself, because I love it.

*Lucifer.* Thou lovest it, because 'tis  
beautiful,

As was the apple in thy mother's eye;

And when it ceases to be so, thy love

Will cease, like any other appetite. 326

*Cain.* Cease to be beautiful! how can

that be?

*Lucifer.* With time.

*Cain.* But time has pass'd, and  
hitherto

Even Adam and my mother both are fair:

Not fair like Adah and the seraphim—

But very fair.

*Lucifer.* All that must pass away 331

In them and her.

*Cain.* I'm sorry for it; but

# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT II

Cannot conceive my love for her the less:  
And when her beauty disappears, methinks 334

He who creates all beauty will lose more  
Than me in seeing perish such a work.

*Lucifer.* I pity thee who lovest what  
must perish.

*Cain.* And I thee who lov'st nothing.

*Lucifer.* And thy brother—  
Sits he not near thy heart?

*Cain.* Why should he not?

*Lucifer.* Thy father loves him well—  
so does thy God. 340

*Cain.* And so do I.

*Lucifer.* 'Tis well and meekly done.

*Cain.* Meekly!

*Lucifer.* He is the second born of flesh,  
And is his mother's favourite.

*Cain.* Let him keep  
Her favour, since the serpent was the first  
To win it.

*Lucifer.* And his father's?

*Cain.* What is that  
To me? should I not love that which all  
love? 346

*Lucifer.* And the Jehovah—the indulgent Lord,  
And bounteous planter of barr'd Paradise—  
He, too, looks smilingly on Abel.

*Cain.* I  
Ne'er saw him, and I know not if he smiles.

*Lucifer.* But you have seen his angels.

*Cain.* Rarely.

*Lucifer.* But 351  
Sufficiently to see they love your brother:  
His sacrifices are acceptable.

*Cain.* So be they! wherefore speak to  
me of this?

*Lucifer.* Because thou hast thought of  
this ere now.

*Cain.* And if 355  
I have thought, why recall a thought  
that—[he pauses, as agitated]—Spirit!  
Here we are in thy world; speak not of  
mine.

Thou hast shown me wonders: thou hast  
shown me those

Mighty pre-Adamites who walk'd the  
earth

Of which ours is the wreck: thou hast  
pointed out 360

Myriads of starry worlds, of which our  
own

Is the dim and remote companion, in  
Infinity of life: thou hast shown me  
shadows

Of that existence with the dreaded name  
Which my sire brought us—Death; thou  
hast shown me much— 365

But not all: show me where Jehovah  
dwells,

In his especial Paradise—or thine:  
Where is it?

*Lucifer.* Here, and o'er all space.

*Cain.* But ye  
Have some allotted dwelling—as all  
things;

Clay has its earth, and other worlds their  
tenants; 370

All temporary breathing creatures their  
Peculiar element; and things which have  
Long ceased to breathe our breath, have  
theirs, thou say'st;

And the Jehovah and thyself have thine—  
Ye do not dwell together?

*Lucifer.* No, we reign 375  
Together; but our dwellings are asunder.

*Cain.* Would there were only one of  
ye! perchance

An unity of purpose might make union  
In elements which seem now jarr'd in  
storms.

How came ye, being spirits, wise and  
infinite, 380

To separate? Are ye not as brethren in  
Your essence, and your nature, and your  
glory?

*Lucifer.* Art thou not Abel's brother?

*Cain.* We are brethren,  
And so we shall remain; but were it not so,  
Is spirit like to flesh? can it fall out?

Infinity with Immortality? 386

Jarring and turning space to misery—  
For what?

*Lucifer.* To reign.  
*Cain.* Did ye not tell me that

Ye are both eternal?

*Lucifer.* Yea!

*Cain.* And what I have seen,  
Yon blue immensity, is boundless?

*Lucifer.* Ay.  
*Cain.* And cannot ye both reign,  
then?—is there not 391

Enough?—why should ye differ?

*Lucifer.* We both reign.

*Cain.* But one of you makes evil.

*Lucifer.* Which?

*Cain.* Thou! for  
If thou canst do man good, why dost thou  
not?

*Lucifer.* And why not he who made?  
I made ye not; 395

Ye are his creatures, and not mine.

*Cain.* Then leave us  
His creatures, as thou say'st we are, or  
show me

Thy dwelling, or his dwelling.

*Lucifer.* I could show thee  
Both; but the time will come thou shalt  
see one

Of them for evermore.

*Cain.* And why not now?  
*Lucifer.* Thy human mind hath  
scarcely grasp to gather 401

The little I have shown thee into calm  
And clear thought; and thou wouldst go  
on aspiring

To the great double mysteries! the *two*  
*Principles!*

And gaze upon them on their secret  
thrones! 405

Dust! limit thy ambition; for to see  
Either of these would be for thee to perish!

*Cain.* And let me perish, so I see them!  
*Lucifer.* There

The son of her who snatch'd the apple  
spake!

But thou wouldst only perish, and not see  
them; 410

That sight is for the other state.  
*Cain.* Of death?

*Lucifer.* That is the prelude.

*Cain.* Then I dread it less,  
Now that I know it leads to something  
definite.

*Lucifer.* And now I will convey thee  
to thy world,

Where thou shalt multiply the race of  
Adam, 415

Eat, drink, toil, tremble, laugh, weep,  
sleep, and die.

*Cain.* And to what end have I beheld  
these things

Which thou hast shown me?

*Lucifer.* Didst thou not require  
Knowledge? And have I not, in what I  
show'd,

Taught thee to know thyself?

*Cain.* Alas! I seem  
Nothing.

*Lucifer.* And this should be the human  
sum 421

Of knowledge, to know mortal nature's  
nothingness;

Bequeath that science to thy children, and  
'Twill spare them many tortures.

*Cain.* Haughty spirit!  
Thou speak'st it proudly; but thyself,

though proud, 425  
Hast a superior.

*Lucifer.* No! by heaven, which He  
Holds, and the abyss, and the immensity  
Of worlds and life, which I hold with him  
—No!

I have a victor—true; but no superior.  
Homage he has from all—but none from  
me: 430

I battle it against him, as I battled  
In highest heaven. Through all eternity,

And the unfathomable gulfs of Hades,  
And the interminable realms of space,

And the infinity of endless ages, 435  
All, all, will I dispute! And world by

world,  
And star by star, and universe by universe,

Shall tremble in the balance, till the great  
Conflict shall cease, if ever it shall cease,

Which it ne'er shall, till he or I be  
quenched! 440

And what can quench our immortality,  
Or mutual and irrevocable hate?

He as a conqueror will call the conquer'd  
*Evil*; but what will be the *good* he gives?

Were I the victor, *his* works would be  
deem'd 445

The only evil ones. And you, ye new  
And scarce born mortals, what have been  
his gifts

To you already, in your little world?  
*Cain.* But few; and some of those but

bitter.

*Lucifer.* Back  
With me, then, to thine earth, and try the  
rest 450

Of his celestial boons to you and yours.  
Evil and good are things in their own

essence,  
And not made good or evil by the giver;

But if he gives you good—so call him; if  
Evil springs from *him*, do not name it *mine*,

Till ye know better its true fount; and  
judge 456

Not by words, though of spirits, but the  
fruits

Of your existence, such as it must be.  
*One good* gift has the fatal apple given—

Your *reason*:—let it not be over-sway'd  
By tyrannous threats to force you into

faith 461  
'Gainst all external sense and inward

feeling:

Think and endure,—and form an inner  
world

In your own bosom—where the outward  
fails;

So shall you nearer be the spiritual  
Nature, and war triumphant with your  
own. 466

[*They disappear.*]

## ACT III

SCENE I.—*The Earth, near Eden, as in Act I.*

*Enter CAIN and ADAH.*

*Adah.* Hush, tread softly, Cain.

*Cain.* I will; but wherefore?

*Adah.* Our little Enoch sleeps upon  
yon bed

Of leaves, beneath the cypress.  
*Cain.* Cypress! 'tis

A gloomy tree, which looks as if it  
mourn'd

O'er what it shadows; wherefore didst  
thou choose it 5

For our child's canopy?  
*Adah.* Because its branches

Shut out the sun like night, and therefore  
seem'd

Fitting to shadow slumber.  
*Cain.* Ay, the last—

And longest; but no matter—lead me to  
him. [*They go up to the child.*]

How lovely he appears! his little cheeks,  
In their pure incarnation, vying with 11

The rose leaves strewn beneath them.

# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT III

*Adah.* And his lips, too,  
How beautifully parted! No; you shall not  
Kiss him, at least not now; he will awake  
soon. 14

His hour of mid-day rest is nearly over;  
But it were pity to disturb him till  
'Tis closed.

*Cain.* You have said well; I will  
contain

My heart till then. He smiles, and  
sleeps!—Sleep on,

And smile, thou little, young inheritor  
Of a world scarce less young: sleep on, and  
smile! 20

Thine are the hours and days when both  
are cheering

And innocent! *thou* hast not pluck'd the  
fruit—

Thou know'st not thou art naked! Must  
the time

Come thou shalt be amerced for sins  
unknown,

Which were not thine nor mine? But now  
sleep on! 25

His cheeks are reddening into deeper  
smiles,

And shining lids are trembling o'er his long  
Lashes, dark as the cypress which waves  
o'er them;

Half open, from beneath them the clear blue  
Laughs out, although in slumber. He  
must dream— 30

Of what? Of Paradise!—Ay! dream of it,  
My disinherited boy! 'Tis but a dream;

For never more thyself, thy sons, nor  
fathers,

Shall walk in that forbidden place of joy!  
*Adah.* Dear Cain! Nay, do not  
whisper o'er our son 35

Such melancholy yearnings o'er the past:  
Why wilt thou always mourn for Paradise?

Can we not make another?

*Cain.* Where?

*Adah.* Here, or  
Where'er thou wilt: where'er thou art, I  
feel not

The want of this so much regretted Eden.  
Have I not thee, our boy, our sire, and  
brother, 41

And Zillah—our sweet sister, and our Eve,  
To whom we owe so much besides our  
birth?

*Cain.* Yes—death, too, is amongst the  
debts we owe her.

*Adah.* Cain! that proud spirit, who  
withdrew thee hence, 45

Hath sadden'd thine still deeper. I had  
hoped

The promised wonders which thou hast  
beheld,

Visions, thou say'st, of past and present  
worlds,

Would have composed thy mind into the  
calm

Of a contented knowledge; but I see 50  
Thy guide hath done thee evil: still I thank  
him,

And can forgive him all, that he so soon  
Hath given thee back to us.

*Cain.* So soon?

*Adah.* 'Tis scarcely  
Two hours since ye departed: two long  
hours

To me, but only *hours* upon the sun. 55

*Cain.* And yet I have approach'd that  
sun, and seen

Worlds which he once shone on, and never  
more

Shall light; and worlds he never lit: me-  
thought

Years had roll'd o'er my absence.

*Adah.* Hardly hours.

*Cain.* The mind then hath capacity of  
time, 60

And measures it by that which it beholds,  
Pleasing or painful; little or almighty.

I had beheld the immemorial works  
Of endless beings; skirr'd extinguish'd  
worlds;

And, gazing on eternity, methought 65  
I had borrow'd more by a few drops of ages  
From its immensity: but now I feel

My littleness again. Well said the spirit,  
That I was nothing!

*Adah.* Wherefore said he so?

Jehovah said not that.

*Cain.* No: he contents him 70  
With making us the *nothing* which we are;

And after flattering dust with glimpses of  
Eden and Immortality, resolves

It back to dust again—for what?

*Adah.* Thou know'st—  
Even for our parents' error.

*Cain.* What is that 75

To us? they sinn'd, then *let them* die!

*Adah.* Thou hast not spoken well, nor  
is that thought

Thy own, but of the spirit who was with  
thee.

Would I could die for them, so *they* might  
live!

*Cain.* Why, so say I—provided that  
one victim 80

Might satiate the insatiable of life,  
And that our little rosy sleeper there

Might never taste of death nor human  
sorrow,

Nor hand it down to those who spring  
from him.

*Adah.* How know we that some such  
atonement one day 85

May not redeem our race?

*Cain.* By sacrificing  
The harmless for the guilty? what atone-  
ment

Were there? why, *we* are innocent: what  
have we

Done, that we must be victims for a deed

Before our birth, or need have victims to  
Atone for this mysterious, nameless sin—  
If it be such a sin to seek for knowledge?

*Adah.* Alas! thou sinnest now, my

Cain: thy words

Sound impious in mine ears.

*Cain.* Then leave me!

*Adah.* Never,

Though thy God left thee.

*Cain.* Say, what have we here? 95

*Adah.* Two altars, which our brother  
Abel made

During thine absence, whereupon to offer  
A sacrifice to God on thy return.

*Cain.* And how knew *he*, that *I* would  
be so ready

With the burnt offerings, which he daily  
brings 100

With a meek brow, whose base humility  
Shows more of fear than worship, as a  
bribe

To the Creator?

*Adah.* Surely, 'tis well done.

*Cain.* One altar may suffice; *I* have no  
offering.

*Adah.* The fruits of the earth, the  
early, beautiful 105

Blossom and bud, and bloom of flowers  
and fruits;

These are a goodly offering to the Lord,  
Given with a gentle and a contrite spirit.

*Cain.* I have toil'd, and till'd, and  
sweaten in the sun,

According to the curse:—must I do more?  
For what should I be gentle? for a war

With all the elements ere they will yield  
The bread we eat? For what must I be  
grateful?

For being dust, and grovelling in the dust,  
Till I return to dust? If I am nothing—

For nothing shall I be an hypocrite, 116  
And seem well-pleased with pain? For  
what should I

Be contrite? for my father's sin, already  
Expiate with what we all have undergone,

And to be more than expiated by 120  
The ages prophesied, upon our seed.

Little deems our young blooming sleeper,  
there,

The germs of an eternal misery  
To myriads is within him! better 'twere

I snatch'd him in his sleep, and dash'd him  
'gainst 125

The rocks, than let him live to—

*Adah.* Oh, my God!

Touch not the child—my child! *thy* child!

Oh, *hail*!

*Cain.* Fear not! for all the stars, and  
all the power

Which sways them, I would not accost  
yon infant 129

With ruder greeting than a father's kiss.

*Adah.* Then, why so awful in thy  
speech?

*Cain.*

I said,

'Twere better that he ceased to live, than  
give

Life to so much of sorrow as he must  
Endure, and, harder still, bequeath; but  
since 134

That saying jars you, let us only say—  
'Twere better that he never had been born.

*Adah.* Oh, do not say so! Where were  
then the joys,

The mother's joys of watching, nourish-  
ing,

And loving him? Soft! he awakes. *Sweet*  
Enoch! [*She goes to the child.*]

Oh, Cain! look on him; sec how full of  
life, 140

Of strength, of bloom, of beauty, and of  
joy,

How like to me—how like to thee, when  
gentle,

For *then* we are *all* alike; is't not so, Cain?  
Mother, and sire, and son, our features are  
Reflected in each other; as they are 145

In the clear waters, when *they* are *gentle*,  
and

When *thou* art *gentle*. Love us, then, my  
Cain!

And love thyself for our sakes, for we love  
thee.

Look! how he laughs and stretches out  
his arms, 149

And opens wide his blue eyes upon thine,  
To hail his father; while his little form

Flutters as wing'd with joy. Talk not of  
pain!

The childless cherubs well might envy thee  
The pleasures of a parent! Bless him,  
Cain!

As yet he hath no words to thank thee,  
but 155

His heart will, and thine own too.

*Cain.* Bless thee, boy!

If that a mortal blessing may avail thee,  
To save thee from the serpent's curse!

*Adah.* It shall.

Surely a father's blessing may avert  
A reptile's subtlety.

*Cain.* Of that I doubt; 160

But bless him ne'er the less.

*Adah.* Our brother comes.

*Cain.* Thy brother Abel.

*Enter ABEL.*

*Abel.* Welcome, Cain! My brother,  
The peace of God be on thee!

*Cain.* Abel, hail!

*Abel.* Our sister tells me that thou hast  
been wandering,

In high communion with a spirit, far  
Beyond our wonted range. Was he of  
those 166

We have seen and spoken with, like to our  
father?

*Cain.* No.

# CAIN: A MYSTERY

[ACT III

*Abel.* Why then commune with him? he may be  
A foe to the Most High.  
*Cain.* And friend to man.  
Has the Most High been so—if so you  
term him? 170  
*Abel.* Term him! your words are  
strange to-day, my brother.  
My sister Adah, leave us for awhile—  
We mean to sacrifice.  
*Adah.* Farewell, my Cain;  
But first embrace thy son. May his soft  
spirit, 174  
And Abel's pious ministry, recall thee  
To peace and holiness!  
[Exit ADAH, with her child.  
*Abel.* Where hast thou been?  
*Cain.* I know not.  
*Abel.* Nor what thou hast seen?  
*Cain.* The dead,  
The immortal, the unbounded, the  
omnipotent,  
The overpowering mysteries of space—  
The innumerable worlds that were and  
are— 180  
A whirlwind of such overwhelming things,  
Suns, moons, and earths, upon their loud-  
voiced spheres  
Singing in thunder round me, as have  
made me  
Unfit for mortal converse: leave me, Abel.  
*Abel.* Thine eyes are flashing with un-  
natural light— 185  
Thy cheek is flush'd with an unnatural  
hue—  
Thy words are fraught with an unnatural  
sound—  
What may this mean?  
*Cain.* It means—I pray thee, leave  
me.  
*Abel.* Not till we have pray'd and  
sacrificed together.  
*Cain.* Abel, I pray thee, sacrifice  
alone— 190  
Jehovah loves thee well.  
*Abel.* Both well, I hope.  
*Cain.* But thee the better: I care not  
for that;  
Thou art fitter for his worship than I am;  
Revere him, then—but let it be alone—  
At least, without me.  
*Abel.* Brother, I should ill 195  
Deserve the name of our great father's  
son,  
If, as my elder, I revered thee not,  
And in the worship of our God, call'd not  
On thee to join me, and precede me in  
Our priesthood—'tis thy place.  
*Cain.* But I have ne'er 200  
Asserted it.  
*Abel.* The more my grief; I pray thee  
To do so now: thy soul seems labouring in  
Some strong delusion; it will calm thee.  
*Cain.* No;

Nothing can calm me more. *Calm!* say I?  
Never  
Knew I what calm was in the soul,  
although 205  
I have seen the elements still'd. My Abel,  
leave me!  
Or let me leave thee to thy pious purpose.  
*Abel.* Neither; we must perform our  
task together.  
Spurn me not.  
*Cain.* If it must be so—well, then,  
What shall I do?  
*Abel.* Choose one of those two  
altars. 210  
*Cain.* Choose for me: they to me are  
so much turf  
And stone.  
*Abel.* Choose thou!  
*Cain.* I have chosen.  
*Abel.* 'Tis the highest,  
And suits thee, as the elder. Now prepare  
Thine offerings.  
*Cain.* Where are thine?  
*Abel.* Behold them here—  
The firstlings of the flock, and fat thereof—  
A shepherd's humble offering.  
*Cain.* I have no flocks; 216  
I am a tiller of the ground, and must  
Yield what it yieldeth to my toil—its fruit:  
[*He gathers fruits.*  
Behold them in their various bloom and  
ripeness.  
[*They dress their altars, and kindle a  
flame upon them.*  
*Abel.* My brother, as the elder, offer  
first 220  
Thy prayer and thanksgiving with  
sacrifice.  
*Cain.* No—I am new to this; lead thou  
the way,  
And I will follow—as I may.  
*Abel* [*kneeling*]. Oh, God!  
Who made us, and who breathed the  
breath of life  
Within our nostrils, who hath blessed us,  
And spared, despite our father's sin, to  
make 226  
His children all lost, as they might have  
been,  
Had not thy justice been so temper'd with  
The mercy which is thy delight, as to  
Accord a pardon like a Paradise, 230  
Compared with our great crimes:—Sole  
Lord of light,  
Of good, and glory, and eternity!  
Without whom all were evil, and with  
whom  
Nothing can err, except to some good end  
Of thine omnipotent benevolence— 235  
Inscrutable, but still to be fulfill'd—  
Accept from out thy humble first of shep-  
herd's  
First of the first-born flocks—an offering,  
In itself nothing—as what offering can be

Aught unto thee?—but yet accept it for  
The thanksgiving of him who spreads it in  
The face of thy high heaven, bowing his  
own 242

Even to the dust, of which he is, in honour  
Of thee, and of thy name, for evermore!

*Cain [standing erect during this speech].*  
Spirit! whate'er or whosoe'er thou art,  
Omnipotent, it may be—and, if good,  
Shown in the exemption of thy deeds from  
evil; 247

Jehovah upon earth! and God in heaven!  
And it may be with other names, because  
Thine attributes seem many, as thy works:  
If thou must be propitiated with prayers,  
Take them! If thou must be induced with  
altars, 252

And soften'd with a sacrifice, receive  
them!

Two beings here erect them unto thee.  
If thou lov'st blood, the shepherd's shrine,  
which smokes 255

On my right hand, hath shed it for thy  
service

In the first of his flock, whose limbs now  
reek

In sanguinary incense to thy skies;  
Or if the sweet and blooming fruits of  
earth,

And milder seasons, which the unstain'd  
turf 260

I spread them on now offers in the face  
Of the broad sun which ripen'd them, may  
seem

Good to thee, inasmuch as they have not  
Suffer'd in limb or life, and rather form  
A sample of thy works, than supplication  
To look on ours! If a shrine without  
victim, 266

And altar without gore, may win thy  
favour,

Look on it! and for him who dresseth it,  
He is—such as thou mad'st him; and seeks  
nothing

Which must be won by kneeling: if he's  
evil, 270

Strike him! thou art omnipotent, and  
may'st—

For what can he oppose? If he be good,  
Strike him, or spare him, as thou wilt!  
since all

Rests upon thee; and good and evil seem  
To have no power themselves, save in thy  
will; 275

And whether that be good or ill I know  
not,

Not being omnipotent, nor fit to judge  
Omnipotence, but merely to endure  
Its mandate; which thus far I have  
endured.

[*The fire upon the altar of ABEL kindles  
into a column of the brightest flame,  
and ascends to heaven; while a whirl-  
wind throws down the altar of CAIN,*

*and scatters the fruits abroad upon the  
earth.*

*Abel [kneeling].* Oh, brother, pray!  
Jehovah's wroth with thee. 280

*Cain.* Why so?

*Abel.* Thy fruits are scatter'd  
on the earth.

*Cain.* From earth they came, to earth  
let them return;

Their seed will bear fresh fruit there ere  
the summer:

Thy burnt flesh-off'ring prospers better; see  
How heaven licks up the flames, when  
thick with blood! 285

*Abel.* Think not upon my offering's  
acceptance,

But make another of thine own before  
It is too late.

*Cain.* I will build no more altars,  
Nor suffer any—

*Abel [rising].* Cain! what meanest  
thou?

*Cain.* To cast down yon vile flatt'rer  
of the clouds, 290

The smoky harbinger of thy dull prayers—  
Thine altar, with its blood of lambs and  
kids,

Which fed on milk, to be destroy'd in  
blood.

*Abel [opposing him].* Thou shalt not:—  
add not impious works to impious

Words! let that altar stand—'tis hallow'd  
now 295

By the immortal pleasure of Jehovah,  
In his acceptance of the victims.

*Cain.* *His!*

*His pleasure!* what was his high pleasure in  
The fumes of scorching flesh and smoking  
blood,

To the pain of the bleating mothers,  
which 300

Still yearn for their dead offspring? or the  
pangs

Of the sad ignorant victims underneath  
Thy pious knife? Give way! this bloody  
record

Shall not stand in the sun, to shame  
creation!

*Abel.* Brother, give back! thou shalt  
not touch my altar 305

With violence: if that thou wilt adopt it,  
To try another sacrifice, 'tis thine.

*Cain.* Another sacrifice! Give way, or  
else

That sacrifice may be—

*Abel.* What mean'st thou?  
*Cain.* Give—

Give way!—thy God loves blood!—then  
look to it:— 310

Give way, ere he hath *more!*

*Abel.* In his great name,  
I stand between thee and the shrine which  
hath

Had his acceptance.



# CAIN : A MYSTERY

[ACT III

*Cain.* If thou lov'st thyself,  
Stand back till I have strew'd this turf  
along

Its native soil:—else—

*Abel* [opposing him]. I love God far  
more 315

Than life.

*Cain* [striking him with a brand, on the  
temples, which he snatches from the  
altar]. Then take thy life unto thy  
God,

Since he loves lives.

*Abel* [falls]. What hast thou done, my  
brother?

*Cain.* Brother!

*Abel.* Oh, God! receive thy servant,  
and

Forgive his slayer, for he knew not what  
He did—Cain, give me—give me thy  
hand; and tell 320

Poor Zillah—

*Cain* [after a moment's stupefaction]. My  
hand! 'tis all red, and with—

What?

[A long pause.—Looking slowly round.  
Where am I? alone! Where's Abel?  
where

*Cain*? Can it be that I am he? My brother,  
Awake!—why liest thou so on the green  
earth?

'Tis not the hour of slumber;—why so  
pale? 325

What hast thou!—thou wert full of life  
this morn!

*Abel*! I pray thee, mock me not! I smote  
Too fiercely, but not fatally. Ah, why  
Wouldst thou oppose me? This is  
mockery;

And only done to daunt me;—'twas a  
blow— 330

And but a blow. Stir—stir—nay, only  
stir!

Why, so—that's well!—thou breath'st!  
breathe upon me!

Oh, God! Oh, God!

*Abel* [very faintly]. What's he who  
speaks of God?

*Cain.* Thy murderer.

*Abel.* Then may God forgive him!

*Cain.* Comfort poor Zillah:—she has but one  
brother 335

Now. [ABEL dies.

*Cain.* And I none!—Who makes me  
brotherless?

His eyes are open! then he is not dead!  
Death is like sleep; and sleep shuts down  
our lids.

His lips, too, are apart; why then he  
breathes;

And yet I feel it not.—His heart!—his  
heart! 340

Let me see, doth it beat? methinks—  
No!—no!

This is a vision, else I am become  
The native of another and worse world.  
The earth swims round me:—what is  
this?—'tis wet; [*Puts his hand to his  
brow, and then looks at it.*

And yet there are no dew! 'Tis blood—  
my blood— 345

My brother's and my own! and shed by  
me!

Then what have I further to do with life,  
Since I have taken life from my own flesh?  
But he cannot be dead!—Is silence death?  
No; he will wake; then let me watch by  
him. 350

Life cannot be so slight, as to be quench'd  
Thus quickly!—he hath spoken to me  
since—

What shall I say to him?—My brother!—  
No:

He will not answer to that name; for  
brethren

Smite not each other. Yet—yet—speak  
to me. 355

Oh! for a word more of that gentle voice,  
That I may bear to hear my own again!

*Enter ZILLAH.*

*Zillah.* I heard a heavy sound; what  
can it be?

'Tis Cain; and watching by my husband.  
What

Dost thou there, brother? Doth he sleep?  
Oh, heaven! 360

What means this paleness, and yon  
stream?—No, no!

It is not blood; for who would shed his  
blood?

*Abel*! what's this?—who hath done this?  
He moves not;

He breathes not: and his hands drop down  
from mine 364

With stony lifelessness! Ah! cruel Cain!  
Why cam'st thou not in time to save him  
from

This violence? Whatever hath assail'd  
him,

Thou wert the stronger, and shouldst have  
stepp'd in

Between him and aggression! Father!—  
Eve!— 369

*Adah*!—come hither! Death is in the  
world!

[Exit ZILLAH, calling on her Parents,  
&c.

*Cain* [solus]. And who hath brought  
him there?—I—who abhor

The name of Death so deeply, that the  
thought

Empoison'd all my life, before I knew  
His aspect—I have led him here, and given

My brother to his cold and still embrace,  
As if he would not have asserted his 376

Inexorable claim without my aid.  
I am awake at last—a dreary dream

Had madden'd me;—but *he* shall ne'er awake!

*Enter ADAM, EVE, ADAH, and ZILLAH.*

*Adam.* A voice of woe from Zillah brings me here.— 380

What do I see?—'Tis true!—My son!—my son!

Woman, behold the serpent's work, and thine! [To EVE.]

*Eve.* Oh! speak not of it now: the serpent's fangs  
Are in my heart. My best beloved, Abel!  
Jehovah! this is punishment beyond 385  
A mother's sin, to take *him* from me!

*Adam.* Who,  
Or what hath done this deed?—speak,  
Cain, since thou  
Wert present; was it some more hostile  
angel,

Who walks not with Jehovah? or some wild  
Brute of the forest?

*Eve.* Ah! a livid light 390  
Breaks through, as from a thunder-cloud!  
yon brand

Massy and bloody! snatch'd from off the altar,

And black with smoke, and red with—

*Adam.* Speak, my son!  
Speak, and assure us, wretched as we are,  
That we are not more miserable still. 395

*Adah.* Speak, Cain! and say it was not *thou*!

*Eve.* It was.  
I see it now—he hangs his guilty head,  
And covers his ferocious eye with hands  
Incarnadine.

*Adah.* Mother, thou dost him wrong— 399

Cain! clear thee from this horrible accusal,  
Which grief wrings from our parent.

*Eve.* Hear, Jehovah!  
May the eternal serpent's curse be on him!  
For he was fitter for his seed than ours.

May all his days be desolate! May—

*Adah.* Hold!  
Curse him not, mother, for he is thy son—  
Curse him not, mother, for he is my  
brother, 406

And my betroth'd.

*Eve.* He hath left thee no brother—  
Zillah no husband—me *no son*! for thus  
I curse him from my sight for evermore!

All bonds I break between us as he broke  
That of his nature, in yon—Oh death!  
death! 411

Why didst thou not take *me*, who first  
incurr'd thee?

Why dost thou not so now?

*Adam.* Eve! let not this,  
Thy natural grief, lead to impiety!

A heavy doom was long forespoken to us;  
And now that it begins, let it be borne

In such sort as may show our God that we  
Are faithful servants to his holy will.

*Eve* [pointing to Cain]. *His will!* the will  
of yon incarnate spirit

Of death, whom I have brought upon the  
earth 420

To strew it with the dead. May all the  
curses

Of life be on him! and his agonies  
Drive him forth o'er the wilderness, like us

From Eden, till his children do by him  
As he did by his brother! May the swords

And wings of fiery cherubim pursue him  
By day and night—snakes spring up in his  
path— 427

Earth's fruits be ashes in his mouth—the  
leaves

On which he lays his head to sleep be  
strew'd

With scorpions! May his dreams be of his  
victim! 430

His waking a continual dread of death!  
May the clear rivers turn to blood as he

Stoops down to stain them with his raging  
lip!

May every element shun or change to him!  
May he live in the pangs which others die  
with! 435

And death itself wax something worse  
than death

To him who first acquainted him with man!  
Hence, fratricide! henceforth that word is  
Cain,

Through all the coming myriads of man-  
kind,

Who shall abhor thee, though thou wert  
their sire! 440

May the grass wither from thy feet! the  
woods

Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust  
A grave! the sun his light! and heaven her  
God! [Exit EVE.]

*Adam.* Cain! get thee forth: we dwell  
no more together. 444

Depart! and leave the dead to me—I am  
Henceforth alone—we never must meet  
more.

*Adah.* Oh, part not with him thus, my  
father: do not

Add thy deep curse to Eve's upon his  
head!

*Adam.* I curse him not: his spirit be his  
curse.

Come, Zillah!  
Zillah. I must watch my husband's  
corse. 450

*Adam.* We will return again, when he  
is gone

Who hath provided for us this dread office.  
Come, Zillah!

Zillah. Yet one kiss on yon pale clay,  
And those lips once so warm—my heart!  
my heart!

[Exit ADAM and ZILLAH, weeping.]

*Adah.* Cain! thou hast heard, we must go forth. I am ready, 455  
So shall our children be. I will bear

Enoch,  
And you his sister. Ere the sun declines  
Let us depart, nor walk the wilderness  
Under the cloud of night.—Nay, speak to me,

To me—*thine own.*

*Cain.* Leave me!

*Adah.* Why, all have left thee. 460

*Cain.* And wherefore lingerest thou?

Dost thou not fear

To dwell with one who hath done this?

*Adah.* I fear

Nothing except to leave thee, much as I  
Shrink from the deed which leaves thee  
brotherless.

I must not speak of this—it is between  
thee 466

And the great God.

*A Voice from within exclaims, Cain! Cain!*

*Adah.* Hear'st thou that voice?

*The Voice within.* Cain! Cain!

*Adah.* It soundeth like an angel's tone.

*Enter the ANGEL of the Lord.*

*Angel.* Where is thy brother Abel?

*Cain.* Am I then

My brother's keeper?

*Angel.* Cain! what hast thou done?

The voice of thy slain brother's blood cries  
out, 470

Even from the ground, unto the Lord!—

Now art thou

Cursed from the earth, which open'd late  
her mouth

To drink thy brother's blood from thy rash  
hand.

Henceforth, when thou shalt till the  
ground, it shall not

Yield thee her strength; a fugitive shalt  
thou 475

Be from this day, and vagabond on earth!

*Adah.* This punishment is more than  
he can bear.

Behold, thou driv'st him from the face of  
earth,

And from the face of God shall he be hid.  
A fugitive and vagabond on earth, 480

'Twill come to pass, that whoso findeth him  
Shall slay him.

*Cain.* Would they could! but who  
are they

Shall slay me? Where are these on the lone  
earth

As yet unpeopled?

*Angel.* Thou hast slain thy brother,  
And who shall warrant thee against thy  
son? 485

*Adah.* Angel of Light! be merciful,  
nor say

That this poor aching breast now  
nourishes

A murderer in my boy, and of his father.

*Angel.* Then he would but be what his  
father is. 489

Did not the milk of Eve give nutriment  
To him thou now see'st so besmear'd with  
blood?

The fratricide might well engender parricides.—

But it shall not be so—the Lord thy God  
And mine commandeth me to set his seal  
On Cain, so that he may go forth in safety.  
Who slayeth Cain, a sevenfold vengeance  
shall 496

Be taken on his head. Come hither!

*Cain.* What

Wouldst thou with me?

*Angel.* To mark upon thy brow  
Exemption from such deeds as thou hast  
done.

*Cain.* No, let me die!

*Angel.* It must not be.

[*The ANGEL sets the mark on CAIN's brow.*

*Cain.* It burns 500

My brow, but nought to that which is with-  
in it.

Is there more? let me meet it as I may.

*Angel.* Stern hast thou been and stub-  
born from the womb,

As the ground thou must henceforth till;  
but he

Thou slew'st was gentle as the flocks he  
tended. 505

*Cain.* After the fall too soon was I be-  
gotten;

Ere yet my mother's mind subsided from  
The serpent, and my sire still mourn'd for  
Eden.

That which I am, I am; I did not seek 510  
For life, nor did I make myself; but could I  
With my own death redeem him from the  
dust—

And why not so? let him return to day,  
And I lie ghastly! so shall be restored

By God the life to him he loved; and  
taken

From me a being I ne'er loved to bear.

*Angel.* Who shall heal murder? what  
is done, is done;

Go forth! fulfil thy days! and be thy deeds  
Unlike the last! [*The ANGEL disappears.*

*Adah.* He's gone, let us go forth;  
I hear our little Enoch cry within

Our bower.

*Cain.* Ah! little knows he what he  
weeps for! 520

And I who have shed blood cannot shed  
tears!

But the four rivers would not cleanse my  
soul.

Think'st thou my boy will bear to look on  
me?

*Adah.* If I thought that he would not, I  
would—

*Cain [interrupting her].* No,

No more of threats: we have had too many  
of them: 525

Go to our children; I will follow thee.  
*Adah.* I will not leave thee lonely with  
the dead;

Let us depart together.

*Cain.* Oh! thou dead  
And everlasting witness! whose unsinking  
Blood darkens earth and heaven! what  
thou now art 530

I know not! but if *thou* see'st what *I* am,  
I think thou wilt forgive him, whom his  
God

Can ne'er forgive, nor his own soul.—  
Farewell!

I must not, dare not touch what I have  
made thee.

I, who sprung from the same womb with  
thee, drain'd 535

The same breast, clasp'd thee often to my  
own,

In fondness brotherly and boyish, I  
Can never meet thee more, nor even dare  
To do that for thee, which thou shouldst  
have done

For me—compose thy limbs into their  
grave— 540

The first grave yet dug for mortality.  
But who hath dug that grave? Oh, earth!

Oh, earth!  
For all the fruits thou hast render'd to  
me, I

Give thee back this. Now for the wilder-  
ness.

[*ADAH stoops down and kisses the body  
of ABEL.*

*Adah.* A dreary, and an early doom,  
my brother, 545

Has been thy lot! Of all who mourn for  
thee,

I alone must not weep. My office is  
Henceforth to dry up tears, and not to shed  
them;

But yet of all who mourn, none mourn like  
me,

Not only for thyself, but him who slew  
thee. 550

Now, *Cain!* I will divide thy burden with  
thee.

*Cain.* Eastward from Eden will we  
take our way;

'Tis the most desolate, and suits my steps.

*Adah.* Lead! thou shalt be my guide,  
and may our God

Be thine! Now let us carry forth our  
children. 555

*Cain.* And *he* who lieth there was  
childless. I

Have dried the fountain of a gentle race,  
Which might have graced his recent mari-  
riage couch,

And might have temper'd this stern blood  
of mine,

Uniting with our children *Abel's* offspring!  
O *Abel!* 561

*Adah.* Peace be with him!

*Cain.* But with *me!*—  
[*Exeunt.*

## HEAVEN AND EARTH

### A MYSTERY

FOUNDED ON THE FOLLOWING PASSAGE IN GENESIS, CHAP. VI. : 'AND IT CAME TO  
PASS . . . THAT THE SONS OF GOD SAW THE DAUGHTERS OF MEN THAT THEY WERE  
FAIR; AND THEY TOOK THEM WIVES OF ALL WHICH THEY CHOSE.'

'And woman walling for her demon lover.'—COLERIDGE.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

##### ANGELS

SAMIASA.  
AZAZIEL.  
RAPHAEL, THE ARCHANGEL.

##### MEN

NOAH AND HIS SONS.  
IRAD.  
JAPHET.

##### WOMEN

ANAH.  
AHOLIBAMAH.

*Chorus of Spirits of the Earth.*

*Chorus of Mortals.*

### PART I

SCENE I.—*A woody and mountainous dis-  
trict near Mount Ararat. Time, Midnight.*

*Enter ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH.*

*Anah.* Our father sleeps: it is the hour  
when they

Who love us are accustom'd to descend  
Through the deep clouds o'er rocky  
Ararat:—

How my heart beats!

*Aho.* Let us proceed upon

Our invocation.

*Anah.* But the stars are hidden.

I tremble. 6

*Aho.* So do I, but not with fear

Of aught save their delay.

*Anah.*

I love *Azazel* more than—oh, too much!

What was I going to say? my heart grows  
impious.

*Aho.* And where is the impiety of loving  
Celestial natures? 10

# HEAVEN AND EARTH

[PART I

*Anah.* But, Aholibamah,  
I love our God less since his angel loved  
me;

This cannot be of good; and though I  
know not

That I do wrong, I feel a thousand fears  
Which are not ominous of right.

*Aho.* Then wed thee 15  
Unto some son of clay, and toil and spin!  
There's Japhet loves thee well, hath loved  
thee long:

Marry, and bring forth dust!

*Anah.* I should have loved  
Azazel not less were he mortal; yet 19  
I am glad he is not. I cannot outlive him.  
And when I think that his immortal wings  
Will one day hover o'er the sepulchre  
Of the poor child of clay which so adored  
him,

As he adores the Highest, death becomes  
Less terrible; but yet I pity him: 25

His grief will be of ages, or at least  
Mine would be such for him, were I the

seraph,  
And he the perishable.

*Aho.* Rather say,  
That he will single forth some other  
daughter

Of earth, and love her as he once loved  
*Anah.* 30

*Anah.* And if it should be so, and she  
loved him,

Better thus than that he should weep for  
me.

*Aho.* If I thought thus of Samiasa's  
love,

All Seraph as he is, I'd spurn him from  
me.

But to our invocation!—"Tis the hour. 35  
*Anah.* Seraph!

From thy sphere!

Whatever star contain thy glory;

In the eternal depths of heaven  
Albeit thou watchest with 'the  
seven,' 40

Though through space infinite and  
hoary

Before thy bright wings worlds be  
driven,

Yet hear!

Oh! think of her who holds thee dear!

And though she nothing is to thee,

Yet think that thou art all to her. 46

Thou canst not tell,—and never be  
Such pangs decreed to aught save  
me,—

The bitterness of tears.

Eternity is in thine years, 50

Unborn, undying beauty in thine eyes;

With me thou canst not sympathise;

Except in love, and there thou must

Acknowledge that more loving  
dust

Ne'er wept beneath the skies. 55

Thou walk'st thy many worlds, thou  
see'st

The face of him who made thee  
great,

As he hath made me of the least  
Of those cast out from Eden's gate;

Yet, Seraph dear! 60  
Oh hear!

For thou hast loved me, and I would  
not die

Until I know what I must die in  
knowing,

That thou forgett'st in thine eternity  
Her whose heart death could not

keep from o'erflowing 65

For thee, immortal essence as thou  
art!

Great is their love who love in sin  
and fear;

And such, I feel, are waging in my  
heart

A war unworthy: to an Adamite  
Forgive, my Seraph! that such

thoughts appear, 70  
For sorrow is our element;

Delight

An Eden kept afar from sight,  
Though sometimes with our visions

blend.

The hour is near 75  
Which tells me we are not abandon'd  
quite.—

Appear! Appear!

Seraph!

My own Azazel! be but here,  
And leave the stars to their own light.

*Aho.* Samiasa! 81

Wheresoe'er

Thou rulest in the upper air—  
Or warring with the spirits who may

dare

Dispute with him 85

Who made all empires, empire; or recall-  
ing

Some wandering star, which shoots  
through the abyss,

Whose tenants dying, while their world  
is falling,

Share the dim destiny of clay in this;  
Or joining with the inferior cherubim,

Thou deignest to partake their hymn—  
Samiasa!

I call thee, I await thee, and I love thee.  
Many may worship thee, that will I not:

If that thy spirit down to mine may move  
thee 95

Descend and share my lot!

Though I be form'd of clay,

And thou of beams

More bright than those of day

On Eden's streams, 100

Thine immortality cannot repay

With love more warm than mine

My love. There is a ray

In me, which, though forbidden yet to shine,  
 I feel was lighted at thy God's and thine.  
 It may be hidden long: death and decay  
 Our mother Eve bequeath'd us—but  
 my heart  
 Defies it: though this life must pass away,  
 Is *that* a cause for thee and me to part?  
 Thou art immortal—so am I: I feel—  
 I feel my immortality o'ersweep  
 All pains, all tears, all time, all fears, and  
 peal,  
 Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
 Into my ears this truth—'Thou liv'st for  
 ever!'

But if it be in joy  
 I know not, nor would know;  
 That secret rests with the Almighty giver,  
 Who folds in clouds the founts of bliss  
 and woe.

But thee and me he never can destroy;  
 Change us he may, but not o'erwhelm;  
 we are  
 Of as eternal essence, and must war  
 With him if he will war with us: with *thee*  
 I can share all things, even immortal  
 sorrow;

For thou hast ventured to share life with  
*me*,  
 And shall I shrink from thine eternity?  
 No! though the serpent's sting should  
 pierce me thorough,  
 And thou thyself wert like the serpent,  
 coil

Around me still! and I will smile,  
 And curse thee not; but hold  
 Thee in as warm a fold  
 As—but descend, and prove  
 A mortal's love

For an immortal. If the skies contain  
 More joy than thou canst give and take,  
 remain!

*Anah.* Sister! sister! I view them wing-  
 ing

Their bright way through the parted night.  
*Aho.* The clouds from off their pinions  
 flinging,

As though they bore to-morrow's light.  
*Anah.* But if our father see the sight!  
*Aho.* He would but deem it was the  
 moon

Rising unto some sorcerer's tune  
 An hour too soon.

*Anah.* They come! *he* comes!—  
 Azazi!l!

*Aho.* Haste  
 To meet them! Oh! for wings to bear  
 My spirit, while they hover there,  
 To Samiasa's breast!

*Anah.* Lo! they have kindled all the  
 west,

Like a returning sunset;—lo!  
 On Ararat's late secret crest  
 A mild and many-colour'd bow,

The remnant of their flashing path,  
 Now shines! and now, behold! it hath  
 Return'd to night, as rippling foam,  
 Which the leviathan hath lash'd

From his unfathomable home,  
 When sporting on the face of the calm  
 deep,

Subsides soon after he again hath dash'd  
 Down, down, to where the ocean's  
 fountains sleep.

*Aho.* They have touch'd earth! Samiasa!  
*Anah.* My Azazi!l!

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II

*Enter IRAD and JAPHET.*

*Irada.* Despond not: wherefore wilt  
 thou wander thus

To add thy silence to the silent night,  
 And lift thy tearful eye unto the stars?  
 They cannot aid thee.

*Japh.* But they soothe me—now  
 Perhaps she looks upon them as I look.  
 Methinks a being that is beautiful  
 Becometh more so as it looks on beauty,  
 The eternal beauty of undying things.

Oh, *Anah!*  
*Irada.* But she loves thee not.

*Japh.* Alas!  
*Irada.* And proud Aholibamah spurns  
 me also.

*Japh.* I feel for thee too.

*Irada.* Let her keep her pride,  
 Mine hath enabled me to bear her scorn;  
 It may be, time too will avenge it.

*Japh.* Canst thou  
 Find joy in such a thought?

*Irada.* Nor joy nor sorrow.  
 I loved her well, I would have loved her  
 better,

Had love been met with love: as 'tis, I  
 leave her

To brighter destinies, if so she deems them.  
*Japh.* What destinies?

*Irada.* I have some cause to think  
 She loves another.

*Japh.* *Anah!*  
*Irada.* No; her sister.

*Japh.* What other?  
*Irada.* That I know not; but her air,

If not her words, tells me she loves  
 another.

*Japh.* Ay, but not *Anah*: she but  
 loves her God.

*Irada.* What'er she loveth, so she loves  
 thee not,

What can it profit thee?  
*Japh.* True, nothing; but

I love,  
*Irada.* And so did I.

*Japh.* And now thou lov'st not,  
 Or think'st thou lov'st not, art thou  
 happier?

*Irak.* Yes. Such is the sullen or the fitful state  
*Japh.* I pity thee. Of my mind overworn. The earth's grown  
*Irak.* Me! why? wicked, 65  
*Japh.* For being happy, And many signs and portents have  
Deprived of that which makes my proclaim'd  
misery. A change at hand, and an o'erwhelming  
*Irak.* I take thy taunt as part of thy doom  
distemper, To perishable beings. Oh, my Anah!  
And would not feel as thou dost for more When the dread hour denounced shall  
shekels open wide 30  
Than all our father's herds would bring, The fountains of the deep, how mightest  
if weigh'd thou 70  
Against the metal of the sons of Cain— Have lain within this bosom, folded from  
The yellow dust they try to barter with us, The elements; this bosom, which in vain  
As if such useless and discolour'd trash, Hath beat for thee, and then will beat more  
The refuse of the earth, could be received vainly,  
For milk, and wool, and flesh, and fruits, While thine—Oh, God! at least remit to  
and all her 36  
Our flocks and wilderness afford.—Go, Thy wrath! for she is pure amidst the  
Japhet, failing 75  
Sigh to the stars, as wolves howl to the As a star in the clouds, which cannot  
moon— quench,  
I must back to my rest. Although they obscure it for an hour. My  
*Japh.* And so would I Anah!  
If I could rest. How would I have adored thee, but thou  
*Irak.* Thou wilt not to our tents then? wouldst not;  
*Japh.* No, Irak; I will to the cavern, And still would I redeem thee—see thee  
whose live 41  
Mouth they say opens from the internal When ocean is earth's grave, and, un-  
world opposed 80  
To let the inner spirits of the earth By rock or shallow, the leviathan,  
Forth when they walk its surface. Lord of the shoreless sea and watery  
*Irak.* Wherefore so? world,  
What wouldst thou there? Shall wonder at his boundlessness of  
*Japh.* Soothe further my sad spirit 45 realm. [Exit JAPHET.  
With gloom as sad: it is a hopeless spot, Enter NOAH and SHEM.  
And I am hopeless.  
*Irak.* But 'tis dangerous;  
Strange sounds and sights have peopled it  
with terrors.  
I must go with thee.  
*Japh.* Irak, no; believe me  
I feel no evil thought, and fear no evil.  
*Irak.* But evil things will be thy foe  
the more 51  
As not being of them: turn thy steps aside,  
Or let mine be with thine.  
*Japh.* No, neither, Irak;  
I must proceed alone.  
*Irak.* Then peace be with thee! [Exit IRAD.  
*Japh. [solus].* Peace! I have sought it  
where it should be found, 55  
In love—with love, too, which perhaps  
deserved it;  
And, in its stead, a heaviness of heart,  
A weakness of the spirit, listless days,  
And nights inexorable to sweet sleep,  
Have come upon me. Peace! what peace?  
the calm 60  
Of desolation, and the stillness of  
The untrodden forest, only broken by  
The sweeping tempest through its groan-  
ing boughs;

*Shem.* Go not forward, father:  
I will seek Japhet.

*Noah.* Do not fear for me:  
All evil things are powerless on the man  
Selected by Jehovah.—Let us on.

*Shem.* To the tents of the father of the  
sisters?

*Noah.* No; to the cavern of the  
Caucasus.

[*Exeunt NOAH and SHEM.*]

SCENE III.—*The mountains.—A cavern,  
and the rocks of Caucasus.*

*Japh.* [*solus*]. Ye wilds, that look  
eternal; and thou cave,  
Which seem'st unfathomable; and ye  
mountains,

So varied and so terrible in beauty;  
Here, in your rugged majesty of rocks  
And toppling trees that twine their roots  
with stone

In perpendicular places, where the foot  
Of man would tremble, could he reach  
them—yes,

Ye look eternal! Yet, in a few days,  
Perhaps even hours, ye will be changed,  
rent, hurl'd

Before the mass of waters; and yon cave,  
Which seems to lead into a lower world,  
Shall have its depths search'd by the  
sweeping wave,

And dolphins gambol in the lion's den!  
And man—Oh, men! my fellow-beings!

Who  
Shall weep above your universal grave,  
Save I? Who shall be left to weep? My  
kinsmen,

Alas! what am I better than ye are,  
That I must live beyond ye? Where shall be  
The pleasant places where I thought of  
Anah

While I had hope? or the more savage  
haunts,  
Scarce less beloved, where I despair'd for  
her?

And can it be!—Shall yon exulting peak,  
Whose glittering top is like a distant star,  
Lie low beneath the boiling of the deep?  
No more to have the morning sun break  
forth,

And scatter back the mists in floating folds  
From its tremendous brow? no more to  
have

Day's broad orb drop behind its head at  
even,

Leaving it with a crown of many hues?  
No more to be the beacon of the world,  
For angels to alight on, as the spot  
Nearest the stars? And can those words  
'no more'

Be meant for thee, for all things, save for us,  
And the predestined creeping things  
reserved

By my sire to Jehovah's bidding? May

*He preserve them, and I not have the power  
To snatch the loveliest of earth's daughters  
from*

A doom which even some serpent, with  
his mate,

Shall 'scape to save his kind to be pro-  
long'd,

To hiss and sting through some emerging  
world,

Reeking and dank from out the slime,  
whose ooze

Shall slumber o'er the wreck of this, until  
The salt morass subside into a sphere

Beneath the sun, and be the monument,  
'The sole and undistinguish'd sepulchre,

Of yet quick myriads of all life? How  
much

Breath will be still'd at once! All-  
beauteous world!

So young, so mark'd out for destruction, I  
With a cleft heart look on thee day by day,

And night by night, thy number'd days  
and nights.

I cannot save thee, cannot save even her  
Whose love had made me love thee more;  
but as

A portion of thy dust, I cannot think  
Upon thy coming doom without a feeling  
Such as—Oh God! and canst thou—

[*He pauses.*]

[*A rushing sound from the cavern is  
heard, and shouts of laughter—after-  
wards a Spirit passes.*]

*Japh.* In the name  
Of the Most High, what art thou?

*Spirit* [*laughs*]. Ha! ha! ha!

*Japh.* By all that earth holds holiest,  
speak!

*Spirit* [*laughs*]. Ha! ha! ha!

*Japh.* By the approaching deluge! by  
the earth

Which will be strangled by the ocean! by  
The deep which will lay open all her foun-  
tains!

The heaven which will convert her clouds  
to seas,

And the Omnipotent who makes and  
crushes!

Thou unknown, terrible, and indistinct,  
Yet awful Thing of Shadows, speak to me!

Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?  
*Spirit.* Why weep'st thou? 65

*Japh.* For earth and all her children.

*Spirit.* Ha! ha! ha!

[*Spirit vanishes.*]

*Japh.* How the fiend mocks the  
tortures of a world,

The coming desolation of an orb,  
On which the sun shall rise and warm no  
life!

How the earth sleeps! and all that in it is  
Sleep too upon the very eve of death! 71

Why should they wake to meet it? What  
are here,



# HEAVEN AND EARTH

[PART I

Which look like death in life, and speak  
like things  
Born ere this dying world? They come like  
clouds!

[Various Spirits pass from the cavern.  
Spirit. Rejoice! 75

The abhorred race  
Which could not keep in Eden their high  
place,

But listen'd to the voice  
Of knowledge without power,  
Are nigh the hour 80  
Of death!

Not slow, not single, not by sword, nor  
sorrow,

Nor years, nor heart-break, nor Time's  
sapping motion,  
Shall they drop off. Behold their last to-  
morrow!

Earth shall be ocean! 85  
And no breath,

Save of the winds, be on the unbounded  
wave!

Angels shall tire their wings, but find no  
spot:

Not even a rock from out the liquid grave  
Shall lift its point to save, 90

Or show the place where strong Despair  
hath died,

After long looking o'er the ocean wide  
For the expected ebb which cometh not:

All shall be void,  
Destroy'd! 95

Another element shall be the lord  
Of life, and the abhorr'd

Children of dust be quench'd; and of each  
hue

Of earth nought left but the unbroken blue;  
And of the variegated mountain 100

Shall nought remain  
Unchanged, or of the level plain;

Cedar and pine shall lift their tops in  
vain:

All merged within the universal foun-  
tain,

Man, earth, and fire, shall die, 105  
And sea and sky

Look vast and lifeless in the eternal eye.  
Upon the foam

Who shall erect a home?  
Juph. [coming forward]. My sire! 110

Earth's seed shall not expire;  
Only the evil shall be put away

From day.  
Avaunt! ye exulting demons of the

waste:  
Who howl your hideous joy 115

When God destroys whom you dare not  
destroy;

Hence! haste!  
Back to your inner caves!

Until the waves  
Shall search you in your secret place, 121

And drive your sullen race

Forth, to be roll'd upon the tossing winds,  
In restless wretchedness along all  
space!

Spirit. Son of the saved! 124  
When thou and thine have braved

The wide and warring element;  
When the great barrier of the deep is rent,

Shall thou and thine be good or happy?—  
No!

Thy new world and new race shall be of  
woe—

Less goodly in their aspect, in their  
years 130

Less than the glorious giants, who  
Yet walk the world in pride,

The Sons of Heaven by many a mortal  
bride.

Thine shall be nothing of the past, save  
tears.

And art thou not ashamed 135  
Thus to survive,

And eat, and drink, and wive?  
With a base heart so far subdued and

tamed,  
As even to hear this wide destruction

named,  
Without such grief and courage, as should 140

rather  
Bid thee await the world-dissolving wave,

Than seek a shelter with thy favour'd  
father,

And build thy city o'er the drown'd  
earth's grave?

Who would outlive their kind,  
Except the base and blind? 145

Mine  
Hateth thine

As of a different order in the sphere,  
But not our own.

There is not one who hath not left a  
throne 150

Vacant in heaven to dwell in darkness  
here,

Rather than see his mates endure alone.  
Go, wretch! and give

A life like thine to other wretches—live!  
And when the annihilating waters roar

Above what they have done,  
Envy the giant patriarchs then no more,

And scorn thy sire as the surviving one!  
Thyself for being his son!

Chorus of Spirits issuing from the cavern.  
Rejoice! 160

No more the human voice  
Shall vex our joys in middle air

With prayer;  
No more

Shall they adore; 165  
And we, who ne'er for ages have adored

The prayer-exacting Lord,  
To whom the omission of a sacrifice

Is vice;  
We, we shall view the deep's salt sources

pour'd 170

Until one element shall do the work

Of all in chaos; until they,

The creatures proud of their poor clay,  
Shall perish, and their bleached bones  
shall lurk

In caves, in dens, in clefts of mountains,  
where <sup>175</sup>

The deep shall follow to their latest lair;  
Where even the brutes, in their despair,  
Shall cease to prey on man and on each  
other,

And the striped tiger shall lie down to die  
Beside the lamb, as though he were his  
brother; <sup>180</sup>

Till all things shall be as they were,  
Silent and uncreated, save the sky:

While a brief truce

Is made with Death, who shall forbear  
The little remnant of the past creation,

To generate new nations for his use;  
This remnant, floating o'er the undulation

Of the subsiding deluge, from its slime,  
When the hot sun hath baked the reeking  
soil

Into a world, shall give again to Time  
New beings—years, diseases, sorrow,  
crime— <sup>191</sup>

With all companionship of hate and toil,  
Until—

*Japh.* [interrupting them]. The eternal  
Will

Shall deign to expound this dream  
Of good and evil; and redeem <sup>195</sup>

Unto himself all times, all things;

And, gather'd under his almighty  
wings,

Abolish hell!

And to the expiated Earth

Restore the beauty of her birth, <sup>200</sup>

Her Eden in an endless paradise,

Where man no more can fall as once  
he fell,

And even the very demons shall do  
well!

*Spirits.* And when shall take effect this  
wondrous spell?

*Japh.* When the Redeemer cometh;  
first in pain, <sup>205</sup>

And then in glory.

*Spirit.* Meantime still struggle in the  
mortal chain,

Till Earth wax hoary:

War with yourselves, and hell, and heaven,  
in vain,

Until the clouds look gory <sup>210</sup>

With the blood reeking from each battle-  
plain;

New times, new climes, new arts, new  
men; but still,

The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest  
ill,

Shall be amongst your race in different  
forms;

But the same moral storms <sup>215</sup>

Shall oversweep the future, as the waves  
In a few hours the glorious giants' graves.

*Chorus of Spirits.*

Brethren, rejoice!

Mortal, farewell! <sup>219</sup>

Hark! hark! already we can hear the voice

Of growing ocean's gloomy swell;

The winds, too, plume their piercing  
wings;

The clouds have nearly fill'd their  
springs;

The fountains of the great deep shall be  
broken,

And heaven set wide her windows;  
while mankind <sup>225</sup>

View, unacknowledged, each tremendous  
token—

Still, as they were from the beginning,  
blind.

We hear the sound they cannot hear,

The mustering thunders of the threat-  
ening sphere;

Yet a few hours their coming is  
delay'd; <sup>230</sup>

Their flashing banners, folded still on  
high,

Yet undisplay'd,

Save to the Spirit's all-pervading eye.

How! how! oh Earth!

Thy death is nearer than thy recent birth;

Tremble, ye mountains, soon to shrink  
below <sup>236</sup>

The ocean's overflow!

The wave shall break upon your cliffs;  
and shells,

The little shells, of ocean's least things be

Deposed where now the eagle's offspring  
dwells— <sup>240</sup>

How shall he shriek o'er the remorseless  
sea!

And call his nestlings up with fruitless yell,  
Unanswer'd, save by the encroaching  
swell;—

While man shall long in vain for his broad  
wings,

The wings which could not save:—

Where could he rest them, while the whole  
space brings <sup>246</sup>

Nought to his eye beyond the deep, his  
grave?

Brethren, rejoice!

And loudly lift each superhuman voice—  
All die, <sup>250</sup>

Save the slight remnant of Seth's seed—  
The seed of Seth,

Exempt for future sorrow's sake from  
death,

But of the sons of Cain

None shall remain; <sup>255</sup>

And all his goodly daughters

Must lie beneath the desolating waters;  
Or, floating upward, with their long hair laid

Along the wave, the cruel heaven upbraid,

Which would not spare 260  
 Beings even in death so fair.  
 It is decreed,  
 All die!  
 And to the universal human cry  
 The universal silence shall succeed! 265  
 Fly, brethren, fly!  
 But still rejoice!  
 We fell!  
 They fall!  
 So perish all 270  
 These petty foes of Heaven who shrink  
 from hell!  
*[The Spirits disappear, soaring upwards.*  
*Japh. [solus].* God hath proclaim'd  
 the destiny of earth;  
 My father's ark of safety hath announced it;  
 The very demons shriek it from their  
 caves;  
 The scroll of Enoch prophesied it long  
 In silent books, which, in their silence,  
 say 276  
 More to the mind than thunder to the ear:  
 And yet men listen'd not, nor listen; but  
 Walk dorkling to their doom; which,  
 though so nigh,  
 Shakes them no more in their dim dis-  
 belief, 280  
 Than their last cries shall shake the  
 Almighty purpose,  
 Or deaf obedient ocean, which fulfils it.  
 No sign yet hangs its banner in the air;  
 The clouds are few, and of their wonted  
 texture; 284  
 The sun will rise upon the earth's last day  
 As on the fourth day of creation, when  
 God said unto him, 'Shine!' and he broke  
 forth  
 Into the dawn, which lighted not the yet  
 Unform'd forefather of mankind—but  
 roused  
 Before the human orison the earlier 290  
 Made and far sweeter voices of the birds,  
 Which in the open firmament of heaven  
 Have wings like angels, and like them  
 salute  
 Heaven first each day before the Adam-  
 ites:  
 Their matins now draw nigh—the east is  
 kindling— 295  
 And they will sing! and day will break!  
 Both near,  
 So near the awful close! For these must  
 drop  
 Their outworn pinions on the deep; and  
 day,  
 After the bright course of a few brief  
 morrows,—  
 Ay, day will rise; but upon what?—a  
 chaos, 300  
 Which was ere day; and which, renew'd,  
 makes time  
 Nothing! for, without life, what are the  
 hours?

No more to dust than is eternity  
 Unto Jehovah, who created both.  
 Without him, even eternity would be  
 A void: without man, time, as made for  
 man, 306  
 Dies with man, and is swallow'd in that  
 deep  
 Which has no fountain; as his race will be  
 Devour'd by that which drowns his infant  
 world.—  
 What have we here? Shapes of both earth  
 and air? 310  
 No—all of heaven, they are so beautiful.  
 I cannot trace their features; but their  
 forms,  
 How lovely they move along the side  
 Of the grey mountain, scattering its mist!  
 And after the swart savage spirits, whose  
 Infernal immortality pour'd forth 316  
 Their impious hymn of triumph, they shall  
 be  
 Welcome as Eden. It may be they come  
 To tell me the reprieve of our young  
 world,  
 For which I have so often pray'd—They  
 come! 320  
 Anah! oh, God! and with her—

*Enter SAMIASA, AZAZIEL, ANAH, and*  
*AHOLIBAMAH.*  
*Anah.* Japhet!  
*Sam.* Lo!  
 A son of Adam!  
*Aza.* What doth the earth-  
 born here,  
 While all his race are slumbering?  
*Japh.* Angel! what  
 Dost thou on earth when thou shouldst be  
 on high?  
*Aza.* Know'st thou not, or forgett'st  
 thou, that a part 325  
 Of our great function is to guard thine  
 earth?  
*Japh.* But all good angels have for-  
 saken earth,  
 Which is condemn'd; nay, even the evil fly  
 The approaching chaos. Anah! Anah! my  
 In vain, and long, and still to be, beloved!  
 Why walk'st thou with this spirit, in those  
 hours 331  
 When no good spirit longer lights below?  
*Anah.* Japhet, I cannot answer thee;  
 yet, yet  
 Forgive me—  
*Japh.* May the Heaven, which soon no  
 more  
 Will pardon, do so! for thou art greatly  
 tempted. 335  
*Aho.* Back to thy tents, insulting son  
 of Noah!  
 We know thee not.  
*Japh.* The hour may come when thou  
 May'st know me better; and thy sister  
 know

Me still the same which I have ever been.

*Sam.* Son of the patriarch, who hath ever been <sup>340</sup>

Upright before his God, whate'er thy gifts,  
And thy words seem of sorrow, mix'd with  
wrath,

How have Azazel, or myself, brought on  
thee

Wrong?

*Japh.* Wrong! the greatest of all  
wrongs; but thou

Say'st well; though she be dust, I did not,  
could not, <sup>345</sup>

Deserve her. Farewell, Anah! I have said  
That word so often! but now say it, ne'er

To be repeated. Angel! or whate'er  
Thou art, or must be soon, hast thou the

power <sup>349</sup>

To save this beautiful—these beautiful  
Children of Cain?

*Aza.* From what?

*Japh.* And is it so,  
That ye too know not? Angels! angels! ye

Have shared man's sin, and, it may be,  
now must

Partake his punishment; or, at the least,  
My sorrow.

*Sam.* Sorrow! I ne'er thought till  
now <sup>355</sup>

To hear an Adamite speak riddles to me.  
*Japh.* And hath not the Most High

expounded them?  
Then ye are lost, as they are lost.

*Aho.* So be it!  
If they love as they are loved, they will not

shrink  
More to be mortal, than I would to dare

An immortality of agonies <sup>361</sup>  
With Samiasa!

*Anah.* Sister! sister! speak not  
Thus.

*Aza.* Fearest thou, my Anah?

*Anah.* Yes, for thee:  
I would resign the greater remnant of

This little life of mine, before one hour  
Of thine eternity should know a pang.

*Japh.* It is for *him*, then! for the seraph  
thou

Hast left me! That is nothing, if thou hast  
not

Left thy God too! for unions like to these,  
Between a mortal and an immortal, can-

not <sup>370</sup>

Be happy or be hallow'd. We are sent  
Upon the earth to toil and die; and they

Are made to minister on high unto  
The Highest: but if he can *save* thee, soon

The hour will come in which celestial aid  
Alone can do so.

*Anah.* Ah! he speaks of death.

*Sam.* Of death to *us*! and those who  
are with us!

But that the man seems full of sorrow, I  
Could smile.

*Japh.* I grieve not for myself, nor fear;  
I am safe, not for my own deserts, but  
those <sup>380</sup>

Of a well-doing sire, who hath been found  
Righteous enough to save his children.

Would  
His power was greater of redemption! or

That by exchanging my own life for hers,  
Who could alone have made mine happy,

she, <sup>385</sup>

The last and loveliest of Cain's race, could  
share

The ark which shall receive a remnant of  
The seed of Seth!

*Aho.* And dost thou think that we,  
With Cain's, the eldest born of Adam's,

blood

Warm in our veins,—strong Cain! who  
was begotten <sup>390</sup>

In Paradise,—would mingle with Seth's  
children?

Seth, the last offspring of old Adam's  
dotage?

No, not to save all earth, were earth in  
peril!

Our race hath always dwelt apart from thine  
From the beginning, and shall do so ever.

*Japh.* I did not speak to thee, Aholi-  
bamah! <sup>396</sup>

Too much of the forefather whom thou  
vauntest

Has come down in that haughty blood  
which springs

From him who shed the first, and that a  
brother's! <sup>399</sup>

But thou, my Anah! let me call thee mine,  
Albeit thou art not; 'tis a word I cannot

Part with, although I must from thee. My  
Anah!

Thou who dost rather make me dream that  
Abel

Had left a daughter, whose pure pious race  
Survived in thee, so much unlike thou art

The rest of the stern Cainites, save in  
beauty, <sup>406</sup>

For all of them are fairest in their favour—  
*Aho.* [interrupting him]. And wouldst

thou have her like our father's foe  
In mind, in soul? If I partook thy thought,

And dream'd that aught of *Abel* was in  
her!— <sup>410</sup>

Get thee hence, son of Noah; thou makest  
strife.

*Japh.* Offspring of Cain, thy father did  
so!

*Aho.* But

He slew not Seth; and what hast thou to do  
With other deeds between his God and

him?

*Japh.* Thou speakest well: his God  
hath judg'd him, and <sup>415</sup>

I had not nam'd his deed, but that thyself  
Didst seem to glory in him, nor to shrink

From what he had done.

*Aho.* He was our fathers' father;  
The eldest born of man, the strongest,  
bravest,  
And most enduring:—Shall I blush for  
him<sup>420</sup>  
From whom we had our being? Look  
upon  
Our race; behold their stature and their  
beauty,  
Their courage, strength, and length of  
days—

*Japh.* They are number'd.  
*Aho.* Be it so! but while yet their hours  
endure,

I glory in my brethren and our fathers.  
*Japh.* My sire and race but glory in  
their God,<sup>426</sup>  
Anah! and thou?—

*Anah.* Whate'er our God decrees,  
The God of Seth, as Cain, I must obey,  
And will endeavour patiently to obey.  
But could I dare to pray in his dread hour  
Of universal vengeance (if such should be),  
It would not be to live, alone exempt  
Of all my house. My sister! oh, my sister!  
What were the world, or other worlds, or  
all

The brightest future, without the sweet  
past—<sup>435</sup>

Thy love, my father's, all the life, and all  
The things which sprang up with me, like  
the stars,

Making my dim existence radiant with  
Soft lights which were not mine? Aholi-  
bamah!

Oh! if there should be mercy—seek it,  
find it:<sup>440</sup>

I abhor death, because that thou must die.

*Aho.* What, hath this dreamer, with  
his father's ark,  
The bugbear he hath built to scare the  
world,

Shaken my sister? Are we not the loved  
Of seraphs? and if we were not, must we  
Cling to a son of Noah for our lives? <sup>446</sup>  
Rather than thus—But the enthusiast  
dreams

The worst of dreams, the fantasies  
engender'd

By hopeless love and heated vigils. Who  
Shall shake these solid mountains, this  
firm earth,<sup>450</sup>

And bid those clouds and waters take a  
shape

Distinct from that which we and all our  
sires

Have seen them wear on their eternal way?  
Who shall do this?

*Japh.* He whose one word produced  
them.

*Aho.* Who heard that word?

*Japh.* The universe, which leap'd  
To life before it. Ah! smilest thou still in  
scorn?<sup>456</sup>

Turn to thy seraphs: if they attest it not,  
They are none.

*Sam.* Aholibamah, own thy God!

*Aho.* I have ever hail'd our Maker,  
Samiasa,  
As thine, and mine: a God of love, not  
sorrow.<sup>460</sup>

*Japh.* Alas! what else is love but  
sorrow? Even

He who made earth in love had soon to  
grieve

Above its first and best inhabitants.

*Aho.* 'Tis said so.

*Japh.* It is even so.

Enter NOAH and SHEM.

*Noah.* Japhet! What  
Dost thou here with these children of the  
wicked?<sup>465</sup>

Dread'st thou not to partake their coming  
doom?

*Japh.* Father, it cannot be a sin to seek  
To save an earth-born being; and behold,  
These are not of the sinful, since they have  
The fellowship of angels.

*Noah.* These are they, then, <sup>470</sup>  
Who leave the throne of God, to take  
them wives

From out the race of Cain; the sons of  
heaven,

Who seek earth's daughters for their  
beauty?

*Aza.* Patriarch!

Thou hast said it.

*Noah.* Woe, woe, woe to such com-  
munion!

Has not God made a barrier between  
earth<sup>475</sup>

And heaven, and limited each, kind to kind?  
*Sam.* Was not man made in high

Jehovah's image?

Did God not love what he had made?  
And what

Do we but imitate and emulate

His love unto created love?

*Noah.* I am <sup>480</sup>  
But man, and was not made to judge man-  
kind,

Far less the sons of God; but as our God  
Has design'd to commune with me, and  
reveal

His judgments, I reply, that the descent  
Of seraphs from their everlasting seat

Unto a perishable and perishing, <sup>486</sup>  
Even on the very eve of perishing, world,  
Cannot be good.

*Aza.* What! though it were  
to save?

*Noah.* Not ye in all your glory can  
redeem

What he who made you glorious hath con-  
demn'd.<sup>490</sup>

Were your immortal mission safety,  
'twould

## SCENE III]

## HEAVEN AND EARTH

Be general, not for two, though beautiful;  
And beautiful they are, but not the less  
Condemn'd.

*Japh.* Oh, father! say it not.

*Noah.* Son! son!  
If that thou wouldst avoid their doom,  
forget  
That they exist: they soon shall cease to be,  
While thou shalt be the sire of a new  
world,  
And better.

*Japh.* Let me die with *this*, and  
*them!*

*Noah.* Thou *shouldst* for such a  
thought, but shalt not; he  
Who *can*, redeems thee.

*Sam.* And why him and thee, 500  
More than what he, thy son, prefers to  
both?

*Noah.* Ask him who made thee greater  
than myself

And mine, but not less subject to his own  
Almightiness. And lo! his mildest and  
Least to be tempted messenger appears!

*Enter RAPHAEL the Archangel.*

*Raph.* Spirits!

Whose seat is near the throne,  
What do ye here?

Is thus a seraph's duty to be shown

Now that the hour is near 510

When earth must be alone?

Return!

Adore and burn

In glorious homage with the elected  
'seven.'

Your place is heaven. 515

*Sam.* Raphael!

The first and fairest of the sons of God,

How long hath this been law,

That earth by angels must be left untrod?

Earth! which oft saw 520

Jehovah's footsteps not disdain her sod!

The world he loved, and made

For love; and oft have we obey'd

His frequent mission with delighted  
pinions:

Adoring him in his least works dis-  
play'd; 525

Watching this youngest star of his  
dominions;

And, as the latest birth of his great word,

Eager to keep it worthy of our Lord.

Why is thy brow severe?

And wherefore speak'st thou of destruc-  
tion near? 530

*Raph.* Had Samiasa and Azazel been

In their true place, with the angelic choir,

Written in fire

They would have seen

Jehovah's late decree, 535

And not inquired their Maker's breath of  
me:

But ignorance must ever be

A part of sin;

And even the spirits' knowledge shall  
grow less

As they wax proud within; 540

For Blindness is the first-born of Excess.

When all good angels left the world, ye  
stay'd,

Stung with strange passions, and debased

By mortal feelings for a mortal maid:

But ye are pardon'd thus far, and  
replaced 545

With your pure equals. Hence! away!  
away!

Or stay,

And lose eternity by that delay!

*Aza.\** And thou! if earth be thus for-  
bidden

In the decree 550

To us until this moment hidden,

Dost thou not err as we

In being here?

*Raph.* I came to call ye back to your  
nt sphere,

In the great name and at the word of  
God. 555

Dear, dearest in themselves, and scarce  
less dear

That which I came to do: till now we trod  
Together the eternal space; together

Let us still walk the stars. True, earth  
must die!

Her race, return'd into her womb, must  
wither, 560

And much which she inherits: but oh!  
why

Cannot this earth be made, or be  
destroy'd,

Without involving ever some vast void

In the immortal ranks? immortal still

In their immeasurable forfeiture. 565

Our brother Satan fell; his burning will

Rather than longer worship dared  
endure!

But ye who still are pure!

Seraphs! less mighty than that mightiest  
one,

Think how he was undone! 570

And think if tempting man can com-  
pensate

For heaven desired too late?

Long have I war'd,

Long must I war

With him who deem'd it hard 575

To be created, and to acknowledge

him

Who midst the cherubim

Made him as suns to a dependent star,

Leaving the archangels at his right hand  
dim.

I loved him—beautiful he was: oh,  
heaven 580

Saye *his* who made, what beauty and what  
power

Was ever like to Satan's! Would the hour

In which he fell could ever be forgiven!  
The wish is impious: but, oh ye!

Yet undestroy'd, be warn'd! Eternity

With him, or with his God, is in your  
choice: 586

He hath not tempted you; he cannot tempt  
The angels, from his further snares  
exempt:

But man hath listen'd to his voice,  
And ye to woman's—beautiful she is,  
The serpent's voice less subtle than her  
kiss. 591

The snake but vanquish'd dust; but she  
will draw

A second host from heaven, to break  
heaven's law.

Yet, yet, oh fly!

Ye cannot die; 595

But they

Shall pass away,

While ye shall fill with shrieks the uppersky  
For perishable clay,

Whose memory in your immortality 600

Shall long outlast the sun which gave  
them day.

Think how your essence differeth from  
theirs

In all but suffering! why partake

The agony to which they must be heirs—  
Born to be plough'd with years, and sown

with cares, 605

And reap'd by Death, lord of the human  
soil?

Even had their days been left to toil their  
path

Through time to dust, unshorten'd by  
God's wrath,

Still they are Evil's prey and Sorrow's  
spoil.

Aho. Let them fly! 610

I hear the voice which says that all must  
die,

Sooner than our white-bearded patriarchs  
died;

And that on high

An ocean is prepared,

While from below 615

The deep shall rise to meet heaven's over-  
flow.

Few shall be spared,

It seems; and, of that few, the race of Cain  
Must lift their eyes to Adam's God in vain.

Sister! since it is so, 620

And the eternal Lord

In vain would be implored

For the remission of one hour of woe,  
Let us resign even what we have adored,

And meet the wave, as we would meet the  
sword, 625

If not unmoved, yet undismay'd,  
And wailing less for us than those who  
shall

Survive in mortal or immortal thrall,  
And, when the fatal waters are allay'd,

Weep for the myriads who can weep no  
more. 630

Fly, seraphs! to your own eternal shore,  
Where winds nor howl nor waters roar.

Our portion is to die,

And yours to live for ever:

But which is best, a dead eternity, 635  
Or living, is but known to the great Giver.

Obeys him, as we shall obey;

I would not keep this life of mine in clay

An hour beyond his will; 639

Nor see ye lose a portion of his grace,

For all the mercy which Seth's race

Find still.

Fly!

And as your pinions bear ye back to  
heaven,

Think that my love still mounts with thee  
on high, 645

Samiasa!

And if I look up with a tearless eye,  
'Tis that an angel's bride disdains to  
weep,—

Farewell! Now rise, inexorable deep!

Anah. And must we die? 650

And must I lose thee too,

Azazel?

Oh, my heart! my heart!

Thy prophecies were true!

And yet thou wert so happy too!

The blow, though not unlook'd for, falls  
as new: 656

But yet depart!

Ah! why?

Yet let me not retain thee—fly!

My pangs can be but brief; but thine  
would be 660

Eternal, if repulsed from heaven for me.  
Too much already hast thou deign'd

To one of Adam's race!

Our doom is sorrow: not to us alone,  
But to the spirits who have not disdain'd

To love us, cometh anguish with disgrace.  
The first who taught us knowledge hath

been hurl'd

From his once archangelic throne

Into some unknown world:

And thou, Azazel! No— 670

Thou shalt not suffer woe

For me. Away! nor weep!

Thou canst not weep; but yet

May'st suffer more, not weeping: then  
forget

Her, whom the surges of the all-strangling  
deep 675

Can bring no pang like this. Fly! fly!

Being gone, 'twill be less difficult to die.  
Japh. Oh, say not so!

Father! and thou, archangel, thou!

Surely celestial mercy lurks below 680

That pure severe serenity of brow:

Let them not meet this sea without a  
shore,

Save in our ark, or let me be no more!

*Noah.* Peace, child of passion, peace!  
If not within thy heart, yet with thy tongue  
Do God no wrong! 686

Live as he wills it—die, when he ordains,  
A righteous death, unlike the seed of  
Cain's.

Cease, or be sorrowful in silence; cease  
To weary Heaven's ear with thy selfish  
plaint. 690

Wouldst thou have God commit a sin  
for thee?

Such would it be  
To alter his intent

For a mere mortal sorrow. Be a man!  
And bear what Adam's race must bear,  
and can. 695

*Japh.* Ay, father! but when they are  
gone,

And we are all alone,  
Floating upon the azure desert, and  
The depth beneath us hides our own dear  
land,

And dearer, silent friends and brethren,  
all 700

Buried in its immeasurable breast,  
Who, who, our tears, our shrieks, shall  
then command?

Can we in desolation's peace have rest?  
Oh God! be thou a God, and spare  
Yet while 'tis time; 705

Renew not Adam's fall.

Mankind were then but twain,  
But they are numerous now as are the waves  
And the tremendous rain,

Whose drops shall be less thick than  
would their graves, 710

Were graves permitted to the seed of  
Cain.

*Noah.* Silence, vain boy! each word of  
thine's a crime,  
Angel! forgive this stripling's fond despair.

*Raph.* Seraphs! these mortals speak  
in passion: Ye!

Who are, or should be, passionless and  
pure, 715

May now return with me.

*Sam.* It may not be:  
We have chosen, and will endure.

*Raph.* Say'st thou?

*Aza.* He hath said it, and I say,  
Amen!

*Raph.* Again!

Then from this hour, 720  
Shorn as ye are of all celestial power,  
And aliens from your God,  
Farewell!

*Japh.* Alas! where shall they dwell?  
Hark, hark! Deep sounds, and deeper still,  
Are howling from the mountain's  
bosom: 726

There's not a breath of wind upon the hill,  
Yet quivers every leaf, and drops each  
blossom:

Earth groans as if beneath a heavy load.

*Noah.* Hark, hark! the sea-birds cry!  
In clouds they overspread the lurid sky,  
And hover round the mountain, where  
before

Never a white wing, wetted by the wave,  
Yet dared to soar,

Even when the waters wax'd too fierce  
to brave. 735

Soon it shall be their only shore,

And then, no more!

*Japh.* The sun! the sun!  
He riseth, but his better light is gone;  
And a black circle, bound 740

His glaring disk around,  
Proclaims earth's last of summer days hath  
shone!

The clouds return into the hues of  
night,

Save where their brazen-colour'd edges  
streak

The verge where brighter morns were wont  
to break. 745

*Noah.* And lo! yon flash of light,  
The distant thunder's harbinger, appears!  
It cometh! hence, away!

Leave to the elements their evil prey!  
Hence to where our all-hallow'd ark up-  
rears 750

Its safe and wreckless sides!

*Japh.* Oh, father, stay!  
Leave not my Anah to the swallowing tides!

*Noah.* Must we not leave all life to  
such?

Begone!

*Japh.* Not I. 755  
*Noah.* Then die

With them!

How darest thou look on that prophetic  
sky,

And seek to save what all things now  
condemn,

In overwhelming unison 760  
With just Jehovah's wrath!

*Japh.* Can rage and justice join in the  
same path?

*Noah.* Blasphemer! darest thou  
murmur even now?

*Raph.* Patriarch, be still a father!  
smooth thy brow:

Thy son, despite his folly, shall not sink:  
He knows not what he says, yet shall not  
drink 766

With sobs the salt foam of the swelling  
waters:

But be, when passion passeth, good as  
thou,

Nor perish like heaven's children with  
man's daughters.

*Aho.* The tempest cometh; heaven  
and earth unite 770

For the annihilation of all life.

Unequal is the strife

Between our strength and the Eternal  
Might!



# HEAVEN AND EARTH

[PART I

*Sam.* But ours is with thee; we will  
bear ye far  
To some untroubled star, 775  
Where thou, and Anah, shalt partake our  
lot;

And if thou dost not weep for thy lost  
earth,  
Our forfeit heaven shall also be forgot.  
*Anah.* Oh! my dear father's tents, my  
place of birth,  
And mountains, land, and woods! when  
ye are not, 780  
Who shall dry up my tears?

*Aza.* Thy spirit-lord.  
Fear not; though we are shut from heaven,  
Yet much is ours, whence we can not be  
driven.

*Raph.* Rebel! thy words are wicked,  
as thy deeds  
Shall henceforth be but weak: the flaming  
sword, 785

Which chased the first-born out of  
Paradise,  
Still flashes in the angelic hands.

*Aza.* It cannot slay us: threaten dust  
with death,

And talk of weapons unto that which  
bleeds.

What are thy swords in our immortal  
eyes? 790

*Raph.* The moment cometh to ap-  
prove thy strength;  
And learn at length

How vain to war with what thy God com-  
mands:

Thy former force was in thy faith.

*Enter Mortals, flying for refuge.*

*Chorus of Mortals.*

The heavens and earth are mingling—  
God! oh God! 795

What have we done? Yet spare!  
Hark! even the forest beasts howl forth  
their prayer!

The dragon crawls from out his den,  
To herd, in terror, innocent with men;  
And the birds scream their agony through  
air. 800

Yet, yet, Jehovah! yet withdraw thy rod  
Of wrath, and pity thine own world's  
despair!

Hear not man only but all nature plead!  
*Raph.* Farewell, thou earth! ye  
wretched sons of clay, 804

I cannot, must not, aid you. 'Tis decreed!  
[Exit RAPHAEL.

*Japh.* Some clouds sweep on as  
vultures for their prey,  
While others, fix'd as rocks, await the  
word

At which their wrathful vials shall be  
pour'd.

No azure more shall robe the firmament,

Nor spangled stars be glorious: Death  
hath risen: 810

In the sun's place a pale and ghastly glare  
Hath wound itself around the dying air.

*Aza.* Come, Anah! quit this chaos-  
founded prison,

To which the elements again repair,  
To turn it into what it was: beneath 815

The shelter of these wings thou shalt be safe,  
As was the eagle's nestling once within

its mother's.—Let the coming chaos chafe  
With all its elements! Heed not their din!

A brighter world than this, where thou  
shalt breathe 820

Ethereal life, will we explore:  
These darken'd clouds are not the onl'skies.

[AZAZIEL and SAMIASA fly off and dis-  
appear with ANAH and AHOLIBAMAH].

*Japh.* They are gone! They have dis-  
appear'd amidst the roar

Of the forsaken world; and never more,  
Whether they live, or die with all earth's  
life, 825

Now near its last, can aught restore  
Anah unto these eyes.

*Chorus of Mortals.*

Oh son of Noah! mercy on thy kind!  
What! wilt thou leave us all—all—all—  
behind?

While safe amidst the elemental strife,  
Thou sitt'st within thy guarded ark? 831

*A Mother [offering her infant to JAPHET].*  
Oh let this child embark!

I brought him forth in woe,  
But thought it joy

To see him to my bosom clinging so.  
Why was he born? 836

What hath he done—  
My unwean'd son—

To move Jehovah's wrath or scorn?  
What is there in this milk of mine, that  
death 840

Should stir all heaven and earth up to  
destroy

My boy.

And roll the waters o'er his placid breath?  
Save him, thou seed of Seth!

Or cursed be—with him who made 845  
Thee and thy race, for which we are

betray'd!

*Japh.* Peace! 'tis no hour for curses,  
but for prayer!

*Chorus of Mortals.*

For prayer!!!

And where

Shall prayer ascend, 850  
When the swollen clouds unto the moun-  
tains bend

And burst,  
And gushing oceans every barrier rend,

Until the very deserts know no thirst?  
Accursed 855

## SCENE III]

## HEAVEN AND EARTH

Be he who made thee and thy sire!  
 We deem our curses vain; we must expire;  
 But as we know the worst,  
 Why should our hymn be raised, our knees  
 be bent

Before the implacable Omnipotent, 860  
 Since we must fall the same?

If he hath made earth, let it be his shame,  
 To make a world for torture.—Lo! they  
 come,

The loathsome waters, in their rage!  
 And with their roar make wholesome  
 nature dumb! 865

The forests' trees (coeval with the hour  
 When Paradise upsprung,  
 Ere Eve gave Adam knowledge for her  
 dower,

Or Adam his first hymn of slavery sung),  
 So massy, vast, yet green in their old  
 age, 870

Are overtopp'd,  
 Their summer blossoms by the surges  
 lopp'd,

Which rise, and rise, and rise.  
 Vainly we look up to the lowering skies—

They meet the seas, 875  
 And shut out God from our beseeching  
 eyes.

Fly, son of Noah, fly! and take thine  
 ease,

In thine allotted ocean-tent;  
 And view, all floating o'er the element,  
 The corpses of the world of thy young  
 days: 880

Then to Jehovah raise  
 Thy song of praise!

*A Mortal.* Blessed are the dead  
 Who die in the Lord!

And though the waters be o'er earth out-  
 spread, 885

Yet, as *his* word,  
 Be the decree adored!

He gave me life—he taketh but  
 The breath which is his own:

And though these eyes should be for ever  
 shut, 890

Nor longer this weak voice before his  
 throne

Be heard in supplicating tone,  
 Still blessed be the Lord,

For what is past,  
 For that which is: 895

For all are his,  
 From first to last—

Time, space, eternity, life, death—  
 The vast known and immeasurable un-  
 known.

He made, and can unmake; 900  
 And shall I, for a little gasp of breath,  
 Blaspheme and groan?

No; let me die, as I have lived, in faith,  
 Nor quiver, though the universe may  
 quake!

*Chorus of Mortals.*

Where shall we fly? 905  
 Not to the mountains high;

For now their torrents rush, with double  
 roar,

To meet the ocean, which, advancing  
 still,

Already grasps each drowning hill,  
 Nor leaves an unsearch'd cave. 910

*Enter a Woman.*

*Woman.* Oh, save me, save!  
 Our valley is no more:

My father and my father's tent,  
 My brethren and my brethren's herds,

The pleasant trees that o'er our noon-  
 day bent, 915

And sent forth evening songs from  
 sweetest birds,

The little rivulet which freshen'd all  
 Our pastures green,

No more are to be seen.  
 When to the mountain cliff I climb'd this  
 morn, 920

I turn'd to bless the spot,  
 And not a leaf appear'd about to fall;—

And now they are not!  
 Why was I born?

*Japh.* To die! in youth to die!  
 And happier in that doom, 925

Than to behold the universal tomb,  
 Which I

Am thus condemn'd to weep above in  
 vain.

Why, when all perish, why must I remain?

[*The waters rise; Men fly in every di-  
 rection; many are overtaken by the  
 waves; the Chorus of Mortals dis-  
 perses in search of safety up the  
 mountains: Japhet remains upon a  
 rock, while the Ark floats towards him  
 in the distance.*]

# WERNER; OR, THE INHERITANCE:

## A TRAGEDY

TO

THE ILLUSTRIOUS GOETHE,

BY ONE OF HIS HUMBLEST ADMIRERS, THIS TRAGEDY IS DEDICATED.

### PREFACE

THE following drama is taken entirely from the 'German's Tale, Kruitznér', published many years ago in 'Lee's Canterbury Tales', written (I believe) by two sisters, of whom one furnished only this story and another, both of which are considered superior to the remainder of the collection. I have adopted the characters, plan, and even the language of many parts of this story. Some of the characters are modified or altered, a few of the names changed, and one character (Ida of Stralenheim) added by myself: but in the rest the original is chiefly followed. When I was young (about fourteen, I think), I first read this tale, which made a deep impression upon me; and may, indeed, be said to contain the germ of much that I have since written. I am not sure that it ever was very popular; or, at any rate, its popularity has since been eclipsed by that of other great writers in the same department. But I have generally found that those who *had* read it, agreed with me in their estimate of the singular power of mind and conception which it develops. I should also add *conception*, rather than execution; for the story might, perhaps, have been developed with greater advantage. Amongst those whose opinions agreed with mine upon this story, I could mention some very high names: but it is not necessary, nor indeed of any use; for every one must judge according to his own feelings. I merely refer the reader to the original story, that he may see to what extent I have borrowed from it; and am not unwilling that he should find much greater pleasure in perusing it than the drama which is founded upon its contents.

I had begun a drama upon this tale so far back as 1815 (the first I ever attempted, except one at thirteen years old, called 'Ulric and Ilvina', which I had sense enough to burn), and had nearly completed an act, when I was interrupted by circumstances. This is somewhere amongst my papers in England; but as it has not been found, I have re-written the first, and added the subsequent acts.

The whole is neither intended, nor in any shape adapted, for the stage.

PISA, February, 1822.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MEN			WOMEN	
WERNER.	IDENSTEIN.	HENRICK.	JOSEPHINE.	
ULRIC.	GABOR.	ERIC.	RODOLPH.	
STRALENHEIM.	FRITZ.	ARNHEIM.	LUDWIG.	IDA STRALENHEIM.

SCENE.—Partly on the frontier of Silesia, and partly in Slegendorf Castle, near Prague.

TIME.—The Close of the Thirty Years' War.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Hall of a decayed Palace near a small Town on the Northern Frontier of Silesia—the Night tempestuous.*

WERNER and JOSEPHINE, his Wife.

Jos. My love, be calmer!

Wer. I am calm.

Jos. To me—  
Yes, but not to thyself; thy pace is hurried,  
And no one walks a chamber like to ours  
With steps like thine when his heart is at rest.

Were it a garden, I should deem thee happy,  
And stepping with the bee from flower to flower;  
But *here!*

Wer. 'Tis chill; the tapestry lets through

The wind to which it waves: my blood is frozen.

Jos. Ah, no!

Wer. [smiling]. Why! wouldst thou have it so?

Jos. I would

Have it a healthful current.

Wer. Let it flow  
Until 'tis spilt or check'd—how soon, I care not.

Jos. And am I nothing in thy heart?

Wer. All—all.

Jos. Then canst thou wish for that which must break mine?

Wer. [approaching her slowly]. But for thee I had been—no matter what,  
But much of good and evil; what I am,

15

Thou knowest; what I might or should  
have been,  
Thou knowest not; but still I love thee, nor  
Shall aught divide us.

[WERNER walks on abruptly, and then  
approaches JOSEPHINE.

The storm of the night  
Perhaps affects me; I'm a thing of feelings,  
And have of late been sickly, as, alas! 20  
Thou know'st by sufferings more than  
mine, my love!  
In watching me.

Jos. To see thee well is much—  
To see thee happy—

Wer. Where hast thou seen such?  
Let me be wretched with the rest!

Jos. But think  
How many in this hour of tempest shiver  
Beneath the biting wind and heavy rain,  
Whose every drop bows them down nearer  
earth,

Which hath no chamber for them save  
beneath

Her surface.

Wer. And that's not the worst: who  
cares

For chambers? rest is all. The wretches  
whom 30

Thou namest—ay, the wind howls round  
them, and

The dull and dropping rain saps in their  
bones

The creeping marrow. I have been a  
soldier,

A hunter, and a traveller, and am  
A beggar, and should know the thing thou  
talk'st of. 35

Jos. And art thou not now shelter'd  
from them all?

Wer. Yes. And from these alone.

Jos. And that is something.

Wer. True—to a peasant.

Jos. Should the nobly born  
Be thankless for that refuge which their  
habits

Of early delicacy render more 40  
Needful than to the peasant, when the ebb  
Of fortune leaves them on the shoals of  
life?

Wer. It is not that, thou know'st it is  
not: we

Have borne all this, I'll not say patiently,  
Except in thee—but we have borne it.

Jos. Well?

Wer. Something beyond our outward  
sufferings (though

These were enough to gnaw into our souls)  
Hath stung me oft, and, more than ever,  
now.

When, but for this untoward sickness,  
which 49

Seized me upon this desolate frontier, and  
Hath wasted, not alone my strength, but

means,

And leaves us—no! this is beyond me!—  
but

For this I had been happy—*thou* been  
happy—

The splendour of my rank sustain'd—my  
name—

My father's name—been still upheld; and,  
more 55

Than those—  
Jos. [abruptly]. My son—our son—  
our Ulric,

Been clasp'd again in these long-empty  
arms,

And all a mother's hunger satisfied.  
Twelve years! he was but eight then:—  
beautiful

He was, and beautiful he must be now,  
My Ulric! my adored! 61

Wer. I have been full oft  
The chase of Fortune; now she hath  
o'eraken

My spirit where it cannot turn at bay,—  
Sick, poor, and lonely.

Jos. Lonely! my dear husband?

Wer. Or worse—involving all I love,  
in this 65

Far worse than solitude. *Alone*, I had  
died,

And all been over in a nameless grave.  
Jos. And I had not outlived thee; but  
pray take

Comfort! We have struggled long; and  
they who strive 69

With Fortune win or weary her at last,  
So that they find the goal or cease to feel

Further. Take comfort,—we shall find  
our boy.

Wer. We were in sight of him, of  
everything

Which could bring compensation for past  
sorrow—

And to be baffled thus!

Jos. We are not baffled. 75

Wer. Are we not penniless?

Jos. We ne'er were wealthy.

Wer. But I was born to wealth, and  
rank, and power;

Enjoy'd them, loved them, and, alas!  
abused them,

And forfeited them by my father's wrath,  
In my o'er-fervent youth: but for the  
abuse 80

Long sufferings have atoned. My father's  
death

Left the path open, yet not without snares.  
This cold and creeping kinsman, who so  
long

Kept his eye on me, as the snake upon  
The fluttering bird, hath ere this time out-  
stept me, 85

Become the master of my rights, and lord  
Of that which lifts him up to princes in  
Dominion and domain.

Jos. Who knows? our son

May have return'd back to his grandsire,  
and

Even now uphold thy rights for thee?

*Wer.* 'Tis hopeless. 90

Since his strange disappearance from my  
father's,

Entailing, as it were, my sins upon  
Himself, no tidings have reveal'd his  
course.

I parted with him to his grandsire, on  
The promise that his anger would stop  
short 95

Of the third generation; but Heaven seems  
To claim her stern prerogative, and visit  
Upon my boy his father's faults and follies.

*Jos.* I must hope better still,—at least  
we have yet

Baffled the long pursuit of Stralenheim.

*Wer.* We should have done, but for  
this fatal sickness; 101

More fatal than a mortal malady,  
Because it takes not life, but life's sole  
solace:

Even now I feel my spirit girt about  
By the snares of this avaricious fiend:—  
How do I know he hath not track'd us  
here? 106

*Jos.* He does not know thy person;  
and his spies,

Who so long watch'd thee, have been left  
at Hamburg.

Our unexpected journey, and this change  
Of name, leaves all discovery far behind:  
None hold us here for aught save what we  
seem. 111

*Wer.* Save what we seem! save what  
we are—sick beggars,

Even to our very hopes.—Ha! ha!

*Jos.* Alas!

That bitter laugh!

*Wer.* Who would read in this form  
The high soul of the son of a long line?

Who, in this garb, the heir of princely  
lands? 116

Who, in this sunken, sickly eye, the pride  
Of rank and ancestry? In this worn cheek  
And famine-hollow'd brow, the lord of  
halls

Which daily feast a thousand vassals?

*Jos.* You 120

Ponder'd not thus upon these worldly  
things,

My Werner! when you deign'd to choose  
for bride

The foreign daughter of a wandering exile.

*Wer.* An exile's daughter with an out-  
cast son, 124

Were a fit marriage: but I still had hopes  
To lift thee to the state we both were born  
for.

Your father's house was noble, though  
decay'd;

And worthy by its birth to match with  
ours.

*Jos.* Your father did not think so,  
though 'twas noble;

But had my birth been all my claim to  
match 130

With thee, I should have deem'd it what  
it is.

*Wer.* And what is that in thine eyes?  
*Jos.* All which it

Has done in our behalf,—nothing?  
*Wer.* How,—nothing?

*Jos.* Or worse; for it has been a canker in  
Thy heart from the beginning: but for this,  
We had not felt our poverty but as 136  
Millions of myriads feel it, cheerfully;  
But for these phantoms of thy feudal  
fathers,

Thou might'st have earn'd thy bread, as  
thousands earn it;

Or, if that seem too humble, tried by  
commerce, 140

Or other civic means, to amend thy  
fortunes.

*Wer.* [ironically]. And been an Han-  
seatic burgher? Excellent!

*Jos.* Whate'er thou might'st have  
been, to me thou art

What no state high or low can ever change,  
My heart's first choice; which chose thee,  
knowing neither 145

Thy birth, thy hopes, thy pride; nought,  
save thy sorrows:

While they last, let me comfort or divide  
them:

When they end, let mine end with them,  
or thee!

*Wer.* My better angel! Such I have  
ever found thee;

This rashness, or this weakness of my  
temper, 150

Ne'er raised a thought to injure thee or  
thine.

Thou didst not mar my fortunes: my own  
nature

In youth was such as to unmake an empire,  
Had such been my inheritance; but now,  
Chasten'd, subdued, out-worn, and taught  
to know 155

Myself,—to lose this for our son and thee!  
Trust me, when, in my two-and-twentieth

spring,  
My father barr'd me from my fathers'

house,  
The last sole scion of a thousand sires

(For I was then the last), it hurt me less  
Than to behold my boy and my boy's  
mother 161

Excluded in their innocence from what  
My faults deserved—exclusion; although  
then

My passions were all living serpents, and  
Twined like the Gorgon's round me.

[A loud knocking is heard.  
Hark!

*Jos.* Hark!  
*Wer.* A knocking! 165

*Jos.* Who can it be at this lone hour?  
We have  
Few visitors.

*Wer.* And poverty hath none,  
Save those who come to make it poorer  
still.

Well, I am prepared.

[*WERNER puts his hand into his bosom,  
as if to search for some weapon.*]

*Jos.* Oh! do not look so. I  
Will to the door. It cannot be of import  
In this lone spot of wintry desolation:—  
The very desert saves man from mankind.  
[*She goes to the door.*]

*Enter IDENSTEIN.*

*Iden.* A fair good evening to my fairer  
hostess  
And worthy—What's your name, my  
friend?

*Wer.* Are you  
Not afraid to demand it?

*Iden.* Not afraid? 175  
Egad! I am afraid. You look as if  
I ask'd for something better than your  
name,

By the face you put on it.

*Wer.* Better, sir!

*Iden.* Better or worse, like matrimony:  
what

Shall I say more? You have been a guest  
this month 180

Here in the prince's palace—(to be sure,  
His highness had resign'd it to the ghosts  
And rats these twelve years—but 'tis still  
a palace)—

I say you have been our lodger, and as yet  
We do not know your name.

*Wer.* My name is Werner. 185

*Iden.* A goodly name, a very worthy  
name,

As e'er was gilt upon a trader's board:  
I have a cousin in the lazaretto  
Of Hamburgh, who has got a wife who bore  
The same. He is an officer of trust, 190  
Surgeon's assistant (hoping to be surgeon),  
And has done miracles i'the way of  
business.

Perhaps you are related to my relative?

*Wer.* To yours?

*Jos.* Oh, yes; we are, but distantly.  
[*Aside to WERNER.*] Cannot you humour  
the dull gossip till 195

We learn his purpose?

*Iden.* Well, I'm glad of that;  
I thought so all along, such natural yearn-  
ings

Play'd round my heart:—blood is not  
water, cousin;

And so let's have some wine, and drink  
unto

Our better acquaintance: relatives should  
be 200

Friends.

*Wer.* You appear to have drank  
enough already;

And if you have not, I've no wine to offer,  
Else it were yours: but this you know, or  
should know:

You see I am poor, and sick, and will not  
see

That I would be alone; but to your  
business! 205

What brings you here?

*Iden.* Why, what should bring me  
here?

*Wer.* I know not, though I think that  
I could guess

That which will send you hence.

*Jos.* [*aside*]. Patience, dear Werner!

*Iden.* You don't know what has  
happen'd, then?

*Jos.* How should we?

*Iden.* The river has o'erflow'd.

*Jos.* Alas! we have known 210  
That to our sorrow for these five days;  
since

It keeps us here.

*Iden.* But what you don't know is,  
That a great personage, who fain would  
cross

Against the stream and three postilions'  
wishes,

Is drown'd below the ford, with five post-  
horses, 215

A monkey, and a mastiff, and a valet.

*Jos.* Poor creatures! are you sure?

*Iden.* Yes, of the monkey,  
And the valet, and the cattle; but as yet  
We know not if his excellency's dead 219

Or no; your noblemen are hard to drown,  
As it is fit that men in office should be;

But what is certain is, that he has  
swallow'd

Enough of the Oder to have burst two  
peasants;

And now a Saxon and Hungarian  
traveller,

Who, at their proper peril, snatch'd him  
from 225

The whirling river, have sent on to crave  
A lodging, or a grave, according as

It may turn out with the live or dead body.

*Jos.* And where will you receive him?  
here, I hope,

If we can be of service—say the word.

*Iden.* Here? no; but in the prince's  
own apartment, 231

As fits a noble guest:—'tis damp, no  
doubt,

Not having been inhabited these twelve  
years;

But then he comes from a much damper  
place,

So scarcely will catch cold in't, if he be  
Still liable to cold—and if not, why 236

He'll be worse lodged to-morrow:  
ne'ertheless,

I have order'd fire and all appliances  
To be got ready for the worst—that is,  
In case he should survive.

*Jos.* Poor gentleman, 240  
I hope he will, with all my heart.

*Wer.* Intendant,  
Have you not learn'd his name? My Jose-  
phine, [*Aside to his wife.*]  
Retire: I'll sift this fool.

[*Exit JOSEPHINE.*]  
*Iden.* His name? oh Lord!  
Who knows if he hath now a name or no?  
'Tis time enough to ask it when he's able  
To give an answer; or if not, to put 246  
His heir's upon his epitaph. Methought  
Just now you chid me for demanding  
names?

*Wer.* True, true, I did so: you say well  
and wisely.

*Enter GABOR.*

*Gab.* If I intrude, I crave—  
*Iden.* Oh, no intrusion! 250  
This is the palace; this a stranger like  
Yourself; I pray you make yourself at  
home:

But where's his excellency? and how fares he?  
*Gab.* Wetly and wearily, but out of  
peril:

He paused to change his garments in a  
cottage 255  
(Where I doff'd mine for these, and came  
on hither),  
And has almost recover'd from his drench-  
ing.

He will be here anon.

*Iden.* What ho, there! bustle!  
Without there, Herman, Weilburg, Peter,  
Conrad! 259

[*Gives directions to different servants  
who enter.*]

A nobleman sleeps here to-night—see that  
All is in order in the damask chamber—  
Keep up the stove—I will myself to the  
cellar—

And Madame Idenstein (my consort,  
stranger)

Shall furnish forth the bed-apparel; for,  
To say the truth, they are marvellous  
scant of this 265

Within the palace precincts, since his high-  
ness

Left it some dozen years ago. And then  
His excellency will sup, doubtless?

*Gab.* Faith!  
I cannot tell; but I should think the pillow  
Would please him better than the table,  
after 270

His soaking in your river: but for fear  
Your viands should be thrown away, I  
mean

To sup myself, and have a friend without  
Who will do honour to your good cheer with  
A traveller's appetite.

*Iden.* But are you sure 275  
His excellency—But his name: what is it?  
*Gab.* I do not know.

*Iden.* And yet you saved his life.  
*Gad.* I help'd my friend to do so.

*Iden.* Well, that's strange,  
To save a man's life whom you do not  
know.

*Gab.* Not so; for there are some I  
know so well, 280  
I scarce should give myself the trouble.

*Iden.* Pray,  
Good friend, and who may you be?

*Gab.* By my family,  
Hungarian.

*Iden.* Which is call'd?

*Gab.* It matters little.

*Iden.* [*aside*]. I think that all the world  
are grown anonymous,

Since no one cares to tell me what he's  
call'd! 285

Pray, has his excellency a large suite?  
*Gab.* Sufficient.

*Iden.* How many?  
*Gab.* I did not count them.

We came up by mere accident, and just  
In time to drag him through his carriage  
window.

*Iden.* Well, what would I give to save  
a great man! 290

No doubt you'll have a swingeing sum as  
recompense.

*Gab.* Perhaps.

*Iden.* Now, how much do you reckon  
on?

*Gab.* I have not yet put up myself to  
sale:

In the mean time, my best reward would be  
A glass of your Hockcheimer—a green  
glass, 295

Wreath'd with rich grapes and Bacchanal  
devices,

O'erflowing with the oldest of your  
vintage:

For which I promise you, in case you e'er  
Run hazard of being drown'd (although I  
own

It seems, of all deaths, the least likely, for  
you), 300

I'll pull you out for nothing. Quick, my  
friend,

And think, for every bumper I shall quaff,  
A wave the less may roll above your head.

*Iden.* [*aside*]. I don't much like this  
fellow—close and dry

He seems,—two things which suit me not;  
however, 305

Wine he shall have; if that unlock him not,  
I shall not sleep to-night for curiosity.

[*Exit IDENSTEIN.*]

*Gab.* [*to WERNER*]. This master of the  
ceremonies is

The intendant of the palace, I presume:  
'Tis a fine building, but decay'd.

Wer. The apartment  
Design'd for him you rescued will be  
found 311

In fitter order for a sickly guest.

Gab. I wonder then you occupied it  
not,  
For you seem delicate in health.

Wer. [quickly]. Sir!

Gab. Pray  
Excuse me: have I said aught to offend  
you? 315

Wer. Nothing: but we are strangers to  
each other.

Gab. And that's the reason I would  
have us less so:

I thought our bustling host without had  
said

You were a chance and passing guest, the  
counterpart

Of me and my companions.

Wer. Very true. 320

Gab. Then, as we never met before,  
and never,  
It may be, may again encounter, why,  
I thought to cheer up this old dungeon  
here

(At least to me) by asking you to share  
The fare of my companions and myself.

Wer. Pray, pardon me; my health—

Gab. Even as you please.  
I have been a soldier, and perhaps am  
blunt  
In bearing.

Wer. I have also served, and can  
Require a soldier's greeting.

Gab. In what service?  
The Imperial?

Wer. [quickly, and then interrupting him-  
self]. I commanded—no—I mean

I served; but it is many years ago, 331  
When first Bohemia raised her banner  
'gainst

The Austrian.

Gab. Well, that's over now, and  
peace  
Has turn'd some thousand gallant hearts  
adrift

To live as they best may: and, to say  
truth, 335

Some take the shortest.

Wer. What is that?

Gab. Whate'er  
They lay their hands on. All Silesia and  
Lusatia's woods are tenanted by bands  
Of the late troops, who levy on the  
country

Their maintenance: the Chatelains must  
keep 340

Their castle walls—beyond them 'tis but  
doubtful

Travel for your rich count or full-blown  
baron.

My comfort is that, wander where I may,  
I've little left to lose now.

Wer. And I—nothing.

Gab. That's harder still. You say you  
were a soldier. 345

Wer. I was.

Gab. You look one still. All soldiers  
are  
Or should be comrades, even though  
enemies.

Our swords when drawn must cross, our  
engines aim

(While level'd) at each other's hearts; but  
when 349

A truce, a peace, or what you will, remits  
The steel into its scabbard, and lets sleep  
The spark which lights the matchlock, we  
are brethren.

You are poor and sickly—I am not rich,  
but healthy;

I want for nothing which I cannot want;  
You seem devoid of this—wilt share it?

[GABOR pulls out his purse.

Wer. Who 355

Told you I was a beggar?

Gab. You yourself,

In saying you were a soldier during peace-  
time.

Wer. [looking at him with suspicion].

You know me not?

Gab. I know no man, not even  
Myself: how should I then know one I

ne'er  
Beheld till half an hour since?

Wer. Sir, I thank you. 360

Your offer's noble were it to a friend,  
And not unkind as to an unknown  
stranger,

Though scarcely prudent; but no less I  
thank you.

I am a beggar in all save his trade; 364  
And when I beg of any one, it shall be  
Of him who was the first to offer what

Few can obtain by asking. Pardon me.  
[Exit WERNER.

Gab. [solus]. A goodly fellow by his  
looks, though worn,

As most good fellows are, by pain or  
pleasure, 369

Which tear life out of us before our time;  
I scarce know which most quickly: but he

seems 371  
To have seen better days, as who has not  
Who has seen yesterday?—But here ap-  
proaches

Our sage intendant, with the wine: how-  
ever, 374

For the cup's sake I'll bear the cupbearer.

Enter IDENSTEIN.

Iden. 'Tis here! the supernaculum!  
twenty years

Of age, if 'tis a day.

Gab. Which epoch makes  
Young women and old wine; and 'tis great  
pity,



Of two such excellent things, increase of years,

Which still improves the one, should spoil the other. <sup>380</sup>

Fill full—Here's to our hostess!—your fair wife! [*Takes the glass.*]

*Iden.* Fair!—Well, I trust your taste in wine is equal

To that you show for beauty; but I pledge you Nevertheless.

*Gab.* Is not the lovely woman I met in the adjacent hall, who, with <sup>385</sup> An air, and port, and eye, which would have better

Beseem'd this palace in its brightest days (Though in a garb adapted to its present Abandonment), return'd my salutation— Is not the same your spouse?

*Iden.* I would she were! <sup>390</sup> But you're mistaken:—that's the stranger's wife.

*Gab.* And by her aspect she might be a prince's;

Though time hath touch'd her too, she still retains

Much beauty, and more majesty.

*Iden.* And that Is more than I can say for Madame <sup>395</sup> Idenstein,

At least in beauty: as for majesty, She has some of its properties which might Be spared—but never mind!

*Gab.* I don't. But who May be this stranger? He too hath a bearing

Above his outward fortunes.

*Iden.* There I differ. <sup>400</sup> He's poor as Job, and not so patient; but Who he may be, or what, or aught of him, Except his name (and that I only learn'd To-night), I know not.

*Gab.* But how came he here?

*Iden.* In a most miserable old caleche, About a month since, and immediately Fell sick, almost to death. He should have died.

*Gab.* Tender and true!—but why?

*Iden.* Why, what is life Without a living? He has not a stiver.

*Gab.* In that case, I much wonder that a person <sup>410</sup>

Of your apparent prudence should admit Guests so forlorn into this noble mansion.

*Iden.* That's true: but pity, as you know, *does* make

One's heart commit these follies; and besides, <sup>414</sup>

They had some valuables left at that time, Which paid their way up to the present hour;

And so I thought they might as well be lodged

Here as at the small tavern, and I gave them

The run of some of the oldest palace rooms.

They served to air them, at the least as long <sup>420</sup>

As they could pay for firewood.

*Gab.* Poor souls!

*Iden.* Ay,

Exceeding poor.

*Gab.* And yet unused to poverty, If I mistake not. Whither were they going?

*Iden.* Oh! Heaven knows where, unless to heaven itself.

Some days ago that look'd the likeliest journey <sup>425</sup>

For Werner.

*Gab.* Werner! I have heard the name: But it may be a feign'd one.

*Iden.* Like enough!

But hark! a noise of wheels and voices, and

A blaze of torches from without. As sure As destiny, his excellency's come. <sup>430</sup>

I must be at my post; will you not join me, To help him from his carriage, and present

Your humble duty at the door?

*Gab.* I dragg'd him

From out that carriage when he would have given

His barony or county to repel <sup>435</sup>

The rushing river from his gurgling throat. He has valets now enough: they stood

aloof then,

Shaking their dripping ears upon the shore,

All roaring 'Help!' but offering none; and as

For duty (as you call it)—I did mine *then*, Now do *yours*. Hence, and bow and

cringe him here! <sup>441</sup>

*Iden.* I cringe!—but I shall lose the opportunity—

Plague take it! he'll be *here*, and I *not there!* [*Exit IDENSTEIN hastily.*]

*Re-enter WERNER.*

*Wer.* [*to himself*]. I heard a noise of wheels and voices. How

All sounds now jar me!

Still here! Is he not <sup>445</sup>

[*Perceiving GABOR.*]

A spy of my pursuer's? His frank offer So suddenly, and to a stranger, wore

The aspect of a secret enemy; For friends are slow at such.

*Gab.* Sir, you seem rapt;

And yet the time is not akin to thought. These old walls will be noisy soon. The

baron, <sup>451</sup>

Or count (or whatsoe'er this half drown'd noble

May be), for whom this desolate village and

Its lone inhabitants show more respect  
Than did the elements, is come.

*Iden.* [without]. This way— 455  
This way, your excellency:—have a care,  
The staircase is a little gloomy, and  
Somewhat decay'd; but if we had expected  
So high a guest—Pray take my arm, my  
lord!

*Enter STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and  
Attendants,—partly his own, and partly  
Retainers of the Domain of which  
IDENSTEIN is Intendant.*

*Stral.* I'll rest here a moment.

*Iden.* [to the servants]. Ho! a chair!  
Instantly, knaves! 461

[STRALENHEIM sits down.]

*Wer.* [aside]. 'Tis he!

*Stral.* I'm better now.  
Who are these strangers?

*Iden.* Please you, my good lord,  
One says he is no stranger.

*Wer.* [aloud and hastily]. Who says  
that?

[They look at him with surprise.]

*Iden.* Why, no one spoke of you, or to  
you!—but

Here 's one his excellency may be pleased  
To recognise. [Pointing to GABOR.]

*Gab.* I seek not to disturb 466  
His noble memory.

*Stral.* I apprehend  
This is one of the strangers to whose aid  
I owe my rescue. Is not that the other?

[Pointing to WERNER.]  
My state when I was succour'd must  
excuse 470

My uncertainty to whom I owe so much.  
*Iden.* He!—no, my lord! he rather  
wants for rescue

Than can afford it. 'Tis a poor sick man,  
Travel-tired, and lately risen from a bed

From whence he never dream'd to rise.

*Stral.* Methought  
That there were two.

*Gab.* There were, in company;  
But, in the service render'd to your lord-  
ship

I needs must say but one, and he is absent.  
The chief part of whatever aid was  
render'd 479

Was his: it was his fortune to be first.  
My will was not inferior, but his strength  
And youth outstripp'd me; therefore do  
not waste

Your thanks on me. I was but a glad  
second

Unto a nobler principal.

*Stral.* Where is he?  
*An Atten.* My lord, he tarried in the  
cottage where 485

Your excellency rested for an hour,  
And said he would be here to-morrow.

*Stral.* Till

That hour arrives, I can but offer thanks,  
And then—

*Gab.* I seek no more, and scarce  
deserve

So much. My comrade may speak for  
himself. 490

*Stral.* [fixing his eyes upon WERNER:  
then aside].

It cannot be! and yet he must be look'd to.  
'Tis twenty years since I beheld him with

These eyes; and, though my agents still  
have kept

Theirs on him, policy has held aloof  
My own from his, not to alarm him into

Suspicion of my plan. Why did I leave  
At Hamburg those who would have  
made assurance

If this be he or no? I thought, ere now,  
To have been lord of Siegendorf, and

parted 499  
In haste, though even the elements appear  
To fight against me, and this sudden flood

May keep me prisoner here till—

[He pauses and looks at WERNER; then  
resumes.]

This man must  
Be watch'd. If it is he, he is so changed,  
His father, rising from his grave again,

Would pass him by unknown. I must be  
wary: 505

An error would spoil all.

*Iden.* Your lordship seems  
Pensive. Will it not please you to pass on?

*Stral.* 'Tis past fatigue, which gives  
my weigh'd-down spirit

An outward show of thought. I will to rest.  
*Iden.* The prince's chamber is pre-  
pared, with all 510

The very furniture the prince used when  
Last here, in its full splendour.

[Aside]. Somewhat tatter'd,  
And devilish damp, but fine enough by  
torchlight;

And that's enough for your right noble  
blood

Of twenty quarters upon a hatchment;  
So let their bearer sleep 'neath something  
like one 516

Now, as he one day will for ever lie.

*Stral.* [rising and turning to GABOR].  
Good night, good people! Sir, I  
trust to-morrow

Will find me apter to requite your service.  
In the mean time I crave your company  
A moment in my chamber. 521

*Gab.* I attend you.  
*Stral.* [after a few steps, pauses, and calls  
WERNER]. Friend!

*Wer.* Sir!

*Iden.* Sir! Lord—oh Lord! Why  
don't you say

His lordship, or his excellency? Pray,  
My lord, excuse this poor man's want of  
breeding:

# WERNER

[ACT I

He hath not been accustom'd to admission  
To such a presence.

*Stral.* [to IDENSTEIN]. Peace, intendant!  
*Iden.* Oh!

I am dumb.

*Stral.* [to WERNER]. Have you been  
long here?

*Wer.* Long?

*Stral.* I sought

An answer, not an echo.

*Wer.* You may seek

Both from the walls. I am not used to  
answer

Those whom I know not.

*Stral.* Indeed! Ne'er the less, 530

You might reply with courtesy to what  
Is ask'd in kindness.

*Wer.* When I know it such,  
I will requite—that is, *reply*—in unison.

*Stral.* The intendant said you had  
been detain'd by sickness—

If I could aid you—journeying the same  
way? 535

*Wer.* [quickly]. I am not journeying  
the same way.

*Stral.* How know ye

That, ere you know my route?

*Wer.* Because there is

But one way that the rich and poor must  
tread

Together. You diverged from that dread  
path

Some hours ago, and I some days: hence-  
forth 540

Our roads must lie asunder, though they  
tend

All to one home.

*Stral.* Your language is above

Your station.

*Wer.* [bitterly]. Is it?

*Stral.* Or, at least, beyond

Your garb.

*Wer.* 'Tis well that it is not beneath it,

As sometimes happens to the better clad.

But, in a word, what would you with me?

*Stral.* [startled]. I?

*Wer.* Yes—you! You know me not,

and question me,

And wonder that I answer not—not know-  
ing

My inquisitor. Explain what you would  
have, 549

And then I'll satisfy yourself, or me.

*Stral.* I knew not that you had reasons  
for reserve.

*Wer.* Many have such:—Have you  
none?

*Stral.* None which can

Interest a mere stranger.

*Wer.* Then forgive

This same unknown and humble stranger, if

He wishes to remain so to the man

Who can have nought in common with  
him.

*Stral.*

Sir,

I will not balk your humour, though un-  
toward:

I only meant you service—but good night!  
Intendant, show the way! [To GABOR].

Sir, you will with me?

[*Exeunt STRALENHEIM and Attendants,*  
IDENSTEIN and GABOR.

*Wer.* [solus]. 'Tis he! I am taken in  
the toils. Before 560

I quitted Hamburg, Giulio, his late  
steward,

Inform'd me, that he had obtain'd an  
order

From Brandenburg's elector, for the arrest  
Of Kruitzner (such the name I then bore)

when 564

I came upon the frontier; the free city  
Alone preserved my freedom—till I left

Its walls—fool that I was to quit them!  
But

I deem'd this humble garb, and route  
obscure,

Had baffled the slow hounds in their  
pursuit.

What's to be done? He knows me not by  
person; 570

Nor could aught, save the eye of appre-  
hension,

Have recognised *him*, after twenty years,  
We met so rarely and so coldly in

Our youth. But those about him! Now  
I can

Divine the frankness of the Hungarian,  
who 575

No doubt is a mere tool and spy of  
Stralenheim's,

To sound and to secure me. Without  
means!

Sick, poor—begirt too with the flooding  
rivers, 578

Impassable even to the wealthy, with  
All the appliances which purchase modes

Of overpowering peril, with men's lives,—  
How can I hope? An hour ago methought

My state beyond despair; and now, 'tis  
such,

The past seems paradise. Another day,  
And I'm detected,—on the very eve

Of honours, rights, and my inheritance,  
When a few drops of gold might save me

still

In favouring an escape.

*Enter IDENSTEIN and FRITZ in conversation.*

*Fritz.* Immediately.

*Iden.* I tell you, 'tis impossible.

*Fritz.* It must

Be tried, however; and if one express  
Fail, you must send on others, till the

answer 591

Arrives from Frankfort, from the com-  
mandant.

*Iden.* I will do what I can.

*Fritz.* And recollect  
To spare no trouble; you will be repaid  
Tenfold.

*Iden.* The baron is retired to rest?

*Fritz.* He hath thrown himself into an  
easy chair 596  
Beside the fire, and slumbers; and has  
order'd

He may not be disturb'd until eleven,  
When he will take himself to bed.

*Iden.* Before  
An hour is past I'll do my best to serve  
him. 600

*Fritz.* Remember! [Exit FRITZ.]

*Iden.* The devil take these great  
men! they  
Think all things made for them. Now here  
must I

Rouse up some half a dozen shivering  
vassals

From their scant pallets, and, at peril of  
Their lives, despatch them o'er the river  
towards 605

Frankfort. Methinks the baron's own  
experience

Some hours ago might teach him fellow-  
feeling;

But no, 'it must,' and there's an end. How  
now?

Are you there, Mynheer Werner?

*Wer.* You have left  
Your noble guest right quickly.

*Iden.* Yes—he's dozing, 610  
And seems to like that none should sleep  
besides.

Here is a packet for the commandant  
Of Frankfort, at all risks and all expenses;  
But I must not lose time: Good night!

[Exit.  
*Wer.* 'To Frankfort!'  
So, so, it thickens! Ay, 'the com-  
mandant.' 615

This tallies well with all the prior steps  
Of this cool, calculating fiend, who walks  
Between me and my father's house. No  
doubt

He writes for a detachment to convey me  
Into some secret fortress.—Sooner than  
This— 621

[WERNER looks around, and snatches up  
a knife lying on a table in a recess.

Now I am master of myself at least.  
Hark,—footsteps! How do I know that  
Stralenheim

Will wait for even the show of that authority  
Which is to overshadow usurpation?

That he suspects me's certain. I'm alone;  
He with a numerous train. I weak;

he strong 626  
In gold, in numbers, rank, authority.

I nameless, or involving in my name  
Destruction, till I reach my own domain;

He full-blown with his titles, which  
impose 630

Still further on these obscure petty  
burghers

Than they could do elsewhere. Hark!  
nearer still!

I'll to the secret passage, which communi-  
cates

With the—No! all is silent—'twas my  
fancy!— 634

Still as the breathless interval between  
The flash and thunder:—I must hush my  
soul

Amidst its perils. Yet I will retire,  
To see if still be unexplored the passage

I wot of: it will serve me as a den 639  
Of secrecy for some hours, at the worst.

[WERNER draws a panel, and exit, closing  
it after him.

*Enter GABOR and JOSEPHINE.*

*Gab.* Where is your husband?

*Jos.* Here, I thought: I left him  
Not long since in his chamber. But these  
rooms

Have many outlets, and he may be gone  
To accompany the intendant. 644

*Gab.* Baron Stralenheim  
Put many questions to the intendant on  
The subject of your lord, and, to be plain,  
I have my doubts if he means well.

*Jos.* Alas!  
What can there be in common with the  
proud

And wealthy baron, and the unknown  
Werner?

*Gab.* That you know best.

*Jos.* Or, if it were so, how 650  
Come you to stir yourself in his behalf,  
Rather than that of him whose life you  
saved?

*Gab.* I help'd to save him, as in peril;  
but

I did not pledge myself to serve him in  
Oppression. I know well these nobles,  
and 655

Their thousand modes of trampling on the  
poor.

I have proved them; and my spirit boils  
up when

I find them practising against the weak:—  
This is my only motive.

*Jos.* It would be  
Not easy to persuade my consort of 660  
Your good intentions.

*Gab.* Is he so suspicious?

*Jos.* He was not once; but time and  
troubles have

Made him what you beheld.

*Gab.* I'm sorry for it.  
Suspicion is a heavy armour, and

With its own weight impedes more than  
protects. 665

Good night! I trust to meet with him at  
daybreak. [Exit GABOR.]

*Re-enter IDENSTEIN and some Peasants.  
JOSEPHINE retires up the Hall.*

*First Peasant.* But if I'm drown'd?

*Iden.* Why, you will be well paid for't,  
And have risk'd more than drowning for  
as much,

I doubt not.

*Second Peasant.* But our wives and  
families?

*Iden.* Cannot be worse off than they  
are, and may 670

Be better.

*Third Peasant.* I have neither, and will  
venture.

*Iden.* That's right. A gallant carle,  
and fit to be

A soldier. I'll promote you to the ranks  
In the prince's body-guard—if you  
succeed:

And you shall have besides, in sparkling  
coin, 675

Two thalers.

*Third Peasant.* No more!

*Iden.* Out upon your avarice!

Can that low vice alloy so much ambition?  
I tell thee, fellow, that two thalers in  
Small change will subdivide into a  
treasure.

Do not five hundred thousand heroes  
daily 680

Risk lives and souls for the tithe of one  
thaler?

When had you half the sum?

*Third Peasant.* Never—but ne'er

The less I must have three.

*Iden.* Have you forgot

Whose vassal you were born, knave?

*Third Peasant.* No—the prince's,

And not the stranger's.

*Iden.* Sirrah! in the prince's 685

Absence, I am sovereign; and the baron is  
My intimate connexion;—'Cousin Iden-  
stein!

(Quoth he) you'll order out a dozen  
villains.

And so, you villains! troop—march—  
march, I say; 689

And if a single dog's ear of this packet  
Be sprinkled by the Oder—look to it!

For every page of paper, shall a hide  
Of yours be stretch'd as parchment on a  
drum,

Like Ziska's skin, to beat alarm to all  
Refractory vassals, who can not effect  
Impossibilities.—Away, ye earth-worms!

[*Exit, driving them out.*]

*Jos.* [*coming forward.*] I fain would  
shun these scenes, too oft repeated,

Of feudal tyranny o'er petty victims;  
I cannot aid, and will not witness such.

Even here, in this remote, unnamed, dull  
spot, 700

The dimmest in the district's map, exist

The insolence of wealth in poverty  
O'er something poorer still—the pride of  
rank

In servitude, o'er something still more ser-  
vile;

And vice in misery affecting still 705  
A tatter'd splendour. What a state of  
being!

In Tuscany, my own dear sunny land,  
Our nobles were but citizens and mer-  
chants,

Like Cosmo. We had evils, but not such  
As these; and our all-ripe and gushing  
valleys 710

Made poverty more cheerful, where each  
herb

Was in itself a meal, and every vine  
Rain'd, as it were, the beverage which  
makes glad

The heart of man; and the ne'er unfelt sun  
(But rarely clouded, and when clouded,  
leaving 715

His warmth behind in memory of his  
beams)

Makes the worn mantle, and the thin robe,  
less

Oppressive than an emperor's jewell'd  
purple.

But, here! the despots of the north appear  
To imitate the ice-wind of their clime,

Searching the shivering vassal through  
his rags, 721

To wring his soul—as the bleak elements  
His form. And 'tis to be amongst these

sovereigns

My husband pants! and such his pride of  
birth— 724

That twenty years of usage, such as no  
Father born in a humble state could nerve

His soul to persecute a son withal,  
Hath changed no atom of his early nature;

But I, born nobly also, from my father's  
Kindness was taught a different lesson. 730

Father!

May thy long-tried and now rewarded  
spirit

Look down on us and our so long desired  
Ulric! I love my son, as thou didst me!

What's that? Thou, Werner! can it be?  
and thus?

*Enter WERNER hastily, with the knife in his  
hand, by the secret panel, which he closes  
hurriedly after him.*

*Wer.* [*not at first recognising her.*] Dis-  
cover'd! then I'll stab—[*recognis-  
ing her.*]

Ah! Josephine, 735  
Why art thou not at rest?

*Jos.* What rest? My God!  
What doth this mean?

*Wer.* [*showing a rouleau.*] Here's gold—  
gold, Josephine,

Will rescue us from this detested dungeon.

*Jos.* And how obtain'd?—that knife!  
*Wer.* 'Tis bloodless—yet.  
 Away—we must to our chamber.  
*Jos.* But whence comest thou? 740  
*Wer.* Ask not! but let us think where  
 we shall go—  
 This—the will make us way—[*showing  
 the gold*]—I'll fit them now.  
*Jos.* I dare not think thee guilty of  
 dishonour.  
*Wer.* Dishonour!  
*Jos.* I have said it.  
*Wer.* Let us hence:  
 'Tis the last night, I trust, that we need pass  
 here. 745  
*Jos.* And not the worst, I hope.  
*Wer.* Hope! I make sure.  
 But let us to our chamber.  
*Jos.* Yet one question—  
 What hast thou done?  
*Wer.* [*fiercely*]. Left one thing undone,  
 which  
 Had made all well: let me not think of it!  
 Away! 749  
*Jos.* Alas, that I should doubt of thee!  
 [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II

## SCENE I.—A Hall in the same Palace.

*Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.*

*Iden.* Fine doings! goodly doings!  
 honest doings!  
 A baron pillaged in a prince's palace!  
 Where, till this hour, such a sin ne'er was  
 heard of.  
*Fritz.* It hardly could, unless the rats  
 despoil'd  
 The mice of a few shreds of tapestry. 5  
*Iden.* Oh! that I e'er should live to see  
 this day!  
 The honour of our city's gone for ever.  
*Fritz.* Well, but now to discover the  
 delinquent:  
 The baron is determined not to lose  
 This sum without a search.  
*Iden.* And so am I. 10  
*Fritz.* But whom do you suspect?  
*Iden.* Suspect! all people  
 Without — within — above — below —  
 Heaven help me!  
*Fritz.* Is there no other entrance to the  
 chamber?  
*Iden.* None whatsoever.  
*Fritz.* Are you sure of that?  
*Iden.* Certain. I have lived and served  
 here since my birth, 15  
 And if there were such, must have heard  
 of such,  
 Or seen it.  
*Fritz.* Then it must be some one who  
 Had access to the antechamber.  
*Iden.* Doubtless.  
*Fritz.* The man call'd *Werner's* poor!

*Iden.* Poor as a miser. 19  
 But lodged so far off, in the other wing,  
 By which there's no communication with  
 The baron's chamber, that it can't be he.  
 Besides, I bade him 'good night' in the  
 hall,  
 Almost a mile off, and which only leads  
 To his own apartment, about the same  
 time 25  
 When this burglarious, larcenous felony  
 Appears to have been committed.  
*Fritz.* There's another,  
 The stranger——  
*Iden.* The Hungarian?  
*Fritz.* He who help'd  
 To fish the baron from the Oder. Not  
 Unlikely. But, hold—might it not have  
 been 30  
 One of the suite?  
*Fritz.* How? *We*, sir!  
*Iden.* No—not you,  
 But some of the inferior knaves. You say  
 The baron was asleep in the great chair—  
 The velvet chair—in his embroider'd  
 nightgown;  
 His toilet spread before him, and upon it  
 A cabinet with letters, papers, and 36  
 Several rouleaux of gold; of which one  
 only  
 Has disappear'd:—the door unbolted,  
 with  
 No difficult access to any.  
*Fritz.* Good sir,  
 Be not so quick! the honour of the corps  
 Which forms the baron's household's  
 unimpeach'd 41  
 From steward to scullion, save in the fair  
 way  
 Of peculation; such as in accompts,  
 Weights, measures, larder, cellar, buttery,  
 Where all men take their prey; as also in  
 Postage of letters, gathering of rents,  
 Purveying feasts, and understanding with  
 The honest trades who furnish noble  
 masters;  
 But for your petty, picking, downright  
 thievery, 49  
 We scorn it as we do board-wages. Then  
 Had one of our folks done it, he would not  
 Have been so poor a spirit as to hazard  
 His neck for one rouleau, but have  
 swoop'd all;  
 Also the cabinet, if portable.  
*Iden.* There is some sense in that——  
*Fritz.* No, sir, be sure 55  
 'Twas none of our corps; but some petty,  
 trivial  
 Picker and stealer, without art or genius.  
 The only question is—Who else could have  
 Access, save the Hungarian and yourself?  
*Iden.* You don't mean me?  
*Fritz.* No, sir; I honour more 60  
 Your talents——

*Iden.* And my principles, I hope.  
*Fritz.* Of course. But to the point:  
 What's to be done?  
*Iden.* Nothing—but there's a good  
 deal to be said.  
 We'll offer a reward; move heaven and  
 earth,  
 And the police (though there's none  
 nearer than 65  
 Frankfurt); post notices in manuscript  
 (For we've no printer); and set by my  
 clerk  
 To read them (for few can, save he and I);  
 We'll send out villains to strip beggars,  
 and  
 Search empty pockets; also to arrest 70  
 All gipsies, and ill-clothed and sallow  
 people.  
 Prisoners we'll have at least, if not the  
 culprit;  
 And for the baron's gold—if 'tis not  
 found,  
 At least he shall have the full satisfaction  
 Of melting twice its substance in the  
 raising 75  
 The ghost of this rouleau. Here's alchemy  
 For your Lord's losses!  
*Fritz.* He hath found a better.  
*Iden.* Where?  
*Fritz.* In a most immense inheritance.  
 The late Count Siegendorf, his distant  
 kinsman,  
 Is dead near Prague, in his castle, and my  
 lord 80  
 Is on his way to take possession.  
*Iden.* Was there  
 No heir?  
*Fritz.* Oh, yes; but he has disappear'd  
 Long from the world's eye, and perhaps  
 the world.  
 A prodigal son, beneath his father's ban  
 For the last twenty years: for whom his  
 sire 85  
 Refused to kill the fatted calf; and, there-  
 fore,  
 If living, he must chew the husks still.  
 But  
 The baron would find means to silence  
 him,  
 Were he to re-appear: he's politic,  
 And has much influence with a certain  
 court. 90  
*Iden.* He's fortunate.  
*Fritz.* 'Tis true, there is a grandson,  
 Whom the late count reclaim'd from his  
 son's hands,  
 And educated as his heir; but then  
 His birth is doubtful.  
*Iden.* How so?  
*Fritz.* His sire made  
 A left-hand, love, imprudent sort of  
 marriage, 95  
 With an Italian exile's dark-eyed  
 daughter:  
 Noble, they say, too; but no match for  
 such  
 A house as Siegendorf's. The grandsire ill  
 Could brook the alliance; and could ne'er  
 be brought  
 To see the parents, though he took the  
 son. 100  
*Iden.* If he's a lad of mettle, he may  
 yet  
 Dispute your claim, and weave a web that  
 may  
 Puzzle your baron to unravel.  
*Fritz.* Why,  
 For mettle, he has quite enough: they say,  
 He forms a happy mixture of his sire 105  
 And grandsire's qualities,—impetuous as  
 The former, and deep as the latter; but  
 The strangest is, that he too disappear'd  
 Some months ago.  
*Iden.* The devil he did!  
*Fritz.* Why, yes:  
 It must have been at his suggestion, at  
 An hour so critical as was the eve 111  
 Of the old man's death, whose heart was  
 broken by it.  
*Iden.* Was there no cause assign'd?  
*Fritz.* Plenty, no doubt,  
 And none, perhaps, the true one. Some  
 averr'd 114  
 It was to seek his parents; some because  
 The old man held his spirit in so strictly  
 (But that could scarce be, for he doted on  
 him):  
 A third believed he wish'd to serve in war,  
 But peace being made soon after his de-  
 parture,  
 He might have since return'd, were that  
 the motive; 120  
 A fourth set charitably have surmised,  
 As there was something strange and mystic  
 in him,  
 That in the wild exuberance of his nature  
 He had join'd the black bands, who lay  
 waste Lusatia,  
 The mountains of Bohemia and Silesia,  
 Since the last years of war had dwindled  
 into 126  
 A kind of general condottiero system  
 Of bandit warfare; each troop with its  
 chief,  
 And all against mankind.  
*Iden.* That cannot be,  
 A young heir, bred to wealth and luxury,  
 To risk his life and honours with dis-  
 banded 131  
 Soldiers and desperadoes!  
*Fritz.* Heaven best knows!  
 But there are human natures so allied  
 Unto the savage love of enterprise,  
 That they will seek for peril as a pleasure.  
 I've heard that nothing can reclaim your  
 Indian, 136  
 Or tame the tiger, though their infancy  
 Were fed on milk and honey. After all,

Your Wallenstein, your Tilly and  
 Gustavus,  
 Your Bannier, and your Torstenson and  
 Weimar, 140  
 Were but the same thing upon a grand  
 scale;  
 And now that they are gone, and peace  
 proclaim'd,  
 They who would follow the same pastime  
 must  
 Pursue it on their own account. Here  
 comes 144  
 The baron, and the Saxon stranger, who  
 Was his chief aid in yesterday's escape,  
 But did not leave the cottage by the Oder  
 Until this morning.

*Enter STRALENHEIM and ULRIC.*

*Stral.* Since you have refused  
 All compensation, gentle stranger, save  
 Inadequate thanks, you almost check even  
 them, 150  
 Making me feel the worthlessness of  
 words,  
 And blush at my own barren gratitude,  
 They seem so niggardly, compared with  
 what  
 Your courteous courage did in my  
 behalf—

*Ulr.* I pray you press the theme no  
 further.

*Stral.* But 155  
 Can I not serve you? You are young, and  
 of  
 That mould which throws out heroes; fair  
 in favour;  
 Brave, I know, by my living now to say so;  
 And, doubtlessly, with such a form and  
 heart,  
 Would look into the fiery eyes of war,  
 As ardently for glory as you dared 161  
 An obscure death to save an unknown  
 stranger.

In an as perilous, but opposite, element.  
 You are made for the service: I have  
 served;  
 Have rank by birth and soldiership, and  
 friends, 165  
 Who shall be yours. 'Tis true this pause of  
 peace

Favours such views at present scantily;  
 But 'twill not last, men's spirits are too  
 stirring;

And, after thirty years of conflict, peace  
 Is but a petty war, as the time shows us  
 In every forest, or a mere arm'd truce.  
 War will reclaim his own; and, in the  
 mean time,

You might obtain a post, which would  
 insure

A higher soon, and, by my influence, fail  
 not 174

To rise. I speak of Brandenburg, wherein  
 I stand well with the Elector; in Bohemia,

Like you, I am a stranger, and we are now  
 Upon its frontier.

*Ulr.* You perceive my garb  
 Is Saxon, and of course my service due  
 To my own sovereign. If I must decline  
 Your offer, 'tis with the same feeling which  
 Induced it.

*Stral.* Why, this is mere usury!  
 I owe my life to you, and you refuse  
 The acquittance of the interest of the debt,  
 To heap more obligations on me, till  
 I bow beneath them. 186

*Ulr.* You shall say so when  
 I claim the payment.

*Stral.* Well, sir, since you will not—  
 You are nobly born?

*Ulr.* I have heard my kinsmen say so.

*Stral.* Your actions show it. Might I  
 ask your name?

*Ulr.* Ulríc.

*Stral.* Your house's?

*Ulr.* When I'm worthy of it, 190  
 I'll answer you.

*Stral.* [*aside*]. Most probably an  
 Austrian,  
 Whom these unsettled times forbid to  
 boast

His lineage on these wild and dangerous  
 frontiers,

Where the name of his country is abhorr'd.  
 [*Aloud to FRITZ and IDENSTEIN.*

So, sirs! how have ye sped in your re-  
 searches? 195

*Iden.* Indifferent well, your excellency.

*Stral.*

I am to deem the plunderer is caught?

*Iden.* Humph!—not exactly.

*Stral.* Or at least suspected?

*Iden.* Oh! for that matter, very much  
 suspected.

*Stral.* Who may he be?

*Iden.* Why, don't you know, my  
 lord? 200

*Stral.* How should I? I was fast asleep.

*Iden.* And so

Was I, and that's the cause I know no  
 more

Than does your excellency.

*Stral.* Dolt!

*Iden.* Why, if

Your lordship, being robb'd, don't  
 recognise

The rogue; how should I, not being robb'd,  
 identify 205

The thief among so many? In the crowd,  
 May it please your excellency, your thief  
 looks

Exactly like the rest, or rather better:  
 'Tis only at the bar and in the dungeon,

That wise men know your felon by his  
 features; 210

But I'll engage, that if seen there but once,  
 Whether he be found criminal or no,  
 His face shall be so.



*Stral.* [to FRITZ]. Prithee, Fritz, inform me

What hath been done to trace the fellow?

*Fritz.* Faith!

My lord, not much as yet, except conjecture. 215

*Stral.* Besides the loss (which, I must own, affects me

Just now materially), I needs would find

The villain out of public motives; for

So dexterous a spoiler, who could creep

Through my attendants, and so many

peopled 220

And lighted chambers, on my rest, and

snatch

The gold before my scarce-closed eyes,

would soon

Leave bare your borough, Sir Intendant!

*Iden.* True:

If there were aught to carry off, my lord.

*Ulr.* What is all this?

*Stral.* You join'd us but this morning,

And have not heard that I was robb'd last

night. 226

*Ulr.* Some rumour of it reach'd me as

I pass'd

The outer chambers of the palace, but

I know no further.

*Stral.* It is a strange business;

The intendant can inform you of the facts.

*Iden.* Most willingly. You see—

*Stral.* [impatiently]. Defer your tale,

Till certain of the hearer's patience.

*Iden.* That

Can only be approved by proofs. You

see—

*Stral.* [again interrupting him, and

addressing ULRIC]. In short, I was

asleep upon my chair, 234

My cabinet before me, with some gold

Upon it (more than I much like to lose,

Though in part only): some ingenious

person

Contrived to glide through all my own

attendants,

Besides those of the place, and bore away

A hundred golden ducats, which to find

I would be fain, and there's an end.

Perhaps 241

You (as I still am rather faint) would add

To yesterday's great obligation, this,

Though slighter, yet not slight, to aid

these men

(Who seem but lukewarm) in recovering

it? 245

*Ulr.* Most willingly, and without loss

of time—

[To IDENSTEIN]. Come hither, mynheer!

*Iden.* But so much haste bodes

Right little speed, and—

*Ulr.* Standing motionless

None; so let's march; we'll talk as we go

on.

*Iden.* But—

*Ulr.* Show the spot, and then I'll answer you. 250

*Fritz.* I will, sir, with his excellency's leave.

*Stral.* Do so, and take yon old ass with you.

*Fritz.* Hence!

*Ulr.* Come on, old oracle, expound thy riddle!

[Exit with IDENSTEIN and FRITZ.]

*Stral.* [solus]. A stalwart, active, soldier-looking stripling.

Handsome as Hercules ere his first labour, And with a brow of thought beyond his

years 256

When in repose, till his eye kindles up

In answering yours. I wish I could engage him:

I have need of some such spirits near me now,

For this inheritance is worth a struggle.

And though I am not the man to yield without one, 261

Neither are they who now rise up between me

And my desire. The boy, they say, 's a bold one;

But he hath play'd the truant in some hour Of freakish folly, leaving fortune to 265

Champion his claims. That's well. The father, whom

For years I've track'd, as does the blood-hound, never

In sight, but constantly in scent, had put me

To fault; but here I have him, and that's better.

It must be he! All circumstance proclaims it; 270

And careless voices, knowing not the cause

Of my inquiries, still confirm it.—Yes, The man, his bearing, and the mystery

Of his arrival, and the time; the account, too,

The intendant gave (for I have not beheld her) 275

Of his wife's dignified but foreign aspect; Besides the antipathy with which we met,

As snakes and lions shrink back from each other

By secret instinct that both must be foes Deadly, without being natural prey to either; 280

All—all—confirm it to my mind. However,

We'll grapple, ne'ertheless. In a few hours

The order comes from Frankfort, if these waters

Rise not the higher (and the weather favours

Their quick abatement), and I'll have him safe 285

Within a dungeon, where he may avouch

His real estate and name; and there's no  
 harm done,  
 Should he prove other than I deem. This  
 robbery  
 (Save for the actual loss) is lucky also;  
 He's poor, and that's suspicious—he's  
 unknown,<sup>290</sup>  
 And that's defenceless.—True, we have  
 no proofs  
 Of guilt,—but what hath he of innocence?  
 Were he a man indifferent to my prospects,  
 In other bearings, I should rather lay  
 The inculcation on the Hungarian, who  
 Hath something which I like not; and  
 alone<sup>296</sup>  
 Of all around, except the intendant, and  
 The prince's household and my own, had  
 ingress  
 Familiar to the chamber.

*Enter GABOR.*

Friend, how fare you?

*Gab.* As those who fare well every-  
 where, when they<sup>300</sup>  
 Have suppd and slumber'd, no great  
 matter how—

And you, my lord?

*Stral.* Better in rest than purse:  
 Mine inn is like to cost me dear.

*Gab.* I heard  
 Of your late loss; but 'tis a trifle to  
 One of your order.

*Stral.* You would hardly think so,  
 Were the loss yours.

*Gab.* I never had so much  
 (At once) in my whole life, and therefore  
 am not

Fit to decide. But I came here to seek you.  
 Your couriers are turn'd back—I have  
 outstripp'd them,<sup>309</sup>

In my return.

*Stral.* You!—Why?

*Gab.* I went at daybreak,  
 To watch for the abatement of the river,  
 As being anxious to resume my journey.  
 Your messengers were all check'd like  
 myself;

And, seeing the case hopeless, I await  
 The current's pleasure.<sup>315</sup>

*Stral.* Would the dogs were in it!  
 Why did they not, at least, attempt the  
 passage?

I order'd this at all risks.

*Gab.* Could you order  
 The Oder to divide, as Moses did  
 The Red Sea (scarcely redder than the flood  
 Of the swollen stream), and be obey'd,  
 perhaps<sup>320</sup>

They might have ventured.

*Stral.* I must see to it:  
 The knaves! the slaves!—but they shall  
 smart for this. [*Exit STRALENHEIM.*]

*Gab.* [*solus.*] There goes my noble,  
 feudal, self-will'd baron!

Epitome of what brave chivalry  
 The preux chevaliers of the good old times  
 Have left us. Yesterday he would have  
 given<sup>326</sup>

His lands (if he hath any), and, still dearer,  
 His sixteen quarterings, for as much fresh  
 air

As would have fill'd a bladder, while he lay  
 Gurgling and foaming halfway through  
 the window<sup>330</sup>

Of his o'erset and water-logg'd con-  
 veyance;

And now he storms at half a dozen  
 wretches

Because they love their lives too! Yet, he's  
 right:

'Tis strange they should, when such as he  
 may put them

To hazard at his pleasure. Oh, thou  
 world!<sup>335</sup>

Thou art indeed a melancholy jest!

[*Exit GABOR.*]

SCENE II.—*The Apartment of WERNER, in  
 the Palace.*

*Enter JOSEPHINE and ULRIC.*

*Jos.* Stand back, and let me look on  
 thee again!

My Utric!—my beloved!—can it be—  
 After twelve years?

*Ulr.* My dearest mother!  
*Jos.* Yes!

My dream is realised—how beautiful!—  
 How more than all I sigh'd for! Heaven  
 receive<sup>5</sup>

A mother's thanks! a mother's tears of joy!  
 This is indeed thy work!—At such an  
 hour, too,

He comes not only as a son, but saviour.

*Ulr.* If such a joy await me, it must  
 double

What I now feel, and lighten from my  
 heart<sup>10</sup>

A part of the long debt of duty, not  
 Of love (for that was ne'er withheld)—  
 forgive me!

This long delay was not my fault.

*Jos.* I know it,  
 But cannot think of sorrow now, and  
 doubt

If I e'er felt it, 'tis so dazzled from<sup>15</sup>  
 My memory by this oblivious transport!—  
 My son!

*Enter WERNER.*

*Wer.* What have we here,—more  
 strangers?

*Jos.* No!  
 Look upon him! What do you see?

*Wer.* A stripling,

For the first time—

*Ulr.* [*knéeing*]. For twelve long years,  
 my father!

To me, who have borne so much with him,  
and for him,<sup>159</sup>  
That this is but the surface of his soul,  
And that the depth is rich in better things.

*Ulr.* These then are but my father's  
principles?

My mother thinks not with him?  
*Jos.* Nor doth he

Think as he speaks. Alas! long years of  
grief

Have made him sometimes thus.

*Ulr.* Explain to me<sup>165</sup>  
More clearly, then, these claims of Stralen-

heim,

That, when I see the subject in its bearings,  
I may prepare to face him, or at least

To extricate you from your present perils.  
I pledge myself to accomplish this—but

would<sup>170</sup>  
I had arrived a few hours sooner!

*Jos.* Ay!

Hadst thou but done so!

*Enter GABOR and IDENSTEIN, with  
Attendants.*

*Gab.* [to *ULRIC*]. I have sought you,  
comrade.

So this is my reward!

*Ulr.* What do you mean?

*Gab.* 'Sdeath! have I lived to these  
years, and for this!

[To *IDENSTEIN*]. But for your age and  
folly, I would—

*Iden.* Help!<sup>175</sup>  
Hands off! Touch an intendant!

*Gab.* Do not think  
I'll honour you so much as save your  
throat

From the Ravenstone by choking you  
myself.

*Iden.* I thank you for the respite: but  
there are

Those who have greater need of it than  
me.<sup>180</sup>

*Ulr.* Unriddle this vile wrangling,  
or—

*Gab.* At once, then,  
The baron has been robbed, and upon me

This worthy personage has deign'd to fix  
His kind suspicions—me! whom he ne'er

saw  
Till yester evening.

*Iden.* Wouldst have me suspect<sup>185</sup>  
My own acquaintances? You have to

learn  
That I keep better company.

*Gab.* You shall  
Keep the best shortly, and the last for all

men,  
The worms! you hound of malice!

[*GABOR seizes on him.*  
*Ulr.* [interfering]. Nay, no violence;

He's old, unarm'd—be temperate, *Gabor*!

*Gab.* [letting go *IDENSTEIN*]. True:

I am a fool to lose myself because<sup>191</sup>

Fools deem me knave: it is their homage.  
*Ulr.* [to *IDENSTEIN*]. How

Fare you?  
*Iden.* Help!

*Ulr.* I have help'd you.  
*Iden.* Kill him! then

I'll say so.  
*Gab.* I am calm—live on!

*Iden.* That's more  
Than you shall do, if there be judge or

judgment.<sup>195</sup>  
In Germany. The baron shall decide!

*Gab.* Does he abet you in your  
accusation?

*Iden.* Does he not?  
*Gab.* Then next time let him go sink

Ere I go hang for snatching him from  
drowning.

But here he comes!

*Enter STRALENHEIM.*

*Gab.* [goes up to him]. My noble lord,  
I'm here!<sup>200</sup>

*Stral.* Well, sir!

*Gab.* Have you aught with me?  
*Stral.* What should I

Have with you?  
*Gab.* You know best, if yesterday's

Flood has not wash'd away your memory;  
But that's a trifle. I stand here accused,

In phrases not equivocal, by yon<sup>205</sup>  
Intendant, of the pillage of your person

Or chamber:—is the charge your own or  
his?

*Stral.* I accuse no man.  
*Gab.* Then you acquit me, baron?

*Stral.* I know not whom to accuse, or  
to acquit,

Or scarcely to suspect.  
*Gab.* But you at least<sup>210</sup>

Should know whom *not* to suspect. I am  
insulted—

Oppress'd here by these menials, and I  
look

To you for remedy—teach them their  
duty!

To look for thieves at home were part of it,  
If duly taught; but, in one word, if I<sup>215</sup>

Have an accuser, let it be a man  
Worthy to be so of a man like me.

I am your equal.  
*Stral.* You!

*Gab.* Ay, sir; and, for  
Aught that you know, superior; but

proceed—  
I do not ask for hints, and surmises,<sup>220</sup>

And circumstance, and proof: I know  
enough

Of what I have done for you, and what  
you owe me,

To have at least waited your payment rather  
Than paid myself, had I been eager of

Your gold. I also know, that were I even

The villain I am deem'd, the service  
render'd <sup>226</sup>

So recently would not permit you to  
Pursue me to the death, except through  
shame,

Such as would leave your scutcheon but a  
blank.

But this is nothing: I demand of you <sup>230</sup>  
Justice upon your unjust servants, and  
From your own lips a disavowal of  
All sanction of their insolence: thus much  
You owe to the unknown, who asks no  
more,

And never thought to have ask'd so much.  
*Stral.* This tone <sup>235</sup>

May be of innocence.

*Gab.* 'Sdeath! who dare doubt it,  
Except such villains as ne'er had it?

*Stral.* You  
Are hot, sir.

*Gab.* Must I turn an icicle  
Before the breath of menials, and their  
master?

*Stral.* Ulric! you know this man; I  
found him in <sup>240</sup>

Your company.

*Gab.* We found you in the Oder,  
Would we had left you there!

*Stral.* I give you thanks, sir.  
*Gab.* I've earned them; but might  
have earn'd more from others,

Perchance, if I had left you to your fate.  
*Stral.* Ulric! you know this man?

*Gab.* No more than you do <sup>245</sup>  
If he avouches not my honour.

*Ulric.* I  
Can vouch your courage, and, as far as my  
Own brief connexion led me, honour.

*Stral.* Then  
I'm satisfied.

*Gab.* [ironically]. Right easily, methinks.  
What is the spell in his asseveration <sup>250</sup>

More than in mine?

*Stral.* I merely said that I  
Was satisfied—not that you are absolved.

*Gab.* Again! Am I accused or no?  
*Stral.* Go to!

You wax too insolent. If circumstance  
And general suspicion be against you,

Is the fault mine? Is't not enough that I  
Decline all question of your guilt or inno-

cence? <sup>257</sup>

*Gab.* My lord, my lord, this is mere  
cozenage,

A vile equivocation; you well know  
Your doubts are certainties to all around  
you— <sup>260</sup>

Your looks a voice—your frowns a  
sentence; you

Are practising your power on me—  
because

You have it; but beware! you know not  
whom

You strive to tread on.

*Stral.* Threat'st thou?

*Gab.* Not so much <sup>264</sup>  
As you accuse. You hint the basest injury.

And I retort it with an open warning.

*Stral.* As you have said, 'tis true I owe  
you something,

For which you seem disposed to pay  
yourself.

*Gab.* Not with your gold.

*Stral.* With bootless insolence.

[To his Attendants and IDENSTEIN.  
You need not further to molest this man,  
But let him go his way. Ulric, good

tomorrow! <sup>271</sup>  
[Exit STRALENHEIM, IDENSTEIN, and

Attendants.  
*Gab.* [following]. I'll after him and—  
*Ulric.* [stopping him]. Not a step.

*Gab.* Who shall  
Oppose me?

*Ulric.* Your own reason, with a  
moment's

Thought.

*Gab.* Must I bear this?

*Ulric.* Pshaw! we all must bear  
The arrogance of something higher than  
Ourselves—the highest cannot temper

Satan, <sup>276</sup>

Nor the lowest his vicegerents upon earth.  
I've seen you brave the elements, and bear

Things which had made this silkworm cast  
his skin—

And shrink you from a few sharp sneers  
and words? <sup>280</sup>

*Gab.* Must I bear to be deem'd a thief?  
If 'twere

A bandit of the woods, I could have borne  
it—

There's something daring in it—but to  
steal

The moneys of a slumbering man!—  
*Ulric.* It seems, then,

You are not guilty.  
*Gab.* Do I hear aright? <sup>285</sup>

You too!

*Ulric.* I merely ask'd a simple question.  
*Gab.* If the judge ask'd me, I would  
answer 'No'—

To you I answer thus. [He draws.  
*Ulric.* [drawing]. With all my heart!

*Jos.* Without there! Ho! help! help!—  
Oh, God! here's murder!

[Exit JOSEPHINE, shrieking.  
GABOR and ULRIC fight. GABOR is dis-

armed just as STRALENHEIM, JOSEPHINE,  
IDENSTEIN, &c., re-enter.

*Jos.* Oh! glorious heaven! He's safe!  
*Stral.* [to JOSEPHINE]. Who's safe?

*Jos.* My—  
*Ulric.* [interrupting her with a stern look,  
and turning afterwards to STRALEN-

HEIM]. Both! <sup>290</sup>

Here's no great harm done.

*Stral.* What hath caused all this?  
*Ulr.* You, baron, I believe; but as the  
 effect  
 Is harmless, let it not disturb you.—  
 Gabor!

There is your sword; and when you bare  
 it next,

Let it not be against your friends.

[*ULRIC pronounces the last words slowly  
 and emphatically in a low voice to  
 GABOR.*

*Gab.* I thank you 295  
 Less for my life than for your counsel.

*Stral.* These  
 Brawls must end here.

*Gab.* [*taking his sword*]. They shall.

You've wrong'd me, Ulric,  
 More with your unkind thoughts than  
 sword: I would

The last were in my bosom rather than  
 The first in yours. I could have borne yon  
 noble's 300

Absurd insinuations—ignorance  
 And dull suspicion are a part of his  
 Entail will last him longer than his  
 lands.—

But I may fit him yet:—you have van-  
 quish'd me.

I was the fool of passion to conceive 305  
 That I could cope with you, whom I had  
 seen

Already proved by greater perils than  
 Rest in this arm. We may meet by and by,  
 However—but in friendship.

*Stral.* I will brook  
 No more! This outrage following upon his

insults, 310  
 Perhaps his guilt, has cancell'd all the little

I owed him heretofore for the so-vaunted  
 Aid which he added to your abler succour.

Ulric, you are not hurt?—

*Ulr.* Not even by a scratch.

*Stral.* [*to IDENSTEIN*]. Intendant! take  
 your measures to secure 315

Yon fellow: I revoke my former lenity.  
 He shall be sent to Frankfort with an

escort,  
 The instant that the waters have abated.

*Iden.* Secure him! He hath got his  
 sword again—

And seems to know the use on't; 'tis his  
 trade, 320

Belike;—I'm a civilian.  
*Stral.* Fool! are not

Yon score of vassals dogging at your heels  
 Enough to seize a dozen such? Hence!

after him!

*Ulr.* Baron, I do beseech you!

*Stral.* I must be  
 Obey'd. No words!

*Iden.* Well, if it must be so— 325

March, vassals! I'm your leader, and will  
 bring

The rear up: a wise general never should  
 Expose his precious life—on which all  
 rests.

I like that article of war.  
*[Exit IDENSTEIN and Attendants.*

*Stral.* Come hither,  
*Ulric;* what does that woman here? Oh!  
 now 330

I recognise her, 'tis the stranger's wife  
 Whom they name 'Werner.'

*Ulr.* 'Tis his name.  
*Stral.* Indeed!

Is not your husband visible, fair dame?—

*Jos.* Who seeks him?

*Stral.* No one—for the present: but  
 I fain would parley, Ulric, with yourself  
 Alone.

*Ulr.* I will retire with you.  
*Jos.* Not so: 336

You are the latest stranger, and com-  
 mand

All places here.  
*[Aside to ULRIC, as she goes out].* O Ulric!

have a care—  
 Remember what depends on a rash word!

*Ulr.* [*to JOSEPHINE*]. Fear not!—  
*[Exit JOSEPHINE.]*

*Stral.* Ulric, I think that I may trust  
 you; 340

You saved my life—and acts like these  
 beget

Unbounded confidence.  
*Ulr.* Say on.

*Stral.* Mysterious  
 And long-engender'd circumstances (not

To be now fully enter'd on) have made  
 This man obnoxious—perhaps fatal to  
 me. 345

*Ulr.* Who? Gabor, the Hungarian?

*Stral.* No—this 'Werner'—  
 With the false name and habit.

*Ulr.* How can this be?  
 He is the poorest of the poor—and yellow

Sickness sits cavern'd in his hollow eye:  
 The man is helpless.

*Stral.* He is—'tis no matter;— 350  
 But if he be the man I deem (and that

He is so, all around us here—and much  
 That is not here—confirm my appre-

hension),  
 He must be made secure ere twelve hours

further. 354  
*Ulr.* And what have I to do with this?

*Stral.* I have sent  
 To Frankfort, to the governor, my friend,

(I have the authority to do so by  
 An order of the house of Brandenburg),

For a fit escort—but this cursed flood  
 Bars all access, and may do for some  
 hours. 360

*Ulr.* It is abating.  
*Stral.* That is well.

*Ulr.* But how  
 Am I concern'd?

*Stral.* As one who did so much  
For me, you cannot be indifferent to  
That which is of more import to me than  
The life you rescued.—Keep your eye on  
him! <sup>365</sup>

The man avoids me, knows that I now  
know him.—

Watch him!—as you would watch the  
wild boar when

He makes against you in the hunter's  
gap—

Like him he must be spear'd.

*Ulr.* Why so?

*Stral.* He stands  
Between me and a brave inheritance! <sup>370</sup>  
Oh! could you see it! But you shall.

*Ulr.* I hope so.

*Stral.* It is the richest of the rich  
Bohemia,

Unscathed by scorching war. It lies so  
near

The strongest city, Prague, that fire and  
sword

Have skimm'd it lightly: so that now,  
besides <sup>375</sup>

Its own exuberance, it bears double value  
Confronted with whole realms far and  
near

Made deserts.

*Ulr.* You describe it faithfully.

*Stral.* Ay—could you see it, you  
would say so—but, <sup>379</sup>

As I have said, you shall.

*Ulr.* I accept the omen.

*Stral.* Then claim a recompense from  
it and me,

Such as *both* may make worthy your  
acceptance

And services to me and mine for ever.

*Ulr.* And this sole, sick, and miserable  
wretch—

This way-worn stranger—stands between  
you and <sup>385</sup>

This Paradise?—(As Adam did between  
The devil and his)—[*Aside*].

*Stral.* He doth.

*Ulr.* Hath he no right?

*Stral.* Right! none. A disinherited  
prodigal,

Who for these twenty years disgraced his  
lineage <sup>389</sup>

In all his acts—but chiefly by his marriage,  
And living amidst commerce-fetching

burghers,  
And dabbling merchants, in a mart of  
Jews.

*Ulr.* He has a wife, then?

*Stral.* You'd be sorry to  
Call such your mother. You have seen  
the woman <sup>394</sup>

He calls his wife.

*Ulr.* Is she not so?

*Stral.* No more

Than he's your father:—an Italian girl,

The daughter of a banish'd man, who lives  
On love and poverty with this same  
Werner.

*Ulr.* They are childless, then?

*Stral.* There is or was a bastard,  
Whom the old man—the grandsire (as  
old age <sup>400</sup>

Is ever doting) took to warm his bosom,  
As it went chilly downward to the grave:

But the imp stands not in my path—he  
has fled,

No one knows whither; and if he had not,  
His claims alone were too contemptible

To stand.—Why do you smile?

*Ulr.* At your vain fears:  
A poor man almost in his grasp—a child

Of doubtful birth—can startle a grandee!

*Stral.* All's to be fear'd, where all is to  
be gain'd.

*Ulr.* True; and aught done to save or  
to obtain it. <sup>410</sup>

*Stral.* You have harp'd the very string  
next to my heart.

I may depend upon you?

*Ulr.* 'Twere too late

To doubt it.

*Stral.* Let no foolish pity shake  
Your bosom (for the appearance of the  
man

Is pitiful)—he is a wretch, as likely <sup>415</sup>  
To have robb'd me as the fellow more

suspected,  
Except that circumstance is less against  
him;

He being lodged far off, and in a chamber  
Without approach to mine; and, to say

truth, <sup>419</sup>  
I think too well of blood allied to mine,  
To deem he would descend to such an

act:  
Besides, he was a soldier, and a brave one

Once—though too rash.

*Ulr.* And they, my lord, we know  
By our experience, never plunder till

They knock the brains out first—which  
makes them heirs, <sup>425</sup>

Not thieves. The dead, who feel nought,  
can lose nothing,

Nor e'er be robb'd: their spoils are a be-  
quest—

No more.

*Stral.* Go to! you are a wag. But say  
I may be sure you'll keep an eye on this

man,  
And let me know his slightest movement

towards <sup>430</sup>

Concealment or escape?

*Ulr.* You may be sure  
You yourself could not watch him more

than I  
Will be his sentinel.

*Stral.* By this you make me  
Yours, and for ever.

*Ulr.* Such is my intention. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I.—*A Hall in the same Palace, from whence the secret passage leads.*

*Enter WERNER and GABOR.*

Gab. Sir, I have told my tale: if it so please you  
To give me refuge for a few hours, well—  
If not, I'll try my fortune elsewhere.

Wer. How  
Can I, so wretched, give to Misery  
A shelter?—wanting such myself as much  
As e'er the hunted deer a covert—

Gab. Or 6  
The wounded lion his cool cave. Me-  
thinks  
You rather look like one would turn at  
bay,  
And rip the hunter's entrails.

Wer. Ah!  
Gab. I care not  
If it be so, being much disposed to do 10  
The same myself. But will you shelter me?  
I am oppress'd like you—and poor like  
you—

Disgraced—  
Wer. [*abruptly*]. Who told you that I  
was disgraced?

Gab. No one; nor did I say you were  
so: with  
Your poverty my likeness ended; but 15  
I said I was so—and would add, with  
truth,  
As undeservedly as you.

Wer. Again!  
As I?

Gab. Or any other honest man.  
What the devil would you have? You  
don't believe me  
Guilty of this base theft?

Wer. No, no—I cannot. 20  
Gab. Why that's my heart of honour!  
yon young gallant—

Your miserly intendant and dense noble—  
All—all suspected me; and why? because  
I am the worst clothed and least named  
amongst them;

Although, were Momus' lattice in your  
breasts, 25  
My soul might brook to open it more  
widely

Than theirs: but thus it is—you poor and  
helpless—  
Both still more than myself.

Wer. How knew you that?  
Gab. You're right: I ask for shelter  
at the hand

Which I call helpless; if you now deny it,  
I were well paid. But you, who seem to  
have proved 31

The wholesome bitterness of life, know  
well,  
By sympathy, that all the outspread gold

Of the New World the Spaniard boasts  
about,

Could never tempt the man who knows  
its worth 35

Weigh'd at its proper value in the balance,  
Save in such guise (and there I grant its  
power,

Because I feel it) as may leave no nightmare  
Upon his heart o' nights.

Wer. What do you mean?  
Gab. Just what I say; I thought my  
speech was plain; 40

You are no thief—nor I—and, as true men,  
Should aid each other.

Wer. It is a damn'd world, sir.  
Gab. So is the nearest of the two next, as  
The priests say (and no doubt they should  
know best), 44

Therefore I'll stick by this—as being loth  
To suffer martyrdom, at least with such  
An epitaph as larceny upon my tomb.

It is but a night's lodging which I crave;  
To-morrow I will try the waters, as  
The dove did, trusting that they have  
abated. 50

Wer. Abated? Is there hope of that?  
Gab. There was  
At noontide.

Wer. Then we may be safe.  
Gab. Are you  
In peril?

Wer. Poverty is ever so.  
Gab. That I know by long practice.  
Will you not

Promise to make mine less?  
Wer. Your poverty? 55  
Gab. No—you don't look a leech for  
that disorder;

I meant my peril only: you've a roof,  
And I have none; I merely seek a covert.

Wer. Rightly; for how should such a  
wretch as I  
Have gold?

Gab. Scarce honestly, to say the  
truth on't, 60

Although I almost wish you had the  
baron's.

Wer. Dare you insinuate?

Gab. What?

Wer. Are you aware

To whom you speak?

Gab. No; and I am not used  
Greatly to care. [*A noise heard without.*]

But hark! they come!

Wer. Who come?

Gab. The intendant and his man-  
hounds after me: 65

I'd face them—but it were in vain to expect  
Justice at hands like theirs. Where shall  
I go?

But show me any place. I do assure you,  
If there be faith in man, I am most guilt-  
less:

Think if it were your own case!

*Wer.* [aside]. Oh, just God! 70  
Thy hell is not hereafter! Am I dust still?

*Gab.* I see you're moved; and it shows  
well in you:

I may live to requite it.

*Wer.* Are you not

A spy of Stralenheim's?

*Gab.* Not I! and if

I were, what is there to espy in you? 75

Although, I recollect, his frequent  
question

About you and your spouse might lead to  
some

Suspicion; but you best know—what—  
and why.

I am his deadliest foe.

*Wer.* You?

*Gab.* After such

A treatment for the service which in part  
I render'd him, I am his enemy: 81

If you are not his friend, you will assist me.

*Wer.* I will.

*Gab.* But how?

*Wer.* [showing the panel]. There is a  
secret spring:

Remember, I discover'd it by chance,

And used it but for safety.

*Gab.* Open it, 85

And I will use it for the same.

*Wer.* I found it,

As I have said: it leads through winding  
walls

(So thick as to bear paths within their ribs,  
Yet lose no jot of strength or stateliness),

And hollow cells, and obscure niches, to  
I know not whither; you must not

advance: 91

Give me your word.

*Gab.* It is unnecessary:

How should I make my way in darkness  
through

A Gothic labyrinth of unknown wind-  
ings?

*Wer.* Yes, but who knows to what  
place it may lead? 95

I know not—(mark you!)—but who  
knows it might not

Lead even into the chamber of your foe?  
So strangely were contrived these galleries

By our Teutonic fathers in old days,  
When man built less against the elements

Than his next neighbour. You must not  
advance 101

Beyond the two first windings; if you do  
(Albeit I never pass'd them), I'll not

answer

For what you may be led to.

*Gab.* But I will.

A thousand thanks!

*Wer.* You'll find the spring more  
obvious 105

On the other side; and, when you would  
return,

It yields to the least touch.

*Gab.* I'll in—farewell!

[GABOR goes in by the secret panel.

*Wer.* [solus]. What have I done? Alas!  
what had I done

Before to make this fearful? Let it be  
Still some atonement that I save the man,

Whose sacrifice had saved perhaps my  
own— 111

They come! to seek elsewhere what is  
before them!

*Enter IDENSTEIN and Others.*

*Iden.* Is he not here? He must have  
vanish'd then

Through the dim Gothic glass by pious aid  
Of pictured saints upon the red and yellow

Casements, through which the sunset  
streams like sunrise 116

On long pearl-colour'd beards and  
crimson crosses,

And gilded crossiers, and cross'd arms,  
and cowls,

And helms, and twisted armour, and long  
swords,

All the fantastic furniture of windows  
Dim with brave knights and holy hermits,

whose 121

Likeness and fame alike rest in some panes  
Of crystal, which each rattling wind pro-  
claims

As frail as any other life or glory.  
He's gone, however.

*Wer.* Whom do you seek?

*Iden.* A villain. 125

*Wer.* Why need you come so far, then?

*Iden.* In the search

Of him who robb'd the baron.

*Wer.* Are you sure

You have divined the man?

*Iden.* As sure as you

Stand there: but where's he gone?

*Wer.* Who?

*Iden.* He we sought.

*Wer.* You see he is not here.

*Iden.* And yet we traced him 130

Up to this hall. Are you accomplices?

Or deal you in the black art?

*Wer.* I deal plainly,

To many men the blackest.

*Iden.* It may be

I have a question or two for yourself

Hereafter; but we must continue now

Our search for t'other. 135

*Wer.* You had best begin

Your inquisition now: I may not be

So patient always.

*Iden.* I should like to know,

In good sooth, if you really are the man

That Stralenheim's in quest of.

*Wer.* Insolent! 140

Said you not that he was not here?

*Iden.* Yes, one;

But there's another whom he tracks more

keenly,



And soon, it may be, with authority  
Both paramount to his and mine. But  
come!

Bustle, my boys! we are at fault.

[Exit IDENSTEIN and Attendants.  
*Wer.* In what 145  
A maze hath my dim destiny involved me!  
And one base sin hath done me less ill than  
The leaving undone one far greater.

Down,  
Thou busy devil, rising in my heart!  
Thou art too late! I'll nought to do with  
blood. 150

*Enter ULRIC.*

*Ulr.* I sought you, father.

*Wer.* Is't not dangerous?

*Ulr.* No; Stralenheim is ignorant of all  
Or any of the ties between us: more—  
He sends me here a spy upon your actions,  
Deeming me wholly his.

*Wer.* I cannot think it: 155  
'Tis but a snare he winds about us both,  
To swoop the sire and son at once.

*Ulr.* I cannot  
Pause in each petty fear, and stumble at  
The doubts that rise like briars in our path,  
But must break through them, as an  
unarm'd carle 160

Would, though with naked limbs, were  
the wolf rustling  
In the same thicket where he hew'd for  
bread.

Nets are for thrushes, eagles are not caught  
so:

We'll overfly or rend them.

*Wer.* Show me *how*?

*Ulr.* Can you not guess?

*Wer.* I cannot.

*Ulr.* That is strange. 165  
Came the thought ne'er into your mind  
*last night*?

*Wer.* I understand you not.

*Ulr.* Then we shall never  
More understand each other. But to  
change

The topic—

*Wer.* You mean to *pursue* it, as  
'Tis of our safety.

*Ulr.* Right; I stand corrected. 170  
I see the subject now more clearly, and  
Our general situation in its bearings.

The waters are abating; a few hours  
Will bring his summon'd myrmidons  
from Frankfort,

When you will be a prisoner, perhaps  
worse, 175

And I an outcast, bastardised by practice  
Of this same baron to make way for him.

*Wer.* And now your remedy! I  
thought to escape

By means of this accursed gold; but now  
I dare not use it, show it, scarce look on it.  
Methinks it wears upon its face my guilt

For motto, not the mintage of the state;  
And, for the sovereign's head, my own  
begirt

With hissing snakes, which curl around  
my temples, 184

And cry to all beholders, Lo! a villain!

*Ulr.* You must not use it, at least now;  
but take

This ring. [He gives WERNER a jewel.

*Wer.* A gem! It was my father's!

*Ulr.* And

As such is now your own. With this you  
must

Bribe the intendant for his old caleche  
And horses to pursue your route at sun-  
rise, 190

Together with my mother.

*Wer.* And leave you,

So lately found, in peril too?

*Ulr.* Fear nothing!

The only fear were if we fled together,  
For that would make our ties beyond all  
doubt.

The waters only lie in flood between 195  
This burgh and Frankfort; so far's in our  
favour.

The route on to Bohemia, though encum-  
ber'd,

Is not impassable; and when you gain  
A few hours' start, the difficulties will be  
The same to your pursuers. Once beyond  
The frontier, and you're safe.

*Wer.* My noble boy!

*Ulr.* Hush! hush! no transports: we'll  
indulge in them

In Castle Siegendorf! Display no gold!

Show Idenstein the gem (I know the man,  
And have look'd through him): it will  
answer thus 205

A double purpose. Stralenheim lost  
*gold*—

No jewel; therefore it could *not* be his;  
And then the man who was possess of this  
Can hardly be suspected of abstracting

The baron's coin, when he could thus  
convert 210

This ring to more than Stralenheim has  
lost

By his last night's slumber. Be not over  
timid

In your address, nor yet too arrogant,

And Idenstein will serve you.

*Wer.* I will follow

In all things your direction.

*Ulr.* I would have 215

Spared you the trouble; but had I appear'd  
To take an interest in you, and still more

By dabbling with a jewel in your favour,  
All had been known at once.

*Wer.* My guardian angel!

This overpays the past. But how wilt thou  
Fare in our absence? 221

*Ulr.* Stralenheim knows nothing  
Of me as aught of kindred with yourself.

I will but wait a day or two with him  
To lull all doubts, and then rejoice my  
father.

*Wer.* To part no more!

*Ulr.* I know not that; but at 225  
The least we'll meet again once more.

*Wer.* My boy!  
My friend! my only child, and sole pre-  
server!

Oh, do not hate me!

*Ulr.* Hate my father!

*Wer.* Ay,  
My father hated me. Why not my son?

*Ulr.* Your father knew you not as I do.

*Wer.* Scorpions  
Are in thy words! Thou know me? in this  
guise 231

Thou canst not know me, I am not myself;  
Yet (hate me not) I will be soon.

*Ulr.* I'll wait!

In the mean time be sure that all a son  
Can do for parents shall be done for mine.

*Wer.* I see it, and I feel it; yet I feel  
Further—that you despise me.

*Ulr.* Wherefore should I?

*Wer.* Must I repeat my humiliation?

*Ulr.* No! 238

I have fathom'd it and you. But let us talk  
Of this no more. Or if it must be ever,  
Not now. Your error has redoubled all  
The present difficulties of our house,  
At secret war with that of Stralenheim:  
All we have now to think of is to baffle  
HIM. I have shown one way.

*Wer.* The only one, 245  
And I embrace it, as I did my son,  
Who show'd himself and father's safety in  
One day.

*Ulr.* You shall be safe; let that suffice.  
Would Stralenheim's appearance in  
Bohemia

Disturb your right, or mine, if once we  
were 250

Admitted to our lands?

*Wer.* Assuredly,  
Situate as we are now; although the first  
Possessor might, as usual, prove the  
strongest,  
Especially the next in blood.

*Ulr.* Blood! 'tis 254  
A word of many meanings; in the veins,  
And out of them, it is a different thing—  
And so it should be, when the same in  
blood

(As it is call'd) are aliens to each other,  
Like Theban brethren: when a part is bad,  
A few spilt ounces purify the rest. 260

*Wer.* I do not apprehend you.

*Ulr.* That may be—  
And should, perhaps—and yet—but get  
ye ready;

You and my mother must away to-night.  
Here comes the intendant: sound him with  
the gem; 264

'Twill sink into his venal soul like lead  
Into the deep, and bring up slime and mud,  
And ooze too, from the bottom, as the lead  
doth

With its greased understratum; but no less  
Will serve to warn our vessels through  
these shoals.

The freight is rich, so heave the line in  
time! 270

Farewell! I scarce have time, but yet your  
hand,

My father!—

*Wer.* Let me embrace thee!

*Ulr.* We may be

Observed: subdue your nature to the  
hour!

Keep off from me as from your foe!

*Wer.* Accursed

Be he who is the stifling cause which  
smothers 275

The best and sweetest feeling of our hearts;  
At such an hour too!

*Ulr.* Yes, curse—it will ease you!  
Here is the intendant.

*Enter IDENSTEIN.*

Master Idenstein,

How fare you in your purpose? Have you  
caught 279

The rogue?

*Iden.* No, faith!

*Ulr.* Well, there are plenty more:  
You may have better luck another chase.  
Where is the baron?

*Iden.* Gone back to his chamber:  
And now I think on't, asking after you  
With nobly-born impatience.

*Ulr.* Your great men  
Must be answer'd on the instant, as the  
bound 285

Of the stung steed replies unto the spur:  
'Tis well they have horses, too; for, if they  
had not,

I fear that men must draw their chariots,  
as

They say kings did Sesostris.

*Iden.* Who was he?

*Ulr.* An old Bohemian—an imperial  
gipsy. 290

*Iden.* A gipsy or Bohemian, 'tis the  
same,

For they pass by both names. And was  
he one?

*Ulr.* I've heard so; but I must take  
leave. Intendant,

Your servant!—Werner [to WERNER  
slightly], if that be your name,

Yours. [Exit ULRIC. 295

*Iden.* A well-spoken pretty-faced  
young man!

And prettily behaved! He knows his  
station,  
You see, sir: how he gave to each his due  
Precedence!

*Wer.* I perceived it, and applaud  
His just discernment and your own.

*Iden.* That's well—  
That's very well. You also know your  
place, too; <sup>300</sup>  
And yet I don't know that I know your  
place.

*Wer.* [showing the ring]. Would this  
assist your knowledge?

*Iden.* How!—What!—Eh?  
A jewel.

*Wer.* 'Tis your own on one condition.  
*Iden.* Mine!—Name it!

*Wer.* That hereafter you permit me  
At thrice its value to redeem it: 'tis <sup>305</sup>  
A family ring.

*Iden.* A family!—yours!—a gem!  
I'm breathless!

*Wer.* You must also furnish me,  
An hour ere daybreak, with all means to quit  
This place.

*Iden.* But is it real? Let me look on it:  
*Diamond*, by all that's glorious!

*Wer.* Come, I'll trust you: <sup>310</sup>  
You have guess'd, no doubt, that I was  
born above

My present seeming.

*Iden.* I can't say I did,  
Though this looks like it: this is the true  
breeding

Of gentle blood!

*Wer.* I have important reasons  
For wishing to continue privily <sup>315</sup>  
My journey hence.

*Iden.* So then you are the man  
Whom Stralenheim's in quest of?

*Wer.* I am not;  
But being taken for him might conduct  
So much embarrassment to me just now,  
And to the baron's self hereafter—'tis  
To spare both that I would avoid all bustle.

*Iden.* Be you the man or no, 'tis not  
my business;

Besides, I never could obtain the half  
From this proud, niggardly noble, who  
would raise <sup>324</sup>

The country for some missing bits of coin,  
And never offer a precise reward—

But this!—another look!

*Wer.* Gaze on it freely;  
At day-dawn it is yours.

*Iden.* Oh, thou sweet sparkler!  
Thou more than stone of the philosopher!  
Thou touchstone of Philosophy herself!  
Thou bright eye of the Mine! thou loadstar  
of <sup>331</sup>

The Soul! the true magnetic Pole to which  
All hearts point duly north, like trembling  
needles!

Thou flaming Spirit of the Earth! which,  
sitting

High on the monarch's diadem, attractest  
More worship than the majesty who  
sweats <sup>336</sup>

Beneath the crown which makes his head  
ache, like

Millions of hearts which bleed to lend it  
lustre!

Shalt thou bemoine? I am, methinks, already  
A little king, a lucky alchymist!— <sup>340</sup>  
A wise magician, who has bound the devil  
Without the forfeit of his soul. But come,  
Werner, or what else?

*Wer.* Call me Werner still;  
You may yet know me by a loftier title.

*Iden.* I do believe in thee! thou art the  
spirit <sup>345</sup>

Of whom I long have dream'd in a low  
garb.—

But come, I'll serve thee: thou shalt be as  
free

As air, despite the waters; let us hence:  
I'll show thee I am honest—(oh, thou  
jewel!)

Thou shalt be furnish'd, Werner, with such  
means <sup>350</sup>

Of flight, that if thou wert a snail, not birds  
Should overtake thee.—Let me gaze  
again!

I have a foster-brother in the mart  
Of Hamburg skill'd in precious stones.

How many  
Carats may it weigh?—Come, Werner, I  
will wing thee. [Exeunt. <sup>355</sup>

SCENE II.—STRALENHEIM'S Chamber.

STRALENHEIM and FRITZ.

*Fritz.* All's ready, my good lord!

*Stral.* I am not sleepy,  
And yet I must to bed; I fain would say

To rest, but something heavy on my spirit,  
Too dull for wakefulness, too quick for  
slumber,

Sits on me as a cloud along the sky, <sup>5</sup>  
Which will not let the sunbeams through,  
nor yet

Descend in rain and end, but spreads itself  
'Twixt earth and heaven, like envy between  
man

And man, an everlasting mist:—I will  
Unto my pillow.

*Fritz.* May you rest there well! <sup>10</sup>  
*Stral.* I feel, and fear, I shall.

*Fritz.* And wherefore fear?  
*Stral.* I know not why, and therefore

do fear more,  
Because an undescrivable—but 'tis

All folly. Were the locks (as I desired)  
Changed, to-day, of this chamber? for

last night's <sup>15</sup>

Adventure makes it needful.

*Fritz.* Certainly,  
According to your order, and beneath

The inspection of myself and the young  
Saxon

Who saved your life. I think they call him  
'Ulric.

*Stral.* You think! you supercilious  
 slave! what right  
 Have you to tax your memory, which  
 should be  
 Quick, proud, and happy to retain the  
 name  
 Of him who saved your master, as a litany  
 Whose daily repetition marks your  
 duty?—  
 Get hence! 'You think,' indeed! you, who  
 stood still  
 Howling and dripping on the bank, whilst  
 I  
 Lay dying, and the stranger dash'd aside  
 The roaring torrent, and restored me to  
 Thank him—and despise you. 'You  
 think!' and scarce  
 Can recollect his name! I will not waste  
 More words on you. Call me betimes.  
*Fritz.* Good night!  
 I trust to-morrow will restore your lord-  
 ship  
 To renovated strength and temper.

[*The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*The secret Passage.*

*Gab. [solus].* Four—  
 Five—six hours have I counted, like the  
 guard  
 Of outposts on the never-merry clock;  
 That hollow tongue of time, which, even  
 when  
 It sounds for joy, takes something from  
 enjoyment  
 With every clang. 'Tis a perpetual knell,  
 Though for a marriage feast it rings: each  
 stroke  
 Peals for a hope the less; the funeral note  
 Of Love deep-buried without resurrection  
 In the grave of Possession; while the knoll  
 Of long-lived parents finds a jovial echo  
 To triple time in the son's ear.

I'm cold—  
 I'm dark;—I've blown my fingers—num-  
 ber'd o'er  
 And o'er my steps—and knock'd my head  
 against  
 Some fifty buttresses—and roused the  
 rats  
 And bats in general insurrection, till  
 Their cursed pattering feet and whirling  
 wings  
 Leave me scarce hearing for another sound.  
 A light! It is at distance (if I can  
 Measure in darkness distance): but it  
 blinks  
 As through a crevice or a key-hole, in  
 The inhibited direction: I must on,  
 Nevertheless, from curiosity.  
 A distant lamp-light is an incident  
 In such a den as this. Pray Heaven it lead  
 me  
 To nothing that may tempt me! Else—  
 Heaven aid me

To obtain or to escape it! Shining still!  
 Were it the star of Lucifer himself,  
 Or he himself girt with its beams, I could  
 Contain no longer. Softly: mighty well!  
 That corner's turn'd—so—ah! no:—  
 right! it draws  
 Nearer. Here is a darksome angle—so,  
 That's weather'd.—Let me pause.—  
 Suppose it leads  
 Into some greater danger than that which  
 I have escaped—no matter, 'tis a new one;  
 And novel perils, like fresh mistresses,  
 Wear more magnetic aspects:—I will on,  
 And be it where it may—I have my  
 dagger,  
 Which may protect me at a pinch.—Burn  
 still,  
 Thou little light! Thou art my *ignis*  
*fatuus!*  
 My stationary Will-o'-the-wisp!—So! so!  
 He hears my invocation, and fails not,  
 [*The scene closes.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Garden.*

*Enter WERNER.*

*Wer.* I could not sleep—and now the  
 hour's at hand;  
 All's ready. Idenstein has kept his word;  
 And station'd in the outskirts of the town,  
 Upon the forest's edge, the vehicle  
 Awaits us. Now the dwindling stars be-  
 gin  
 To pale in heaven; and for the last time I  
 Look on these horrible walls. Oh! never,  
 never  
 Shall I forget them. Here I came most  
 poor,  
 But not dishonour'd: and I leave them  
 with  
 A stain,—if not upon my name, yet in  
 My heart!—a never-dying canker-worm,  
 Which all the coming splendour of the  
 lands,  
 And rights, and sovereignty of Siegendorf  
 Can scarcely lull a moment. I must find  
 Some means of restitution, which would  
 ease  
 My soul in part: but how, without dis-  
 covery?—  
 It must be done, however; and I'll pause  
 Upon the method the first hour of safety.  
 The madness of my misery led to this  
 Base infamy; repentance must retrieve it:  
 I will have nought of Stralenheim's upon  
 My spirit, though he would grasp all of  
 mine;  
 Lands, freedom, life,—and yet he sleeps  
 as soundly,  
 Perhaps, as infancy, with gorgeous  
 curtains  
 Spread for his canopy, o'er silken pillows.  
 Such as when—Hark! what noise is  
 that? Again!

The branches shake; and some loose  
stones have fallen  
From yonder terrace.

[ULRIC leaps down from the terrace.

Ulric! ever welcome!  
Thrice welcome now! this filial—

Ulric. Stop! Before  
We approach, tell me—

Wer. Why look you so?

Ulric. Do I

Behold my father, or—

Wer. What?

Ulric. An assassin?

Wer. Insane or insolent!

Ulric. Reply, sir, as

You prize your life, or mine!

Wer. To what must I

Answer?

Ulric. Are you or are you not the

assassin

Of Stralenheim?

Wer. I never was as yet

The murderer of any man. What mean you?

Ulric. Did not you *this* night (as the

night before)

Retrace the secret passage? Did you not

Again revisit Stralenheim's chamber?

and—

[ULRIC pauses.

Wer. Proceed.

Ulric. Died he not by your hand?

Wer. Great God!

Ulric. You are innocent, then! my

father's innocent!

Embrace me! Yes,—your tone—your

look—yes, yes,—

Yet say so.

Wer. If I e'er, in heart or mind,

Conceived deliberately such a thought,

But rather strove to trample back to hell

Such thoughts—if e'er they glared at

a moment through

The irritation of my oppressed spirit—

May heaven be shut for ever from my

hopes,

As from mine eyes!

Ulric. But Stralenheim is dead.

Wer. 'Tis horrible! 'tis hideous, as

'tis hateful!

But what have I to do with this?

Ulric. No bolt

Is forced; no violence can be detected,

Save on his body. Part of his own house-

hold

Have been alarm'd; but as the intendant is

Absent, I took upon myself the care

Of mustering the police. His chamber has,

Past doubt, been enter'd secretly. Excuse

me,

If nature—

Wer. Oh, my boy! what unknown

woes

Of dark fatality, like clouds, are gathering

Above our house!

Ulric. My father! I acquit you! 60  
But will the world do so? will even the  
judge,

If—But you must away this instant.

Wer. No!

I'll face it. Who shall dare suspect me?

Ulric. Yet

You had no guests—no visitors—no life

Breathing around you, save my mother's?

Wer. Ah! 65

The Hungarian!

Ulric. He is gone! he disappear'd

Ere sunset.

Wer. No; I hid him in that very

Conceal'd and fatal gallery.

Ulric. There I'll find him.

Wer. It is too late: he had left the

palace ere

I quitted it. I found the secret panel 70

Open, and the doors which lead from that

hall

Which masks it: I but thought he had

snatch'd the silent

And favourable moment to escape

The myrmidons of Idenstein, who were

Dogging him yester-even.

Ulric. You reclosed 75

The panel?

Wer. Yes; and not without reproach

(And inner trembling for the avoided

peril)

At his dull heedlessness, in leaving thus

His shelterer's asylum to the risk

Of a discovery.

Ulric. You are sure you closed it? 80

Wer. Certain.

Ulric. That's well; but had been better,

if

You ne'er had turn'd it to a den for—

[He pauses.

Thieves!

Thou wouldst say: I must bear it, and

deserve it;

But not—

Ulric. No, father; do not speak of this:

This is no hour to think of petty crimes,

But to prevent the consequence of great

ones. 86

Why would you shelter this man?

Wer. Could I shun it?

A man pursued by my chief foe; disgraced

For my own crime: a victim to my safety,

Imploring a few hours' concealment from

The very wretch who was the cause he

needed 91

Such refuge. Had he been a wolf, I could not

Have in such circumstances thrust him

forth.

Ulric. And like the wolf he hath repaid

you. But

It is too late to ponder thus:—you must

Set out ere dawn. I will remain here to

Trace the murderer, if 'tis possible. 97

*Wer.* But this my sudden flight will give the Moloch  
Suspicion: two new victims in the lieu  
Of one, if I remain. The fled Hungarian,  
Who seems the culprit, and——

*Ulr.* Who seems? Who else 101  
Can be so?

*Wer.* Not I, though just now you doubted——

You, my son!——doubted——  
*Ulr.* And do you doubt of him

The fugitive?  
*Wer.* Boy! since I fell into  
The abyss of crime (though not of *such*  
crime), I, 105

Having seen the innocent oppress'd for me,  
May doubt even of the guilty's guilt.

Your heart  
Is free, and quick with virtuous wrath to  
accuse

Appearances; and views a criminal  
In innocence's shadow, it may be, 110  
Because 'tis dusky.

*Ulr.* And if I do so,  
What will mankind, who know you not,  
or knew

But to oppress? You must not stand the  
hazard.

Away!—I'll make all easy. Idenstein  
Will for his own sake and his jewel's hold  
His peace—he also is a partner in 116  
Your flight—moreover——

*Wer.* Fly! and leave my name  
Link'd with the Hungarian's, or preferr'd  
as poorest,

To bear the brand of bloodshed?

*Ulr.* Pshaw! leave anything  
Except our fathers' sovereignty and castles,  
For which you have so long panted, and  
in vain! 121

What name? You have *no name*, since that  
you bear  
Is feign'd.

*Wer.* Most true: but still I would not  
have it

Engraved in crimson in men's memories,  
Though in this most obscure abode of  
men—— 125

Besides, the search——

*Ulr.* I will provide against  
Aught that can touch you. No one knows  
you here

As heir of Siegendorf: if Idenstein  
Suspects, 'tis *but suspicion*, and he is  
A fool: his folly shall have such employ-  
ment, 130

Too, that the unknown Werner shall give way  
To nearer thoughts of self. The laws (if e'er  
Laws reach'd this village) are all in  
abeyance

With the late general war of thirty years,  
Or crush'd, or rising slowly from the dust,  
To which the march of armies trampled  
them. 136

Stralenheim, although noble, is unheeded  
*Here*, save as *such*—without lands,  
influence,

Save what hath perish'd with him. Few  
prolong

A week beyond their funeral rites their  
sway 140

O'er men, unless by relatives, whose  
interest

Is roused: such is not here the case; he  
died

Alone, unknown,—a solitary grave,  
Obscure as his deserts, without a  
scutcheon,

Is all he'll have, or wants. If I discover  
The assassin, 'twill be well—if not, believe  
me, 146

None else; though all the full-fed train of  
menials

May howl above his ashes (as they did  
Around him in his danger on the Oder),  
Will no more stir a finger *now* than *then*.  
Hence! hence! I must not hear your an-  
swer.—Look! 151

The stars are almost faded, and the grey  
Begins to grizzle the black hair of night.

You shall not answer:—Pardon me that I  
Am peremptory; 'tis your son that speaks,  
Your long-lost, late-found son.—Let's  
call my mother! 156

Softly and swiftly step, and leave the rest  
To me: I'll answer for the event as far

As regards you, and that is the chief point,  
As my first duty, which shall be observed.  
We'll meet in Castle Siegendorf—once  
more 161

Our banners shall be glorious! Think of  
that

Alone, and leave all other thoughts to me,  
Whose youth may better battle with  
them—Hence!

And may your age be happy!—I will kiss  
My mother once more, then Heaven's  
speed be with you! 166

*Wer.* This counsel's safe—but is it  
honourable?

*Ulr.* To save a father is a child's chief  
honour. [Exeunt.

## ACT IV

SCENE I.—A Gothic Hall in the Castle of  
Siegendorf, near Prague.

Enter ERIC and HENRICK, Retainers of the  
Count.

*Eric.* So, better times are come at last;  
to these  
Old walls new masters and high wassail—  
both

A long desideratum.

*Hen.* Yes, for masters,  
It might be unto those who long for  
novelty,

Though made by a new grave: but as for  
wassail,  
Methinks the old Count Siegendorf main-<sup>5</sup>  
tain'd

His feudal hospitality as high  
As e'er another prince of the empire.

*Eric.* Why  
For the mere cup and trencher, we no  
doubt

Fared passing well; but as for merriment  
And sport, without which salt and sauces  
season<sup>11</sup>

The cheer but scantily, our sizings were  
Even of the narrowest.

*Hen.* The old count loved not  
The roar of revel; are you sure that *this*  
does?

*Eric.* As yet he hath been courteous as  
he's bounteous,<sup>15</sup>  
And we all love him.

*Hen.* His reign is as yet  
Hardly a year o'erpast its honey-moon,  
And the first year of sovereigns is bridal:  
Anon, we shall perceive his real sway  
And moods of mind.

*Eric.* Pray Heaven he keep the  
present!<sup>20</sup>  
Then his brave son, Count Ulric—there's  
a knight!

Pity the wars are o'er!

*Hen.* Why so?  
*Eric.* Look on him!  
And answer that yourself.

*Hen.* He's very youthful,  
And strong and beautiful as a young tiger.

*Eric.* That's not a faithful vassal's  
likeness.

*Hen.* But<sup>25</sup>  
Perhaps a true one.

*Eric.* Pity, as I said,  
The wars are over: in the hall, who like  
Count Ulric for a well-supported pride,  
Which awes, but yet offends not? in the  
field,

Who like him with his spear in hand,  
when, gnashing<sup>30</sup>

His tusks, and ripping up from right to left  
The howling hounds, the boar makes for  
the thicket?

Who backs a horse, or bears a hawk, or  
wears

A sword like him? Whose plume nods  
knightlier?

*Hen.* No one's, I grant you. Do not  
fear, if war<sup>35</sup>

Be long in coming, he is of that kind  
Will make it for himself, if he hath not  
Already done as much.

*Eric.* What do you mean?  
*Hen.* You can't deny his train of  
followers

(But few our native fellow-vassals born  
On the domain) are such a sort of knaves  
As—  
[Pauses.

*Eric.* What?

*Hen.* The war (you love so  
much) leaves living.

Like other parents, she spoils her worst  
children.

*Eric.* Nonsense! they are all brave  
iron-visaged fellows,  
Such as old Tilly loved.

*Hen.* And who loved Tilly? <sup>45</sup>  
Ask that at Magdebourg—or for that  
matter

Wallenstein either;—they are gone to—  
*Eric.* Rest!

But what beyond, 'tis not ours to pro-  
nounce.

*Hen.* I wish they had left us something  
of their rest:

The country (nominally now at peace)  
Is over-run with—God knows who: they  
fly<sup>51</sup>

By night, and disappear with sunrise; but  
Leave us no less desolation, nay, even  
more,

Than the most open warfare.

*Eric.* But Count Ulric—  
What has all this to do with him?

*Hen.* With him! <sup>55</sup>  
He—might prevent it. As you say he's  
fond

Of war, why makes he it not on those  
marauders?

*Eric.* You'd better ask himself.  
*Hen.* I would as soon

Ask the lion why he laps not milk.  
*Eric.* And here he comes!

*Hen.* The devil! you'll hold your  
tongue?<sup>60</sup>

*Eric.* Why do you turn so pale?  
*Hen.* 'Tis nothing—but

Be silent.

*Eric.* I will, upon what you have said.  
*Hen.* I assure you I meant nothing,—  
a mere sport

Of words, no more; besides, had it been  
otherwise,

He is to espouse the gentle Baroness <sup>65</sup>  
Ida of Stralenheim, the late baron's heiress;  
And she, no doubt, will soften whatsoever  
Of fierceness the late long intestine wars

Have given all natures, and most unto  
those

Who were born in them, and bred up  
upon<sup>70</sup>

The knees of Homicide; sprinkled, as it  
were,

With blood even at their baptism. Prithee,  
peace

On all that I have said!

*Enter ULRIC and RODOLPH.*

Good morrow, Count.

*Ulr.* Good morrow, worthy Henrick.  
*Eric.* is

All ready for the chase?

*Eric.* The dogs are order'd 75  
Down to the forest, and the vassals out  
To beat the bushes, and the day looks  
promising.

Shall I call forth your excellency's suite?  
What courser will you please to mount?

*Ulr.* The dun,  
Walstein.

*Eric.* I fear he scarcely has  
recover'd 80  
The toils of Monday: 'twas a noble chase:  
You spear'd four with your own hand.

*Ulr.* True, good Eric;  
I had forgotten—let it be the grey, then,  
Old Ziska: he has not been out this fort-  
night.

*Eric.* He shall be straight caparison'd.  
How many 85  
Of your immediate retainers shall  
Escort you?

*Ulr.* I leave that to Weilburgh, our  
Master of the horse. [*Exit ERIC.*]

*Rodolph!*  
*Rod.* My lord!  
*Ulr.* The news

Is awkward from the——  
[*RODOLPH points to HENRICK.*  
How now, Henrick? why

Loiter you here?  
*Hen.* For your commands, my lord.

*Ulr.* Go to my father, and present my  
duty, 91  
And learn if he would aught with me  
before

I mount. [*Exit HENRICK.*]

Rodolph, our friends have had a check  
Upon the frontiers of Franconia, and  
'Tis rumour'd that the column sent  
against them 95

Is to be strengthen'd. I must join them soon.  
*Rod.* Best wait for further and more  
sure advices.

*Ulr.* I mean it—and indeed it could  
not well  
Have fallen out at a time more opposite  
To all my plans.

*Rod.* It will be difficult 100  
To excuse your absence to the count your  
father.

*Ulr.* Yes, but the unsettled state of our  
domain

In high Silesia will permit and cover  
My journey. In the mean time, when we are  
Engaged in the chase, draw off the eighty  
men 105

Whom Wolffe leads—keep the forests on  
your route:

You know it well?  
*Rod.* As well as on that night  
When we——

*Ulr.* We will not speak of that until  
We can repeat the same with like success:  
And when you have join'd, give Rosen-  
berg this letter. [*Gives a letter.*]

Add further, that I have sent this slight  
addition 111

To our force with you and Wolffe, as  
herald of

My coming, though I could but spare  
them ill

At this time, as my father loves to keep,  
Full numbers of retainers round the castle,  
Until this marriage, and its feasts and  
fooleries, 116

Are rung out with its peal of nuptial non-  
sense.

*Rod.* I thought you loved the lady Ida?  
*Ulr.* Why,

I do so—but it follows not from that  
I would bind in my youth and glorious  
years, 120

So brief and burning, with a lady's zone,  
Although 'twere that of Venus:—but I  
love her,

As woman should be loved, fairly and  
solely.

*Rod.* And constantly?  
*Ulr.* I think so; for I love

Nought else.—But I have not the time to  
pause 125

Upon these gewgaws of the heart. Great  
things

We have to do ere long. Speed! speed!  
good Rodolph!

*Rod.* On my return, however, I shall  
find

The Baroness Ida lost in Countess  
Siegendorf?

*Ulr.* Perhaps: my father wishes it; and  
sooth 130

'Tis no bad policy: this union with  
The last bud of the rival branch at once  
Unites the future and destroys the past.

*Rod.* Adieu.  
*Ulr.* Yet hold—we had better

keep together  
Until the chase begins; then draw thou  
off, 135

And do as I have said.

*Rod.* I will. But to  
Return—'twas a most kind act in the  
count

Your father to send up to Konigsberg  
For this fair orphan of the baron, and  
To hail her as his daughter.

*Ulr.* Wondrous kind! 140  
Especially as little kindness till  
Then grew between them.

*Rod.* The late baron died  
Of a fever, did he not?

*Ulr.* How should I know?

*Rod.* I have heard it whisper'd there  
was something strange

About his death—and even the place of  
it 145

Is scarcely known.

*Ulr.* Some obscure village on  
The Saxon or Silesian frontier.



Rod. He  
Has left no testament—no farewell words?  
Ulr. I am neither confessor nor notary,  
So cannot say.

Rod. Ah! here's the lady Ida. 150

Enter IDA STRALENHEIM.

Ulr. You are early, my sweet cousin!  
Ida. Not too early,  
Dear Ulric, if I do not interrupt you.  
Why do you call me 'cousin'?

Ulr. [smiling]. Are we not so?

Ida. Yes, but I do not like the name;  
methinks 154

It sounds so cold, as if you thought upon  
Our pedigree, and only weigh'd our blood.

Ulr. [starting]. Blood!

Ida. Why does yours start from your  
cheeks?

Ulr. Ay! doth it?

Ida. It doth—but no! it rushes like a  
torrent

Even to your brow again.

Ulr. [recovering himself]. And if it fled,  
It only was because your presence sent it  
Back to my heart, which beats for you,  
sweet cousin! 161

Ida. 'Cousin' again.

Ulr. Nay, then, I'll call you sister.

Ida. I like that name still worse.—

Would we had ne'er  
Been aught of kindred!

Ulr. [gloomily]. Would we never had!

Ida. Oh, heavens! and can you wish  
that!

Ulr. Dearest Ida! 165

Did I not echo your own wish?

Ida. Yes, Ulric,

But then I wish'd it not with such a glance,  
And scarce knew what I said; but let me be  
Sister or cousin, what you will, so that  
I still to you am something.

Ulr. You shall be 170

All—all—

Ida. And you to me are so already;  
But I can wait.

Ulr. Dear Ida!

Ida. Call me Ida,  
Your Ida, for I would be yours, none  
else's—

Indeed I have none else left, since my poor  
father— [She pauses.

Ulr. You have mine—you have me.

Ida. Dear Ulric, how I wish 175

My father could but view my happiness,  
Which wants but this!

Ulr. Indeed!

Ida. You would have loved him,  
He you; for the brave ever love each other:

His manner was a little cold, his spirit  
Proud (as is birth's prerogative); but

under 180

This grave exterior—Would you had  
known each other!

Had such as you been near him on his  
journey.

He had not died without a friend to soothe  
His last and lonely moments.

Ulr. Who says that?

Ida. What?

Ulr. That he died alone.

Ida. The general rumour 185

And disappearance of his servants, who  
Have ne'er return'd: that fever was most

deadly

Which swept them all away.

Ulr. If they were near him,

He could not die neglected or alone.

Ida. Alas! what is a menial to a death-  
bed, 190

When the dim eye rolls vainly round for  
what

It loves?—They say he died of a fever.

Ulr. Say!

It was so.

Ida. I sometimes dream otherwise.

Ulr. All dreams are false.

Ida. And yet I see him as

I see you.

Ulr. Where?

Ida. In sleep—I see him lie 195

Pale, bleeding, and a man with a raised  
knife

Beside him.

Ulr. But you do not see his face!

Ida [looking at him]. No! Oh, my

God! do you?

Ulr. Why do you ask?

Ida. Because you look as if you saw a  
murderer!

Ulr. [agitatedly]. Ida, this is mere child-  
ishness; your weakness 200

Infects me, to my shame: but as all feelings  
Of yours are common to me, it affects me.

Prithee, sweet child, change—

Ida. Child, indeed! I have

Full fifteen summers! [A bugle sounds.

Rod. Hark, my lord, the bugle!

Ida [peevishly to RODOLPH]. Why need  
you tell him that? Can he not hear it

Without your echo?

Rod. Pardon me, fair baroness!

Ida. I will not pardon you, unless you  
earn it

By aiding me in my dissuasion of

Count Ulric from the chase to-day.

Rod. You will not,

Lady, need aid of mine.

Ulr. I must not now 210

Forgo it.

Ida. But you shall!

Ulr. Shall!

Ida. Yes, or be

No true knight.—Come, dear Ulric!  
yield to me

In this, for this one day: the day looks  
heavy,

And you are turn'd so pale and ill.

*Ulr.* You jest. Indeed I do not:—ask of Rodolph.

*Rod.* Truly, 215 My lord, within this quarter of an hour You have changed more than e'er I saw you change In years.

*Ulr.* 'Tis nothing; but if 'twere, the air Would soon restore me. I'm the true chameleon, And live but on the atmosphere; your feasts 220 In castle halls, and social banquets, nurse not

My spirit—I'm a forester and breather Of the steep mountain-tops, where I love all The eagle loves.

*Ida.* Except his prey, I hope. *Ulr.* Sweet Ida, wish me a fair chase, and I 225

Will bring you six boars' heads for trophies home.

*Ida.* And will you not stay, then? You shall not go! Come! I will sing to you.

*Ulr.* Ida, you scarcely Will make a soldier's wife.

*Ida.* I do not wish To be so; for I trust these wars are over, And you will live in peace on your domains. 231

*Enter WERNER as COUNT SIEGENDORF.*

*Ulr.* My father, I salute you, and it grieves me With such brief greeting.—You have heard our bugle; The vassals wait.

*Sieg.* So let them.—You forget To-morrow is the appointed festival 235 In Prague for peace restored. You are apt to follow

The chase with such an ardour as will scarce Permit you to return to-day, or if Return'd, too much fatigued to join to-morrow

The nobles in our marshall'd ranks.

*Ulr.* You, count, 240 Will well supply the place of both—I am not

A lover of these pageantries. *Sieg.* No, Ulric:

It were not well that you alone of all Our young nobility—

*Ida.* And far the noblest In aspect and demeanour.

*Sieg.* [to IDA]. True, dear child, 245 Though somewhat frankly said for a fair damsel.—

But, Ulric, recollect too our position, So lately reinstated in our honours. Believe me, 'twould be mark'd in any house,

But most in *ours*, that ONE should be found wanting 250 At such a time and place. Besides, the Heaven

Which gave us back our own, in the same moment It spread its peace o'er all, hath double claims

On us for thanksgiving: first, for our country; And next, that we are here to share its blessings. 255

*Ulr.* [aside]. Devout, too! Well, sir, I obey at once.

[Then aloud to a Servant]. Ludwig, dismiss the train without! [Exit LUDWIG.]

*Ida.* And so You yield at once to him what I for hours Might supplicate in vain.

*Sieg.* [smiling]. You are not jealous Of me, I trust, my pretty rebel! who 260 Would sanction disobedience against all Except thyself? But fear not; thou shalt rule him

Hereafter with a fonder sway and firmer. *Ida.* But I should like to govern now.

*Sieg.* You shall, Your harp, which by the way awaits you with 265

The countess in her chamber. She complains

That you are a sad truant to your music: She attends you.

*Ida.* Then good morrow, my kind kinsmen!

Ulric, you'll come and hear me? *Ulr.* By and by.

*Ida.* Be sure I'll sound it better than your bugles; 270

Then pray you be as punctual to its notes: I'll play you King Gustavus' march.

*Ulr.* And why not Old Tilly's?

*Ida.* Not that monster's! I should think

My harp-strings rang with groans, and not with music,

Could aught of his sound on it:—but come quickly; 275

Your mother will be eager to receive you. [Exit.

*Sieg.* Ulric, I wish to speak with you alone.

*Ulr.* My time's your vassal.— [Aside to RODOLPH]. Rodolph, hence! and do

As I directed: and by his best speed And readiest means let Rosenberg reply.

*Rod.* Count Siegendorf, command you aught? I am bound 281

Upon a journey past the frontier. *Sieg.* [starts]. Ah!—

Where? on what frontier?

*Rod.* The Silesian, on—  
My way—[*Aside to ULRIC*].—Where shall  
I say?

*Ulr.* [*aside to RODOLPH*]. To Ham-  
burgh.

[*Aside to himself.*] That  
Word will, I think, put a firm padlock on  
His further inquisition.

*Rod.* Count, to Hamburgh. 286

*Sieg.* [*agitated*]. Hamburgh! No, I  
have nought to do there, nor  
Am aught connected with that city. Then  
God speed you!

*Rod.* Fare ye well, Count Siegendorf!

[*Exit RODOLPH.*]

*Sieg.* Ulr., this man, who has just  
departed, is 290  
One of those strange companions whom I  
fain

Would reason with you on.

*Ulr.* My lord, he is  
Noble by birth, of one of the first houses  
In Saxony.

*Sieg.* I talk not of his birth,  
But of his bearing. Men speak lightly of  
him. 295

*Ulr.* So they will do of most men.  
Even the monarch

Is not fenced from his chamberlain's  
slander, or

The sneer of the last courtier whom he has  
made

Great and ungrateful.

*Sieg.* If I must be plain,  
The world speaks more than lightly of this  
Rodolph: 300

They say he is leagued with the 'black  
bands' who still

Ravage the frontier.

*Ulr.* And will you believe  
The world?

*Sieg.* In this case—yes.

*Ulr.* In any case,  
I thought you knew it better than to take  
An accusation for a sentence.

*Sieg.* Son! 305

I understand you: you refer to—but  
My destiny has so involved about me  
Her spider web, that I can only flutter  
Like the poor fly, but break it not. Take  
heed,

Ulr.; you have seen to what the passions  
led me: 310

Twenty long years of misery and famine  
Quench'd them not—twenty thousand  
more, perchance,

Hereafter (or even here in *moments* which  
Might date for years, did Anguish make  
the dial)

May not obliterate or expiate 315

The madness and dishonour of an instant.  
Ulr., be warn'd by a father!—I was not  
By mine, and you behold me!

*Ulr.*

I behold

The prosperous and beloved Siegendorf,  
Lord of a prince's appanage, and honour'd  
By those he rules and those he ranks with.

*Sieg.* Ah! 321

Why wilt thou call me prosperous, while  
I fear

For thee? Beloved, when thou lovest me not!  
All hearts but one may beat in kindness  
for me—

But if my son's is cold!—

*Ulr.* Who dare say that? 325

*Sieg.* None else but I, who see it—feel  
it—keenly

Than would your adversary, who dared  
say so,

Your sabre in his heart! But mine  
survives

The wound.

*Ulr.* You err. My nature is not given  
To outward fondling: how should it be  
so, 330

After twelve years' divorcement from my  
parents?

*Sieg.* And did not I too pass those  
twelve torn years

In a like absence? But 'tis vain to urge  
you—

Nature was never call'd back by remon-  
strance.

Let's change the theme. I wish you to  
consider 335

That these young violent nobles of high  
name,

But dark deeds (ay, the darkest, if all  
Rumour

Reports be true), with whom thou con-  
sortest,

Will lead thee—

*Ulr.* [*impatiently*]. I'll be led by no  
man.

*Sieg.* Nor 339

Be leader of such, I would hope: at once  
To wean thee from the perils of thy youth  
And haughty spirit, I have thought it well  
That thou shouldst wed the lady Ida—  
more

As thou appear'st to love her.

*Ulr.* I have said  
I will obey your orders, were they to 345

Unite with Hecate—can a son say more?  
*Sieg.* He says too much in saying this.

It is not

The nature of thine age, nor of thy blood,  
Nor of thy temperament, to talk so coolly,

Or act so carelessly, in that which is 350

The bloom or blight of all men's happiness,  
(For Glory's pillow is but restless, if

Love lay not down his cheek there): some  
strong bias,

Some master fiend is in thy service, to  
Misrule the mortal who believes him  
slave, 355

And makes his every thought sub-  
servient; else

Thou'dst say at once—'I love young Ida,  
and  
Will wed her;' or, 'I love her not, and  
all  
The powers of earth shall never make me.'

—So

Would I have answer'd.

*Ulr.* Sir, you wed for love. 360

*Sieg.* I did, and it has been my only  
refuge

In many miseries.

*Ulr.* Which miseries

Had never been but for this love-match.

*Sieg.* Still

Against your age and nature! Who at  
twenty

E'er answer'd thus till now?

*Ulr.* Did you not warn me 365

Against your own example?

*Sieg.* Boyish sophist!

In a word, do you love, or love not, Ida?

*Ulr.* What matters it, if I am ready to  
Obey you in espousing her?

*Sieg.* As far

As you feel, nothing, but all life for her.  
She's young—all-beautiful—adores you

—is 371

Endow'd with qualities to give happiness,  
Such as rounds common life into a dream  
Of something which your poets cannot  
paint,

And (if it were not wisdom to love virtue)  
For which Philosophy might barter

Wisdom; 376

And giving so much happiness, deserves  
A little in return. I would not have her

Break her heart for a man who has none  
to break;

Or wither on her stalk like some pale rose  
Deserted by the bird she thought a nightin-  
gale, 381

According to the Orient tale. She is—

*Ulr.* The daughter of dead Stralen-  
heim, your foe:

I'll wed her, ne'ertheless; though, to say  
truth,

Just now I am not violently transported  
In favour of such unions.

*Sieg.* But she loves you. 386

*Ulr.* And I love her, and therefore  
would think twice.

*Sieg.* Alas! Love never did so.

*Ulr.* Then 'tis time

He should begin, and take the bandage  
from

His eyes, and look before he leaps; till  
now 390

He hath ta'en a jump i' the dark.

*Sieg.* But you consent?

*Ulr.* I did, and do.

*Sieg.* Then fix the day.

*Ulr.* 'Tis usual,

And certes courteous, to leave that to the  
lady.

*Sieg.* I will engage for her.

*Ulr.* So will not I  
For any woman: and as what I fix, 395  
I fain would see unshaken, when she gives  
Her answer, I'll give mine.

*Sieg.* But 'tis your office  
To woo.

*Ulr.* Count, 'tis a marriage of your  
making,

So be it of your wooing; but to please you,  
I will now pay my duty to my mother,  
With whom, you know, the lady Ida is.—  
What would you have? You have forbid  
my stirring

For manly sports beyond the castle walls,  
And I obey; you bid me turn a chamberer,  
To pick up gloves, and fans, and knitting-  
needles, 405

And list to songs and tunes, and watch for  
smiles,

And smile at pretty prattle, and look into  
The eyes of feminine, as though they were  
The stars receding early to our wish

Upon the dawn of a world-winning  
battle— 410

What can a son or man do more?

[Exit ULRIC.

*Sieg.* [solus]. Too much!—

Too much of duty, and too little love!  
He pays me in the coin he owes me not:

For such hath been my wayward fate, I  
could not

Fulfil a parent's duties by his side 415  
Till now; but love he owes me, for my

thoughts

Ne'er left him, nor my eyes long'd with-  
out tears

To see my child again, and now I have  
found him!

But how—obedient, but with coldness;  
duteous

In my sight, but with carelessness; mys-  
terious— 420

Abstracted—distant—much given to long  
absence,

And where—none know—in league with  
the most riotous

Of our young nobles; though, to do him  
justice,

He never stoops down to their vulgar  
pleasures;

Yet there's some tie between them which  
I cannot 425

Unravel. They look up to him—consult  
him—

Throng round him as a leader: but with  
me

He hath no confidence! Ah! can I hope it  
After—what! doth my father's curse

descend

Even to my child? Or is the Hungarian  
'near 430

To shed more blood? or—Oh! if it should  
be!

Spirit of Stralenheim, dost thou walk  
these walls  
To wither him and his—who, though they  
slew not,  
Unlatch'd the door of death for thee?  
'Twas not  
Our fault, nor is our sin: thou wert our  
foe, 435  
And yet I spared thee when my own  
destruction  
Slept with thee, to awake with thine  
awakening!  
And only took—Accursed gold! thou liest  
Like poison in my hands; I dare not use  
thee,  
Nor part from thee; thou camest in such  
a guise, 440  
Methinks thou wouldst contaminate all  
hands  
Like mine. Yet I have done, to atone for  
thee,  
Thou villainous gold! and thy dead  
master's doom,  
Though he died not by me or mine, as  
much 444  
As if he were my brother! I have ta'en  
His orphan Ida—cherish'd her as one  
Who will be mine.

*Enter an ATTENDANT.*

*Atten.* The abbot, if it please  
Your excellency, whom you sent for, waits  
Upon you. [*Exit ATTENDANT.*]

*Enter the PRIOR ALBERT.*

*Prior.* Peace be with these walls, and  
all  
Within them!

*Sieg.* Welcome, welcome, holy  
father! 450  
And may thy prayer be heard!—all men  
have need  
Of such, and I—

*Prior.* Have the first claim to all  
The prayers of our community. Our  
convent,

Erected by your ancestors, is still  
Protected by their children.

*Sieg.* Yes, good father; 455  
Continue daily orisons for us  
In these dim days of heresies and blood,  
Though the schismatic Swede, Gustavus,  
is

Gone home.

*Prior.* To the endless home of un-  
believers,

Where there is everlasting wail and woe,  
Gnashing of teeth, and tears of blood, and  
fire 461

Eternal, and the worm which dieth not!

*Sieg.* True, father: and to avert those  
pangs from one,  
Who, though of our most faultless holy  
church,

Yet died without its last and dearest  
offices, 465  
Which smooth the soul through purga-  
torial pains,

I have to offer humbly this donation  
In masses for his spirit.

[*SIEGENDORF offers the gold which he  
had taken from STRALENHEIM.*]

*Prior.* Count, if I

Receive it, 'tis because I know too well  
Refusal would offend you. Be assured  
The largess shall be only dealt in alms,  
And every mass no less sung for the dead.  
Our house needs no donations, thanks to  
yours,

Which has of old endow'd it; but from you  
And yours in all meet things 'tis fit we  
obey. 475

For whom shall mass be said?

*Sieg.* [*Altering*]. For—for—the dead.

*Prior.* His name?

*Sieg.* 'Tis from a soul, and not a  
name,

I would avert perdition.

*Prior.* I meant not

To pry into your secret. We will pray  
For one unknown, the same as for the  
proudest. 480

*Sieg.* Secret! I have none: but, father,  
he who's gone

Might have one; or, in short, he did  
bequeath—

No, not bequeath—but I bestow this sum  
For pious purposes.

*Prior.* A proper deed

In the behalf of our departed friends.

*Sieg.* But he who's gone was not my  
friend, but foe, 486

The deadliest and the stanchest.

*Prior.* Better still!

To employ our means to obtain heaven  
for the souls

Of our dead enemies is worthy those

Who can forgive them living.

*Sieg.* But I did not 490

Forgive this man. I loathed him to the  
last,

As he did me. I do not love him now,  
But—

*Prior.* Best of all! for this is pure  
religion!

You fain would rescue him you hate from  
hell—

An evangelical compassion—with 495  
Your own gold too!

*Sieg.* Father, 'tis not my gold.

*Prior.* Whose then? You said it was  
no legacy.

*Sieg.* No matter whose—of this be  
sure, that he

Who own'd it never more will need it, save  
In that which it may purchase from your  
altars: 500

'Tis yours, or theirs.

*Prior.* Is there no blood upon it?  
*Sieg.* No; but there's worse than blood—eternal shame!  
*Prior.* Did he who own'd it die in his bed?  
*Sieg.* Alas!  
*He did.*  
*Prior.* Son! you relapse into revenge, If you regret your enemy's bloodless death.  
*Sieg.* His death was fathomlessly deep in blood.  
*Prior.* You said he died in his bed, not battle.  
*Sieg.* He  
 Died, I scarce know—but—he was stabb'd i' the dark,  
 And now you have it—perish'd on his pillow  
 By a cut-throat!—Ay!—you may look upon me!  
 I am *not* the man. I'll meet your eye on that point,  
 As I can one day God's.  
*Prior.* Nor did he die  
 By means, or men, or instrument of yours?  
*Sieg.* No! by the God who sees and strikes!  
*Prior.* Nor know you  
 Who slew him?  
*Sieg.* I could only guess at *one*,  
 And he to me a stranger, unconnected,  
 As unemploy'd. Except by one day's knowledge,  
 I never saw the man who was suspected.  
*Prior.* Then you are free from guilt.  
*Sieg.* [eagerly]. Oh! am I?—say!  
*Prior.* You have said so, and know best.  
*Sieg.* Father! I have spoken  
 The truth, and nought but truth, if *not* the whole;  
 Yet say I am *not* guilty! for the blood  
 Of this man weighs on me, as if I shed it,  
 Though, by the Power who abhorreth human blood,  
 I did not!—nay, once spared it, when I might  
 And *could*—ay, perhaps, *should* (if our self-safety  
 Be e'er excusable in such defences  
 Against the attacks of over-potent foes):  
 But pray for him, for me, and all my house;  
 For, as I said, though I be innocent,  
 I know not why, a like remorse is on me,  
 As if he had fallen by me or mine. Pray for me,  
 Father! I have pray'd myself in vain.  
*Prior.* I will.  
 Be comforted! You are innocent, and should  
 Be calm as innocence.  
*Sieg.* But calmness is not

Always the attribute of innocence.  
 I feel it is not.  
*Prior.* But it will be so,  
 When the mind gathers up its truth within it.  
 Remember the great festival to-morrow,  
 In which you rank amidst our chiefest nobles,  
 As well as your brave son; and smooth your aspect,  
 Nor in the general orison of thanks  
 For bloodshed stopt, let blood you shed not rise,  
 A cloud, upon your thoughts. This were to be  
 Too sensitive. Take comfort, and forget  
 Such things, and leave remorse unto the guilty.  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT V

SCENE I.—*A large and magnificent Gothic Hall in the Castle of Siegendorf, decorated with Trophies, Banners, and Arms of that family.*

*Enter ARNHEIM and MEISTER, Attendants of COUNT SIEGENDORF.*

*Arn.* Be quick! the count will soon return: the ladies  
 Already are at the portal. Have you sent  
 The messengers in search of him he seeks for?

*Meis.* I have, in all directions, over Prague,  
 As far as the man's dress and figure could  
 By your description track him. The devil take  
 These revels and processions! All the pleasure  
 (If such there be) must fall to the spectators.

I'm sure none doth to us who make the show.

*Arn.* Go to! my lady countess comes.  
*Meis.* I'd rather

Ride a day's hunting on an outworn jade,  
 Than follow in the train of a great man,  
 In these dull pageantries.

*Arn.* Begone! and rai  
 Within.  
 [Exeunt.]

*Enter the COUNTESS JOSEPHINE SIEGENDORF and IDA STRALENHEIM.*

*Jos.* Well, Heaven be praised! the show is over.

*Ida.* How can you say so? Never have I dreamt

Of aught so beautiful. The flowers, the boughs,  
 The banners, and the nobles, and the knights,  
 The gems, the robes, the plumes, the happy faces,

The coursers, and the incense, and the sun  
Streaming through the stain'd windows,  
even the *tombs*,<sup>20</sup>

Which look'd so calm, and the celestial  
hymns,

Which seem'd as if they rather came from  
heaven

Than mounted there. The bursting  
organ's peal

Rolling on high like an harmonious  
thunder;

The white robes and the lifted eyes; the  
world<sup>25</sup>

At peace! and all at peace with one  
another!

Oh, my sweet mother!

*Jos.* [Embracing JOSEPHINE.  
My beloved child!

For such, I trust, thou shalt be shortly.  
*Ida.* Oh!

I am so already. Feel how my heart beats!  
*Jos.* It does, my love; and never may  
it throb<sup>30</sup>

With aught more bitter.  
*Ida.* Never shall it do so!

How should it? What should make us  
grieve? I hate

To hear of sorrow: how can we be sad,  
Who love each other so entirely? You,

The count, and Ulric, and your daughter  
*Ida.*<sup>35</sup>

*Jos.* Poor child!

*Ida.* Do you pity me?  
*Jos.* No: I but envy,

And that in sorrow, not in the world's  
sense

Of the universal vice, if one vice be  
More general than another.

*Ida.* I'll not hear  
A word against a world which still  
contains<sup>40</sup>

You and my Ulric. Did you ever see  
Aught like him? How he tower'd

amongst them all!  
How all eyes follow'd him! The flowers

fell faster—  
Rain'd from each lattice at his feet, me-

thought,  
Than before all the rest; and where he

trod<sup>45</sup>  
I dare be sworn that they grow still, nor

e'er  
Will wither.

*Jos.* You will spoil him, little flatterer,  
If he should hear you.

*Ida.* But he never will.  
I dare not say so much to him—I fear

him.  
*Jos.* Why so? he loves you well.

*Ida.* But I can never<sup>50</sup>  
Shape my thoughts of him into words to

him:  
Besides, he sometimes frightens me.

*Jos.* How so?

*Ida.* A cloud comes o'er his blue eyes  
suddenly,

Yet he says nothing.  
*Jos.* It is nothing: all men,<sup>54</sup>

Especially in these dark troublous times,  
Have much to think of.

*Ida.* But I cannot think  
Of aught save him.

*Jos.* Yet there are other men,  
In the world's eye, as goodly. There's,

for instance,  
The young Count Waldorf, who scarce

once withdrew  
His eyes from yours to-day.

*Ida.* I did not see him<sup>60</sup>  
But Ulric. Did you not see at the moment

When all knelt, and I wept? and yet me-  
thought,

Through my fast tears, though they were  
thick and warm,

I saw him smiling on me.  
*Jos.* I could not

See aught save heaven, to which my eyes  
were rais'd,<sup>65</sup>

Together with the people's.  
*Ida.* I thought too

Of heaven, although I look'd on Ulric.  
*Jos.* Come,

Let us retire! they will be here anon  
Expectant of the banquet. We will lay

Aside these nodding plumes and dragging  
trains.<sup>70</sup>

*Ida.* And, above all, these stiff and  
heavy jewels,

Which make my head and heart ache, as  
both throb

Beneath their glitter o'er my brow and  
zone.

Dear mother, I am with you.

Enter COUNT SIEGENDORF, in full dress,  
from the solemnity, and LUDWIG.

*Sieg.* Is he not found?

*Lud.* Strict search is making every-  
where; and if<sup>75</sup>

The man be in Prague, be sure he will be  
found.

*Sieg.* Where's Ulric?

*Lud.* He rode round the other way  
With some young nobles; but he left them

soon;  
And, if I err not, not a minute since

I heard his excellency, with his train,<sup>80</sup>  
Gallip o'er the west drawbridge.

Enter ULRIC, splendidly dressed.

*Sieg.* [to LUDWIG]. See they cease not  
Their quest of him I have described.

[Exit LUDWIG.  
Oh, Ulric!

How have I long'd for thee!  
*Ulric.* Your wish is granted—  
Behold me!

*Sieg.* I have seen the murderer.

*Ulr.* Whom? Where?

*Sieg.* The Hungarian, who slew Stralenheim. <sup>85</sup>

*Ulr.* You dream.

*Sieg.* I live! and as I live, I saw him—  
Heard him! he dared to utter even my name.

*Ulr.* What name?

*Sieg.* Werner! 'twas mine.

*Ulr.* It must be so

No more: forget it.

*Sieg.* Never! never! all  
My destinies were woven in that name:  
It will not be engraved upon my tomb,  
But it may lead me there.

*Ulr.* To the point—the Hungarian?

*Sieg.* Listen!—The church was  
throng'd: the hymn was raised;  
'*Te Deum*' peal'd from nations rather  
than

From choirs, in one great cry of 'God be  
praised' <sup>95</sup>

For one day's peace, after thrice ten dread  
years,

Each bloodier than the former: I arose,  
With all the nobles, and as I look'd down  
Along the lines of lifted faces,—from  
Our banner'd and escutcheon'd gallery, I  
Saw, like a flash of lightning (for I saw  
A moment and no more), what struck me  
sightless

To all else—the Hungarian's face! I grew  
Sick; and when I recover'd from the mist  
Which curl'd about my senses, and again  
Look'd down, I saw him not. The thanks-  
giving <sup>106</sup>

Was over, and we march'd back in pro-  
cession.

*Ulr.* Continue.

*Sieg.* When we reach'd the  
Muldau's bridge,

The joyous crowd above, the numberless  
Barks mann'd with revellers in their best  
garbs, <sup>110</sup>

Which shot along the glancing tide below,  
The decorated street, the long array,  
The clashing music, and the thundering  
Of far artillery, which seem'd to bid  
A long and loud farewell to its great  
doings, <sup>115</sup>

The standards o'er me, and the trappings  
round,

The roar of rushing thousands,—all—all  
could not

Chase this man from my mind, although  
my senses

No longer held him palpable.

*Ulr.* You saw him

No more, then?

*Sieg.* I look'd, as a dying soldier <sup>120</sup>  
Looks at a draught of water, for this man;  
But still I saw him not; but in his stead—

*Ulr.* What in his stead?

*Sieg.* My eye for ever fell

Upon your dancing crest; the loftiest,  
As on the loftiest and the loveliest head,  
It rose the highest of the stream of plumes,  
Which overflow'd the glittering streets of  
Prague.

*Ulr.* What's this to the Hungarian?

*Sieg.* Much; for I  
Had almost then forgot him in my son;  
When just as the artillery ceased, and  
paused <sup>130</sup>

The music, and the crowd embraced in lieu  
Of shouting, I heard in a deep, low voice,  
Distinct and keener far upon my ear  
Than the late cannon's volume, this  
word—'Werner!'

*Ulr.* Utter'd by—

*Sieg.* Him! I turn'd—and saw—  
and fell. <sup>135</sup>

*Ulr.* And wherefore? Were you seen?

*Sieg.* The officious care  
Of those around me dragg'd me from the  
spot,

Seeing my faintness, ignorant of the cause:  
You, too, were too remote in the pro-  
cession

(The old nobles being divided from their  
children) <sup>140</sup>

To aid me.

*Ulr.* But I'll aid you now.

*Sieg.* In what?

*Ulr.* In searching for this man, or—

When he's found,  
What shall we do with him?

*Sieg.* I know not that.

*Ulr.* Then wherefore seek?

*Sieg.* Because I cannot rest  
Till he is found. His fate, and Stralen-  
heim's, <sup>145</sup>

And ours, seem intertwined! nor can be  
Unravell'd, till—

*Enter an ATTENDANT*

*Atten.* A stranger to wait on  
Your excellency.

*Sieg.* Who?

*Atten.* He gave no name.

*Sieg.* Admit him, ne'ertheless.

[The ATTENDANT introduces GABOR,  
and afterwards exit.

Ah!

*Gab.* 'Tis then Werner!

*Sieg.* [haughtily]. The same you knew,  
sir, by that name; and you! <sup>150</sup>

*Gab.* [looking round]. I recognise you  
both: father and son,

It seems. Count, I have heard that you,  
or yours,

Have lately been in search of me: I am  
here.

*Sieg.* I have sought you, and have  
found you: you are charged

(Your own heart may inform you why)  
with such <sup>155</sup>

A crime as— [He pauses.



*Gab.* Give it utterance, and then  
I'll meet the consequences.

*Sieg.* You shall do so—  
Unless—

*Gab.* First, who accuses me?  
*Sieg.* All things,

If not all men: the universal rumour—  
My own presence on the spot—the place—  
the time— 160

And every speck of circumstance unite  
To fix the blot on you.

*Gab.* And on *me only*?  
Pause ere you answer: is no other name  
Save mine, stain'd in this business?

*Sieg.* Trifling villain!  
Who play'st with thine own guilt! Of all  
that breathe 165  
Thou best dost know the innocence of him  
'Gainst whom thy breath would blow thy  
bloody slander.

But I will talk no further with a wretch,  
Further than justice asks. Answer at once,  
And without quibbling, to my charge.

*Gab.* 'Tis false! 170  
*Sieg.* Who says so?

*Gab.* I,  
*Sieg.* And how disprove it?

*Gab.* By  
The presence of the murderer.

*Sieg.* Name him.  
*Gab.* He

May have more names than one. Your  
lordship had so

Once on a time.  
*Sieg.* If you mean me, I dare

Your utmost.  
*Gab.* You may do so, and in safety;

I know the assassin.  
*Sieg.* Where is he?

*Gab.* [pointing to ULRIC]. Beside you!  
[ULRIC rushes forward to attack

GABOR; SIEGENDORF interposes.  
*Sieg.* Liar and fiend! but you shall

not be slain;  
These walls are mine, and you are safe

within them. [He turns to ULRIC.  
ULRIC, repel this calumny, as I

Will do. I avow it is a growth so mon-  
strous, 180

I could not deem it earth-born: but be  
calm;

It will refute itself. But touch him not.  
[ULRIC endeavours to compose himself.

*Gab.* Look at him, count, and then  
hear me.

*Sieg.* [first to GABOR, and then looking at  
ULRIC]. I hear thee.

My God! you look—  
*Ulr.* How?

*Sieg.* As on that dread night,  
When we met in the garden.

*Ulr.* [composes himself]. It is nothing.  
*Gab.* Count, you are bound to hear

me. I came hither 186

Not seeking you, but sought. When I  
knelt down

Amidst the people in the church, I dream'd  
not

To find the beggar'd Werner in the seat  
Of senators and princes; but you have

call'd me, 190  
And we have met.

*Sieg.* Go on, sir.  
*Gab.* Ere I do so,

Allow me to inquire, who profited  
By Stralenheim's death? Was't I—as poor

as ever;  
And poorer by suspicion on my name!

The baron lost in that last outrage neither  
Jewels nor gold; his life alone was sought,—

A life which stood between the claims of  
others

To honours and estates scarce less than  
principally.

*Sieg.* These hints, as vague as vain,  
attach no less

To me than to my son.  
*Gab.* I can't help that. 200

But let the consequence alight on him  
Who feels himself the guilty one among us.

I speak to you, Count Siegendorf, because  
I know you innocent, and deem you just.

But ere I can proceed—dare you protect  
me? 205

Dare you command me?  
[SIEGENDORF first looks at the Hungarian,

and then at ULRIC, who has unbuckled  
his sabre, and is drawing lines with it

on the floor—still in its sheath.  
*Ulr.* [looks at his father, and says,] Let

the man go on!  
*Gab.* I am unarm'd, count—bid your

son lay down  
His sabre.

*Ulr.* [offers it to him contemptuously].  
Take it.

*Gab.* No, sir, 'tis enough  
That we are both unarm'd—I would not

choose  
To wear a steel which may be stain'd with

more 210  
Blood than came there in battle.

*Ulr.* [casts the sabre from him in con-  
tempt]. It—or some

Such other weapon, in my hand—spared  
yours

Once, when disarm'd and at my mercy.  
*Gab.* True—

I have not forgotten it: you spared me for  
Your own especial purpose—to sustain

An ignominy not my own.  
*Ulr.* Proceed.

The tale is doubtless worthy the relater.  
But is it of my father to hear further?

[To SIEGENDORF.  
*Sieg.* [takes his son by the hand]. My

son, I know my own innocence, and  
doubt not

Of yours—but I have promised this man  
patience; 220  
Let him continue.

*Gab.* I will not detain you,  
By speaking of myself much: I began  
Life early—and am what the world has  
made me.

At Frankfort on the Oder, where I pass'd  
A winter in obscurity, it was 225  
My chance at several places of resort  
(Which I frequented sometimes, but not  
often)

To hear related a strange circumstance  
In February last. A martial force,  
Sent by the state, had, after strong re-  
sistance, 230

Secured a band of desperate men, sup-  
posed  
Marauders from the hostile camp.—They  
proved,

However, not to be so—but banditti  
Whom either accident or enterprise  
Had carried from their usual haunt—the  
forests 235

Which skirt Bohemia—even into Lusatia.  
Many amongst them were reported of  
High rank—and martial law slept for a  
time.

At last they were escorted o'er the  
frontiers,

And placed beneath the civil jurisdiction  
Of the free town of Frankfort. Of *their*  
fate 241

I know no more.

*Sieg.* And what is this to Ulric?

*Gab.* Amongst them there was said to  
be one man

Of wonderful endowments:—birth and  
fortune,

Youth, strength, and beauty, almost  
superhuman, 245

And courage as unrivall'd, were pro-  
claim'd

His by the public rumour; and his sway,  
Not only over his associates, but

His judges, was attributed to witchcraft,  
Such was his influence: I have no great  
faith 250

In any magic save that of the mine—  
I therefore deem'd him wealthy.—But my  
soul

Was roused with various feelings to seek  
out

This prodigy, if only to behold him.

*Sieg.* And did you so?

*Gab.* You'll hear. Chance favour'd  
me: 255

A popular affray in the public square  
Drew crowds together—it was one of  
those

Occasions where men's souls look out of  
them,

And show them as they are—even in their  
faces:

The moment my eye met his, I exclaim'd,  
'This is the man!' though he was then, as  
since, 261

With the nobles of the city. I felt sure  
I had not err'd, and watch'd him long and  
nearly;

I noted down his form—his gesture—  
features,

Stature, and bearing—and amidst them  
all, 265

'Midst every natural and acquired distinc-  
tion,

I could discern, methought, the assassin's  
eye

And gladiator's heart.

*Ulr.* [*smiling*]. The tale sounds well.

*Gab.* And may sound better.—He ap-  
pear'd to me

One of those beings to whom Fortune  
bends, 270

As she doth to the daring—and on whom  
The fates of others oft depend; besides,

An indescribable sensation drew me  
Near to this man, as if my point of fortune

Was to be fix'd by him.—There I was  
wrong. 275

*Sieg.* And may not be right now.

*Gab.* I follow'd him,

Solicited his notice—and obtain'd it—  
Though not his friendship:—it was his in-  
tention

To leave the city privately—we left it  
Together—and together we arrived 280

In the poor town where Werner was con-  
ceal'd,

And Stralenheim was succour'd—Now  
we are on

The verge—*dare* you hear further?  
*Sieg.* I must do so—

Or I have heard too much.

*Gab.* I saw in you

A man above his station—and if not 285  
So high, as now I find you, in my then

Conceptions, 'twas that I had rarely seen  
Men such as you appear'd in height of  
mind,

In the most high of worldly rank; you  
were

Poor, even to all save rags: I would have  
shared 290

My purse, though slender, with you—you  
refused it.

*Sieg.* Doth my refusal make a debt to  
you,

That thus you urge it?

*Gab.* Still you owe me something,

Though not for that; and I owed you my  
safety, 294

At least my seeming safety, when the slaves  
Of Stralenheim pursued me on the grounds

That I had robb'd him.

*Sieg.* I conceal'd you—I,

Whom and whose house you arraign, re-  
viving viper!

*Gab.* I accuse no man—save in my defence.  
 You, count, have made yourself accuser—  
 judge: 300  
 Your hall's my court, your heart is my tribunal.  
 Be just, and I'll be merciful!  
*Sieg.* You merciful?—  
 You! Base calumniator!  
*Gab.* I. 'Twill rest  
 With me at last to be so. You conceal'd me—  
 In secret passages known to yourself, 305  
 You said, and to none else. At dead of night,  
 Weary with watching in the dark, and dubious  
 Of tracing back my way, I saw a glimmer,  
 Through distant crannies, of a twinkling light:  
 I follow'd it, and reach'd a door—a secret Portal—which open'd to the chamber, where, 311  
 With cautious hand and slow, having first undone  
 As much as made a crevice of the fastening,  
 I look'd through and beheld a purple bed,  
 And on it Stralenheim!—  
*Sieg.* Asleep! And yet  
 You slew him!—Wretch!  
*Gab.* He was already slain, 316  
 And bleeding like a sacrifice. My own Blood became ice.  
*Sieg.* But he was all alone!  
 You saw none else? You did not see the—  
 [He pauses from agitation.  
*Gab.* No,  
 He, whom you dare not name, nor even I  
 Scarce dare to recollect, was not then in  
 The chamber.  
*Sieg.* [to ULRIC]. Then, my boy! thou  
 art guiltless still— 322  
 Thou bad'st me say I was so once—Oh!  
 now  
 Do thou as much!  
*Gab.* Be patient! I can not  
 Recede now, though it shake the very walls  
 Which frown above us. You remember,—  
 or 326  
 If not, your son does,—that the locks were  
 changed  
 Beneath his chief inspection on the morn  
 Which led to this same night: how he had  
 enter'd  
 He best knows—but within an antechamber, 330  
 The door of which was half ajar, I saw  
 A man who wash'd his bloody hands, and  
 oft  
 With stern and anxious glance gazed back  
 upon  
 The bleeding body—but it moved no more.  
*Sieg.* Oh! God of fathers!  
*Gab.* I beheld his features

As I see yours—but yours they were not,  
 though 336  
 Resembling them—behold them in Count  
 Ulríc's!  
 Distinct as I beheld them, though the expression  
 Is not now what it then was!—but it was so  
 When I first charged him with the crime—  
 so lately. 340  
*Sieg.* This is so—  
*Gab.* [interrupting him]. Nay—but hear  
 me to the end!  
 Now you must do so.—I conceived myself  
 Betray'd by you and him (for now I saw  
 There was some tie between you) into this  
 Pretended den of refuge, to become 345  
 The victim of your guilt; and my first  
 thought  
 Was vengeance: but, though arm'd with a  
 short poniard  
 (Having left my sword without), I was no  
 match  
 For him at any time, as had been proved  
 That morning—either in address or force.  
 I turn'd and fled—i' the dark: chance rather  
 than 351  
 Skill made me gain the secret door of the  
 hall,  
 And thence the chamber where you slept:  
 if I  
 Had found you *waking*, Heaven alone can  
 tell  
 What vengeance and suspicion might have  
 prompted; 355  
 But ne'er slept guilt as Werner slept that  
 night.  
*Sieg.* And yet I had horrid dreams! and  
 such brief sleep,  
 The stars had not gone down when I awoke.  
 Why didst thou spare me? I dreamt of my  
 father—  
 And now my dream is out!  
*Gab.* 'Tis not my fault,  
 If I have read it.—Well! I fled and hid  
 me— 361  
 Chance led me here after so many moons—  
 And show'd me Werner in Count Siegen-  
 dorf!  
 Werner, whom I had sought in huts in vain,  
 Inhabited the palace of a sovereign! 365  
 You sought me and have found me—now  
 you know  
 My secret, and may weigh its worth.  
*Sieg.* [after a pause]. Indeed!  
*Gab.* Is it revenge or justice which in-  
 spires  
 Your meditation?  
*Sieg.* Neither—I was weighing  
 The value of your secret.  
*Gab.* You shall know it  
 At once:—When you were poor, and I,  
 though poor, 371  
 Rich enough to relieve such poverty  
 As might have envied mine, I offer'd you

My purse—you would not share it:—I'll  
be franker

With you: you are wealthy, noble, trusted  
by 375

The imperial powers—you understand me?  
*Sieg.* Yes.

*Gab.* Not quite. You think me venal,  
and scarce true:

'Tis no less true, however, that my fortunes  
Have made me both at present. You shall  
aid me:

I would have aided you—and also have  
Been somewhat damaged in my name to  
save 381

Yours and your son's. Weigh well what I  
have said.

*Sieg.* Dare you await the event of a few  
minutes?

Deliberation?

*Gab.* [*casts his eyes on ULRIC, who is lean-  
ing against a pillar.*] If I should do so?

*Sieg.* I pledge my life for yours. With-  
draw into 385

This tower. [*Opens a turret door.*]

*Gab.* [*hesitatingly*]. This is the second  
safe asylum

You have offer'd me.

*Sieg.* And was not the first so?

*Gab.* I know not that even now—but  
will approve

The second. I have still a further shield.—  
I did not enter Prague alone; and should I  
Be put to rest with Stralenheim, there are  
Some tongues without will wag in my be-  
half.

Be brief in your decision!

*Sieg.* I will be so.—  
My word is sacred and irrevocable

Within these walls, but it extends no fur-  
ther. 395

*Gab.* I'll take it for so much.

*Sieg.* [*points to ULRIC's sabre, still upon  
the ground.*] Take also that—

I saw you eye it eagerly, and him

Distrustfully.

*Gab.* [*takes up the sabre.*] I will; and so  
provide

To sell my life—not cheaply.

[*GABOR goes into the turret, which  
SIEGENDORF closes.*]

*Sieg.* [*advances to ULRIC.*] Now, Count  
Ulric!

For son I dare not call thee—What say'st  
thou? 400

*Ulr.* His tale is true.

*Sieg.* True, monster!

*Ulr.* Most true, father!

And you did well to listen to it: what  
We know, we can provide against. He  
must

Be silenced.

*Sieg.* Ay, with half of my domains;  
And with the other half, could he and thou  
Unsay this villany.

*Ulr.* It is no time 406

For trifling or dissembling. I have said  
His story's true; and he too must be  
silenced.

*Sieg.* How so?

*Ulr.* As Stralenheim is. Are you  
so dull

As never to have hit on this before? 410

When we met in the garden, what except  
Discovery in the act could make me know  
His death? Or had the prince's household  
been

Then summon'd, would the cry for the  
police 414

Been left to such a stranger? Or should I  
Have loiter'd on the way? Or could you,

*Werner,*

The object of the baron's hate and fears,  
Have fled, unless by many an hour before  
Suspicion woke? I sought and fathom'd  
you,

Doubting if you were false or feeble: I 420

Perceived you were the latter: and yet so  
Confiding have I found you, that I doubted  
At times your weakness.

*Sieg.* Parricide! no less  
Than common stabber! What deed of my  
life,

Or thought of mine, could make you deem  
me fit 425

For your accomplice?

*Ulr.* Father, do not raise  
The devil you cannot lay between us. This  
Is time for union and for action, not

For family disputes. While you were tor-  
tured,

Could I be calm? Think you that I have  
heard 430

This fellow's tale without some feeling?—  
You

Have taught me feeling for you and myself;  
For whom or what else did you ever teach  
it?

*Sieg.* Oh! my dead father's curse! 'tis  
working now.

*Ulr.* Let it work on! the grave will keep  
it down! 435

Ashes are feeble foes: it is more easy  
To baffle such, than countermine a mole,  
Which winds its blind but living path  
beneath you.

Yet hear me still!—If you condemn me, yet  
Remember who hath taught me once too  
often 440

To listen to him! Who proclaim'd to me  
That there were crimes made venial by the  
occasion?

That passion was our nature? that the  
goods 443

Of Heaven waited on the goods of fortune?  
Who show'd me his humanity secured  
By his nerves only? Who deprived me of  
All power to vindicate myself and race  
In open day? By his disgrace which stamp'd

(It might be) bastardy on me, and on  
Himself—a felon's brand! The man who is  
At once both warm and weak invites to  
deeds 451

He longs to do, but dare not. Is it strange  
That I should *act* what you could *think*?

We have done  
With right and wrong: and now must only  
ponder

Upon effects, not causes. Stralenheim,  
Whose life I saved from impulse, as, *un-*  
*known*, 456  
I would have saved a peasant's or a dog's,  
I slew

Known as our foe—but not from venge-  
ance. He

Was a rock in our way which I cut through  
As doth the bolt, because it stood between  
us 460

And our true destination—but not idly.  
As stranger I preserved him, and he *owed me*  
His life: when due, I but resumed the debt.  
He, you, and I stood o'er a gulf wherein  
I have plunged our enemy. You kindled  
first 465

The torch—you show'd the path: now  
trace me that  
Of safety—or let me!

*Sieg.* I have done with life!  
*Ulr.* Let us have done with that which  
cankers life—

Familiar feuds and vain recriminations  
Of things which cannot be undone. We  
have 470

No more to learn or hide: I know no fear,  
And have within these very walls men who  
(Although you know them not) dare venture  
all things.

You stand high with the state; what passes  
here

Will not excite her too great curiosity: 475  
Keep your own secret, keep a steady eye,  
Stir not, and speak not;—leave the rest to  
me:

We must have no *third* babblers thrust be-  
tween us. [*Exit* ULRIC.

*Sieg.* [*solus*]. Am I awake? are these my  
fathers' halls?

And *yon*—my son? My son! *mine*! who  
have ever 480

Abhor'd both mystery and blood, and yet  
Am plunged into the deepest hell of both!  
I must be speedy, or more will be shed—  
The Hungarian's!—Ulríc—he hath parti-  
sans,

It seems: I might have guess'd as much.  
Oh fool! 485

Wolves prowl in company. He hath the key  
(As I too) of the opposite door which leads  
into the turret. Now then! or once more  
To be the father of fresh crimes, no less  
Than of the criminal! Ho! Gabor! Gabor!

[*Exit into the turret, closing the  
door after him.*

SCENE II.—*The Interior of the Turret.*

GABOR and SIEGENDORF.

*Gab.* Who calls?

*Sieg.* I—Siegendorf! Take these and  
fly!

Lose not a moment!

[*Tears off a diamond star and other jewels,  
and thrusts them into GABOR's hand.*

*Gab.* What am I to do  
With these?

*Sieg.* Whate'er you will: sell them,  
or hoard,

And prosper; but delay not, or you are lost!  
*Gab.* You pledged your honour for my  
safety!

*Sieg.* And 5  
Must thus redeem it. Fly! I am not master,

It seems, of my own castle—of my own  
Retainers—nay, even of these very walls,  
Or I would bid them fall and crush me! Fly!  
Or you will be slain by—

*Gab.* Is it even so? 10  
Farewell, then! Recollect, however, count,  
You sought this fatal interview!

*Sieg.* I did:  
Let it not be more fatal still!—Begone!

*Gab.* By the same path I enter'd?

*Sieg.* Yes; that's safe still;  
But loiter not in Prague;—you do not  
know 15

With whom you have to deal.

*Gab.* I know too well—  
And knew it ere yourself, unhappy sire!

Farewell! [*Exit* GABOR.

*Sieg.* [*solus and listening*]. He hath  
clear'd the staircase. Ah! I hear

The door sound loud behind him! He is  
safe!

Safe!—Oh, my father's spirit!—I am  
faint— 20

[*He leans down upon a stone seat, near the  
wall of the tower, in a drooping posture.*

*Enter* ULRIC, with others armed, and with  
weapons drawn.

*Ulr.* Despatch!—he's there!

*Lud.* The count, my lord!

*Ulr.* [*recognising* SIEGENDORF]. You  
here, sir!

*Sieg.* Yes; if you want another victim,  
strike!

*Ulr.* [*seeing him stript of his jewels*].  
Where is the ruffian who hath plunder'd  
you?

Vassals, despatch in search of him! You see  
'Twas as I said—the wretch hath stript my  
father 25

Of jewels which might form a prince's heir-  
loom!

Away. I'll follow you forthwith.  
[*Exeunt all but* SIEGENDORF and ULRIC.

What's this?  
Where is the villain?

*Sieg.* There are *two*, sir: which  
Are you in quest of?

*Ulr.* Let us hear no more  
Of this: he must be found. You have not  
let him 30

Escape?

*Sieg.* He's gone.

*Ulr.* With your connivance?

*Sieg.* With  
My fullest, freest aid.

*Ulr.* Then fare you well!

*Sieg.* Stop! I command—entreat—im-  
plore! Oh, Ulr!

Will you then leave me?

*Ulr.* What! remain to be  
Denounced—drag'd, it may be, in chains;  
and all 35

By your inherent weakness, half-humanity,  
Selfish remorse, and temporising pity,  
That sacrifices your whole race to save  
A wretch to profit by our ruin! No, count,  
Henceforth you have no son!

*Sieg.* I never had one; 40  
And would you ne'er had borne the useless  
name!

Where will you go? I would not send you forth  
Without protection.

*Ulr.* Leave that unto me.  
I am not alone; nor merely the vain heir  
Of your domains; a thousand, ay, ten  
thousand 45

Swords, hearts, and hands are mine.

*Sieg.* The foresters!  
With whom the Hungarian found you first  
at Frankfort!

*Ulr.* Yes—men—who are worthy of the  
name! Go tell

Your senators that they look well to Prague;

Their feast of peace was early for the times;  
There are more spirits abroad than have  
been laid 51  
With Wallenstein!

*Enter JOSEPHINE and IDA.*

*Jos.* What is't we hear? My  
Siegendorf!

Thank Heaven. I see you safe!

*Sieg.* Safe!

*Ida.* Yes, dear father!

*Sieg.* No, no; I have no children: never  
more 54

Call me by that worst name of parent.

*Jos.* What

Means my good lord?

*Sieg.* That you have given birth  
To a demon!

*Ida* [*taking ULRIC'S hand*]. Who shall  
dare say this of Ulr?

*Sieg.* Ida, beware! there's blood upon  
that hand.

*Ida* [*stooping to kiss it*]. I'd kiss it off,  
though it were mine.

*Sieg.* It is so! 59

*Ulr.* Away! it is your father's!

*Ida.* Oh, great God!

And I have loved this man!

*[IDA falls senseless—JOSEPHINE stands  
speechless with horror.]*

*Sieg.* The wretch hath slain  
Them both!—My Josephine! we are now  
alone!

Would we had ever been so!—All is over  
For me!—Now open wide, my sire, thy  
grave; 64

Thy curse hath dug it deeper for thy son  
In mine!—The race of Siegendorf is past!

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

### A DRAMA

#### ADVERTISEMENT

THIS production is founded partly on the story of a novel called 'The Three Brothers', published many years ago, from which M. G. Lewis's 'Wood Demon' was also taken; and partly on the 'Faust' of the great Goethe. The present publication contains the two first Parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may perhaps appear hereafter.

#### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

STRANGER, afterwards CÆSAR.  
ARNOLD.  
BOURBON.  
PHILIBERT.  
CELLINI.

BERTHA.  
OLIMPIA.

*Spirits, Soldiers, Citizens of Rome,  
Priests, Peasants, &c.*

#### PART I

##### SCENE I.—A Forest.

*Enter ARNOLD and his mother BERTHA.*

*Bert.* Out, hunchback!

*Arn.* I was born so, mother!

*Bert.* Out,  
Thou incubus! Thou nightmare! Of seven  
sons,

The sole abortion!

*Arn.* Would that I had been so,  
And never seen the light!

*Bert.* I would so, too!

# THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

[PART I

But as thou *hast*—hence, hence—and do  
thy best!

That back of thine may bear its burthen;  
tis

More high, if not so broad as that of others.

*Arn.* It *bears* its burthen;—but, my  
heart! Will it

Sustain that which you lay upon it, mother?  
I love, or, at the least, I loved you: nothing  
Save you, in nature, can love aught like me.  
You nursed me—do not kill me!

*Bert.* Yes—I nursed thee,  
Because thou wert my first-born, and I  
knew not

If there would be another unlike thee,  
That monstrous sport of nature. But get  
hence,

And gather wood!

*Arn.* I will: but when I bring it,  
Speak to me kindly. Though my brothers  
are

So beautiful and lusty, and as free  
As the free chase they follow, do not spurn  
me;

Our milk has been the same.

*Bert.* As is the hedgehog's,  
Which sucks at midnight from the whole-  
some dam

Of the young bull, until the milkmaid finds  
The nipple next day sore and udder dry.  
Call not thy brothers brethren! Call me not  
Mother; for if I brought thee forth, it was  
As foolish hens at times hatch vipers, by  
Sitting upon strange eggs. Out, urchin,  
out!

[Exit BERTHA.

*Arn.* [solus]. Oh, mother!—She is  
gone, and I must do

Her bidding;—wearily but willingly  
I would fulfil it, could I only hope  
A kind word in return. What shall I do?

[ARNOLD begins to cut wood: in doing  
this he wounds one of his hands.

My labour for the day is over now.

Accused be this blood that flows so fast;  
For double curses will be my meed now  
At home—What home? I have no home,  
no kin,

No kind—not made like other creatures, or  
To share their sports or pleasures. Must I  
bleed, too,

Like them? Oh, that each drop which falls  
to earth

Would rise a snake to sting them, as they  
have stung me!

Or that the devil, to whom they liken me,  
Would aid his likeness! If I must partake  
His form, why not his power? Is it because  
I have not his will too? For one kind word  
From her who bore me would still recon-  
cile me

Even to this hateful aspect. Let me wash  
The wound.

[ARNOLD goes to a spring, and stoops to  
wash his hand: he starts back.

They are right; and Nature's mirror  
shows me

What she hath made me. I will not look on  
it

Again, and scarce dare think on't. Hideous  
wretch

That I am! The very waters mock me with  
My horrid shadow—like a demon placed  
Deep in the fountain to scare back the cattle  
From drinking therein.

[He pauses.

And shall I live on,  
A burden to the earth, myself, and shame  
Unto what brought me into life! Thou  
blood,

Which flow'st so freely from a scratch, let  
me

Try if thou wilt not in a fuller stream  
Pour forth my woes for ever with thyself

On earth, to which I will restore at once  
This hateful compound of her atoms, and  
Resolve back to her elements, and take  
The shape of any reptile save myself,  
And make a world for myriads of new  
worms!

This knife! now let me prove if it will sever  
This wither'd slip of nature's nightshade—  
my

Vile form—from the creation, as it hath  
The green bough from the forest.

[ARNOLD places the knife in the ground,  
with the point upwards.

Now 'tis set,

And I can fall upon it. Yet one glance  
On the fair day, which sees no foul thing  
like

Myself, and the sweet sun which warm'd  
me, but

In vain. The birds—how joyously they sing!  
So let them, for I would not be lamented:  
But let their merriest notes be Arnold's  
knell;

The fallen leaves my monument; the mur-  
mur

Of the near fountain my sole elegy.  
Now, knife, stand firmly, as I fain would  
fall!

[As he rushes to throw himself upon the  
knife, his eye is suddenly caught by the  
fountain, which seems in motion.

The fountain moves without a wind: but  
shall  
The ripple of a spring change my resolve?  
No. Yet it moves again! The waters stir,  
Not as with air, but by some subterranean  
And rocking power of the internal world.

What's here? A mist! No more?—  
[A cloud comes from the fountain. He  
stands gazing upon it: it is dispelled,  
and a tall black man comes towards  
him.

*Arn.* What would you? Speak! 81  
Spirit or man?

*Stran.* As man is both, why not  
Say both in one?

*Arn.* Your form is man's, and yet  
You may be devil.

*Stran.* So many men are that  
Which is so call'd or thought, that you may  
add me <sup>85</sup>

To which you please, without much wrong  
to either.

But come: you wish to kill yourself;—  
pursue

Your purpose.

*Arn.* You have interrupted me.

*Stran.* What is that resolution which  
can e'er

Be interrupted? If I be the devil <sup>90</sup>

You deem, a single moment would have  
made you

Mine, and for ever, by your suicide;

And yet my coming saves you.

*Arn.* I said not

You were the demon, but that your ap-  
proach

Was like one. <sup>95</sup>

*Stran.* Unless you keep company  
With him (and you seem scarce used to  
such high

Society), you can't tell how he approaches;  
And for his aspect, look upon the fountain,

And then on me, and judge which of us  
twain <sup>99</sup>

Looks likest what the boors believe to be  
Their cloven-footed terror.

*Arn.* Do you—dare you

To taunt me with my born deformity?

*Stran.* Were I to taunt a buffalo with this  
Cloven foot of thine, or the swift dromedary <sup>104</sup>

With thy sublime of humps, the animals  
Would revel in the compliment. And yet

Both beings are more swift, more strong,  
more mighty

In action and endurance than thyself,  
And all the fierce and fair of the same kind

With thee. Thy form is natural: 'twas only  
Nature's mistaken largess to bestow

The gifts which are of others upon man.

*Arn.* Give me the strength then of the  
buffalo's foot, <sup>113</sup>

When he spurs high the dust, beholding his  
Near enemy; or let me have the long

And patient swiftness of the desert-ship,  
The helmless dromedary!—and I'll bear

Thy fiendish sarcasm with a saintly pa-  
tience. <sup>118</sup>

*Stran.* I will.

*Arn.* [with surprise]. Thou canst?

*Stran.* Perhaps. Would you aught else?

*Arn.* Thou mockest me.

*Stran.* Not I. Why should I mock  
What all are mocking? That's poor sport,  
methinks. <sup>121</sup>

To talk to thee in human language (for  
Thou canst not yet speak mine), the forester

Hunts not the wretched coney, but the boar,  
Or wolf, or lion, leaving paltry game <sup>125</sup>

To petty burghers, who leave once a year  
Their walls, to fill their household caldrons

with  
Such scullion prey. The meanest gibe at  
thee,— <sup>128</sup>

Now I can mock the mightiest.

*Arn.* Then waste not  
Thy time on me: I seek thee not.

*Stran.* Your thoughts  
Are not far from me. Do not send me back:

I'm not so easily recall'd to do  
Good service.

*Arn.* What wilt thou do for me?  
*Stran.* Change

Shapes with you, if you will, since yours so  
irks you; <sup>134</sup>

Or form you to your wish in any shape.

*Arn.* Oh! then you are indeed the demon,  
for

Nought else would wittingly wear mine.

*Stran.* I'll show thee  
The brightest which the world e'er bore,  
and give thee <sup>138</sup>

Thy choice.

*Arn.* On what condition?  
*Stran.* There's a question!

An hour ago you would have given your soul  
To look like other men, and now you pause

To wear the form of heroes.

*Arn.* No; I will not.  
I must not compromise my soul.

*Stran.* What soul,  
Worth naming so, would dwell in such a  
carcass?

*Arn.* 'Tis an aspiring one, whate'er the  
tenement <sup>145</sup>

In which it is mislodged. But name your  
compact:

Must it be sign'd in blood?

*Stran.* Not in your own.  
*Arn.* Whose blood then?

*Stran.* We will talk of that hereafter.  
But I'll be moderate with you, for I see

Great things within you. You shall have  
no bond <sup>150</sup>

But your own will, no contract save your  
deeds.

Are you content?

*Arn.* I take thee at thy word.  
*Stran.* Now then!

[The Stranger approaches the fountain,  
and turns to ARNOLD.

A little of your blood.  
*Arn.* For what?

*Stran.* To mingle with the magic of the  
waters,

And make the charm effective.

*Arn.* [holding out his wounded arm]. Take  
it all. <sup>155</sup>

*Stran.* Not now. A few drops will suf-  
fice for this.

[The Stranger takes some of ARNOLD'S  
blood in his hand, and casts it into the  
fountain.



Shadows of beauty!  
 Shadows of power!  
 Rise to your duty—  
 This is the hour! 160  
 Walk lovely and pliant  
 From the depth of this fountain,  
 As the cloud-shapen giant  
 Bstrides the Hartz Mountain.  
 Come as ye were, 165  
 That our eyes may behold  
 The model in air  
 Of the form I will mould,  
 Bright as the Iris  
 When ether is spann'd;— 170  
 Such *his* desire is, [*Pointing to ARNOLD.*  
 Such my command!  
 Demons heroic—  
 Demons who wore  
 The form of the stoic 175  
 Or sophist of yore—  
 Or the shape of each victor,  
 From Macedon's boy,  
 To each high Roman's picture,  
 Who breathed to destroy— 180  
 Shadows of beauty!  
 Shadows of power!  
 Up to your duty—  
 This is the hour! 184  
 [*Various phantoms arise from the waters,*  
*and pass in succession before the Stran-*  
*ger and ARNOLD.*  
*Arn.* What do I see?  
*Stran.* The black-eyed Roman, with  
 The eagle's beak between those eyes which  
 ne'er  
 Beheld a conqueror, or look'd along  
 The land he made not Rome's, while Rome  
 became  
 His, and all theirs who heir'd his very name.  
*Arn.* The phantom's bald; my quest is  
 beauty. Could I 190  
 Inherit but his fame with his defects!  
*Stran.* His brow was girt with laurels  
 more than hairs.  
 You see his aspect—choose it, or reject.  
 I can but promise you his form; his fame  
 Must be long sought and fought for.  
*Arn.* I will fight, too. 195  
 But not as a mock Cæsar. Let him pass;  
 His aspect may be fair, but suits me not.  
*Stran.* Then you are far more difficult  
 to please  
 Than Cato's sister, or than Brutus's mother,  
 Or Cleopatra at sixteen—an age 200  
 When love is not less in the eye than heart.  
 But be it so! Shadow, pass on!  
 [*The phantom of Julius Cæsar disappears.*  
*Arn.* And can it  
 Be, that the man who shook the earth is  
 gone,  
 And left no footstep?  
*Stran.* There you err. His substance  
 Left graves enough, and woes enough, and  
 fame 205

More than enough to track his memory;  
 But for his shadow, 'tis no more than yours,  
 Except a little longer and less crooked  
 I' the sun. Behold another!  
 [*A second phantom passes.*  
*Arn.* Who is he?  
*Stran.* He was the fairest and the bravest  
 of 210  
 Athenians. Look upon him well.  
*Arn.* He is  
 More lovely than the last. How beautiful!  
*Stran.* Such was the curled son of Clini-  
 as;—Wouldst thou  
 Invest thee with his form?  
*Arn.* Would that I had  
 Been born with it! But since I may choose  
 further, 215  
 I will look further.  
 [*The shade of Alcibiades disappears.*  
*Stran.* Lo! behold again!  
*Arn.* What! that low, swarthy, short-  
 nosed, round-eyed satyr,  
 With the wide nostrils and Silenus' aspect,  
 The splay feet and low stature! I had better  
 Remain that which I am.  
*Stran.* And yet he was  
 The earth's perfection of all mental beauty,  
 And personification of all virtue. 222  
 But you reject him?  
*Arn.* If his form could bring me  
 That which redeem'd it—no.  
*Stran.* I have no power  
 To promise that; but you may try, and find it  
 Easier in such a form, or in your own.  
*Arn.* No. I was not born for philosophy,  
 Though I have that about me which has  
 need on't. 228  
 Let him fleet on.  
*Stran.* Be air, thou hemlock-drinker!  
 [*The shadow of Socrates disappears: an-*  
*other rises.*  
*Arn.* What's here? whose broad brow  
 and whose curly beard  
 And manly aspect look like Hercules,  
 Save that his jocund eye hath more of  
 Bacchus 232  
 Than the sad purger of the infernal world,  
 Leaning dejected on his club of conquest,  
 As if he knew the worthlessness of those  
 For whom he had fought.  
*Stran.* It was the man who lost  
 The ancient world for love.  
*Arn.* I cannot blame him,  
 Since I have risk'd my soul because I find  
 not 238  
 That which he exchanged the earth for.  
*Stran.* Since so far  
 You seem congenial, will you wear his  
 features?  
*Arn.* No. As you leave me choice, I am  
 difficult,  
 If but to see the heroes I should ne'er  
 Have seen else on this side of the dim shore  
 Whence they float back before us.

*Stran.* Hence, triumvir,  
Thy Cleopatra's waiting.

[*The shade of Antony disappears: another rises.*

*Arn.* Who is this?  
Who truly looketh like a demigod,  
Blooming and bright, with golden hair, and  
stature,

If not more high than mortal, yet immortal  
In all that nameless bearing of his limbs,  
Which he wears as the sun his rays—a some-  
thing

Which shines from him, and yet is but the  
flashing

Emanation of a thing more glorious still.  
Was he e'er human only?

*Stran.* Let the earth speak,  
If there be atoms of him left, or even—  
Of the more solid gold that form'd his urn.

*Arn.* Who was this glory of mankind?

*Stran.* The shame  
Of Greece in peace, her thunderbolt in  
war—

Demetrius the Macedonian, and  
Taker of cities.

*Arn.* Yet one shadow more.  
*Stran.* [*addressing the shadow*]. Get thee  
to Lamia's lap!

[*The shade of Demetrius Poliorcetes  
vanishes: another rises.*

I'll fit you still,  
Fear not, my hunchback: if the shadows of  
That which existed please not your nice taste,  
I'll animate the ideal marble, till  
Your soul be reconciled to her new gar-  
ment.

*Arn.* Content! I will fix here.

*Stran.* I must commend  
Your choice. The god-like son of the sea-  
goddess,

The unshorn boy of Peleus, with his locks  
As beautiful and clear as the amber waves  
Of rich Pactolus, roll'd o'er sands of gold,  
Softened by intervening crystal, and  
Rippled like flowing waters by the wind,  
All vow'd to Sperchius as they were—be-  
hold them!

And him—as he stood by Polixena,  
With sanction'd and with soften'd love, be-  
fore

The altar, gazing on his Trojan bride,  
With some remorse within for Hector slain  
And Priam weeping, mingled with deep  
passion

For the sweet downcast virgin, whose  
young hand

Trembled in his who slew her brother.  
So He stood i' the temple! Look upon him as  
Greece look'd her last upon her best, the  
instant

Ere Paris' arrow flew.

*Arn.* I gaze upon him  
As if I were his soul, whose form shall soon  
Envelope mine.

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

*Stran.* You have done well. The greatest  
Deformity should only barter with  
The extremest beauty, if the proverb's true  
Of mortals, that extremes meet.

*Arn.* Come! Be quick!  
I am impatient.

*Stran.* As a youthful beauty  
Before her glass. *You both* see what is not,  
But dream it is what must be.

*Arn.* Must I wait?  
*Stran.* No; that were a pity. But a word  
or two:

His stature is twelve cubits; would you so far  
Outstep these times, and be a Titan? Or  
(To talk canonically) wax a son  
Of Anak?

*Arn.* Why not?

*Stran.* Glorious ambition!  
I love thee most in dwarfs! A mortal of  
Philistine stature would have gladly par'd  
His own Goliath down to a slight David:  
But thou, my manikin, wouldst soar a show  
Rather than hero. Thou shalt be indulged,  
If such be thy desire; and yet, by being  
A little less removed from present men  
In figure, thou canst sway them more; for all  
Would rise against thee now, as if to hunt  
A new-found mammoth: and their cursed  
engines,

Their culverins, and so forth, would find  
way

Through our friend's armour there, with  
greater ease  
Than the adulterer's arrow through his heel,  
Which Thetis had forgotten to baptize  
In Styx.

*Arn.* Then let it be as thou deem'st best.

*Stran.* Thou shalt be beauteous as the  
thing thou seest,

And strong as what it was, and—

*Arn.* I ask not  
For valour, since deformity is daring.  
It is its essence to o'ertake mankind  
By heart and soul, and make itself the  
equal—

Ay, the superior of the rest. There is  
A spur in its halt movements, to become  
All that the others cannot, in such things  
As still are free to both, to compensate  
For stepdame Nature's avarice at first.

They woo with fearless deeds the smiles of  
fortune,  
And oft, like Timour the lame Tartar, win  
them.

*Stran.* Well spoken! and thou doubtless  
wilt remain

Form'd as thou art. I may dismiss the  
mould

Of shadow, which must turn to flesh, to  
incase

This daring soul, which could achieve no less  
Without it.

*Arn.* Had no power presented me  
The possibility of change, I would

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

[PART I

Have done the best which spirit may to  
make 330

Its way with all deformity's dull, deady  
Discouraging weight upon me, like a moun-  
tain,

In feeling, on my heart as on my shoulders—  
A hateful and unsightly molehill, to  
The eyes of happier men. I would have  
look'd 335

On beauty in that sex which is the type  
Of all we know or dream of beautiful  
Beyond the world they brighten, with a  
sigh—

Not of love, but despair; nor sought to win,  
Though to a heart all love, what could not  
love me 340

In turn, because of this vile crooked clog,  
Which makes me lonely. Nay, I could have  
borne

It all, had not my mother spurn'd me from  
her.

The she-bear licks her cubs into a sort  
Of shape;—my dam beheld my shape was  
hopeless. 345

Had she exposed me, like the Spartan, ere  
I knew the passionate part of life, I had  
Been a clod of the valley,—happier nothing  
Than what I am. But even thus, the lowest,  
Ugliest, and meanest of mankind, what  
courage 350

And perseverance could have done, per-  
chance

Had made me something—as it has made  
heroes

Of the same mould as mine. You lately  
saw me

Master of my own life, and quick to quit it;  
And he who is so is the master of 355  
Whatever dreads to die.

*Stran.* Decide between  
What you have been, or will be.

*Arn.* I have done so.  
You have open'd brighter prospects to my  
eyes,

And sweeter to my heart. As I am now,  
I might be fear'd, admired, respected, loved  
Of all save those next to me, of whom I  
Would be beloved. As thou showest me  
A choice of forms, I take the one I view.

Haste! haste!

*Stran.* And what shall I wear?

*Arn.* Surely, he  
Who can command all forms will choose  
the highest, 365

Something superior even to that which was  
Pelides now before us. Perhaps *his*  
Who slew him, that of Paris: or—still  
higher—

The poet's god, clothed in such limbs as are  
Themselves a poetry.

*Stran.* Less will content me; 370  
For I, too, love a change.

*Arn.* Your aspect is  
Dusky, but not uncomely.

*Stran.* If I chose,  
I might be whiter; but I have a penchant  
For black—it is so honest, and besides  
Can neither blush with shame nor pale  
with fear; 375

But I have worn it long enough of late,  
And now I'll take your figure.

*Arn.* Mine!  
*Stran.* Yes. You

Shall change with Thetis' son, and I with  
Bertha,  
Your mother's offspring. People have  
their tastes:

You have yours—I mine.

*Arn.* Despatch! Despatch!  
*Stran.* Even so.

[*The Stranger takes some earth and  
moulds it along the turf, and then  
addresses the phantom of Achilles.*

Beautiful shadow

Of Thetis's boy!

Who sleeps in the meadow  
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:

From the red earth, like Adam, 385  
Thy likeness I shape,

As the being who made him,  
Whose actions I ape.

Thou clay, be all glowing,  
Till the rose in his cheek 390

Be as fair as, when blowing,  
It wears its first streak!

Ye violets, I scatter,  
Now turn into eyes!

And thou, sunshiny water, 395  
Of blood take the guise!

Let these hyacinth boughs  
Be his long flowing hair,

And wave o'er his brows  
As thou waviest in air! 400

Let his heart be this marble  
I tear from the rock!

But his voice as the warble  
Of birds on yon oak!

Let his flesh be the purest 405  
Of mould, in which grew

The lily-root surest,  
And drank the best dew!

Let his limbs be the lightest  
Which clay can compound, 410

And his aspect the brightest  
On earth to be found!

Elements, near me,  
Be mingled and stirr'd,

Know me, and hear me, 415  
And leap to my word!

Sunbeams, awaken  
This earth's animation!

'Tis done! He hath taken  
His stand in creation! 420

[*ARNOLD falls senseless; his soul passes  
into the shape of Achilles, which rises  
from the ground; while the phantom  
has disappeared, part by part, as the  
figure was formed from the earth.*

*Arn.* [in his new form]. I love, and I shall be beloved! O, life!  
At last I feel thee! Glorious spirit!

*Stran.* Stop!  
What shall become of your abandon'd garment,

Yon hump, and lump, and clod of ugliness,  
Which late you wore, or were?

*Arn.* Who cares? Let wolves  
And vultures take it, if they will.

*Stran.* And if  
They do, and are not scared by it, you'll say  
It must be peace-time, and no better fare  
Abroad i' the fields.

*Arn.* Let us but leave it there  
No matter what becomes on 't.

*Stran.* That's ungracious,  
If not ungrateful. Whatso'er it be,  
It hath sustain'd your soul full many a day.

*Arn.* Ay, as the dunghill may conceal a  
gem

Which is now set in gold, as jewels should be.

*Stran.* But if I give another form, it must  
be 435

By fair exchange, not robbery. For they  
Who make men without women's aid have  
long

Had patents for the same, and do not love  
Your interlopers. The devil may take men,  
Not make them,—though he reap the  
benefit 440

Of the original workmanship: and there-  
fore

Some one must be found to assume the  
shape

You have quitted.

*Arn.* Who would do so?

*Stran.* That I know not,  
And therefore I must.

*Arn.* You!

*Stran.* I said it ere  
You inhabited your present dome of  
beauty. 445

*Arn.* True. I forget all things in the new  
joy

Of this immortal change.

*Stran.* In a few moments  
I will be as you were, and you shall see  
Yourself for ever by you, as your shadow.

*Arn.* I would be spared this.

*Stran.* But it cannot be.  
What! shrink already, being what you are,  
From seeing what you were?

*Arn.* Do as thou wilt.

*Stran.* [to the late form of ARNOLD, ex-  
tended on the earth].

Clay! not dead, but soul-less!

Though no man would choose thee,  
An immortal no less 455

Deigns not to refuse thee.

Clay thou art; and unto spirit

All clay is of equal merit.

Fire! without which nought can live;

Fire! but in which nought can live, 460

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

Save the fabled salamander,  
Or immortal souls which wander,  
Praying what doth not forgive,  
Howling for a drop of water,  
Burning in a quenchless lot. 465  
Fire! the only element

Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,  
Save the worm which dieth not,  
Can preserve a moment's form,

But must with thyself be blent: 470

Fire! man's safeguard and his slaughter:

Fire! Creation's first-born daughter,

And Destruction's threaten'd son,

When heaven with the world hath done:

Fire! assist me to renew 475

Life in what lies in my view

Stiff and cold!

His resurrection rests with me and you!

One little, marshy spark of flame—

And he again shall seem the same; \* 480

But I his spirit's place shall hold!

[*An ignis-fatuus flits through the wood*

*and rests on the brow of the body. The*

*Stranger disappears: the body rises.*

*Arn.* [in his new form]. Oh! horrible!

*Stran.* [in ARNOLD's late shape]. What!

tremblest thou?

*Arn.* Not so—

I merely shudder. Where is fled the shape

Thou lately worst?

*Stran.* To the world of shadows.

But let us thread the present. Whither wilt

thou? 485

*Arn.* Must thou be my companion?

*Stran.* Wherefore not?

You betters keep worse company.

*Arn.* My betters!

*Stran.* Oh! you wax proud, I see, of

your new form:

I'm glad of that. Ungrateful too! That's

well;

You improve apace;—two changes in an

instant, 490

And you are old in the world's ways already.

But bear with me: indeed you'll find me

useful

Upon your pilgrimage. But come, pro-

nounce

Where shall we now be errant?

*Arn.* Where the world

Is thickest, that I may behold it in 495

Its workings.

*Stran.* That's to say, where there is war

And woman in activity. Let's see!

Spain—Italy—the new Atlantic world—

Afric, with all its Moors. In very truth,

There is small choice: the whole race are

just now 500

Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

*Arn.* I have heard great things of Rome.

*Stran.* A goodly choice—

And scarce a better to be found on earth.

Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide

too;

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

[PART I

For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish  
scion 505  
Of the old Vandals, are at play along  
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

*Arn.* How  
Shall we proceed?

*Stran.* Like gallants, on good coursoers.  
What, ho! my chargers! Never yet were  
better,  
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po. 510  
Our pages too!

*Enter two Pages, with four coal-black horses.*

*Arn.* A noble sight!

*Stran.* And of  
A nobler breed. Match me in Barbary,  
Or your Kochlini race of Araby,  
With these!

*Arn.* The mighty steam, which volumes  
high  
From their proud nostrils, burns the very  
air; 515  
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies,  
wheel

Around their manes, as common insects  
swarm  
Round common steeds towards sunset.

*Stran.* Mount, my lord:  
They and I are your servitors.

*Arn.* And these  
Our dark-eyed pages—what may be their  
names? 520

*Stran.* You shall baptize them.

*Arn.* What! in holy water?

*Stran.* Why not? The deeper sinner,  
better saint.

*Arn.* They are beautiful, and cannot,  
sure, be demons.

*Stran.* True; the devil's always ugly;  
and your beauty

Is never diabolical.

*Arn.* I'll call him 525  
Who bears the golden horn, and wears  
such bright

And blooming aspect, *Huon*; for he looks  
Like to the lovely boy lost in the forest,  
And never found till now. And for the  
other

And darker, and more thoughtful, who  
smiles not, 530

But looks as serious though serene as night,  
He shall be *Memnon*, from the Ethiop king  
Whose statue turns a harper once a day.  
And you?

*Stran.* I have ten thousand names, and  
twice

As many attributes: but as I wear 535  
A human shape, will take a human name.

*Arn.* More human than the shape  
(though it was mine once)

I trust.

*Stran.* Then call me *Cæsar*.

*Arn.* Why, that name

Belongs to empires, and has been but  
borne 539

By the world's lords.

*Stran.* And therefore fittest for  
The devil in disguise—since so you deem  
me,

Unless you call me pope instead.

*Arn.* Well, then,  
*Cæsar* thou shalt be. For myself, my name  
Shall be plain Arnold still.

*Cæs.* We'll add a title—  
'Count Arnold': it hath no ungracious  
sound, 545

And will look well upon a billet-doux.

*Arn.* Or in an order for a battle-field.

*Cæs.* [sings]. To horse! to horse! my  
coal-black steed

Paws the ground, and snuffs the air!

There's not a foal of Arab's breed 550

More knows whom he must bear;

On the hill he will not tire,

Swifter as it waxes higher;

In the marsh he will not slacken,

On the plain he is overtaken; 555

In the wave he will not sink;

Nor pause at the brook's side to drink;

In the race he will not pant,

In the combat he'll not faint;

On the stones he will not stumble, 560

Time nor toil shall make him humble;

In the stall he will not stiffen,

But be winged as a griffin,

Only flying with his feet:

And will not such a voyage be sweet?

Merrily! merrily! never unsound, 566

Shall our bonny black horses skim over  
the ground!

From the Alps to the Caucasus, ride we,  
or fly!  
For we'll leave them behind in the glance  
of an eye.

[*They mount their horses, and disappear.*]

SCENE II.—*A Camp before the Walls  
of Rome*

ARNOLD and CÆSAR.

*Cæs.* You are well enter'd now.

*Arn.* Ay; but my path  
Has been o'er carcasses: mine eyes are full  
Of blood.

*Cæs.* Then wipe them, and see clearly.  
Why!

Thou art a conqueror; the chosen knight  
And free companion of the gallant Bour-  
bon, 5

Late constable of France: and now to be  
Lord of the city which hath been earth's  
lord

Under its emperors, and—changing sex,  
Not sceptre, an hermaphrodite of empire—  
*Lady* of the old world.

*Arn.* How old? What! are there  
New worlds?

*Cæs.* To you. You'll find there are such  
 shortly,  
 By its rich harvests, new disease, and gold;  
 From one half of the world named a whole  
 new one,  
 Because you know no better than the dull  
 And dubious notice of your eyes and ears.  
*Arn.* I'll trust them. 16  
*Cæs.* Do! they will deceive you sweetly,  
 And that is better than the bitter truth.  
*Arn.* Dog!  
*Cæs.* Man!  
*Arn.* Devil!  
*Cæs.* Your obedient humble servant.  
*Arn.* Say master rather. Thou hast lured  
 me on,  
 Through scenes of blood and lust, till I am  
 here. 20  
*Cæs.* And where wouldst thou be?  
*Arn.* Oh, at peace—in peace.  
*Cæs.* And where is that which is so?  
 From the star  
 To the winding worm, all life is motion;  
 and  
 In life commotion is the extremest point  
 Of life. The planet wheels till it becomes  
 A comet, and destroying as it sweeps  
 The stars, goes out. The poor worm  
 winds its way,  
 Living upon the death of other things,  
 But still, like them, must live and die, the  
 subject  
 Of something which has made it live and  
 die. 30  
 You must obey what all obey, the rule  
 Of fix'd necessity: against her edict  
 Rebellion prospers not.  
*Arn.* And when it prospers—  
*Cæs.* 'Tis no rebellion.  
*Arn.* Will it prosper now?  
*Cæs.* The Bourbon hath given orders  
 for the assault, 35  
 And by the dawn there will be work.  
*Arn.* Alas!  
 And shall the city yield? I see the giant  
 Abode of the true God, and his true saint,  
 Saint Peter, rear its dome and cross into  
 That sky whence Christ ascended from  
 the cross, 40  
 Which his blood made a badge of glory  
 and  
 Of joy (as once of torture unto him,  
 God and God's Son, man's sole and only  
 refuge).  
*Cæs.* 'Tis there, and shall be.  
*Arn.* What?  
*Cæs.* The crucifix  
 Above, and many altar shrines below.  
 Also some culverins upon the walls, 46  
 And harquebusses, and what not; besides  
 The men who are to kindle them to death  
 Of other men.  
*Arn.* And those scarce mortal arches,  
 Pile above pile of everlasting wall, 50

The theatre where emperors and their  
 subjects  
 (Those subjects *Romans*) stood at gaze  
 upon  
 The battles of the monarchs of the wild  
 And wood, the lion and his tusky rebels  
 Of the then untamed desert, brought to  
 joust 55  
 In the arena (as right well they might,  
 When they had left no human foe uncon-  
 quer'd);  
 Made even the forest pay its tribute of  
 Life to their amphitheatre, as well 59  
 As Dacia men to die the eternal death  
 For a sole instant's pastime, and 'Pass on  
 To a new gladiator!'—Must it fall?  
*Cæs.* The city, or the amphitheatre?  
 The church, or one, or all? for you con-  
 found  
 Both them and me.  
*Arn.* To-morrow sounds the assault  
 With the first cock-crow.  
*Cæs.* Which, if it end with  
 The evening's first nightingale, will be  
 Something new in the annals of great  
 sieges;  
 For men must have their prey after long toil.  
*Arn.* The sun goes down as calmly,  
 and perhaps 70  
 More beautifully, than he did on Rome  
 On the day Remus leapt her wall.  
*Cæs.* I saw him.  
*Arn.* You!  
*Cæs.* Yes, sir. You forget I am or was  
 Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape,  
 And a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a  
 hunchback 75  
 Now. Well! the first of Cæsars was a  
 baldhead,  
 And loved his laurels better as a wig  
 (So history says) than as a glory. Thus  
 The world runs on, but we'll be merry still.  
 I saw your Romulus (simple as I am) 80  
 Slay his own twin, quick-born of the same  
 womb,  
 Because he leapt a ditch ('twas then no  
 wall,  
 Whate'er it now be); and Rome's earliest  
 cement  
 Was brother's blood; and if its native  
 blood 84  
 Be spilt till the choked Tiber be as red  
 As e'er 'twas yellow, it will never wear  
 The deep hue of the ocean and the earth,  
 Which the great robber sons of fratricide  
 Have made their never-ceasing scene of  
 slaughter  
 For ages.  
*Arn.* But what have these done, their  
 far 90  
 Remote descendants, who have lived in  
 peace,  
 The peace of heaven, and in her sunshine of  
 Piety?

*Cæs.* And what had *they* done, whom  
the old

Romans o'erswept?—Hark!

*Arn.* They are soldiers singing  
A reckless roundelay, upon the eve 95  
Of many deaths, it may be of their own.

*Cæs.* And why should they not sing  
as well as swans?

They are black ones, to be sure.

*Arn.* So, you are learn'd,  
I see, too?

*Cæs.* In my grammar, certes. I  
Was educated for a monk of all times,  
And once I was well versed in the for-  
gotten 101

Etruscan letters, and—were I so minded—  
Could make their hieroglyphics plainer  
than

Your alphabet.

*Arn.* And wherefore do you not?

*Cæs.* It answers better to resolve the  
alphabet 105

Back into hieroglyphics. Like your states-  
man,

And prophet, pontiff, doctor, alchymist,  
Philosopher, and what not, they have  
built

More Babels, without new dispersion, than  
The stammering young ones of the flood's  
dull ooze, 110

Who fail'd and fled each other. Why?  
why, marry,

Because no man could understand his  
neighbour.

They are wiser now, and will not separate  
For nonsense. Nay, it is their brother-  
hood,

Their Shibboleth, their Koran, Talmud,  
their 115

Cabala; their best brick-work, where-  
withal

They build more—

*Arn.* [interrupting him]. Oh, thou ever-  
lasting sneerer!

Be silent! How the soldier's rough strain  
seems

Softened by distance to a hymn-like  
cadence!

Listen!

*Cæs.* Yes. I have heard the angels  
sing. 120

*Arn.* And demons howl.

*Cæs.* And man, too. Let us listen:  
I love all music.

*Song of the Soldiers within.*

The black bands came over

The Alps and their snow;

With Bourbon, the rover, 125

They pass'd the broad Po.

We have beaten all foemen,

We have captured a king,

We have turn'd back on no men,

And so let us sing! 130

Here's the Bourbon for ever!

Though penniless all,

We'll have one more endeavour

At yonder old wall.

With the Bourbon we'll gather 135

At day-dawn before

The gates, and together

Or break or climb o'er

The wall: on the ladder

As mounts each firm foot, 140

Our shout shall grow gladder,

And death only be mute.

With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er

The walls of old Rome,

And who then shall count o'er 145

The spoils of each dome?

Up! up with the lily!

And down with the keys!

In old Rome, the seven-hilly, 150

We'll revel at ease.

Her streets shall be gory,

Her Tiber all red,

And her temples so hoary

Shall clang with our tread.

Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon! 155

The Bourbon for aye!

Of our song bear the burden!

And fire, fire away!

With Spain for the vanguard,

Our varied host comes; 160

And next to the Spaniard

Beat Germany's drums;

And Italy's lances

Are couch'd at their mother;

But our leader from France is, 165

Who warr'd with his brother.

Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!

Sans country or home,

We'll follow the Bourbon, 170

To plunder old Rome.

*Cæs.* An indifferent song  
For those within the walls, methinks, to  
hear.

*Arn.* Yes, if they keep to their chorus.  
But here comes

The general with his chiefs and men of  
trust.

A goodly rebel!

*Enter the Constable BOURBON 'cum suis,'*  
&c. &c.

*Phil.* How now, noble prince, 175  
You are not cheerful?

*Bourb.* Why should I be so?

*Phil.* Upon the eve of conquest, such  
as ours,

Most men would be so.

*Bourb.* If I were secure!

*Phil.* Doubt not our soldiers. Were  
the walls of adamant,

They'd crack them. Hunger is a sharp  
artillery. 180

*Bourb.* That they will falter is my  
least of fears.

SCENE II]

That they will be repulsed, with Bourbon for  
Their chief, and all their kindled appetites  
To marshal them on—were those hoary  
walls

Mountains, and those who guard them  
like the gods 185  
Of the old fables, I would trust my  
Titans;—

But now—

*Phil.* They are but men who war with  
mortals.

*Bourb.* True: but those walls have  
girded in great ages,  
And sent forth mighty spirits. The past  
earth

And present phantom of imperious Rome  
Is peopled with those warriors; and me-  
thinks 191

They flit along the eternal city's rampart,  
And stretch their glorious, gory, shadowy  
hands,

And beckon me away!

*Phil.* So let them! Wilt thou  
Turn back from shadowy menaces of  
shadows? 195

*Bourb.* They do not menace me. I  
could have faced,  
Methinks, a Sylla's menace; but they clasp,  
And raise, and wring their dim and death-  
like hands,

And with their thin aspen faces and fix'd  
eyes

Fascinate mine. Look there!

*Phil.* I look upon 200  
A lofty battlement.

*Bourb.* And there!

*Phil.* Not even  
A guard in sight; they wisely keep below,  
Shelter'd by the grey parapet from some  
Stray bullet of our lansquenets, who might  
Practise in the cool twilight.

*Bourb.* You are blind. 205

*Phil.* If seeing nothing more than may  
be seen

Be so.

*Bourb.* A thousand years have mann'd  
the walls

With all their heroes,—the last Cato stands  
And tears his bowels, rather than survive  
The liberty of that I would enslave, 210  
And the first Cæsar with his triumphs flits  
From battlement to battlement.

*Phil.* Then conquer  
The walls for which he conquer'd, and be  
greater!

*Bourb.* True: so I will, or perish.

*Phil.* You can not.

In such an enterprise to die is rather 215  
The dawn of an eternal day, than death.

[*Count ARNOLD and CÆSAR advance.*

*Cæs.* And the mere men—do they too  
sweat beneath

The noon of this same ever-scorching  
glory?

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

*Bourb.* Ah!

Welcome the bitter hunchback! and his  
master,

The beauty of our host, and brave as  
beauteous, 220

And generous as lovely. We shall find  
Work for you both ere morning.

*Cæs.* You will find,

So please your highness, no less for your-  
self.

*Bourb.* And if I do, there will not be a  
labourer

More forward, hunchback!

*Cæs.* You may well say so, 225

For you have seen that back—as general,  
Placed in the rear in action—but your foes  
Have never seen it.

*Bourb.* That's a fair retort,

For I provoked it:—but the Bourbon's  
breast

Has been, and ever shall be, far advanced  
In danger's face as yours, were you the  
devil. 231

*Cæs.* And if I were, I might have saved  
myself

The toil of coming here.

*Phil.* Why so?

*Cæs.* One half

Of your brave bands of their own bold  
accord 234

Will go to him, the other half be sent,  
More swiftly, not less surely.

*Bourb.* Arnold, your

Slight crooked friend's as snake-like in his  
words

As his deeds.

*Cæs.* Your highness much mistakes me.

The first snake was a flatterer—I am none;  
And for my deeds, I only sting when  
stung. 240

*Bourb.* You are brave, and that's  
enough for me; and quick

In speech as sharp in action—and that's  
more.

I am not alone a soldier, but the soldiers'  
Comrade.

*Cæs.* They are but bad company, your  
highness;

And worse even for their friends than foes,  
as being 245

More permanent acquaintance.

*Phil.* How now, fellow!

Thou waxest insolent, beyond the privilege  
Of a buffoon.

*Cæs.* You mean I speak the truth.

I'll lie—it is as easy: then you'll praise me  
For calling you a hero.

*Bourb.* Philibert! 250

Let him alone; he's brave, and ever has  
Been first, with that swart face and

mountain shoulder,

In field or storm, and patient in starvation;  
And for his tongue, the camp is full of  
licence,



## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

[PART I

And the sharp stinging of a lively rogue  
Is, to my mind, far preferable to <sup>256</sup>  
The gross, dull, heavy, gloomy execration  
Of a mere famish'd, sullen, grumblings slave,  
Whom nothing can convince save a full  
meal,

And wine, and sleep, and a few maravedis,  
With which he deems him rich.

*Cæs.* It would be well  
If the earth's princes ask'd no more.

*Bourb.* Be silent!

*Cæs.* Ay, but not idle. Work yourself  
with words!

You have few to speak.

*Phil.* What means the audacious  
prater?

*Cæs.* To prate, like other prophets.

*Bourb.* Philibert! <sup>265</sup>  
Why will you vex him? Have we not  
enough

To think on? Arnold! I will lead the attack  
To-morrow.

*Arn.* I have heard as much, my lord.

*Bourb.* And you will follow?

*Arn.* Since I must not lead.

*Bourb.* 'Tis necessary for the further  
daring <sup>270</sup>

Of our too needy army, that their chief  
Plant the first foot upon the foremost  
ladder's

First step.

*Cæs.* Upon its topmost, let us hope:  
So shall he have his full deserts.

*Bourb.* The world's  
Great capital perchance is ours to-  
morrow. <sup>275</sup>

Through every change the seven-hill'd  
city hath

Retain'd her sway o'er nations, and the  
Cæsars

But yielded to the Alarics, the Alarics  
Unto the pontiffs. Roman, Goth, or  
priest,

Still the world's masters! Civilized, bar-  
barian, <sup>280</sup>

Or saintly, still the walls of Romulus  
Have been the circus of an empire. Well!  
'Twas *their* turn—now 'tis ours; and let  
us hope

That we will fight as well, and rule much  
better.

*Cæs.* No doubt, the camp's the school  
of civic rights. <sup>285</sup>

What would you make of Rome?

*Bourb.* That which it was.

*Cæs.* In Alaric's time?

*Bourb.* No, slave! in the first Cæsar's,  
Whose name you bear like other curs—

*Cæs.* And kings!

'Tis a great name for blood-hounds.

*Bourb.* There's a demon  
In that fierce rattlesnake thy tongue. Wilt  
never <sup>290</sup>

Be serious?

*Cæs.* On the eve of battle, no;—  
That were not soldier-like. 'Tis for the  
general

To be more pensive: we adventurers  
Must be more cheerful. Wherefore should  
we think?

Our tutelary deity, in a leader's shape, <sup>295</sup>  
Takes care of us. Keep thought aloof  
from hosts!

If the knaves take to thinking, you will  
have

To crack those walls alone.

*Bourb.* You may sneer, since  
'Tis lucky for you that you fight no worse  
for't.

*Cæs.* I thank you for the freedom; 'tis  
the only <sup>300</sup>

Pay I have taken in your highness' service.

*Bourb.* Well, sir, to-morrow you shall  
pay yourself.

Look on those towers; they hold my  
treasury;

But, Philibert, we'll in to council. Arnold,  
We would request your presence.

*Arn.* Prince, my service <sup>305</sup>

Is yours, as in the field.

*Bourb.* In both we prize it,  
And yours will be a post of trust at day-  
break.

*Cæs.* And mine?

*Bourb.* To follow glory with the  
Bourbon.

Good night!

*Arn.* [to CÆSAR]. Prepare our armour  
for the assault,  
And wait within my tent.

[*Exeunt BOURBON, ARNOLD, PHILIBERT,*  
&c.]

*Cæs.* [*solus*]. Within thy tent! <sup>310</sup>  
Think'st thou that I pass from thee with  
my presence?

Or that this crooked coffer, which con-  
tain'd

Thy principle of life, is aught to me  
Except a mask? And these are men, for-  
sooth!

Heroes and chiefs, the flower of Adam's  
bastards! <sup>315</sup>

This is the consequence of giving matter  
The power of thought. It is a stubborn  
substance,

And thinks chaotically, as it acts,  
Ever relapsing into its first elements.

Well! I must play with these poor puppets:  
'tis <sup>320</sup>

The spirit's pastime in his idler hours.  
When I grow weary of it, I have business

Amongst the stars, which these poor  
creatures deem

Were made for them to look at. 'Twere a  
jest now

To bring one down amongst them, and  
set fire <sup>325</sup>

Unto their anthill: how the pismires then

## SCENE II]

Would scamper o'er the scalding soil, and,  
 ceasing  
 From tearing down each other's nests,  
 pipe forth  
 One universal orison! Ha! ha!  
 [Exit CÆSAR.]

## PART II

SCENE I.—*Before the walls of Rome.—The  
 Assault: the Army in motion, with  
 ladders to scale the walls; BOURBON,  
 with a white scarf over his armour, fore-  
 most.*

*Chorus of Spirits in the air.*

## I

'Tis the morn, but dim and dark.  
 Whither flies the silent lark?  
 Whither shrinks the clouded sun?  
 Is the day indeed begun?  
 Nature's eye is melancholy  
 O'er the city high and holy:  
 But without there is a din  
 Should arouse the saints within,  
 And revive the heroic ashes  
 Round which yellow Tiber dashes.  
 Oh, ye seven hills! awaken,  
 Ere your very base be shaken!

## II

Hearken to the steady stamp!  
 Mars is in their every tramp!  
 Not a step is out of tune,  
 As the tides obey the moon!  
 On they march, though to self-slaughter,  
 Regular as rolling water,  
 Whose high waves o'ersweep the border  
 Of huge moles, but keep their order,  
 Breaking only rank by rank.  
 Hearken to the armour's clank!  
 Look down o'er each frowning warrior,  
 How he glares upon the barrier:  
 Look on each step of each ladder,  
 As the stripes that streak an adder.

## III

Look upon the bristling wall,  
 Mann'd without an interval!  
 Round and round, and tier on tier,  
 Cannon's black mouth, shining spear,  
 Lit match, bell-mouth'd musketoon,  
 Gaping to be murderous soon;  
 All the warlike gear of old,  
 Mix'd with what we now behold,  
 In this strife 'twixt old and new,  
 Gather like a locusts' crew.  
 Shade of Remus! 'tis a time  
 Awful as thy brother's crime!  
 Christians war against Christ's shrine:—  
 Must its lot be like to thine?

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

## IV

Near—and near—and nearer still,  
 As the earthquake saps the hill,  
 First with trembling, hollow motion,  
 Like a scarce awaken'd ocean,  
 Then with stronger shock and louder,  
 Till the rocks are crush'd to powder,—  
 Onward sweeps the rolling host!  
 Heroes of the immortal boast!  
 Mighty chiefs! eternal shadows!  
 First flowers of the bloody meadows  
 Which encompass Rome, the mother  
 Of a people without brother!  
 Will you sleep when nations' quarrels  
 Plough the root up of your laurels?  
 Ye who weep o'er Carthage burning,  
 Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is mourning!

## V

Onward sweep the varied nations!  
 Famine long hath dealt their rations.  
 To the wall, with hate and hunger,  
 Numerous as wolves, and stronger,  
 On they sweep. Oh, glorious city!  
 Must thou be a theme for pity?  
 Fight, like your first sire, each Roman!  
 Alaric was a gentle foeman,  
 Match'd with Bourbon's black banditti!  
 Rouse thee, thou eternal city;  
 Rouse thee! Rather give the torch  
 With thine own hand to thy porch,  
 Than behold such hosts pollute  
 Your worst dwelling with their foot.

## VI

Ah! behold yon bleeding spectre!  
 Ilion's children find no Hector;  
 Priam's offspring loved their brother;  
 Rome's great sire forgot his mother,  
 When he slew his gallant twin,  
 With inexpiable sin.  
 See the giant shadow stride  
 O'er the ramparts high and wide!  
 When the first o'erleapt thy wall,  
 Its foundation mourn'd thy fall.  
 Now, though towering like a Babel,  
 Who to stop his steps are able?  
 Stalking o'er thy highest dome,  
 Remus claims his vengeance, Rome!

## VII

Now they reach thee in their anger:  
 Fire and smoke and hellish clangour  
 Are around thee, thou world's wonder!  
 Death is in thy walls and under.  
 Now the meeting steel first clashes,  
 Downward then the ladder crashes,  
 With its iron load all gleaming,  
 Lying at its foot blaspheming!  
 Up again! for every warrior  
 Slain, another climbs the barrier.  
 Thicker grows the strife: thy ditches  
 Europe's mingling gore enriches.

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

[PART II

Rome! although thy wall may perish,  
Such manure thy fields will cherish,  
Making gay the harvest-home;  
But thy hearths, alas! oh, Rome!— 100  
Yet be Rome amidst thine anguish,  
Fight as thou wast wont to vanquish!

### VIII

Yet once more, ye old Penates!  
Let not your quench'd hearths be Até's!  
Yet again, ye shadowy heroes, 105  
Yield not to these stranger Neros!  
Though the son who slew his mother  
Shed Rome's blood, he was your brother;  
'Twas the Roman curb'd the Roman;—  
Brennus was a baffled foeman. 110  
Yet again, ye saints and martyrs,  
Rise! for yours are holier charters!  
Mighty gods of temples falling,  
Yet in ruin still appalling!  
Mightier founders of those altars, 115  
True and Christian,—strike the assaulters!  
Tiber! Tiber! let thy torrent  
Show even nature's self abhorrent.  
Let each breathing heart dilated  
Turn, as doth the lion bailed! 120  
Rome be crush'd to one wide tomb,  
But be still the Roman's Rome!

BOURBON, ARNOLD, CÆSAR, and others,  
arrive at the foot of the wall. ARNOLD  
is about to plant his ladder.

Bourb. Hold, Arnold! I am first.

Arn. Not so, my lord.

Bourb. Hold, sir, I charge you!

Follow! I am proud

Of such a follower, but will brook no  
leader. 125

[BOURBON plants his ladder, and begins  
to mount.

Now, boys! On! on!

[A shot strikes him, and BOURBON falls.

Cæs. And off!

Arn. Eternal powers!

The host will be appall'd,—but vengeance!  
vengeance!

Bourb. 'Tis nothing—lend me your  
hand.

[BOURBON takes ARNOLD by the hand,  
and rises; but as he puts his foot on  
the step, falls again.

Arnold! I am sped.  
Conceal my fall—all will go well—conceal  
it!

Fling my cloak o'er what will be dust  
anon; 130

Let not the soldiers see it.

Arn. You must be

Removed; the aid of—

Bourb. No, my gallant boy!

Death is upon me. But what is one life?  
The Bourbon's spirit shall command them  
still.

Keep them yet ignorant that I am but  
clay, 135

Till they are conquerors—then do as you  
may.

Cæs. Would not your highness choose  
to kiss the cross?

We have no priest here, but the hilt of  
sword

May serve instead:—it did the same for  
Bayard.

Bourb. Thou bitter slave! to name  
him at this time! 140

But I deserve it.

Arn. [to CÆSAR]. Villain, hold your  
peace!

Cæs. What, when a Christian dies?

Shall I not offer

A Christian 'Vade in pace'?

Arn. Silence! Oh!

Those eyes are glazing which o'erlook'd  
the world,

And saw no equal.

Bourb. Arnold, shouldst thou see  
France—But hark! hark! the assault  
grows warmer—Oh! 146

For but an hour, a minute more of life,  
To die within the wall! Hence, Arnold,  
hence!

You lose time—they will conquer Rome  
without thee.

Arn. And without thee.

Bourb. Not so; I'll lead them still

In spirit. Cover up my dust, and breathe  
not 151

That I have ceased to breathe. Away!  
and be

Victorious.

Arn. But I must not leave thee thus.

Bourb. You must—farewell—Up! up!  
the world is winning.

[BOURBON dies.  
business.

Cæs. [to ARNOLD]. Come, count, to  
business.

Arn. True. I'll weep hereafter. 155

[ARNOLD covers BOURBON's body with a  
mantle, mounts the ladder, crying

The Bourbon! Bourbon! On, boys! Rome  
is ours!

Cæs. Good night, lord constable! thou  
wert a man.

[CÆSAR follows ARNOLD; they reach  
the battlement; ARNOLD and CÆSAR  
are struck down.

Cæs. A precious Somerset! Is your  
countship injured?

Arn. No. [Remounts the ladder.

Cæs. A rare blood-hound, when his  
own is heated!

And 'tis no boy's play. Now he strikes  
them down! 160

His hand is on the battlement—he grasps it  
As though it were an altar; now his foot  
Is on it, and—What have we here?—a  
Roman?

[A man falls.

SCENE I]

The first bird of the covey! he has fallen  
On the outside of the nest. Why, how  
now, fellow? 165

*Wounded Man.* A drop of water!

*Cæs.* Blood's the only liquid  
Nearer than Tiber.

*Wounded Man.* I have died for Rome.  
[*Dies.*]

*Cæs.* And so did Bourbon, in another  
sense.

Oh, these immortal men! and their great  
motives! 169

But I must after my young charge. He is  
By this time i' the forum. Charge! charge!

[*CÆSAR mounts the ladder; the scene  
closes.*]

SCENE II.—*The City.—Combats between  
the Besiegers and Besieged in the streets.  
Inhabitants flying in confusion.*

*Enter CÆSAR.*

*Cæs.* I cannot find my hero; he is  
mix'd

With the heroic crowd that now pursue  
The fugitives, or battle with the desperate.  
What have we here? A cardinal or two  
That do not seem in love with martyrdom.  
How the old red-shanks scamper! Could  
they doff 6

Their hose as they have doff'd their hats,  
'twould be

A blessing, as a mark the less for plunder.  
But let them fly; the crimson kennels now  
Will not much stain their stockings, since  
the mire 10

Is of the self-same purple hue.

*Enter a party fighting—ARNOLD at the  
head of the Besiegers.*

He comes,  
Hand in hand with the mild twins—Gore  
and Glory.

Holla! hold, count!

*Arn.* Away! they must not rally.

*Cæs.* I tell thee, be not rash; a golden  
bridge

Is for a flying enemy. I gave thee 15

A form of beauty, and an

Exemption from some maladies of body,

But not of mind, which is not mine to give.

But though I gave the form of Thetis' son,

I dipt thee not in Styx; and 'gainst a foe

I would not warrant thy chivalric heart

More than Pelides' heel; why, then, be  
cautious, 22

And know thyself a mortal still.

*Arn.* And who

With aught of soul would combat if he were

Invulnerable? That were pretty sport.

Think'st thou I beat for hares when lions

roar? [*ARNOLD rushes into the  
combat.*]

*Cæs.* A precious sample of humanity!

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

Well, his blood's up; and if a little's shed,  
'Twill serve to curb his fever.

[*ARNOLD engages with a Roman, who  
retires towards a portico.*]

*Arn.* Yield thee, slave!

I promise quarter.

*Rom.* That's soon said.

*Arn.* And done— 30

My word is known.

*Rom.* So shall be my deeds.

[*They re-engage. CÆSAR comes  
forward.*]

*Cæs.* Why, Arnold! hold thine own:  
thou hast in hand

A famous artisan, a cunning sculptor;

Also a dealer in the sword and dagger.

Not so, my musqueteer; 'twas he who slew

The Bourbon from the wall.

*Arn.* Ay, did he so? 36

Then he hath carved his monument.

*Rom.* I yet

May live to carve your better's.

*Cæs.* Well said, my man of marble!

Benvenuto,

Thou hast some practice in both ways;  
and he 40

Who slays Cellini will have work'd as hard  
As e'er thou didst upon Carrara's blocks.

[*ARNOLD disarms and wounds CELLINI,  
but slightly: the latter draws a pistol,  
and fires; then retires, and disappears  
through the portico.*]

*Cæs.* How farest thou? Thou hast a  
taste, methinks,

Of red Bellona's banquet.

*Arn.* [*staggered*]. 'Tis a scratch.

Lend me thy scarf. He shall not 'scape me  
thus. 45

*Cæs.* Where is it?

*Arn.* In the shoulder, not the sword  
arm—

And that's enough. I am thirsty: would I  
had

A helm of water!

*Cæs.* That's a liquid now

In requisition, but by no means easiest  
To come at.

*Arn.* And my thirst increases;—but  
I'll find a way to quench it.

*Cæs.* Or be quench'd  
Thyself.

*Arn.* The chance is even; we will throw  
The dice thereon. But I lose time in pra-

ticing;  
Prithee be quick. [*CÆSAR binds on the  
scarf.*]

And what dost thou so idly?

Why dost not strike?

*Cæs.* Your old philosophers 55

Beheld mankind, as mere spectators of  
The Olympic games. When I behold a

prize

Worth wrestling for, I may be found a  
Milo.

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

[PART II

*Arn.* Ay, 'gainst an oak.  
*Cæs.* A forest, when it suits me:  
 I combat with a mass, or not at all. 60  
 Meantime, pursue thy sport as I do mine;  
 Which is just now to gaze, since all these  
 labourers  
 Will reap my harvest gratis.

*Arn.* Thou art still  
 A fiend!

*Cæs.* And thou—a man.

*Arn.* Why, such I fain would show me.

*Cæs.* True—as men are. 65

*Arn.* And what is that?

*Cæs.* Thou feeblest and thou see'st.

[*Exit ARNOLD, joining in the combat, which still continues between detached parties. The scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*St. Peter's—The Interior of the Church—The Pope at the Altar—Priests, &c., crowding in confusion, and Citizens flying for refuge, pursued by Soldiery.*

*Enter CÆSAR.*

*A Spanish Soldier.* Down with them,  
 comrades! seize upon those lamps!  
 Cleave yon bald-pated shaveling to the  
 chine!

*His rosary's of gold!*

*Lutheran Soldier.* Revenge! revenge!  
 Plunder hereafter, but for vengeance  
 now—

Yonder stands Anti-Christ!

*Cæs.* [interposing]. How now, schismatic? 5

What wouldst thou?

*Luth. Sold.* In the holy name of Christ,  
 Destroy proud Anti-Christ. I am a  
 Christian.

*Cæs.* Yes, a disciple that would make  
 the founder

Of your belief renounce it, could he see  
 Such proselytes. Best stint thyself to  
 plunder. 10

*Luth. Sold.* I say he is the devil.

*Cæs.* Hush! keep that secret,  
 Lest he should recognise you for his own.

*Luth. Sold.* Why would you save him?  
 I repeat he is

The devil, or the devil's vicar upon earth.

*Cæs.* And that's the reason: would you  
 make a quarrel 15

With your best friends? You had far best  
 be quiet;

His hour is not yet come.

*Luth. Sold.* That shall be seen!

[*The Lutheran Soldier rushes forward: a shot strikes him from one of the Pope's Guards, and he falls at the foot of the Altar.*]

*Cæs.* [to the Lutheran]. I told you so.

*Luth. Sold.* And will you not avenge  
 me?

*Cæs.* Not I! You know that 'Vengeance  
 is the Lord's':

You see he loves no interlopers.

*Luth. Sold.* [dying]. Oh! 20

Had I but slain him, I had gone on high,  
 Crown'd with eternal glory! Heaven, forgive

My feebleness of arm that reach'd him not,  
 And take thy servant to thy mercy. 'Tis

A glorious triumph still; proud Babylon's

No more; the Harlot of the Seven Hills

Hath changed her scarlet raiment for sack-

cloth 27

And ashes! [*The Lutheran dies.*]

*Cæs.* Yes, thine own amidst the rest.

Well done, old Babel!

[*The Guards defend themselves desperately, while the Pontiff escapes, by a private passage, to the Vatican and the Castle of St. Angelo.*]

*Cæs.* Ha! right nobly battled!

Now, priest! now, soldier! the two great  
 professions, 30

Together by the ears and hearts! I have  
 not

Seen a more comic pantomime since Titus  
 Took Jewry. But the Romans had the

best then;

Now they must take their turn.

*Soldiers.* He hath escaped!

Follow!

*Another Sold.* They have barr'd the  
 narrow passage up, 35

And it is clogg'd with dead even to the  
 door.

*Cæs.* I am glad he hath escaped: he  
 may thank me for't

In part. I would not have his bulls  
 abolish'd—

'Twere worth one half our empire: his  
 indulgences

Demand some in return,—no, no, he must  
 not 40

Fall;—and, besides, his now escape may  
 furnish

A future miracle, in future proof  
 Of his infallibility.

[*To the Spanish Soldiery.*]

Well, cut-throats!  
 What do you pause for? If you make not

haste, 44

There will not be a link of pious gold left.

And you, too, Catholics! Would ye return

From such a pilgrimage without a relic?

The very Lutherans have more true devo-

tion:

See how they strip the shrines!

*Soldiers.* By holy Peter!

He speaks the truth; the heretics will bear  
 The best away.

*Cæs.* And that were shame! Go to!  
 Assist in their conversion. [*The Soldiers  
 disperse; many quit the Church, others  
 enter.*]

## SCENE II]

*Cæs.* They are gone,  
And others come: so flows the wave on  
wave  
Of what these creatures call eternity,  
Deeming themselves the breakers of the  
ocean, 55  
While they are but its bubbles, ignorant  
That foam is their foundation. So another!

*Enter OLIMPIA, flying from the pursuit—  
She springs upon the Altar.*

*Sold.* She's mine!

*Another Sold.* [opposing the former].

You lie, I track'd her first: and were she  
The Pope's niece, I'll not yield her.

[*They fight.*]

*3d Sold.* [advancing towards OLIMPIA].

You may settle

Your claims; I'll make mine good.

*Olimp.* Infernal slave! 60

You touch me not alive.

*3d Sold.* Alive or dead!

*Olim.* [embracing a massive crucifix].

Respect your God!

*3d Sold.* Yes, when he shines in gold.

Girl, you but grasp your dowry.

[*As he advances, OLIMPIA, with a strong  
and sudden effort, casts down the cruci-  
fix; it strikes the Soldier, who falls.*]

*3d Sold.* Oh, great God!

*Olimp.* Ah! now you recognise him.

*3d. Sold.* My brain's crush'd!

Comrades, help, ho! All's darkness!

[*He dies.*]

*Other Soldiers* [coming up]. Slay her,  
although she had a thousand lives:  
She hath kill'd our comrade.

*Olimp.* Welcome such a death!

You have no life to give, which the worst  
slave

Would take. Great God! through thy  
redeeming Son,

And thy Son's Mother, now receive me as  
I would approach thee, worthy her, and  
him, and thee! 71

*Enter ARNOLD.*

*Arn.* What do I see? Accursed jackals!  
Forbear!

*Cæs.* [aside and laughing]. Ha! ha!  
here's equity! The dogs

Have as much right as he. But to the issue!

*Soldiers.* Count, she hath slain our  
comrade.

*Arn.* With what weapon? 75

*Sold.* The cross, beneath which he is

crush'd; behold him

Lie there, more like a worm than man; she  
cast it  
Upon his head.

*Arn.* Even so; there is a woman

Worthy a brave man's liking. Were ye  
such,

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

Ye would have honour'd her. But get ye  
hence, 80

And thank your meanness, other God you  
have none,

For your existence. Had you touch'd a hair  
Of those dishevell'd locks, I would have  
thinn'd

Your ranks more than the enemy. Away!  
Ye jackals! gnaw the bones the lion leaves  
But not even these till he permits.

*A Sold.* [murmuring]. The lion

Might conquer for himself then.

*Arn.* [cuts him down].

Mutineer!  
Rebel in hell—you shall obey on earth!

[*The Soldiers assault ARNOLD.*]

*Arn.* Come on! I'm glad on 't! I will

show you, slaves,

How you should be commanded, and who  
led you 90

First o'er the wall you were so shy to scale,  
Until I waved my banners from its height,  
As you are bold within it.

[*ARNOLD mows down the foremost; the  
rest throw down their arms.*]

*Soldiers.* Mercy! mercy!

*Arn.* Then learn to grant it. Have I

taught you *who*

Led you o'er Rome's eternal battlements?

*Soldiers.* We saw it, and we know it;

yet forgive 96

A moment's error in the heat of conquest—  
the conquest which you led to.

*Arn.* Get you hence!

Hence to your quarters! you will find them  
fix'd

In the Colonna palace.

*Olimp.* [aside]. In my father's 100  
House!

*Arn.* [to the Soldiers]. Leave your arms;  
ye have no further need

Of such: the city's render'd. And mark  
well

You keep your hands clean, or I'll find out  
a stream

As red as Tiber now runs, for your baptism.

*Soldiers* [deposing their arms and depart-  
ing]. We obey!

*Arn.* [to OLIMPIA]. Lady, you are safe.

*Olimp.* I should be so, 105

Had I a knife even; but it matters not—  
Death hath a thousand gates; and on the

marble,

Even at the altar foot, whence I look down  
Upon destruction, shall my head be dash'd,

Ere thou ascend it. God forgive thee,  
man! 110

*Arn.* I wish to merit his forgiveness, and  
Thine own, although I have not injured  
thee.

*Olimp.* No! Thou hast only sack'd my

native land,—

No injury!—and made my father's house  
A den of thieves! No injury!—this

temple— 115

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

[PART II

Slippery with Roman and with holy gore!  
No injury! And now thou wouldst pre-  
serve me,

To be—but that shall never be!

*[She raises her eyes to heaven, folds her robe round her, and prepares to dash herself down on the side of the Altar opposite to that where ARNOLD stands.]*

Arn. Hold! hold!

I swear.

Olimp. Spare thine already forfeit soul  
A perjury for which even hell would loathe thee. 120

I know thee.

Arn. No, thou know'st me not; I am not  
Of these men, though—

Olimp. I judge thee by thy mates;  
It is for God to judge thee as thou art.

I see thee purple with the blood of Rome;  
Take mine, 'tis all thou e'er shalt have of me, 125

And here, upon the marble of this temple,  
Where the baptismal font baptized me  
God's,

I offer him a blood less holy  
But not less pure (pure as it left me then,  
A redeemed infant) than the holy water  
The saints have sanctified!

*[OLIMPIA waves her hand to ARNOLD with disdain, and dashes herself on the pavement from the Altar.]*

Arn. Eternal God!

I feel thee now! Help! help! She's gone.

Cæs. *[approaches]*. I am here.

Arn. Thou! but oh, save her!

Cæs. *[assisting him to raise OLIMPIA]*.  
She hath done it well!

The leap was serious.

Arn. Oh! she is lifeless!

Cæs.

If  
She be so, I have nought to do with that:  
The resurrection is beyond me.

Arn.

Slave!  
Cæs. Ay, slave or master, 'tis all one:  
methinks

Good words, however, are as well at times.

Arn. Words!—Canst thou aid her?

Cæs. I will try. A sprinkling

Of that same holy water may be useful.

*[He brings some in his helmet from the font.]*

Arn. 'Tis mix'd with blood.

Cæs. There is no cleaner now

In Rome.

Arn. How pale! how beautiful! how  
lifeless!

Alive or dead, thou essence of all beauty,  
I love but thee!

Cæs.

Even so Achilles loved  
Penthesilea: with his form it seems 145

You have his heart, and yet it was no soft one.

Arn. She breathes! But no, 'twas

nothing, or the last

Faint flutter life disputes with death.

Cæs.

She breathes.

Arn. Thou say'st it? Then 'tis truth.

Cæs.

You do me right—

The devil speaks truth much oftener than  
he's deem'd: 150

He hath an ignorant audience.

Arn. *[without attending to him]*. Yes!  
her heart beats.

Alas! that the first beat of the only heart  
I ever wish'd to beat with mine should  
vibrate

To an assassin's pulse.

Cæs.

A sage reflection,

But somewhat late i' the day. Where shall  
we bear her? 155

I say she lives.

Arn.

And will she live?

Cæs.

As much

As dust can.

Arn.

Then she is dead!

Cæs.

Bah! bah! You are so,  
And do not know it. She will come to life—  
Such as you think so, such as you now are:  
But we must work by human means.

Arn.

We will 160

Convey her unto the Colonna palace,  
Where I have pitch'd my banner.

Cæs.

Come then! raise her up!

Arn. Softly!

Cæs. As softly as they bear the dead,  
Perhaps because they cannot feel the  
jolting.

Arn. But doth she live indeed?

Cæs.

Nay, never fear! 165

But, if you rue it after, blame not me.

Arn. Let her but live!

Cæs.

The spirit of her life  
Is yet within her breast, and may revive.  
Count! count! I am your servant in all  
things,

And this is a new office:—'tis not oft 170  
I am employ'd in such; but you perceive  
How stanch a friend is what you call a  
fiend.

On earth you have often only fiends for  
friends;

Now I desert not mine. Soft! bear her  
hence,

The beautiful half-clay, and nearly spirit!  
I am almost enamour'd of her, as 176  
Of old the angels of her earliest sex.

Arn. Thou!

Cæs.

I! But fear not. I'll not be  
your rival.

Arn. Rival!

Cæs.

I could be one right formidable;  
But since I slew the seven husbands of 180  
Tobias' future bride (and after all  
Was smoked out by some incense), I have  
laid

Aside intrigue: 'tis rarely worth the trouble  
Of gaining, or—what is more difficult—  
Getting rid of your prize again; for there's  
The rub! at least to mortals.

## SCENE III]

*Arn.* Prithee, peace!  
Softly! methinks her lips move, her eyes  
open!

*Cæs.* Like stars, no doubt; for that's a  
metaphor  
For Lucifer and Venus.

*Arn.* To the palace  
Colonna, as I told you!

*Cæs.* Oh! I know  
My way through Rome.

*Arn.* Now onward, onward! Gently!  
[*Exeunt, bearing OLIMPIA. The scene  
closes.*]

## PART III

SCENE I.—*A Castle in the Apennines, sur-  
rounded by a wild but smiling Country.  
Chorus of Peasants singing before the  
Gates.*

*Chorus.*

I

The wars are over,  
The spring is come;  
The bride and her lover  
Have sought their home:  
They are happy, we rejoice;  
Let their hearts have an echo in every voice!

II

The spring is come; the violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun:  
With us she is but a winter's flower,  
The snow on the hills cannot blast her  
bower, 10  
And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue  
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

III

And when the spring comes with her host  
Of flowers, that flower beloved the most  
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse  
Her heavenly odour and virgin hues. 16

IV

Pluck the others, but still remember  
Their herald out of dim December—  
The morning star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of daylight's lengthen'd hours;  
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget 21  
The virgin—virgin violet.

## THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

*Enter CÆSAR.*

*Cæs. [singing].* The wars are all over,  
Our swords are all idle,  
The steed bites the bridle. 25  
The casque's on the wall.  
There's rest for the rover;  
But his armour is rusty,  
And the veteran grows crusty,  
As he yawns in the hall. 30  
He drinks—but what's drinking?  
A mere pause from thinking!  
No bugle awakes him with life-and-  
death call.

*Chorus.*

But the hound bayeth loudly,  
The boar's in the wood, 35  
And the falcon longs proudly  
To spring from her hood:  
On the wrist of the noble  
She sits like a crest,  
And the air is in trouble 40  
With birds from their nest.

*Cæs.* Oh! shadow of glory!  
Dim image of war!  
But the chase hath no story,  
Her hero no star, 45  
Since Nimrod, the founder  
Of empire and chase,  
Who made the woods wonder  
And quake for their race.  
When the lion was young, 50  
In the pride of his might,  
Then 'twas sport for the strong  
To embrace him in fight;  
To go forth, with a pine  
For a spear, 'gainst the mammoth,  
Or strike through the ravine 56  
At the foaming behemoth;  
While man was in stature  
As towers in our time,  
The first-born of Nature, 60  
And, like her, sublime!

*Chorus.*

But the wars are over,  
The spring is come;  
The bride and her lover  
Have sought their home; 65  
They are happy, and we rejoice;  
Let their hearts have an echo from every  
voice! [*Exeunt the Peasantry, singing.*]



# BEPPO

## A VENETIAN STORY

*Rosalind.* Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: Look you tisp, and wear strange suits: disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your Nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think that you have swam in a *Gondola*.—*As You Like It*, Act IV., Scene 1.

*Annotation of the Commentators.*

That is, been at *Venice*, which was much visited by the young English gentlemen of those times, and was then what *Paris* is now—the seat of all dissoluteness.—S.A.

### I

'Tis known, at least it should be, that  
throughout  
All countries of the Catholic persuasion,  
Some weeks before Shrove Tuesday comes  
about,  
The people take their fill of recreation,  
And buy repentance, ere they grow devout,  
However high their rank, or low their  
station,  
With fiddling, feasting, dancing, drinking,  
masking,  
And other things which may be had for  
asking.

### II

The moment night with dusky mantle  
covers  
The skies (and the more duskily the  
better),  
The time less liked by husbands than by  
lovers  
Begins, and prudery flings aside her  
fetter;  
And gaiety on restless tiptoe hovers,  
Giggling with all the gallants who beset  
her;  
And there are songs and quavers, roaring,  
humming,  
Guitars, and every other sort of strum-  
ming.

### III

And there are dresses splendid, but fan-  
tastical,  
Masks of all times and nations, Turks  
and Jews,  
And harlequins and clowns, with feats  
gymnastical,  
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and  
Hindoos;  
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,  
All people, as their fancies hit, may  
choose,  
But no one in these parts may quiz the  
clergy,—  
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I  
charge ye.

### IV

You'd better walk about begirt with briars,  
Instead of coat and smallclothes, than  
put on  
A single stitch reflecting upon friars,  
Although you swore it only was in fun;  
They'd haul you o'er the coals, and stir the  
fires  
Of Phlegethon with every mother's son,  
Nor say one mass to cool the caldron's  
bubble  
That boil'd your bones, unless you paid  
them double.

### V

But saving this, you may put on whate'er  
You like by way of doublet, cape, or  
cloak,  
Such as in Monmouth-street, or in Rag  
Fair,  
Would rig you out in seriousness or  
joke;  
And even in Italy such places are,  
With prettier name in softer accents  
spoke,  
For, bating Covent Garden, I can hit on  
No place that's called 'Piazza' in Great  
Britain.

### VI

This feast is named the Carnival, which  
being  
Interpreted, implies 'farewell to flesh':  
So call'd, because the name and thing  
agreeing,  
Through Lent they live on fish both salt  
and fresh.  
But why they usher Lent with so much  
glee in,  
Is more than I can tell, although I guess  
'Tis as we take a glass with friends at  
parting,  
In the stage-coach or packet, just at start-  
ing.

VII

And thus they bid farewell to carnal  
dishes,  
And solid meats, and highly spiced rag-  
outs,  
To live for forty days on ill-dress'd fishes,  
Because they have no sauces to their  
stews;  
A thing which causes many 'poohs' and  
'pishes,'  
And several oaths (which would not  
suit the Muse),  
From travellers accustom'd from a boy  
To eat their salmon, at the least, with soy;

VIII

And therefore humbly I would recom-  
mend  
'The curious in fish-sauce,' before they  
cross  
The sea, to bid their cook, or wife, or  
friend,  
Walk or ride to the Strand, and buy in  
gross  
(Or if set out beforehand, these may send  
By any means least liable to loss)  
Ketchup, Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey,  
Or by the Lord! a Lent will well nigh  
starve ye;

IX

That is to say, if your religion's Roman,  
And you at Rome would do as Romans  
do,  
According to the proverb,—although no  
man,  
If foreign, is obliged to fast; and you  
If Protestant, or sickly, or a woman,  
Would rather dine in sin on a ragout—  
Dine and be d—d! I don't mean to be  
coarse,  
But that's the penalty, to say no worse.

X

Of all the places where the Carnival  
Was most facetious in the days of yore,  
For dance, and song, and serenade, and  
ball,  
And masque, and mime, and mystery,  
and more  
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,  
Venice the bell from every city bore,—  
And at the moment when I fix my story,  
That sea-born city was in all her glory.

XI

They've pretty faces yet, those same Vene-  
tians,  
Black eyes, arch'd brows, and sweet ex-  
pressions still;  
Such as of old were copied from the  
Grecians,  
In ancient arts by moderns mimick'd ill;

And like so many Venuses of Titian's  
(The best's at Florence—see it, if ye  
will),  
They look when leaning over the balcony,  
Or stepp'd from out a picture by Gior-  
gione,

XII

Whose tints are truth and beauty at their  
best;  
And when you to Manfrini's palace go,  
That picture (howsoever fine the rest)  
Is loveliest to my mind of all the show;  
It may perhaps be also to *your* zest,  
And that's the cause I rhyme upon it so:  
'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,  
And self; but *such* a woman! love in life!

XIII

Love in full life and length, not love ideal,  
No, nor ideal beauty, that fine name,  
But something better still, so very real,  
That the sweet model must have been  
the same;  
A thing that you would purchase, beg, or  
steal,  
Were't not impossible, besides a shame:  
The face recalls some face, as 'twere with  
pain,  
You once have seen, but ne'er will see  
again.

XIV

One of those forms which flit by us, when  
we  
Are young, and fix our eyes on every  
face;  
And, oh! the loveliness at times we see  
In momentary gliding, the soft grace,  
The youth, the bloom, the beauty which  
agree,  
In many a nameless being we retrace,  
Whose course and home we knew not, nor  
shall know,  
Like the lost Pleiad seen no more below.

XV

I said that like a picture by Giorgione  
Venetian women were, and so they *are*,  
Particularly seen from a balcony  
(For beauty's sometimes best set off  
afar),  
And there, just like a heroine of Goldoni,  
They peep from out the blind, or o'er  
the bar;  
And truth to say, they're mostly very  
pretty,  
And rather like to show it, more's the  
pity!

## BEPP0

### XVI

For glances beget ogles, ogles sighs,  
Sighs wishes, wishes words, and words a  
letter,  
Which flies on wings of light-heel'd Mer-  
curies,  
Who do such things because they know  
no better;  
And then, God knows what mischief may  
arise,  
When love links two young people in  
one fetter,  
Vile assignations, and adulterous beds,  
Elopements, broken vows, and hearts, and  
heads.

### XVII

Shakspeare described the sex in Desde-  
mona  
As very fair, but yet suspect in fame,  
And to this day from Venice to Verona  
Such matters may be probably the same,  
Except that since those times was never  
known a  
Husband whom mere suspicion could  
inflamm  
To suffocate a wife no more than twenty,  
Because she had a 'cavalier servente.'

### XVIII

Their jealousy (if they are ever jealous)  
Is of a fair complexion altogether,  
Not like that sooty devil of Othello's,  
Which smother women in a bed of  
feather,  
But worthier of these much more jolly fellows,  
When weary of the matrimonial tether  
His head for such a wife no mortal bothers,  
But takes at once another, or another's.

### XIX

Didst ever see a Gondola? For fear  
You should not, I'll describe it you  
exactly:  
'Tis a long cover'd boat that's common here  
Carved at the prow, built lightly, but  
compactly,  
Row'd by two rowers, each call'd 'Gon-  
dolier,'  
It glides along the water looking blackly.  
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,  
Where none can make out what you say  
or do.

### XX

And up and down the long canals they go,  
And under the Rialto shoot along,  
By night and day, all paces, swift or slow,  
And round the theatres, a sable throng,  
They wait in their dusk livery of woe,—  
But not to them do woeful things belong,  
For sometimes they contain a deal of fun,  
Like mourning coaches when the funeral's  
done.

### XXI

But to my story.—'Twas some years ago,  
It may be thirty, forty, more or less,  
The Carnival was at its height, and so  
Were all kinds of buffoonery and dress;  
A certain lady went to see the show,  
Her real name I know not, nor can guess,  
And so we'll call her Laura, if you please,  
Because it slips into my verse with ease.

### XXII

She was not old, nor young, nor at the  
years  
Which certain people call a 'certain age,'  
Which yet the most uncertain age appears,  
Because I never heard, nor could engage  
A person yet by prayers, or bribes, or tears,  
To name, define by speech, or write on  
page,  
The period meant precisely by that word,—  
Which surely is exceedingly absurd.

### XXIII

Laura was blooming still, had made the  
best  
Of time, and time return'd the compli-  
ment,  
And treated her genteelly, so that, dress'd,  
She look'd extremely well where'er she  
went;  
A pretty woman is a welcome guest,  
And Laura's brow a frown had rarely  
bent;  
Indeed, she shone all smiles, and seem'd to  
flatter  
Mankind with her black eyes for looking  
at her.

### XXIV

She was a married woman; 'tis convenient,  
Because in Christian countries 'tis a rule  
To view their little slips with eyes more  
lenient;  
Whereas if single ladies play the fool  
(Unless within the period intervenient  
A well-timed wedding makes the scandal  
cool),  
I don't know how they ever can get over it,  
Except they manage never to discover it.

### XXV

Her husband sail'd upon the Adriatic,  
And made some voyages, too, in other  
seas,  
And when he lay in quarantine for pratique  
(A forty days' precaution 'gainst disease),  
His wife would mount, at times, her high-  
est attic,  
For thence she could discern the ship  
with ease:  
He was a merchant trading to Aleppo,  
His name Giuseppe, call'd more briefly,  
Beppo.

XXVI

He was a man as dusky as a Spaniard,  
 Sunburnt with travel, yet a portly figure;  
 Though colour'd, as it were, within a tan-  
 yard,  
 He was a person both of sense and  
 vigour—  
 A better seaman never yet did man yard;  
 And she, although her manners show'd  
 no rigour,  
 Was deem'd a woman of the strictest  
 principle,  
 So much as to be thought almost invin-  
 cible.

XXVII

But several years elapsed since they had  
 met;  
 Some people thought the ship was lost,  
 and some  
 That he had somehow blunder'd into debt,  
 And did not like the thought of steering  
 home;  
 And there were several offer'd any bet,  
 Or that he would, or that he would not  
 come;  
 For most men (till by losing render'd  
 sager)  
 Will back their own opinions with a wager.

XXVIII

'Tis said that their last parting was pathetic,  
 As partings often are, or ought to be,  
 And their presentiment was quite pro-  
 phetic,  
 That they should never more each other  
 see,  
 (A sort of morbid feeling, half poetic,  
 Which I have known occur in two or  
 three.)  
 When kneeling on the shore upon her sad  
 knee  
 He left this Adriatic Ariadne.

XXIX

And Laura waited long, and wept a little,  
 And thought of wearing weeds, as well  
 she might;  
 She almost lost all appetite for victual,  
 And could not sleep with ease alone at  
 night;  
 She deem'd the window-frames and shut-  
 ters brittle  
 Against a daring housebreaker or sprite,  
 And so she thought it prudent to connect  
 her  
 With a vice-husband, chiefly to protect her.

XXX

She chose, (and what is there they will not  
 choose,  
 If only you will but oppose their choice?)  
 Till Beppo should return from his long  
 cruise,

And bid once more her faithful heart re-  
 joice,  
 A man some women like, and yet abuse—  
 A coxcomb was he by the public voice;  
 A Count of wealth, they said, as well as  
 quality,  
 And in his pleasures of great liberality.

XXXI

And then he was a Count, and then he  
 knew  
 Music, and dancing, fiddling, French  
 and Tuscan;  
 The last not easy, be it known to you,  
 For few Italians speak the right Etruscan.  
 He was a critic upon operas, too,  
 And knew all niceties of the sock and  
 buskin;  
 And no Venetian audience could endure a  
 Song, scene, or air, when he cried 'secca-  
 tura!'

XXXII

His 'bravo' was decisive, for that sound  
 Hush'd 'Academie' sigh'd in silent awe;  
 The fiddlers trembled as he look'd around,  
 For fear of some false note's detected  
 flaw;  
 The 'prima donna's' tuneful heart would  
 bound,  
 Dreading the deep damnation of his  
 'bah!'  
 Soprano, basso, even the contra-alto,  
 Wish'd him five fathom under the Rialto.

XXXIII

He patronised the Improvisatori,  
 Nay, could himself extemporise some  
 stanzas,  
 Wrote rhymes, sang songs, could also tell  
 a story,  
 Sold pictures, and was skilful in the  
 dance as  
 Italians can be, though in this their glory  
 Must surely yield the palm to that which  
 France has;  
 In short, he was a perfect cavaliero,  
 And to his very valet seem'd a hero.

XXXIV

Then he was faithful too, as well as amor-  
 ous;  
 So that no sort of female could com-  
 plain,  
 Although they're now and then a little  
 clamorous,  
 He never put the pretty souls in pain;  
 His heart was one of those which most  
 enamour us,  
 Wax to receive, and marble to retain:  
 He was a lover of the good old school,  
 Who still become more constant as they  
 cool.

## BEPPO

xxxv

No wonder such accomplishments should turn

A female head, however sage and steady—

With scarce a hope that Beppo could return,

In law he was almost as good as dead, he Nor sent, nor wrote, nor show'd the least concern,

And she had waited several years already;

And really if a man won't let us know That he's alive, he's *dead*, or should be so.

xxxvi

Besides, within the Alps, to every woman, (Although, God knows, it is a grievous sin,)

'Tis, I may say, permitted to have *two* men; I can't tell who first brought the custom in,

But 'Cavalier Serventes' are quite common,

And no one notices nor cares a pin;

And we may call this (not to say the worst) A *second* marriage which corrupts the *first*.

xxxvii

The word was formerly a 'Cicisbeo,'

But *that* is now grown vulgar and indecent;

The Spaniards call the person a '*Cortejo*,' For the same mode subsists in Spain, though recent;

In short, it reaches from the Po to Teio, And may perhaps at last be o'er the sea sent:

But Heaven preserve Old England from such courses!

Or what becomes of damage and divorces?

xxxviii

However, I still think, with all due deference

To the fair *single* part of the creation,

That married ladies should preserve the preference

In *tête-à-tête* or general conversation—

And this I say without peculiar reference To England, France, or any other nation—

Because they know the world, and are at ease,

And being natural, naturally please.

xxxix

'Tis *true*, your budding Miss is very charming,

But shy and awkward at first coming out,

So much alarm'd, that she is quite alarming,

All Giggle, Blush; half Pertness, and half Pout;

And glancing at *Mamma*, for fear there's harm in

What you, she, it, or they, may be about, The nursery still lisps out in all they utter— Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

xl

But 'Cavalier Servente' is the phrase

Used in politest circles to express

This supernumerary slave, who stays

Close to the lady as a part of dress,

Her word the only law which he obeys.

His is no sinecure, as you may guess;

Coach, servants, gondola, he goes to call, And carries fan and tippet, gloves and shawl.

xli

With all its sinful doings, I must say,

That Italy's a pleasant place to me,

Who love to see the Sun shine every day, And vines (not nail'd to walls) from tree to tree

Festoon'd, much like the back scene of a play,

Or melodrame, which people flock to see,

When the first act is ended by a dance

In vineyards copied from the south of France.

xlii

I like on Autumn evenings to ride out,

Without being forced to bid my groom be sure

My cloak is round his middle strapp'd about,

Because the skies are not the most secure;

I know too that, if stopp'd upon my route,

Where the green alleys windingly allure, Reeling with grapes red waggons choke the way,—

In England 'twould be dung, dust, or a dray.

xliii

I also like to dine on becaficas,

To see the Sun set, sure he'll rise tomorrow,

Not through a misty morning twinkling weak as

A drunken man's dead eye in maudlin sorrow,

But with all Heaven t'himself; the day will break as

Beauteous as cloudless, nor be forced to borrow

That sort of farthing candlelight which glimmers

Where reeking London's smoky caldron simmers.

XLIV

I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,  
Which melts like kisses from a female  
mouth,  
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,  
With syllables which breathe of the  
sweet South,  
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,  
That not a single accent seems uncouth,  
Like our harsh northern whistling, grunt-  
ing guttural,  
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and  
sputter all.

XLV

I like the women too (forgive my folly),  
From the rich peasant cheek of ruddy  
bronze,  
And large black eyes that flash on you a  
volley  
Of rays that say a thousand things at once,  
To the high dama's brow, more melan-  
choly,  
But clear, and with a wild and liquid  
glance,  
Heart on her lips, and soul within her eyes,  
Soft as her clime, and sunny as her skies.

XLVI

Eve of the land which still is Paradise!  
Italian beauty! didst thou not inspire  
Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies  
With all we know of Heaven, or can  
desire,  
In what he hath bequeath'd us?—in what  
guise,  
Though flashing from the fervour of the  
lyre,  
Would words describe thy past and present  
glow,  
While yet Canova can create below?

XLVII

'England! with all thy faults I love thee  
still,'  
I said at Calais, and have not forgot it;  
I like to speak and lucubrate my fill;  
I like the government (but that is not it);  
I like the freedom of the press and quill;  
I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've  
got it);  
I like a parliamentary debate,  
Particularly when 'tis not too late;

XLVIII

I like the taxes, when they're not too many;  
I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear;  
I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any;  
Have no objection to a pot of beer;  
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,  
That is, I like two months of every year,  
And so God save the Regent, Church, and  
King!  
Which means that I like all and everything.

XLIX

Our standing army, and disbanded sea-  
men,  
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the  
nation's debt,  
Our little riots just to show we are free  
men,  
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,  
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,  
All these I can forgive, and those forget,  
And greatly venerate our recent glories,  
And wish they were not owing to the  
Tories.

L

But to my tale of Laura,—for I find  
Digression is a sin, that by degrees  
Becomes exceeding tedious to my mind,  
And, therefore, may the reader too dis-  
please—  
The gentle reader, who may wax unkind,  
And caring little for the author's ease,  
Insist on knowing what he means, a hard  
And hapless situation for a bard.

LI

Oh that I had the art of easy writing  
What should be easy reading! could I  
scale  
Parnassus, where the Muses sit inditing  
Those pretty poems never known to fail,  
How quickly would I print (the world de-  
lighting)  
A Grecian, Syrian, or Assyrian tale;  
And sell you, mix'd with western senti-  
mentalism,  
Some samples of the finest Orientalism!

LII

But I am but a nameless sort of person,  
(A broken Dandy lately on my travels)  
And take for rhyme, to hook my rambling  
verse on,  
The first that Walker's Lexicon unravels,  
And when I can't find that, I put a worse  
on,  
Not caring as I ought for critics' cavils;  
I've half a mind to tumble down to prose,  
But verse is more in fashion—so here goes.

LIII

The Count and Laura made their new  
arrangement,  
Which lasted, as arrangements some-  
times do,  
For half a dozen years without estrange-  
ment;  
They had their little differences, too;  
Those jealous whiffs, which never any  
change meant;  
In such affairs there probably are few  
Who have not had this pouting sort of  
squabble,  
From sinners of high station to the rabble.

# **BEPPPO**

## LIV

But, on the whole, they were a happy pair,  
 As happy as unlawful love could make  
 them;  
 The gentleman was fond, the lady fair,  
 Their chains so slight, 'twas not worth  
 while to break them;  
 The world beheld them with indulgent air;  
 The pious only wish'd 'the devil take  
 them!'  
 He took them not; he very often waits,  
 And leaves old sinners to be young ones'  
 baits.

## LV

But they were young: Oh! what without  
 our youth  
 Would love be! What would youth be  
 without love!  
 Youth lends it joy, and sweetness, vigour,  
 truth,  
 Heart, soul, and all that seems as from  
 above;  
 But, languishing with years, it grows un-  
 couth—  
 One of few things experience don't im-  
 prove,  
 Which is, perhaps, the reason why old  
 fellows  
 Are always so preposterously jealous.

## LVI

It was the Carnival, as I have said  
 Some six and thirty stanzas back, and so  
 Laura the usual preparations made,  
 Which you do when your mind's made  
 up to go  
 To-night to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade,  
 Spectator, or partaker in the show;  
 The only difference known between the  
 cases  
 Is—*here*, we have six weeks of 'varnish'd  
 faces.'

## LVII

Laura, when dress'd, was (as I sang before)  
 A pretty woman as was ever seen,  
 Fresh as the Angel o'er a new inn door,  
 Or frontispiece of a new Magazine,  
 With all the fashions which the last month  
 wore,  
 Colour'd, and silver paper leaved be-  
 tween  
 That and the title-page, for fear the press  
 Should soil with parts of speech the parts  
 of dress.

## LVIII

They went to the Ridotto;—'tis a hall  
 Where people dance, and sup, and dance  
 again;  
 Its proper name, perhaps, were a masqued  
 ball,

But that's of no importance to my  
 strain;  
 'Tis (on a smaller scale) like our Vauxhall,  
 Excepting that it can't be spoilt by rain;  
 The company is 'mix'd' (the phrase I  
 quote is  
 As much as saying they're below your  
 notice);

## LIX

For a 'mix'd company' implies that, save  
 Yourself and friends, and half a hun-  
 dred more,  
 Whom you may bow to without looking  
 grave,  
 The rest are but a vulgar set, the bore  
 Of public places, where they basely brave  
 The fashionable stare of twenty score  
 Of well-bred persons, call'd '*The World*;  
 ' but I,  
 Although I know them, really don't know  
 why.

## LX

This is the case in England; at least was  
 During the dynasty of Dandies, now  
 Perchance succeeded by some other class  
 Of imitated imitators:—how  
 Irreparably soon decline, alas!  
 The demagogues of fashion: all below  
 Is frail; how easily the world is lost  
 By love, or war, and now and then by frost!

## LXI

Crush'd was Napoleon by the northern  
 Thor,  
 Who knock'd his army down with icy  
 hammer,  
 Stopp'd by the *elements*, like a whaler, or  
 A blundering novice in his new French  
 grammar;  
 Good cause had he to doubt the chance of  
 war,  
 And as for Fortune—but I dare not  
 d—n her,  
 Because, were I to ponder to infinity,  
 The more I should believe in her divinity.

## LXII

She rules the present, past, and all to be yet,  
 She gives us luck in lotteries, love, and  
 marriage;  
 I cannot say that she's done much for me  
 yet;  
 Not that I mean her bounties to dis-  
 parage,  
 We've not yet closed accounts, and we  
 shall see yet  
 How much she'll make amends for past  
 miscarriage.  
 Meantime the Goddess I'll no more impor-  
 tune,  
 Unless to thank her when she's made my  
 fortune.

LXIII

To turn,—and to return;—the devil take it!  
 This story slips for ever through my  
 fingers,  
 Because, just as the stanza likes to make it,  
 It needs must be, and so it rather lingers:  
 This form of verse began, I can't well  
 break it,  
 But must keep time and tune like public  
 singers;  
 But if I once get through my present measure,  
 I'll take another when I'm next at leisure.

LXIV

They went to the Ridotto ('tis a place  
 To which I mean to go myself to-morrow,  
 Just to divert my thoughts a little space,  
 Because I'm rather hippish, and may  
 borrow  
 Some spirits, guessing at what kind of face  
 May lurk beneath each mask; and as  
 my sorrow  
 Slackens its pace sometimes, I'll make, or  
 find,  
 Something shall leave it half an hour  
 behind).

LXV

Now Laura moves along the joyous crowd,  
 Smiles in her eyes, and simpers on her  
 lips;  
 To some she whispers, others speaks  
 aloud;  
 To some she curtsies, and to some she  
 dips,  
 Complains of warmth, and this complaint  
 avow'd,  
 Her lover brings the lemonade, she sips;  
 She then surveys, condemns, but pities still  
 Her dearest friends for being dress'd so ill.

LXVI

One has false curls, another too much  
 paint,  
 A third—where did she buy that fright-  
 ful turban?  
 A fourth's so pale she fears she's going to  
 faint,  
 A fifth's look's vulgar, dowdyish, and  
 suburban,  
 A sixth's white silk has got a yellow taint,  
 A seventh's thin muslin surely will be  
 her bane,  
 And lo! an eighth appears,—'I'll see no  
 more!  
 For fear, like Banquo's kings, they reach  
 a score.

LXVII

Meantime, while she was thus at others  
 gazing,  
 Others were levelling their looks at her;  
 She heard the men's half-whisper'd mode  
 of praising,

And, till 'twas done, determined not to  
 stir;

The women only thought it quite amazing  
 That, at her time of life, so many were  
 Admirers still,—but men are so debased,  
 Those brazen creatures always suit their  
 taste.

LXVIII

For my part, now, I ne'er could under-  
 stand  
 Why naughty women—but I won't dis-  
 cuss  
 A thing which is a scandal to the land,  
 I only don't see why it should be thus;  
 And if I were but in a gown and band,  
 Just to entitle me to make a fuss,  
 I'd preach on this till Wilberforce and  
 Romilly  
 Should quote in their next speeches from  
 my homily.

LXIX

While Laura thus was seen, and seeing,  
 smiling,  
 Talking, she knew not why, and cared  
 not what,  
 So that her female friends, with envy broil-  
 ing,  
 Beheld her airs and triumph, and all  
 that;  
 And well-dress'd males still kept before  
 her filing,  
 And passing bow'd and mingled with  
 her chat;  
 More than the rest one person seem'd to  
 stare  
 With pertinacity that's rather rare.

LXX

He was a Turk, the colour of mahogany;  
 And Laura saw him, and at first was  
 glad,  
 Because the Turks so much admire philo-  
 gyny,  
 Although their usage of their wives is  
 sad;  
 'Tis said they use no better than a dog any  
 Poor woman, whom they purchase like  
 a pad;  
 They have a number, though they ne'er  
 exhibit 'em,  
 Four wives by law, and concubines 'ad  
 libitum.

LXXI

They lock them up, and veil, and guard  
 them daily,  
 They scarcely can behold their male re-  
 lations,  
 So that their moments do not pass so gaily  
 As is supposed the case with northern  
 nations;



## BEPP0

Confinement, too, must make them look quite palely;

And as the Turks abhor long conversations,  
Their days are either pass'd in doing nothing,  
Or bathing, nursing, making love, and clothing.

### LXXII

They cannot read, and so don't lisp in criticism;

Nor write, and so they don't affect the muse;

We're never caught in epigram or witticism,  
Have no romances, sermons, plays, reviews,—

In harems learning soon would make a pretty schism,

But luckily these beauties are no 'Blues';  
No bustling Botherbys have they to show 'em

'That charming passage in the last new poem:'

### LXXIII

No solemn, antique gentleman of rhyme,  
Who having angled all his life for fame,

And getting but a nibble at a time,  
Still fussily keeps fishing on, the same

Small 'Triton of the minnows,' the sublime  
Of mediocrity, the furious tame,

The echo's echo, usher of the school  
Of female wits, boy bards—in short, a fool!

### LXXIV

A stalking oracle of awful phrase.

The approving 'Good!' (by no means good in law,)

Humming like flies around the newest blaze,

The bluest of bluebottles you e'er saw,  
Teasing with blame, excruciating with praise,

Gorging the little fame he gets all raw,  
Translating tongues he knows not even by letter,

And sweating plays so middling, bad were better.

### LXXV

One hates an author that's *all author*,  
fellows

In foolscap uniforms turn'd up with ink,  
So very anxious, clever, fine, and jealous.

One don't know what to say to them, or think,

Unless to puff them with a pair of bellows;  
Of coxcomby's worst coxcombs e'en the pink

Are preferable to these shreds of paper,  
These unquenched snuffings of the mid-

night taper.

### LXXVI

Of these same we see several, and of others,  
Men of the world, who know the world

like men,  
Scott, Rogers, Moore, and all the better

brothers,  
Who think of something else besides the pen;

But for the children of the 'mighty mother's,'

The would-be wits, and can't-be gentlemen,

I leave them to their daily tea is ready,'  
Smug coterie, and literary lady.

### LXXVII

The poor dear Mussulwomen whom I mention

Have none of these instructive pleasant people,

And *one* would seem to them a new invention,

Unknown as bells within a Turkish steeple;

I think 'twould almost be worth while to pension

(Though best-sown projects very often reap ill)

A missionary author, just to preach  
Our Christian usage of the parts of speech.

### LXXVIII

No chemistry for them unfolds her gases,  
No metaphysics are let loose in lectures,

No circulating library amasses  
Religious novels, moral tales, and strictures

Upon the living manners, as they pass us;  
No exhibition glares with annual pictures;

They stare not on the stars from out their attics,

Nor deal (thank God for that!) in mathematics.

### LXXIX

Why I thank God for that is no great matter,

I have my reasons, you no doubt suppose,

And as, perhaps, they would not highly flatter,

I'll keep them for my life (to come) in prose;

I fear I have a little turn for satire,  
And yet methinks the older that one

grows  
Inclines us more to laugh than scold,  
though laughter

Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

LXXX

Oh, mirth and innocence! Oh, milk and water!

Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!  
In these sad centuries of sin and slaughter,  
Abominable Man no more allays  
His thirst with such pure beverage. No matter,

I love you both, and both shall have my 'praise:  
Oh, for old Saturn's reign of sugar candy!—  
Meantime I drink to your return in brandy.

LXXXI

Our Laura's Turk still kept his eyes upon her,  
Less in the Mussulman than Christian way,  
Which seems to say, 'Madam, I do you honour,  
And while I please to stare, you'll please to stay.'

Could staring win a woman, this had won her,  
But Laura could not thus be led astray;  
She had stood fire too long and well, to boggle  
Even at this stranger's most outlandish ogle.

LXXXII

The morning now was on the point of breaking,  
A turn of time at which I would advise  
Ladies who have been dancing, or partaking  
In any other kind of exercise,  
To make their preparations for forsaking  
The ball-room ere the sun begins to rise,  
Because when once the lamps and candles fail,  
His blushes make them look a little pale.

LXXXIII

I've seen some balls and revels in my time,  
And stay'd them over for some silly reason,  
And then I look'd (I hope it was no crime)  
To see what lady best stood out the season,  
And though I've seen some thousands in their prime,  
Lovely and pleasing, and who still may please on,  
I never saw but one (the stars withdrawn)  
Whose bloom could after dancing dare the dawn.

LXXXIV

The name of this Aurora I'll not mention,  
Although I might, for she was nought to me  
More than that patent work of God's invention,  
A charming woman, whom we like to see;

But writing names would merit reprehension,

Yet if you like to find out this fair *she*,  
At the next London or Parisian ball  
You still may mark her cheek out-blooming all.

LXXXV

Laura, who knew it would not do at all  
To meet the daylight after seven hours' sitting  
Among three thousand people at a ball,  
To make her curtsy thought it right and fitting;  
The Count was at her elbow with her shawl,  
And they the room were on the point of quitting,  
When lo! those cursed gondoliers had got  
Just in the very place where they *should not*.

LXXXVI

In this they're like our coachmen, and the cause  
Is much the same—the crowd, and pulling, hauling,  
With blasphemies enough to break their jaws,  
They make a never intermitted bawling.  
At home, our Bow-street gemmen keep the laws,  
And here a sentry stands within your calling;  
But for all that, there is a deal of swearing,  
And nauseous words past mentioning or bearing.

LXXXVII

The Count and Laura found their boat at last,  
And homeward floated o'er the silent tide,  
Discussing all the dances gone and past;  
The dancers and their dresses, too, beside;  
Some little scandals eke; but all aghast  
(As to their palace-stairs the rowers glide)  
Sate Laura by the side of her Adorer,  
When lo! the Mussulman was there before her.

LXXXVIII

'Sir,' said the Count, with brow exceeding grave,  
'Your unexpected presence here will make  
It necessary for myself to crave  
Its import? But perhaps 'tis a mistake;  
I hope it is so; and, at once to waive  
All compliment, I hope so for *your sake*;  
You understand my meaning, or you *shall*.  
'Sir,' (quoth the Turk), 'tis no mistake at all:

# BEPPO

## LXXXIX

'That lady is *my wife*!' Much wonder paints  
The lady's changing cheek, as well it  
might;  
But where an Englishwoman sometimes  
faints,  
Italian females don't do so outright;  
They only call a little on their saints,  
And then come to themselves, almost or  
quite;  
Which saves much hartshorn, salts, and  
sprinkling faces,  
And cutting stays, as usual in such cases.

## XC

She said,—what could she say? Why, not  
a word:  
But the Count courteously invited in  
The stranger, much appeased by what he  
heard:  
'Such things, perhaps, we'd best discuss  
within,'  
Said he; 'don't let us make ourselves absurd  
In public, by a scene, nor raise a din,  
For then the chief and only satisfaction  
Will be much quizzing on the whole trans-  
action.'

## XCI

They enter'd, and for coffee call'd—it came,  
A beverage for Turks and Christians  
both,  
Although the way they make it's not the  
same.  
Now Laura, much recover'd, or less loth  
To speak, cries 'Beppo! what's your pagan  
name?  
Bless me! your beard is of amazing  
growth!  
And how came you to keep away so long?  
Are you not sensible 'twas very wrong?

## XCII

'And are you *really, truly*, now a Turk?  
With any other women did you wive?  
Is't true they use their fingers for a fork?  
Well, that's the prettiest shawl—as I'm  
alive!  
You'll give it me? They say you eat no  
pork.  
And how so many years did you con-  
trive  
To—Bless me! did I ever? No, I never  
Saw a man grown so yellow! How's your  
liver?

## XCIII

'Beppo! that beard of yours becomes you  
not;  
It shall be shaved before you're a day  
older:  
Why do you wear it? Oh! I had forgot—  
Pray don't you think the weather here  
is colder?

How do I look? You shan't stir from this  
spot  
In that queer dress, for fear that some  
beholder  
Should find you out, and make the story  
known.  
How short your hair is! Lord! how grey  
it's grown!'

## XCIV

What answer Beppo made to these de-  
mands  
Is more than I know. He was cast away  
About where Troy stood once, and  
nothing stands;  
Became a slave of course, and for his pay  
Had bread and bastinadoes, till some  
bands  
Of pirates landing in a neighbouring bay,  
He join'd the rogues and prosper'd, and  
became  
A renegado of indifferent fame.

## XCV

But he grew rich, and with his riches grew  
so  
Keen the desire to see his home again,  
He thought himself in duty bound to do so,  
And not be always thieving on the main;  
Lonely he felt, at times, as Robin Crusoe,  
And so he hired a vessel come from  
Spain,  
Bound for Corfu: she was a fine polacca,  
Mann'd with twelve hands, and laden with  
tobacco.

## XCVI

Himself, and much (Heaven knows how  
gotten!) cash,  
He then embark'd, with risk of life and  
limb,  
And got clear off, although the attempt  
was rash;  
He said that *Providence* protected him—  
For my part, I say nothing—lest we clash  
In our opinions:—well, the ship was trim,  
Set sail, and kept her reckoning fairly on,  
Except three days of calm when off Cape  
Bonn.

## XCVII

They reach'd the island, he transferr'd his  
lading  
And self and livestock to another bottom,  
And pass'd for a true Turkey-merchant,  
trading  
With goods of various names, but I've  
forgot 'em.  
However, he got off by this evading,  
Or else the people would perhaps have  
shot him;  
And thus at Venice landed to reclaim  
His wife, religion, house, and Christian  
name.

XCVIII

His wife received, the patriarch re-baptized him  
(He made the church a present, by the way);  
He then threw off the garments which disguised him,  
And borrow'd the Count's smallclothes for a day:  
His friends the more for his long absence prized him,  
Finding he'd wherewithal to make them gay,  
With dinners, where he oft became the laugh of them,  
For stories—but I don't believe the half of them.

XCIX

Whate'er his youth had suffer'd, his old age  
With wealth and talking made him some amends;  
Though Laura sometimes put him in a rage,  
I've heard the Count and he were always friends.  
My pen is at the bottom of a page,  
Which being finish'd, here the story ends;  
'Tis to be wish'd it had been sooner done,  
But stories somehow lengthen when begun.

# DON JUAN

'Difficile est propriè communia dicere.'—HORACE.

'Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? Yes, by Saint Aune, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth, too!'—SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, or *What You Will*.

## CANTO THE FIRST\*

### II

#### FRAGMENT

*On the back of the Poet's MS. of Canto I.*  
I would to heaven that I were so much clay,  
As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—  
Because at least the past were pass'd away—  
And for the future—(but I write this reeling,  
Having got drunk exceedingly to-day,  
So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)  
I say—the future is a serious matter—  
And so—for God's sake—hock and soda-water!

'Which pye being open'd they began to sing'  
(This old song and new simile holds good),  
'A dainty dish to set before the King,'  
Or Regent, who admires such kind of food;—  
And Coleridge, too, has lately taken wing,  
But like a hawk encumber'd with his hood,—  
Explaining metaphysics to the nation—  
I wish he would explain his Explanation.

### III

#### DEDICATION

##### I

BOB SOUTHEY! You're a poet—Poet-laureate,  
And representative of all the race;  
Although 'tis true that you turn'd out a Tory at  
Last,—yours has lately been a common case;  
And now, my Epic Renegade! what are ye at?

With all the Lakers, in and out of place?  
A nest of tuneless persons, to my eye  
Like 'four and twenty Blackbirds in a pye;

\* ['Begun at Venice September 6; finished Nov. 1, 1818.'—B.]

You, Bob! are rather insolent, you know,  
At being disappointed in your wish  
To supersede all warblers here below,  
And be the only Blackbird in the dish;  
And then you overstrain yourself, or so,  
And tumble downward like the flying fish  
Gasping on deck, because you soar too high, Bob,  
And fall, for lack of moisture quite a-dry, Bob!

##### IV

And Wordsworth, in a rather long 'Excursion'  
(I think the quarto holds five hundred pages),  
Has given a sample from the vasty version  
Of his new system to perplex the sages;

'Tis poetry—at least by his assertion,  
 And may appear so when the dog-star  
 rages—  
 And he who understands it would be able  
 To add a story to the Tower of Babel.

## v

You—Gentlemen! by dint of long conclusion  
 From better company, have kept your  
 own  
 At Keswick, and, through still continued  
 fusion  
 Of one another's minds, at last have  
 grown  
 To deem as a most logical conclusion,  
 That Poesy has wreaths for you alone:  
 There is a narrowness in such a notion,  
 Which makes me wish you'd change your  
 lakes for ocean.

## vi

I would not imitate the petty thought,  
 Nor coin my self-love to so base a vice,  
 For all the glory your conversion brought,  
 Since gold alone should not have been  
 its price.  
 You have your salary: was't for that you  
 wrought?  
 And Wordsworth has his place in the  
 Excise.  
 You're shabby fellows—true—but poets  
 still,  
 And duly seated on the immortal hill.

## vii

Your bays may hide the baldness of your  
 brows—  
 Perhaps some virtuous blushes;—let  
 them go—  
 To you I envy neither fruit nor boughs—  
 And for the fame you would engross  
 below,  
 The field is universal, and allows  
 Scope to all such as feel the inherent  
 glow:  
 Scott, Rogers, Campbell, Moore, and  
 Crabbe, will try  
 'Gainst you the question with posterity.

## viii

For me, who, wandering with pedestrian  
 Muses,  
 Contend not with you on the winged  
 steed,  
 I wish your fate may yield ye, when she  
 chooses,  
 The fame you envy, and the skill you  
 need;  
 And recollect a poet nothing loses  
 In giving to his brethren their full meed  
 Of merit, and complaint of present days  
 Is not the certain path to future praise.

## ix

He that reserves his laurels for posterity  
 (Who does not often claim the bright  
 reversion)  
 Has generally no great crop to spare it, he  
 Being only injured by his own assertion;  
 And although here and there some  
 glorious rarity  
 Arise like Titan from the sea's immersion,  
 The major part of such appellants go  
 To—God knows where—for no one else  
 can know.

## x

If, fallen in evil days on evil tongues,  
 Milton appealed to the Avenger, Time,  
 If Time, the Avenger, execrates his wrongs,  
 And makes the word 'Miltonic' mean  
 'sublime,'  
 He deign'd not to belie his soul in songs,  
 Nor turn his very talent to a crime;  
 He did not loathe the Sire to laud the Son,  
 But closed the tyrant-hater he begun.

## xi

Think'st thou, could he—the blind Old  
 Man—arise,  
 Like Samuel from the grave, to freeze  
 once more  
 The blood of monarchs with his prophecies,  
 Or be alive again—again all hoar  
 With time and trials, and those helpless  
 eyes,  
 And heartless daughters—worn—and  
 pale—and poor;  
 Would *he* adore a sultan? *he* obey  
 The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?

## xii

Cold-blooded, smooth-faced, placid mis-  
 creant!  
 Dabbling its sleek young hands in Erin's  
 gore,  
 And thus for wider carnage taught to pant,  
 Transferr'd to gorge upon a sister shore,  
 The vilest tool that Tyranny could want,  
 With just enough of talent, and no more,  
 To lengthen fetters by another fix'd,  
 And offer poison long already mix'd.

## xiii

An orator of such set trash of phrase  
 Ineffably—legitimately vile,  
 That even its grossest flatterers dare not  
 praise,  
 Nor foes—all nations—condescend to  
 smile;  
 Not even a sprightly blunder's spark can  
 blaze  
 From that Ixion grindstone's ceaseless  
 toil,  
 That turns and turns to give the world a  
 notion  
 Of endless torments and perpetual motion.

## XIV

A bungler even in its disgusting trade,  
And botching, patching, leaving still behind  
Something of which its masters are afraid,  
States to be curb'd, and thoughts to be confined,  
Conspiracy or Congress to be made—  
Cobbling at manacles for all mankind—  
A tinkering slave-maker, who mends old chains,  
With God and man's abhorrence for its gains.

## XV

If we may judge of matter by the mind,  
Emasculated to the marrow *It*  
Hath but two objects, how to serve, and bind,  
Deeming the chain it wears even men may fit,  
Eutropius of its many masters,—blind  
To worth as freedom, wisdom as to wit,  
Fearless—because *no* feeling dwells in ice,  
Its very courage stagnates to a vice.

## XVI

Where shall I turn me not to *view* its bonds,  
For I will never *feel* them;—Italy!  
Thy late reviving Roman soul desponds  
Beneath the lie this State-thing breathed  
o'er thee—  
Thy clanking chain, and Erin's yet green wounds,  
Have voices—tongues to cry aloud for me.  
Europe has slaves, allies, kings, armies still,  
And Southey lives to sing them very ill.

## XVII

Meantime, Sir Laureate, I proceed to dedicate,  
In honest simple verse, this song to you.  
And, if in flattering strains I do not predicate,  
'Tis that I still retain my 'buff and blue';  
My politics as yet are all to educate:  
Apostasy's so fashionable, too,  
To keep *one* creed's a task grown quite Herculean:  
Is it not so, my Tory, ultra-Julian?

VENICE, September 16, 1818.

## I

I WANT a hero: an uncommon want,  
When every year and month sends forth  
a new one,  
Till, after cloying the gazettes with cant,  
The age discovers he is not the true one:  
Of such as these I should not care to vaunt,  
I'll therefore take our ancient friend  
Don Juan—  
We all have seen him, in the pantomime,  
Sent to the devil somewhat ere his time.

## II

Vernon, the butcher Cumberland, Wolfe,  
Hawke,  
Prince Ferdinand, Granby, Burgoyne,  
Keppel, Howe,  
Evil and good, have had their tithe of talk,  
And fill'd their sign-posts then, like Wellesley now;  
Each in their turn like Banquo's monarchs stalk,  
Followers of fame, 'nine farrow' of that sow:  
France, too, had Buonaparté and Dumourier  
Recorded in the *Moniteur* and *Courier*.

## III

Barnave, Brissot, Condorcet, Mirabeau,  
Pétion, Cloutz, Danton, Marat, La Fayette,  
Were French, and famous people, as we know;  
And there were others, scarce forgotten yet,  
Joubert, Hoche, Marceau, Lannes, Desaix, Moreau,  
With many of the military set,  
Exceedingly remarkable at times,  
But not at all adapted to my rhymes.

## IV

Nelson was once Britannia's god of war,  
And still should be so, but the tide is turn'd;  
There's no more to be said of Trafalgar,  
'Tis with our hero quietly inurn'd;  
Because the army's grown more popular,  
At which the naval people are concern'd,  
Besides, the prince is all for the land-service,  
Forgetting Duncan, Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.

## V

Brave men were living before Agamemnon  
And since, exceeding valorous and sage,  
A good deal like him too, though quite the same none;  
But then they shone not on the poet's page,  
And so have been forgotten:—I condemn none,  
But can't find any in the present age  
Fit for my poem (that is, for my new one);  
So, as I said, I'll take my friend Don Juan.

## VI

Most epic poets plunge 'in medias res'  
(Horace makes this the heroic turnpike road),  
And then your hero tells, whene'er you please,  
What went before—by way of episode,

# DON JUAN

# [CANTO I

While seated after dinner at his ease,  
Beside his mistress in some soft abode,  
Palace, or garden, paradise, or cavern,  
Which serves the happy couple for a tavern.

## VII

That is the usual method, but not mine—  
My way is to begin with the beginning;  
The regularity of my design  
Forbids all wandering as the worst of  
sinning,  
And therefore I shall open with a line  
(Although it cost me half an hour in  
spinning)  
Narrating somewhat of Don Juan's father,  
And also of his mother, if you'd rather.

## VIII

In Seville was he born, a pleasant city,  
Famous for oranges and women—he  
Who has not seen it will be much to pity,  
So says the proverb—and I quite agree;  
Of all the Spanish towns is none more  
pretty,  
Cadiz, perhaps—but that you soon may  
see:—  
Don Juan's parents lived beside the river,  
A noble stream, and call'd the Guadal-  
quivir.

## IX

His father's name was José—*Don*, of  
course,  
A true Hidalgo, free from every stain  
Of Moor or Hebrew blood, he traced his  
source  
Through the most Gothic gentlemen of  
Spain;  
A better cavalier ne'er mounted horse,  
Or, being mounted, e'er got down again,  
Than José, who begot our hero, who  
Begot—but that's to come—Well, to  
renew:

## X

His mother was a learned lady, famed  
For every branch of every science  
known—  
In every Christian language ever named,  
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone:  
She made the cleverest people quite  
ashamed,  
And even the good with inward envy  
groan,  
Finding themselves so very much exceeded  
In their own way by all the things that  
she did.

## XI

Her memory was a mine: she knew by heart  
All Calderon and greater part of Lope,  
So that if any actor miss'd his part  
She could have served him for the  
prompter's copy;

For her Feinagle's were an useless art,  
And he himself obliged to shut up shop  
—he  
Could never make a memory so fine as  
That which adorn'd the brain of Donna  
Inez.

## XII

Her favourite science was the mathe-  
matical,  
Her noblest virtue was her magnanim-  
ity;  
Her wit (she sometimes tried at wit) was  
Attic all,  
Her serious sayings darken'd to sub-  
limity;  
In short, in all things she was fairly what  
I call  
A prodigy—her morning dress was  
dimity,  
Her evening silk, or, in the summer,  
muslin,  
And other stuffs, with which I won't stay  
puzzling.

## XIII

She knew the Latin—that is, 'the Lord's  
prayer,'  
And Greek—the alphabet—I'm nearly  
sure;  
She read some French romances here and  
there,  
Although her mode of speaking was not  
pure;  
For native Spanish she had no great care,  
At least her conversation was obscure;  
Her thoughts were theorems, her words a  
problem,  
As if she deem'd that mystery would en-  
noble 'em.

## XIV

She liked the English and the Hebrew  
tongue,  
And said there was analogy between  
'em;  
She proved it somehow out of sacred song,  
But I must leave the proofs to those  
who've seen 'em,  
But this I heard her say, and can't be wrong,  
And all may think which way their judg-  
ments lean 'em,  
'Tis strange—the Hebrew noun which  
means "I am,"  
The English always use to govern d—n.'

## XV

Some women use their tongues—she  
*look'd* a lecture,  
Each eye a sermon, and her brow a  
homily,  
An all-in-all sufficient self-director,  
Like the lamented late Sir Samuel  
Romilly,

The Law's expounder, and the State's corrector,

Whose suicide was almost an anomaly—  
One sad example more, that 'All is vanity,'—

(The jury brought their verdict in 'Insanity'.)

## XVI

In short, she was a walking calculation,  
Miss Edgeworth's novels stepping from  
their covers,

Or Mrs. Trimmer's books on education,  
Or 'Cœlebs' Wife' set out in quest of  
lovers,

Morality's prim personification,  
In which not Envy's self a flaw discovers;  
To others' share let 'female errors fall,'  
For she had not even one—the worst of all.

## XVII

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—  
Of any modern female saint's comparison;

So far above the cunning powers of hell,  
Her guardian angel had given up his  
garrison;

Even her minutest motions went as well  
As those of the best time-piece made by  
Harrison:

In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,  
Save thine 'incomparable oil,' Macassar!

## XVIII

Perfect she was, but as perfection is  
Insipid in this naughty world of ours,  
Where our first parents never learn'd to  
kiss

Till they were exiled from their earlier  
bowers,

Where all was peace, and innocence, and  
bliss

(I wonder how they got through the  
twelve hours),

Don José, like a lineal son of Eve,  
Went plucking various fruit without her  
leave.

## XIX

He was a mortal of the careless kind,  
With no great love for learning, or the  
learn'd,

Who chose to go where'er he had a mind,  
And never dream'd his lady was concern'd;

The world, as usual, wickedly inclined  
To see a kingdom or a house o' return'd,

Whisper'd he had a mistress, some said  
*two,*

But for domestic quarrels *one* will do.

## XX

Now Donna Inez had, with all her merit,  
A great opinion of her own good  
qualities;

Neglect, indeed, requires a saint to bear it,  
And such, indeed, she was in her moral-  
ities;

But then she had a devil of a spirit,  
And sometimes mix'd up fancies with  
realities,

And let few opportunities escape  
Of getting her liege lord into a scrape.

## XXI

This was an easy matter with a man  
Oft in the wrong, and never on his  
guard;

And even the wisest, do the best they can,  
Have moments, hours, and days, so un-  
prepared,

That you might 'brain them with their  
lady's fan';

And sometimes ladies hit exceeding  
hard,

And fans turn into falchions in fair hands,  
And why and wherefore no one under-  
stands.

## XXII

'Tis pity learned virgins ever wed  
With persons of no sort of education,  
Or gentlemen, who, though well born and  
bred,

Grow tired of scientific conversation;  
I don't choose to say much upon this head,  
I'm a plain man, and in a single station,  
But—Oh! ye lords of ladies intellectual,  
Inform us truly: have they not hen-peck'd  
you all?

## XXIII

Don José and his lady quarrell'd—*why*,  
Not any of the many could divine,

Though several thousand people chose to  
try,

'Twas surely no concern of theirs nor  
mine;

I loathe that low vice—curiosity;  
But if there's anything in which I shine,  
'Tis in arranging all my friends' affairs,  
Not having, of my own, domestic cares.

## XXIV

And so I interfered, and with the best  
Intentions, but their treatment was not  
kind;

I think the foolish people were possess'd,  
For neither of them could I ever find,  
Although their porter afterwards con-  
fess'd—

But that's no matter, and the worst's  
behind,

For little Juan o'er me threw, down stairs,  
A pail of housemaid's water unawares.



xxv

A little curly-headed, good-for-nothing,  
 And mischief-making monkey from his  
 birth;  
 His parents ne'er agreed except in doting  
 Upon the most unquiet imp on earth;  
 Instead of quarrelling, had they been but  
 both in  
 Their senses, they'd have sent young  
 master forth  
 To school, or had him soundly whipp'd at  
 home,  
 To teach him manners for the time to  
 come.

xxvi

Don José and the Donna Inez led  
 For some time an unhappy sort of life,  
 Wishing each other, not divorced, but  
 dead;  
 They lived respectably as man and wife,  
 Their conduct was exceedingly well-bred,  
 And gave no outward signs of inward  
 strife,  
 Until at length the smother'd fire broke out,  
 And put the business past all kind of doubt.

xxvii

For Inez call'd some druggists and phy-  
 sicians,  
 And tried to prove her loving lord was  
*mad*,  
 But as he had some lucid intermissions,  
 She next decided he was only *bad*;  
 Yet when they ask'd her for her deposi-  
 tions,  
 No sort of explanation could be had,  
 Save that her duty both to man and God  
 Required this conduct—which seem'd very  
 odd.

xxviii

She kept a journal, where his faults were  
 noted,  
 And open'd certain trunks of books and  
 letters,  
 All which might, if occasion served, be  
 quoted;  
 And then she had all Seville for abettors,  
 Besides her good old grandmother (who  
 doted);  
 The hearers of her case became re-  
 peaters,  
 Then advocates, inquisitors, and judges,  
 Some for amusement, others for old  
 grudges.

xxix

And then this best and meekest woman  
 bore  
 With such serenity her husband's woes,  
 Just as the Spartan ladies did of yore,  
 Who saw their spouses kill'd, and nobly  
 chose

Never to say a word about them more—  
 Calmly she heard each calumny that  
 rose,  
 And saw *his* agonies with such sublimity,  
 That all the world exclaim'd, 'What mag-  
 nanimity!'

xxx

No doubt this patience, when the world is  
 damning us,  
 Is philosophic in our former friends;  
 'Tis also pleasant to be deem'd magnani-  
 mous,  
 The more so in obtaining our own ends;  
 And what the lawyers call a '*malus*  
*animus*'  
 Conduct like this by no means compre-  
 hends:  
 Revenge in person's certainly no virtue,  
 But then 'tis not *my* fault, if *others* hurt  
 you.

xxxI

And if our quarrels should rip up old  
 stories,  
 And help them with a lie or two addi-  
 tional,  
 I'm not to blame, as you well know—no  
 more is  
 Any one else—they were become tradi-  
 tional;  
 Besides, their resurrection aids our glories  
 By contrast, which is what we just were  
 wishing all:  
 And science profits by this resurrection—  
 Dead scandals form good subjects for dis-  
 section.

xxxII

Their friends had tried at reconciliation,  
 Then their relations, who made matters  
 worse,  
 ('Twere hard to tell upon a like occasion  
 To whom it may be best to have re-  
 course—  
 I can't say much for friend or yet relation):  
 The lawyers did their utmost for divorce,  
 But scarce a fee was paid on either side  
 Before, unluckily, Don José died.

xxxIII

He died: and most unluckily, because,  
 According to all hints I could collect  
 From counsel learned in those kinds of  
 laws  
 (Although their talk's obscure and cir-  
 cumspect),  
 His death contrived to spoil a charming  
 cause;  
 A thousand pities also with respect  
 To public feeling, which on this occasion  
 Was manifested in a great sensation.

## XXXIV

But ah! he died; and buried with him lay  
The public feeling and the lawyers' fees:  
His house was sold, his servants sent  
away,

A Jew took one of his two mistresses,  
A priest the other—at least so they say:  
I ask'd the doctors after his disease—  
He died of the slow fever called the  
tertian,  
And left his widow to her own aversion.

## XXXV

Yet José was an honourable man,  
That I must say, who knew him very  
well;  
Therefore his frailties I'll no further scan,  
Indeed there were not many more to  
tell:  
And if his passions now and then outran  
Discretion, and were not so peaceable  
As Numa's (who was also named Pompi-  
lius),  
He had been ill brought up, and was born  
bilious.

## XXXVI

Whate'er might be his worthlessness or  
worth,  
Poor fellow! he had many things to  
wound him,  
Let's own—since it can do no good on  
earth—  
It was a trying moment that which  
found him  
Standing alone beside his desolate hearth,  
Where all his household gods lay  
shiver'd round him:  
No choice was left his feelings or his pride,  
Save death or Doctors' Commons—so he  
died.

## XXXVII

Dying intestate, Juan was sole heir  
To a chancery suit, and messuages and  
lands,  
Which, with a long minority and care,  
Promised to turn out well in proper  
hands:  
Inez became sole guardian, which was fair,  
And answer'd but to nature's just de-  
mands;  
An only son left with an only mother  
Is brought up much more wisely than  
another.

## XXXVIII

Sagest of women, even of widows, she  
Resolved that Juan should be quite a  
paragon,  
And worthy of the noblest pedigree:  
(His sire was of Castile, his dam from  
Aragon).

Then for accomplishments of chivalry,  
In case our lord the king should go to  
war again,  
He learn'd the arts of riding, fencing, gun-  
nery,  
And how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery.

## XXXIX

But that which Donna Inez most desired,  
And saw into herself each day before all  
The learned tutors whom for him she  
hired,  
Was, that his breeding should be strictly  
moral:  
Much into all his studies she inquired,  
And so they were submitted first to her,  
all,  
Arts, sciences, no branch was made a  
mystery  
To Juan's eyes, excepting natural history.

## XL

The languages, especially the dead,  
The sciences, and most of all the  
abstruse,  
The arts, at least all such as could be said  
To be the most remote from common  
use,  
In all these he was much and deeply read:  
But not a page of anything that's loose,  
Or hints continuation of the species,  
Was ever suffer'd, lest he should grow  
vicious.

## XLI

His classic studies made a little puzzle,  
Because of filthy loves of gods and god-  
desses,  
Who in the earlier ages raised a bustle,  
But never put on pantaloons or bodices;  
His reverend tutors had at times a tussle,  
And for their Æneids, Iliads, and  
Odysseys,  
Were forced to make an odd sort of  
apology,  
For Donna Inez dreaded the Mythology.

## XLII

Ovid's a rake, as half his verses show him,  
Anacreon's morals are a still worse  
sample,  
Catullus scarcely has a decent poem,  
I don't think Sappho's Ode a good  
example,  
Although Longinus tells us there is no  
hymn  
Where the sublime soars forth on wings  
more ample;  
But Virgil's songs are pure, except that  
horrid one  
Beginning with 'Formosum Pastor Cory-  
don.'

## XLIII

Lucretius' irreligion is too strong  
 For early stomachs, to prove whole-  
 some food;  
 I can't help thinking Juvenal was wrong,  
 Although no doubt his real intent was  
 good,  
 For speaking out so plainly in his song,  
 So much indeed as to be downright  
 rude;  
 And then what proper person can be  
 partial  
 To all those nauseous epigrams of Martial?

## XLIV

Juan was taught from out the best edition,  
 Expurgated by learned men, who place,  
 Judiciously, from out the schoolboy's  
 vision,  
 The grosser parts; but, fearful to deface  
 Too much their modest bard by this  
 omission,  
 And pitying sore this mutilated case,  
 They only add them all in an appendix,  
 Which saves, in fact, the trouble of an  
 index;

## XLV

For there we have them all 'at one fell  
 swoop,'  
 Instead of being scatter'd through the  
 pages;  
 They stand forth marshall'd in a handsome  
 troop,  
 To meet the ingenuous youth of future  
 ages,  
 Till some less rigid editor shall stoop  
 To call them back into their separate  
 cages,  
 Instead of standing staring all together,  
 Like garden gods—and not so decent  
 either.

## XLVI

The Missal too (it was the family Missal)  
 Was ornamented in a sort of way  
 Which ancient mass-books often are, and  
 this all  
 Kinds of grotesques illumined; and how  
 they,  
 Who saw those figures on the margin kiss  
 all,  
 Could turn their optics to the text and  
 pray,  
 Is more than I know—But Don Juan's  
 mother  
 Kept this herself, and gave her son another.

## XLVII

Sermons he read, and lectures he endured,  
 And homilies, and lives of all the saints;  
 To Jerome and to Chrysostom inured,  
 He did not take such studies for re-  
 straints;

But how faith is acquired, and then in-  
 sured,  
 So well not one of the aforesaid paints  
 As Saint Augustine in his fine Confessions,  
 Which make the reader envy his trans-  
 gressions.

## XLVIII

This, too, was a seal'd book to little Juan—  
 I can't but say that his mamma was right,  
 If such an education was the true one.  
 She scarcely trusted him from out her  
 sight;  
 Her maids were old, and if she took a new  
 one,  
 You might be sure she was a perfect  
 fright,  
 She did this during even her husband's  
 life—  
 I recommend as much to every wife.

## XLIX

Young Juan wax'd in godliness and grace;  
 At six a charming child, and at eleven  
 With all the promise of as fine a face  
 As e'er to man's maturer growth was  
 given.  
 He studied steadily and grew apace,  
 And seem'd, at least, in the right road to  
 heaven,  
 For half his days were pass'd at church,  
 the other  
 Between his tutors, confessor, and mother.

## L

At six, I said, he was a charming child,  
 At twelve he was a fine, but quiet boy;  
 Although in infancy a little wild,  
 They tamed him down amongst them;  
 to destroy  
 His natural spirit not in vain they toil'd,  
 At least it seem'd so; and his mother's  
 joy  
 Was to declare how sage, and still, and  
 steady,  
 Her young philosopher was grown already.

## LI

I had my doubts, perhaps I have them still,  
 But what I say is neither here nor there:  
 I knew his father well, and have some skill  
 In character—but it would not be fair  
 From sire to son to augur good or ill:  
 He and his wife were an ill sorted pair—  
 But scandal's my aversion—I protest  
 Against all evil speaking, even in jest.

## LII

For my part I say nothing—nothing—but  
 This I will say—my reasons are my  
 own—  
 That if I had an only son to put  
 To school (as God be praised that I have  
 none),

'Tis not with Donna Inez I would shut  
Him up to learn his catechism alone,  
No—no—I'd send him out betimes to  
college,  
For there it was I pick'd up my own know-  
ledge.

## LIII

For there one learns—'tis not for me to  
boast,  
Though I acquired—but I pass over  
that,  
As well as all the Greek I since have lost:  
I say that there's the place—but '*Verb-  
um sat*,'  
I think I pick'd up too, as well as most,  
Knowledge of matters—but no matter  
what—  
I never married—but, I think, I know  
That sons should not be educated so.

## LIV

Young Juan now was sixteen years of age,  
Tall, handsome, slender, but well knit:  
he seem'd  
Active, though not so sprightly, as a page;  
And everybody but his mother deem'd  
Him almost man; but she flew in a rage  
And bit her lips (for else she might have  
scream'd)  
If any said so, for to be precocious  
Was in her eyes a thing the most atrocious.

## LV

Amongst her numerous acquaintance, all  
Selected for discretion and devotion,  
There was the Donna Julia, whom to call  
Pretty were but to give a feeble notion  
Of many charms in her as natural  
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to  
ocean,  
Her zone to Venus, or his bow to Cupid  
(But this last simile is trite and stupid).

## LVI

The darkness of her Oriental eye  
Accorded with her Moorish origin;  
(Her blood was not all Spanish, by the by;  
In Spain, you know, this is a sort of sin).  
When proud Granada fell, and, forced to  
fly,  
Boabdil wept, of Donna Julia's kin  
Some went to Africa, some stay'd in Spain,  
Her great great grandmamma chose to re-  
main.

## LVII

She married (I forget the pedigree)  
With an Hidalgo, who transmitted down  
His blood less noble than such blood  
should be;  
At such alliances his sires would frown,

In that point so precise in each degree  
That they bred *in and in*, as might be  
shown,  
Marrying their cousins—nay, their aunts,  
and nieces,  
Which always spoils the breed, if it in-  
creases.

## LVIII

This heathenish cross restored the breed  
again,  
Ruin'd its blood, but much improved  
its flesh;  
For from a root the ugliest in old Spain  
Sprung up a branch as beautiful as  
fresh;  
The sons no more were short, the daughters  
plain:  
But there's a rumour which I fain would  
hush,  
'Tis said that Donna Julia's grandmamma  
Produced her Don more heirs at love than  
law.

## LIX

However this might be, the race went on  
Improving still through every genera-  
tion,  
Until it centred in an only son,  
Who left an only daughter: my narra-  
tion  
May have suggested that this single one  
Could be but Julia (whom on this  
occasion  
I shall have much to speak about), and she  
Was married, charming, chaste, and  
twenty-three.

## LX

Her eye (I'm very fond of handsome eyes)  
Was large and dark, suppressing half its  
fire  
Until she spoke, then through its soft dis-  
guise  
Flash'd an expression more of pride  
than ire,  
And love than either; and there would  
arise  
A something in them which was not  
desire,  
But would have been, perhaps, but for the  
soul  
Which struggled through and chasten'd  
down the whole.

## LXI

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow  
Bright with intelligence, and fair, and  
smooth;  
Her eyebrow's shape was like the aerial  
bow,  
Her cheek all purple with the beam of  
youth,

# DON JUAN

[CANTO I

Mounting, at times, to a transparent glow,  
As if her veins ran lightning; she, in  
sooth,  
Possess'd an air and grace by no means  
common:  
Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman.

## LXII

Wedded she was some years, and to a man  
Of fifty, and such husbands are in  
plenty;  
And yet, I think, instead of such a ONE  
'Twere better to have TWO of five-and-  
twenty,  
Especially in countries near the sun:  
And now I think on't, 'mi vien in mente,'  
Ladies even of the most uneasy virtue  
Prefer a spouse whose age is short of thirty.

## LXIII

'Tis a sad thing, I cannot choose but say,  
And all the fault of that indecent sun,  
Who cannot leave alone our helpless clay,  
But will keep baking, broiling, burning  
on,  
That howsoever people fast and pray,  
The flesh is frail, and so the soul undone:  
What men call gallantry, and gods  
adultery,  
Is much more common where the climate's  
sultry.

## LXIV

Happy the nations of the moral North!  
Where all is virtue, and the winter season  
Sends sin, without a rag on, shivering forth  
('Twas snow that brought St. Anthony  
to reason);  
Where juries cast up what a wife is worth,  
By laying whate'er sum, in mulct, they  
please on  
The lover, who must pay a handsome price,  
Because it is a marketable vice.

## LXV

Alfonso was the name of Julia's lord,  
A man well looking for his years, and  
who  
Was neither much beloved nor yet  
abhorr'd:  
They lived together as most people do,  
Suffering each other's foibles by accord,  
And not exactly either *one* or *two*;  
Yet he was jealous, though he did not  
show it,  
For jealousy dislikes the world to know it.

## LXVI

Julia was—yet I never could see why—  
With Donna Inez quite a favourite  
friend;  
Between their tastes there was small sym-  
pathy,  
For not a line had Julia ever penn'd:

Some people whisper (but, no doubt, they  
lie,  
For malice still imputes some private  
end)  
That Inez had, ere Don Alfonso's mar-  
riage,  
Forgot with him her very prudent carriage;

## LXVII

And that still keeping up the old con-  
nexion,  
Which time had lately render'd much  
more chaste,  
She took his lady also in affection,  
And certainly this course was much the  
best:  
She flatter'd Julia with her sage protection,  
And complimented Don Alfonso's  
taste;  
And if she could not (who can?) silence  
scandal,  
At least she left it a more slender handle.

## LXVIII

I can't tell whether Julia saw the affair  
With other people's eyes, or if her own  
Discoveries made, but none could be  
aware  
Of this, at least no symptom e'er was  
shown;  
Perhaps she did not know, or did not care,  
Indifferent from the first, or callous  
grown:  
I'm really puzzled what to think or say,  
She kept her counsel in so close a way.

## LXIX

Juan she saw, and, as a pretty child,  
Caress'd him often—such a thing might  
be  
Quite innocently done, and harmless  
styled,  
When she had twenty years, and thirteen  
he;  
But I am not so sure I should have smiled  
When he was sixteen, Julia twenty-  
three;  
These few short years make wondrous  
alterations,  
Particularly amongst sun-burnt nations.

## LXX

Whate'er the cause might be, they had be-  
come  
Changed; for the dame grew distant, the  
youth shy,  
Their looks cast down, their greetings  
almost dumb,  
And much embarrassment in either eye;  
There surely will be little doubt with some  
That Donna Julia knew the reason why,  
But as for Juan, he had no more notion  
Than he who never saw the sea of ocean.

## LXXI

Yet Julia's very coldness still was kind,  
 And tremulously gentle her small hand  
 Withdrew itself from his, but left behind  
 A little pressure, thrilling, and so bland  
 And slight, so very slight, that to the mind  
 'Twas but a doubt; but ne'er magician's  
 wand  
 Wrought change with all Armida's fairy  
 art  
 Like what this light touch left on Juan's  
 heart.

## LXXII

And if she met him, though she smiled no  
 more,  
 She look'd a sadness sweeter than her  
 smile,  
 As if her heart had deeper thoughts in  
 store  
 She must not own, but cherish'd more  
 the while  
 For that compression in its burning core;  
 Even innocence itself has many a wile,  
 And will not dare to trust itself with truth,  
 And love is taught hypocrisy from youth.

## LXXIII

But passion most dissembles, yet betrays  
 Even by its darkness; as the blackest sky  
 Foretells the heaviest tempest, it displays  
 Its workings through the vainly guarded  
 eye,  
 And in whatever aspect it arrays  
 Itself, 'tis still the same hypocrisy:  
 Coldness or anger, even disdain or hate,  
 Are masks it often wears, and still too late.

## LXXIV

Then there were sighs, the deeper for sup-  
 pression,  
 And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft,  
 And burning blushes, though for no trans-  
 gression,  
 Tremblings when met, and restlessness  
 when left;  
 All these are little preludes to possession,  
 Of which young passion cannot be be-  
 reef,  
 And merely tend to show how greatly love is  
 Embarrass'd at first starting with a novice.

## LXXV

Poor Julia's heart was in an awkward  
 state;  
 She felt it going, and resolved to make  
 The noblest efforts for herself and mate,  
 For honour's, pride's, religion's, vir-  
 tue's sake.  
 Her resolutions were most truly great,  
 And almost might have made a Tarquin  
 quake:  
 She pray'd the Virgin Mary for her grace,  
 As being the best judge of a lady's case.

## LXXVI

She vow'd she never would see Juan more,  
 And next day paid a visit to his mother,  
 And look'd extremely at the opening door,  
 Which, by the Virgin's grace, let in  
 another;  
 Grateful she was, and yet a little sore—  
 Again it opens, it can be no other,  
 'Tis surely Juan now—No! I'm afraid  
 That night the Virgin was no further  
 pray'd.

## LXXVII

She now determined that a virtuous  
 woman  
 Should rather face and overcome  
 temptation,  
 That flight was base and dastardly, and no  
 man  
 Should ever give her heart the least sen-  
 sation;  
 That is to say, a thought beyond the com-  
 mon  
 Preference, that we must feel upon occa-  
 sion,  
 For people who are pleasanter than others,  
 But then they only seem so many brothers.

## LXXVIII

And even if by chance—and who can tell?  
 The devil's so very sly—she should dis-  
 cover  
 That all within was not so very well,  
 And, if still free, that such or such a  
 lover  
 Might please perhaps, a virtuous wife can  
 quell  
 Such thoughts, and be the better when  
 they're over;  
 And if the man should ask, 'tis but denial:  
 I recommend young ladies to make trial.

## LXXIX

And then there are such things as love  
 divine,  
 Bright and immaculate, unmix'd and  
 pure,  
 Such as the angels think so very fine,  
 And matrons, who would be no less  
 secure,  
 Platonic, perfect, 'just such love as mine':  
 Thus Julia said—and thought so, to be  
 sure;  
 And so I'd have her think, were I the man  
 On whom her reveries celestial ran.

## LXXX

Such love is innocent, and may exist  
 Between young persons without any  
 danger:  
 A hand may first, and then a lip be kist;  
 For my part, to such doings I'm a  
 stranger,

But *hear* these freedoms form the utmost  
list

Of all o'er which such love may be a  
ranger:

If people go beyond, 'tis quite a crime,  
But not my fault—I tell them all in time.

LXXXI

Love, then, but love within its proper  
limits

Was Julia's innocent determination  
In young Don Juan's favour, and to him  
its

Exertion might be useful on occasion;  
And, lighted at too pure a shrine to dim its

Ethereal lustre, with what sweet persua-  
sion

He might be taught, by love and her to-  
gether—

I really don't know what, nor Julia either.

LXXXII

Fraught with this fine intention, and well  
fenced

In mail of proof—her purity of soul,  
She, for the future of her strength con-  
vinced,

And that her honour was a rock, or mole,  
Exceeding sagely from that hour dispensed

With any kind of troublesome control;  
But whether Julia to the task was equal  
Is that which must be mention'd in the  
sequel.

LXXXIII

Her plan she deem'd both innocent and  
feasible,

And, surely, with a stripling of sixteen  
Not scandal's fangs could fix on much  
that's seizable,

Or if they did so, satisfied to mean  
Nothing but what was good, her breast  
was peaceable:

A quiet conscience makes one so serene!  
Christians have burnt each other, quite  
persuaded

That all the Apostles would have done as  
they did.

LXXXIV

And if in the mean time her husband died,  
But Heaven forbid that such a thought  
should cross

Her brain, though in a dream! (and then  
she sigh'd)

Never could she survive that common  
loss;

But just suppose that moment should be-  
tide,

I only say suppose it—*inter nos*.  
(This should be *entre nous*, for Julia  
thought

In French, but then the rhyme would go  
for nought.)

LXXXV

I only say, suppose this supposition:

Juan being then grown up to man's  
estate

Would fully suit a widow of condition,  
Even seven years hence it would not be  
too late;

And in the interim (to pursue this vision)  
The mischief, after all, could not be  
great,

For he would learn the rudiments of love,  
I mean the seraph way of those above.

LXXXVI

So much for Julia. Now we'll turn to Juan.

Poor little fellow! he had no idea

Of his own case, and never hit the true one;

In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea,

He puzzled over what he found a new one,

But not as yet imagined it could be a

Thing quite in course, and not at all alarm-  
ing,

Which, with a little patience, might grow  
charming.

LXXXVII

Silent and pensive, idle, restless, slow,

His home deserted for the lonely wood,

Tormented with a wound he could not  
know,

His, like all deep grief, plunged in soli-  
tude:

I'm fond myself of solitude or so,

But then, I beg it may be understood,

By solitude I mean a Sultan's, not

A hermit's, with a haram for a grot.

LXXXVIII

'Oh Love! in such a wilderness as this,

Where transport and security entwine,

Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,

And here thou art a god indeed divine.'

The bard I quote from does not sing amiss,

With the exception of the second line,

For that same twining 'transport and  
security'

Are twisted to a phrase of some obscurity.

LXXXIX

The poet meant, no doubt, and thus ap-  
peals

To the good sense and senses of man-  
kind,

The very thing which everybody feels,

As all have found on trial, or may find,

That no one likes to be disturb'd at meals

Or love.—I won't say more about 'en-  
twined'

Or 'transport,' as we knew all that before,  
But beg 'Security' will bolt the door.

## XC

Young Juan wander'd by the glassy brooks,  
Thinking unutterable things; he threw  
Himself at length within the leafy nooks  
Where the wild branch of the cork  
forest grew;  
There poets find materials for their books,  
And every now and then we read them  
through,  
So that their plan and prosody are eligible,  
Unless, like Wordsworth, they prove unin-  
telligible.

## XCI

He, Juan (and not Wordsworth), so pur-  
sued  
His self-communion with his own high  
soul,  
Until his mighty heart, in its great mood,  
Had mitigated part, though not the whole  
Of its disease; he did the best he could  
With things not very subject to control,  
And turn'd, without perceiving his con-  
dition,  
Like Coleridge, into a metaphysician.

## XCII

He thought about himself, and the whole  
earth,  
Of man the wonderful, and of the stars,  
And how the deuce they ever could have  
birth;  
And then he thought of earthquakes,  
and of wars,  
How many miles the moon might have in  
girth,  
Of air-balloons, and of the many bars  
To perfect knowledge of the boundless  
skies;—  
And then he thought of Donna Julia's eyes.

## XCIII

In thoughts like these true wisdom may  
discern  
Longings sublime, and aspirations high,  
Which some are born with, but the most  
part learn  
To plague themselves withal, they know  
not why:  
'Twas strange that one so young should  
thus concern  
His brain about the action of the sky;  
If *you* think 'twas philosophy that this did,  
I can't help thinking puberty assisted.

## XCIV

He pored upon the leaves, and on the  
flowers,  
And heard a voice in all the winds; and  
then  
He thought of wood-nymphs and im-  
mortal bowers,  
And how the goddesses came down to  
men:

He miss'd the pathway, he forgot the  
hours,  
And when he look'd upon his watch  
again,  
He found how much old Time had been a  
winner—  
He also found that he had lost his dinner.

## XCV

Sometimes he turn'd to gaze upon his  
book,  
Boscan, or Garcilasso;—by the wind  
Even as the page is rustled while we look,  
So by the poesy of his own mind  
Over the mystic leaf his soul was shook,  
As if 'twere one whereon magicians bind  
Their spells, and give them to the passing  
gale  
According to some good old woman's tale.

## XCVI

Thus would he while his lonely hours away  
Dissatisfied, nor knowing what he  
wanted;  
Nor glowing reverie, nor poet's lay,  
Could yield his spirit that for which it  
panted,  
A bosom whereon he his head might lay,  
And hear the heart beat with the love it  
granted,  
With—several other things, which I for-  
get,  
Or which, at least, I need not mention yet.

## XCVII

Those lonely walks, and lengthening reve-  
ries,  
Could not escape the gentle Julia's eyes;  
She saw that Juan was not at his ease;  
But that which chiefly may, and must  
surprise,  
Is, that the Donna Inez did not tease  
Her only son with question or surmise;  
Whether it was she did not see, or would  
not,  
Or, like all very clever people, could not.

## XCVIII

This may seem strange, but yet 'tis very  
common;  
For instance—gentlemen, whose ladies  
take  
Leave to o'erstep the written rights of  
woman,  
And break the—Which command-  
ment is't they break?  
(I have forgot the number, and think no  
man  
Should rashly quote, for fear of a mis-  
take.)  
I say, when these same gentlemen are  
jealous,  
They make some blunder, which their  
ladies tell us.



# DON JUAN

[CANTO I

XCIX

A real husband always is suspicious,  
But still no less suspects in the wrong  
place,  
Jealous of some one who had no such  
wishes,  
Or pandering blindly to his own disgrace,  
By harbouring some dear friend extremely  
vicious;  
The last indeed 's infallibly the case:  
And when the spouse and friend are gone  
off wholly,  
He wonders at their vice, and not his folly.

C

Thus parents also are at times short-  
sighted;  
Though watchful as the lynx, they ne'er  
discover,  
The while the wicked world beholds de-  
lighted,  
Young Hopeful's mistress, or Miss  
Fanny's lover,  
Till some confounded escapade has blighted  
The plan of twenty years, and all is over;  
And then the mother cries, the father  
swears,  
And wonders why the devil he got heirs.

CI

But Inez was so anxious, and so clear  
Of sight, that I must think, on this occa-  
sion,  
She had some other motive much more  
near  
For leaving Juan to this new temptation,  
But what that motive was, I shan't say  
here;  
Perhaps to finish Juan's education,  
Perhaps to open Don Alfonso's eyes,  
In case he thought his wife too great a  
prize.

CII

It was upon a day, a summer's day;—  
Summer's indeed a very dangerous  
season,  
And so is spring about the end of May;  
The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing  
reason;  
But whatsoe'er the cause is, one may say,  
And stand convicted of more truth than  
treason,  
That there are months which nature grows  
more merry in,—  
March has its hares, and May must have  
its heroine.

CIII

'Twas on a summer's day—the sixth of  
June:—  
I like to be particular in dates,  
Not only of the age, and year, but moon;  
They are a sort of post-house, where the  
Fates

Change horses, making history change its  
tune,  
Then spur away o'er empires and o'er  
states,  
Leaving at last not much besides chrono-  
logy,  
Excepting the post-obits of theology.

CIV

'Twas on the sixth of June, about the hour  
Of half-past six—perhaps still nearer  
seven—  
When Julia sate within as pretty a bower  
As e'er held houri in that heathenish  
heaven  
Described by Mahomet, and Anacreon  
Moore,  
To whom the lyre and laurels have been  
given,  
With all the trophies of triumphant song—  
He won them well, and may he wear them  
long!

CV

She sate, but not alone; I know not well  
How this same interview had taken  
place,  
And even if I knew, I should not tell—  
People should hold their tongues in any  
case;  
No matter how or why the thing befell,  
But there were she and Juan, face to  
face—  
When two such faces are so, 'twould be  
wise,  
But very difficult, to shut their eyes.

CVI

How beautiful she look'd! her conscious  
heart  
Glow'd in her cheek, and yet she felt no  
wrong,  
Oh Love! how perfect is thy mystic art,  
Strengthening the weak, and trampling  
on the strong!  
How self-deceitful is the sagest part  
Of mortals whom thy lure hath led  
along!—  
The precipice she stood on was immense,  
So was her creed in her own innocence.

CVII

She thought of her own strength, and  
Juan's youth,  
And of the folly of all prudish fears,  
Victorious virtue, and domestic truth,  
And then of Don Alfonso's fifty years:  
I wish these last had not occur'd, in sooth,  
Because that number rarely much en-  
dears,  
And through all climes, the snowy and the  
sunny,  
Sounds ill in love, whate'er it may in  
money.

## CVIII

When people say, 'I've told you *fifty* times,'  
They mean to scold, and very often do;  
When poets say, 'I've written *fifty* rhymes,'

They make you dread that they'll recite them too;  
In gangs of *fifty*, thieves commit their crimes;  
At *fifty* love for love is rare, 'tis true,  
But then, no doubt, it equally as true is,  
A good deal may be bought for *fifty* Louis.

## CIX

Julia had honour, virtue, truth, and love  
For Don Alfonso; and she inly swore,  
By all the vows below to powers above,  
She never would disgrace the ring she wore,  
Nor leave a wish which wisdom might improve;  
And while she ponder'd this, besides much more,  
One hand on Juan's carelessly was thrown,  
Quite by mistake—she thought it was her own;

## CX

Unconsciously she lean'd upon the other,  
Which play'd within the tangles of her hair;  
And to contend with thoughts she could not smother  
She seem'd, by the distraction of her air.  
'Twas surely very wrong in Juan's mother  
To leave together this imprudent pair,  
She who for many years had watch'd her son so—  
I'm very certain *mine* would not have done so.

## CXI

The hand which still held Juan's, by degrees  
Gently, but palpably confirm'd its grasp,  
As if it said, 'Detain me, if you please';  
Yet there's no doubt she only meant to clasp  
His fingers with a pure Platonic squeeze;  
She would have shrunk as from a toad, or asp,  
Had she imagined such a thing could rouse  
A feeling dangerous to a prudent spouse.

## CXII

I cannot know what Juan thought of this,  
But what he did, is much what you would do;  
His young lip thank'd it with a grateful kiss,  
And then, abash'd at its own joy, withdrew

In deep despair, lest he had done amiss,—  
Love is so very timid when 'tis new:  
She blush'd, and frown'd not, but she strove to speak,  
And held her tongue, her voice was grown so weak.

## CXIII

The sun set, and up rose the yellow moon:  
The devil's in the moon for mischief; they  
Who call'd her CHASTE, methinks, began too soon  
Their nomenclature; there is not a day,  
The longest, not the twenty-first of June,  
Sees half the business in a wicked way,  
On which three single hours of moonshine smile—  
And then she looks so modest all the while.

## CXIV

There is a dangerous silence in that hour,  
A stillness, which leaves room for the full soul  
To open all itself, without the power  
Of calling wholly back its self-control;  
The silver light which, hallowing tree and tower,  
Sheds beauty and deep softness o'er the whole,  
Breathes also to the heart, and o'er it throws  
A loving languor, which is not repose.

## CXV

And Julia sate with Juan, half embraced  
And half retiring from the glowing arm,  
Which trembled like the bosom where 'twas placed;  
Yet still she must have thought there was no harm,  
Or else 'twere easy to withdraw her waist;  
But then the situation had its charm,  
And then—God knows what next—I can't go on;  
I'm almost sorry that I e'er begun.

## CXVI

Oh Plato! Plato! you have paved the way,  
With your confounded fantasies, to more  
Immoral conduct by the fancied sway  
Your system feigns o'er the controlless core  
Of human hearts, than all the long array  
Of poets and romancers:—You're a bore,  
A charlatan, a coxcomb—and have been,  
At best, no better than a go-between.

## CXVII

And Julia's voice was lost, except in sighs,  
Until too late for useful conversation;  
The tears were gushing from her gentle eyes,  
I wish, indeed, they had not had occasion;

# DON JUAN

[CANTO I

But who, alas! can love, and then be wise?  
Not that remorse did not oppose tempta-  
tion;  
A little still she strove, and much repented,  
And whispering 'I will ne'er consent'—  
consented.

CXVIII

'Tis said that Xerxes offer'd a reward  
To those who could invent him a new  
pleasure.  
Methinks the requisition's rather hard,  
And must have cost his majesty a treasure:  
For my part, I'm a moderate-minded bard,  
Fond of a little love (which I call leisure);  
I care not for new pleasures, as the old  
Are quite enough for me, so they but hold.

CXIX

Oh Pleasure! you're indeed a pleasant thing,  
Although one must be damn'd for you,  
no doubt:  
I make a resolution every spring  
Of reformation, ere the year run out,  
But somehow, this my vestal vow takes  
wing,  
Yet still, I trust, it may be kept through-  
out:  
I'm very sorry, very much ashamed,  
And mean, next winter, to be quite re-  
claim'd.

CXX

Here my chaste Muse a liberty must take—  
Start not! still chaster reader—she'll be  
nice hence-  
Forward, and there is no great cause to  
quake;

This liberty is a poetic licence,  
Which some irregularity may make  
In the design, and as I have a high sense  
Of Aristotle and the Rules, 'tis fit  
To beg his pardon when I err a bit.

CXXI

This licence is to hope the reader will  
Suppose from June the sixth (the fatal  
day  
Without whose epoch my poetic skill  
For want of facts would all be thrown  
away),

But keeping Julia and Don Juan still  
In sight, that several months have  
pass'd; we'll say  
'Twas in November, but I'm not so sure  
About the day—the era's more obscure.

CXXII

We'll talk of that anon.—'Tis sweet to hear  
At midnight on the blue and moonlit  
deep  
The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,  
By distance mellow'd, o'er the waters  
sweep;

'Tis sweet to see the evening star appear;  
'Tis sweet to listen as the night-winds  
creep  
From leaf to leaf; 'tis sweet to view on  
high  
The rainbow, based on ocean, span the  
sky.

CXXIII

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest  
bark  
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw  
near home;  
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will  
mark  
Our coming, and look brighter when  
we come;  
'Tis sweet to be awaken'd by the lark,  
Or lull'd by falling waters; sweet the  
hum  
Of bees, the voice of girls, the song of  
birds,  
The lisp of children, and their earliest  
words.

CXXIV

Sweet is the vintage, when the showering  
grapes  
In Bacchanal profusion reel to earth,  
Purple and gushing; sweet are our escapes  
From civic revelry to rural mirth;  
Sweet to the miser are his glittering heaps,  
Sweet to the father is his first-born's  
birth,  
Sweet is revenge—especially to women,  
Pillage to soldiers, prize-money to seamen.

CXXV

Sweet is a legacy, and passing sweet  
The unexpected death of some old lady  
Or gentleman of seventy years complete,  
Who've made 'us youth' wait too—too  
long already  
For an estate, or cash, or country seat,  
Still breaking, but with stamina so  
steady  
That all the Israelites are fit to mob its  
Next owner for their double-damn'd post-  
obits.

CXXVI

'Tis sweet to win, no matter how, one's  
laurels,  
By blood or ink; 'tis sweet to put an end  
To strife; 'tis sometimes sweet to have our  
quarrels,  
Particularly with a tiresome friend:  
Sweet is old wine in bottles, ale in barrels;  
Dear is the helpless creature we defend  
Against the world; and dear the schoolboy  
spot  
We ne'er forget, though there we are  
forgot.

## CXXVII

But sweeter still than this, than these, than all,  
 Is first and passionate love—it stands alone,  
 Like Adam's recollection of his fall;  
 The tree of knowledge has been pluck'd  
 —all's known—  
 And life yields nothing further to recall  
 Worthy of this ambrosial sin, so shown,  
 No doubt in fable, as the unforgiven  
 Fire which Prometheus filch'd for us from  
 heaven.

## CXXVIII

Man's a strange animal, and makes  
 strange use  
 Of his own nature, and the various arts,  
 And likes particularly to produce  
 Some new experiment to show his parts;  
 This is the age of oddities let loose,  
 Where different talents find their differ-  
 ent marts;  
 You'd best begin with truth, and when  
 you've lost your  
 Labour, there's a sure market for im-  
 posture.

## CXXIX

What opposite discoveries we have seen!  
 (Signs of true genius, and of empty  
 pockets.)  
 One makes new noses, one a guillotine,  
 One breaks your bones, one sets them  
 in their sockets;  
 But vaccination certainly has been  
 A kind antithesis to Congreve's rockets,  
 With which the Doctor paid off an old pox,  
 By borrowing a new one from an ox.

## CXXX

Bread has been made (indifferent) from  
 potatoes;  
 And galvanism has set some corpses  
 grinning,  
 But has not answer'd like the apparatus  
 Of the Humane Society's beginning,  
 By which men are unsuffocated gratis:  
 What wondrous new machines have late  
 been spinning!  
 I said the small pox has gone out of late;  
 Perhaps it may be follow'd by the great.

## CXXXI

'Tis said the great came from America;  
 Perhaps it may set out on its return,—  
 The population there so spreads, they say  
 'Tis grown high time to thin it in its  
 turn,  
 With war, or plague, or famine, any way,  
 So that civilisation they may learn;  
 And which in ravage the more loathsome  
 evil is—  
 Their real lues, or our pseudo-syphilis?

## CXXXII

This is the patent age of new inventions  
 For killing bodies, and for saving souls,  
 All propagated with the best intentions;  
 Sir Humphry Davy's lantern, by which  
 coals  
 Are safely mined for in the mode he men-  
 tions,  
 Tombuctoo travels, voyages to the  
 Poles,  
 Are ways to benefit mankind, as true,  
 Perhaps, as shooting them at Waterloo.

## CXXXIII

Man's a phenomenon, one knows not  
 what,  
 And wonderful beyond all wondrous  
 measure;  
 'Tis pity though, in this sublime world,  
 that  
 Pleasure's a sin, and sometimes sin's a  
 pleasure;  
 Few mortals know what end they would  
 be at,  
 But whether glory, power, or love, or  
 treasure,  
 The path is through perplexing ways, and  
 when  
 The goal is gain'd, we die, you know—  
 and then—

## CXXXIV

What then?—I do not know, no more do  
 you—  
 And so good night.—Return we to our  
 story:  
 'Twas in November, when fine days are  
 few,  
 And the far mountains wax a little  
 hoary,  
 And clap a white cape on their mantles  
 blue;  
 And the sea dashes round the pro-  
 montory,  
 And the loud breaker boils against the  
 rock,  
 And sober suns must set at five o'clock.

## CXXXV

'Twas, as the watchmen say, a cloudy  
 night;  
 No moon, no stars, the wind was low  
 or loud  
 By gusts, and many a sparkling hearth was  
 bright  
 With the piled wood, round which the  
 family crowd;  
 There's something cheerful in that sort of  
 light,  
 Even as a summer sky's without a cloud:  
 I'm fond of fire, and crickets, and all that,  
 A lobster salad, and champagne, and chat.

## CXXXVI

'Twas midnight—Donna Julia was in bed,  
Sleeping, most probably,—when at her  
door

Arose a clatter might awake the dead,  
If they had never been awoke before,  
And that they have been so we all have  
read,

And are to be so, at the least, once  
more;—

The door was fasten'd, but with voice and  
fist

First knocks were heard, then 'Madam—  
Madam—hist!

## CXXXVII

'For God's sake, Madam—Madam—  
here's my master,

With more than half the city at his  
back—

Was ever heard of such a curst disaster!  
'Tis not my fault—I kept good watch—

Alack!

Do pray undo the bolt a little faster—  
They're on the stair just now, and in a  
crack

Will all be here; perhaps he yet may fly—  
Surely the window's not so *very* high!

## CXXXVIII

By this time Don Alfonso was arrived,  
With torches, friends, and servants in  
great number;

The major part of them had long been  
wived,

And therefore paused not to disturb the  
slumber

Of any wicked woman, who contrived  
By stealth her husband's temples to  
encumber:

Examples of this kind are so contagious,  
Were *one* not punish'd, *all* would be out-  
rageous.

## CXXXIX

I can't tell how, or why, or what suspicion  
Could enter into Don Alfonso's head;

But for a cavalier of his condition  
It surely was exceedingly ill-bred,

Without a word of previous admonition,  
To hold a levee round his lady's bed,

And summon lackeys, arm'd with fire and  
sword,

To prove himself the thing he most  
abhorr'd.

## CXL

Poor Donna Julia! starting as from sleep  
(Mind—that I do not say—she had not  
slept),

Began at once to scream, and yawn, and  
weep;

Her maid, Antonia, who was an adept,

Contrived to fling the bed-clothes in a  
heap,  
As if she had just now from out them  
crept:

I can't tell why she should take all this  
trouble

To prove her mistress had been sleeping  
double.

## CXLII

But Julia mistress, and Antonia maid,  
Appear'd like two poor harmless

women, who  
Of goblins, but still more of men afraid,

Had thought one man might be deterr'd  
by two,

And therefore side by side were gently laid,  
Until the hours of absence should run  
through,

And truant husband should return, and  
say,

'My dear, I was the first who came away.'

## CXLIII

Now Julia found at length a voice, and  
cried,

'In heaven's name, Don Alfonso, what  
d'y'e mean?

Has madness seized you? would that I had  
died

Ere such a monster's victim I had been!  
What may this midnight violence betide,

A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen?  
Dare you suspect me, whom the thought

would kill?  
Search, then, the room!'—Alfonso said,

'I will.'

## CXLIV

*He* search'd, *they* search'd, and rummaged  
everywhere,

Closet and clothes-press, chest and  
window-seat,

And found much linen, lace, and several  
pair

Of stockings, slippers, brushes, combs,  
complete,

With other articles of ladies fair,  
To keep them beautiful, or leave them

neat:  
Arras they prick'd and curtains with their

swords,  
And wounded several shutters, and some  
boards.

## CXLV

Under the bed they search'd, and there  
they found—

No matter what—it was not that they  
sought;

They open'd windows, gazing if the  
ground

Had signs or footmarks, but the earth  
said nought;

And then they stared each other's faces  
round:

'Tis odd, not one of all these seekers  
thought,  
And seems to me almost a sort of blunder,  
Of looking *in* the bed as well as under.

## CXLV

During this inquisition Julia's tongue  
Was not asleep—'Yes, search and  
search,' she cried,  
'Insult on insult heap, and wrong on wrong!  
It was for this that I became a bride!  
For this in silence I have suffer'd long  
A husband like Alfonso at my side;  
But now I'll bear no more, nor here  
remain,  
If there be law or lawyers in all Spain.

## CXLVI

'Yes, Don Alfonso! husband now no more,  
If ever you indeed deserved the name,  
Is't worthy of your years?—you have  
threescore—

Fifty, or sixty, it is all the same—  
Is't wise or fitting, causeless to explore  
For facts against a virtuous woman's  
fame?  
Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don  
Alfonso,  
How dare you think your lady would go  
on so?

## CXLVII

'Is it for this I have disdain'd to hold  
The common privileges of my sex?  
That I have chosen a confessor so old  
And deaf, that any other it would vex,  
And never once he has had cause to scold,  
But found my very innocence perplex  
So much, he always doubted I was  
married—  
How sorry you will be when I've mis-  
carried!

## CXLVIII

'Was it for this that no Cortejo e'er  
I yet have chosen from out the youth of  
Seville?  
Is it for this I scarce went anywhere,  
Except to bull-fights, mass, play, rout,  
and revel?  
Is it for this, whate'er my suitors were,  
I favour'd none—nay, was almost  
uncivil?  
Is it for this that General Count O'Reilly,  
Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?

## CXLIX

'Did not the Italian Musico Cazzani  
Sing at my heart six months at least in  
vain?  
Did not his countryman, Count Corniani,  
Call me the only virtuous wife in Spain?

Were there not also Russians, English,  
many?

The Count Strongstroganoff I put in  
pain,  
And Lord Mount Coffeehouse, the Irish  
peer,  
Who kill'd himself for love (with wine) last  
year.

## CL

'Have I not had two bishops at my feet?  
The Duke of Ichar, and Don Fernan  
Nunez?  
And is it thus a faithful wife you treat?  
I wonder in what quarter now the moon  
is:  
I praise your vast forbearance not to beat  
Me also, since the time so opportune  
is—  
Oh, valiant man! with sword drawn and  
cock'd trigger,  
Now, tell me, don't you cut a pretty  
figure?

## CLI

'Was it for this you took your sudden  
journey,  
Under pretence of business in-  
dispensable,  
With that sublime of rascals your attorney,  
Whom I see standing there, and looking  
sensible  
Of having play'd the fool? though both I  
spurn, he  
Deserves the worst, his conduct's less  
defensible,  
Because, no doubt, 'twas for his dirty fee,  
And not from any love to you nor me.

## CLII

'If he comes here to take a deposition,  
By all means let the gentleman proceed;  
You've made the apartment in a fit con-  
dition:—  
There's pen and ink for you, sir, when  
you need—  
Let everything be noted with precision,  
I would not you for nothing should be  
fee'd—  
But as my maid's undrest, pray turn your  
spies out.  
'Oh!' sobb'd Antonia, 'I could tear their  
eyes out.'

## CLIII

'There is the closet, there the toilet, there  
The antechamber—search them under,  
over;  
There is the sofa, there the great arm-  
chair,  
The chimney—which would really hold  
a lover.

I wish to sleep, and beg you will take care  
And make no further noise, till you  
discover  
The secret cavern of this lurking treasure—  
And when 'tis found, let me, too, have that  
pleasure.

## CLIV

'And now, Hidalgo! now that you have  
thrown  
Doubt upon me, confusion over all,  
Pray have the courtesy to make it known  
Who is the man you search for? how  
d'y'e call  
Him? what's his lineage? let him but be  
shown—  
I hope he's young and handsome—is he  
tall?  
Tell me—and be assured, that since you  
stain  
Mine honour thus, it shall not be in vain.

## CLV

'At least, perhaps, he has not sixty years,  
At that age he would be too old for  
slaughter,  
Or for so young a husband's jealous  
fears—  
(Antonia! let me have a glass of water.)  
I am ashamed of having shed these tears,  
They are unworthy of my father's  
daughter;  
My mother dream'd not in my natal hour,  
That I should fall into a monster's power.

## CLVI

'Perhaps 'tis of Antonia you are jealous,  
You saw that she was sleeping by my  
side,  
When you broke in upon us with your  
fellows;  
Look where you please—we've nothing,  
sir, to hide;  
Only another time, I trust, you'll tell us,  
Or for the sake of decency abide  
A moment at the door, that we may be  
Drest to receive so much good company.

## CLVII

'And now, sir, I have done, and say no  
more;  
The little I have said may serve to show  
The guileless heart in silence may grieve  
o'er  
The wrongs to whose exposure it is  
slow:—  
I leave you to your conscience as before,  
'Twill one day ask you, *why* you used me  
so?  
God grant you feel not then the bitterest  
grief!  
Antonia! where's my pocket-handker-  
chief?'

## CLVIII

She ceased, and turn'd upon her pillow;  
pale  
She lay, her dark eyes flashing through  
their tears,  
Like skies that rain and lighten; as a veil,  
Waved and o'ershading her wan cheek,  
appears  
Her streaming hair; the black curls strive,  
but fail,  
To hide the glossy shoulder, which  
uprears  
Its snow through all;—her soft lips lie  
apart,  
And louder than her breathing beats her  
heart.

## CLIX

The Senhor Don Alfonso stood confused;  
Antonia bustled round the ransack'd  
room,  
And, turning up her nose, with looks  
abused  
Her master, and his myrmidons, of  
whom  
Not one, except the attorney, was amused;  
He, like Achates, faithful to the tomb,  
So there were quarrels, cared not for the  
cause,  
Knowing they must be settled by the laws.

## CLX

With prying snub-nose, and small eyes,  
he stood,  
Following Antonia's motions here and  
there,  
With much suspicion in his attitude;  
For reputations he had little care;  
So that a suit or action were made good,  
Small pity had he for the young and fair,  
And ne'er believed in negatives, till these  
Were proved by competent false witnesses.

## CLXI

But Don Alfonso stood with downcast  
looks,  
And, truth to say, he made a foolish  
figure;  
When, after searching in five hundred  
nooks,  
And treating a young wife with so much  
rigour,  
He gain'd no point, except some self-  
rebukes,  
Added to those his lady with such  
vigour  
Had pour'd upon him for the last half  
hour,  
Quick, thick, and heavy—as a thunder-  
shower.

## CLXII

At first he tried to hammer an excuse,  
 To which the sole reply was tears and  
 sobs,  
 And indications of hysterics, whose  
 Prologue is always certain throes, and  
 throbs,  
 Gasps, and whatever else the owners  
 choose:  
 Alfonso saw his wife, and thought of  
 Job's;  
 He saw too, in perspective, her relations,  
 And then he tried to muster all his patience.

## CLXIII

Hestood in act to speak, or rather stammer,  
 But sage Antonia cut him short before  
 The anvil of his speech received the  
 hammer,  
 With 'Pray, sir, leave the room, and say  
 no more,  
 Or madam dies.'—Alfonso mutter'd,  
 'D—n her,  
 But nothing else, the time of words was  
 o'er;  
 He cast a rueful look or two, and did,  
 He knew not wherefore, that which he was  
 bid.

## CLXIV

With him retired his '*posse comitatus*,'  
 The attorney last, who linger'd near the  
 door  
 Reluctantly, still tarrying there as late as  
 Antonia let him—not a little sore  
 At this most strange and unexplain'd  
 '*hiatus*'  
 In Don Alfonso's facts, which just now  
 wore  
 An awkward look; as he revolved the case,  
 The door was fasten'd in his legal face.

## CLXV

No sooner was it bolted, than—Oh shame!  
 Oh sin! Oh sorrow! and Oh woman-  
 kind!  
 How can you do such things and keep your  
 fame,  
 Unless this world, and t'other too, be  
 blind?  
 Nothing so dear as an unfilch'd good name!  
 But to proceed—for there is more  
 behind:  
 With much heartfelt reluctance be it said,  
 Young Juan slipp'd, half-smother'd, from  
 the bed.

## CLXVI

He had been hid—I don't pretend to say  
 How, nor can I indeed describe the  
 where—  
 Young, slender, and pack'd easily, he lay,  
 No doubt, in little compass, round or  
 square;

But pity him I neither must nor may  
 His suffocation by that pretty pair;  
 'Twere better, sure, to die so, than be shut  
 With maudlin Clarence in his Malmsey  
 butt.

## CLXVII

And, secondly, I pity not, because  
 He had no business to commit a sin,  
 Forbid by heavenly, fined by human  
 laws;  
 At least 'twas rather early to begin;  
 But at sixteen the conscience rarely gnaws  
 So much as when we call our old debts in  
 At sixty years, and draw the accompts of  
 evil,  
 And find a deuced balance with the devil.

## CLXVIII

Of his position I can give no notion:  
 'Tis written in the Hebrew Chronicle,  
 How the physicians, leaving pill and potion,  
 Prescribed, by way of blister, a young  
 belle,  
 When old King David's blood grew dull  
 in motion,  
 And that the medicine answer'd very  
 well;  
 Perhaps 'twas in a different way applied,  
 For David lived, but Juan nearly died.

## CLXIX

What's to be done? Alfonso will be back  
 The moment he has sent his fools away.  
 Antonia's skill was put upon the rack,  
 But no device could be brought into  
 play—  
 And how to parry the renew'd attack?  
 Besides, it wanted but few hours of day:  
 Antonia puzzled; Julia did not speak,  
 But press'd her bloodless lip to Juan's  
 cheek.

## CLXX

He turn'd his lip to hers, and with his hand  
 Call'd back the tangles of her wandering  
 hair;  
 Even then their love they could not all  
 command,  
 And half forgot their danger and  
 despair:  
 Antonia's patience now was at a stand—  
 'Come, come, 'tis no time now for fool-  
 ing there,'  
 She whisper'd, in great wrath—'I must  
 deposit  
 This pretty gentleman within the closet:

## CLXXI

'Pray, keep your nonsense for some  
 luckier night—  
 Who can have put my master in this  
 mood?  
 What will become on't—I'm in such a  
 fright,  
 The devil's in the urchin, and no good—



# DON JUAN

[CANTO I

Is this a time for giggling? this a plight?  
Why, don't you know that it may end  
in blood?  
You'll lose your life, and I shall lose my  
place,  
My mistress all, for that half-girlish face.

CLXXII

'Had it but been for a stout cavalier  
Of twenty-five or thirty—(come, make  
haste)  
But for a child, what piece of work is here!  
I really, madam, wonder at your taste—  
(Come, sir, get in)—my master must be  
near:  
There, for the present, at the least, he's  
fast,  
And if we can but till the morning keep  
Our counsel—(Juan, mind, you must not  
sleep).'

CLXXIII

Now, Don Alfonso entering, but alone,  
Closed the oration of the trusty maid:  
She loiter'd, and he told her to be gone,  
An order somewhat sullenly obey'd;  
However, present remedy was none,  
And no great good seem'd answer'd if  
she staid;  
Regarding both with slow and sidelong  
view,  
She snuff'd the candle, curtsied, and with-  
drew.

CLXXIV

Alfonso paused a minute—then begun  
Some strange excuses for his late pro-  
ceeding:  
He would not justify what he had done,  
To say the best, it was extreme ill-  
breeding;  
But there were ample reasons for it, none  
Of which he specified in this his plead-  
ing:  
His speech was a fine sample, on the whole,  
Of rhetoric, which the learn'd call  
'*rigmarole*.'

CLXXV

Julia said nought; though all the while  
there rose  
A ready answer, which at once enables  
A matron, who her husband's foible  
knows,  
By a few timely words to turn the tables,  
Which, if it does not silence, still must  
pose,—  
Even if it should comprise a pack of  
fables;  
'Tis to retort with firmness, and when he  
Suspects with *one*, do you reproach with  
*three*.

CLXXVI

Julia, in fact, had tolerable grounds,—  
Alfonso's loves with Inez were well  
known;  
But whether 'twas that one's own guilt  
confounds—  
But that can't be, as has been often  
shown,  
A lady with apologies abounds;—  
It might be that her silence sprang alone  
From delicacy to Don Juan's ear,  
To whom she knew his mother's fame was  
dear.

CLXXVII

There might be one more motive, which  
makes two,  
Alfonso ne'er to Juan had alluded,—  
Mentioned his jealousy, but never who  
Had been the happy lover, he con-  
cluded,  
Conceal'd amongst his premises; 'tis true,  
His mind the more o'er this its mystery  
brooded  
To speak of Inez now were, one may say,  
Like throwing Juan in Alfonso's way.

CLXXVIII

A hint, in tender cases, is enough;  
Silence is best: besides there is a *tact*—  
(That modern phrase appears to me sad  
stuff,  
But it will serve to keep my verse com-  
pact)—  
Which keeps, when push'd by questions  
rather rough,  
A lady always distant from the fact:  
The charming creatures lie with such a  
grace,  
There's nothing so becoming to the face.

CLXXIX

They blush, and we believe them, at least I  
Have always done so; 'tis of no great  
use,  
In any case, attempting a reply,  
For then their eloquence grows quite  
profuse;  
And when at length they're out of breath,  
they sigh,  
And cast their languid eyes down, and  
let loose  
A tear or two, and then we make it up;  
And then—and then—and then—sit  
down and sup.

CLXXX

Alfonso closed his speech, and begg'd her  
pardon,  
Which Julia half withheld, and then  
half granted,  
And laid conditions, he thought very hard,  
on,  
Denying several little things he wanted:

He stood like Adam lingering near his garden,  
 With useless penitence perplex'd and haunted,  
 Beseeching she no further would refuse,  
 When, lo! he stumbled o'er a pair of shoes.

## CLXXXI

A pair of shoes!—what then? not much, if they  
 Are such as fit with ladies' feet, but these  
 (No one can tell how much I grieve to say)  
 Were masculine; to see them, and to seize,  
 Was but a moment's act.—Ah! well-a-day!

My teeth begin to chatter, my veins freeze—  
 Alfonso first examined well their fashion,  
 And then flew out into another passion.

## CLXXXII

He left the room for his relinquish'd sword,  
 And Julia instant to the closet flew.  
 'Fly, Juan, fly! for heaven's sake—not a word—  
 The door is open—you may yet slip through

The passage you so often have explored—  
 Here is the garden-key—Fly—fly—Adieu!  
 Haste—haste! I hear Alfonso's hurrying feet—  
 Day has not broke—there's no one in the street.'

## CLXXXIII

None can say that this was not good advice,

The only mischief was, it came too late;  
 Of all experience 'tis the usual price,

A sort of income-tax laid on by fate:  
 Juan had reach'd the room-door in a trice,  
 And might have done so by the garden-gate,

But met Alfonso in his dressing-gown,  
 Who threaten'd death—so Juan knock'd him down.

## CLXXXIV

Dire was the scuffle, and out went the light;

Antonia cried out 'Rape!' and Julia 'Fire!'

But not a servant stirr'd to aid the fight.  
 Alfonso, pommell'd to his heart's desire,

Swore lustily he'd be revenged this night;  
 And Juan, too, blasphemed an octave higher;

His blood was up: though young, he was a Tartar,

And not at all disposed to prove a martyr.

## CLXXXV

Alfonso's sword had dropp'd ere he could draw it,  
 And they continued battling hand to hand,

For Juan very luckily ne'er saw it;  
 His temper not being under great command,

If at that moment he had chanced to claw it,

Alfonso's days had not been in the land  
 Much longer.—Think of husbands',  
 lovers' lives!

And how ye may be doubly widows—wives!

## CLXXXVI

Alfonso grappled to detain the foe,  
 And Juan throttled him to get away,  
 And blood ('twas from the nose) began to flow;

At last, as they more faintly wrestling lay,

Juan contrived to give an awkward blow,  
 And then his only garment quite gave way;

He fled, like Joseph, leaving it; but there,  
 I doubt, all likeness ends between the pair.

## CLXXXVII

Lights came at length, and men, and maids, who found

An awkward spectacle their eyes before;  
 Antonia in hysterics, Julia swoon'd,

Alfonso leaning, breathless, by the door;

Some half-torn drapery scatter'd on the ground,

Some blood, and several footsteps, but no more:

Juan the gate gain'd, turn'd the key about,  
 And liking not the inside, lock'd the out.

## CLXXXVIII

Here ends this canto.—Need I sing, or say,  
 How Juan, naked, favour'd by the night,

Who favours what she should not, found his way,

And reach'd his home in an unseemly plight?

The pleasant scandal which arose next day,  
 The nine days' wonder which was brought to light,

And how Alfonso sued for a divorce,  
 Were in the English newspapers, of course.

## CLXXXIX

If you would like to see the whole proceedings,

The depositions and the cause at full,  
 The names of all the witnesses, the pleadings

Of counsel to nonsuit, or to annul,

There's more than one edition, and the readings  
Are various, but they none of them are dull;

The best is that in short-hand ta'en by Gurney,  
Who to Madrid on purpose made a journey.

CXC

But Donna Inez, to divert the train  
Of one of the most circulating scandals  
That had for centuries been known in Spain,

At least since the retirement of the Vandals,  
First vow'd (and never had she vow'd in vain)

To Virgin Mary several pounds of candles;

And then, by the advice of some old ladies,  
She sent her son to be shipp'd off from Cadiz.

CXCII

She had resolved that he should travel through

All European climes, by land or sea,  
To mend his former morals, and get new,  
Especially in France and Italy  
(At least this is the thing most people do).

Julia was sent into a convent: she  
Grieved, but, perhaps, her feelings may be better

Shown in the following copy of her Letter:—

CXCIII

'They tell me 'tis decided you depart:  
'Tis wise—'tis well, but not the less a pain;

I have no further claim on your young heart,

Mine is the victim, and would be again:  
To love too much has been the only art

I used;—I write in haste, and if a stain  
Be on this sheet, 'tis not what it appears;  
My eyeballs burn and throb, but have no tears.

CXCIII

'I loved, I love you, for this love have lost  
State, station, heaven, mankind's, my own esteem,

And yet cannot regret what it hath cost,  
So dear is still the memory of that dream;  
Yet, if I name my guilt, 'tis not to boast,  
None can deem harshlier of me than I deem:

I trace this scrawl because I cannot rest—  
I've nothing to reproach or to request.

CXCIV

'Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,  
'Tis woman's whole existence; man may range

The court, camp, church, the vessel, and the mart;  
Sword, gown, gain, glory, offer in exchange

Pride, fame, ambition, to fill up his heart,  
And few there are whom these cannot estrange;

Men have all these resources, we but one,  
To love again, and be again undone.

CXCX

'You will proceed in pleasure, and in pride,  
Beloved and loving many; all is o'er  
For me on earth, except some years to hide  
My shame and sorrow deep in my heart's core:

These I could bear, but cannot cast aside  
The passion which still rages as before,—  
And so farewell—forgive me, love me—  
No,

That word is idle now—but let it go.

CXCXI

'My breast has been all weakness, is so yet;  
But still I think I can collect my mind;  
My blood still rushes where my spirit's set,  
As roll the waves before the settled wind;  
My heart is feminine, nor can forget—

To all, except one image, madly blind;  
So shakes the needle, and so stands the pole,

As vibrates my fond heart to my fix'd soul.

CXCXII

'I have no more to say, but linger still,  
And dare not set my seal upon this sheet,  
And yet I may as well the task fulfil,  
My misery can scarce be more complete:

I had not lived till now, could sorrow kill;  
Death shuns the wretch who fain the blow would meet,

And I must even survive this last adieu,  
And bear with life to love and pray for you!'

CXCXIII

This note was written upon gilt-edged paper

With a neat little crow-quill, slight and new;

Her small white hand could hardly reach the taper,

It trembled as magnetic needles do,  
And yet she did not let one tear escape her;

The seal a sun-flower; '*Elle vous suit partout*,'

The motto, cut upon a white cornelian;  
The wax was superfine, its hue vermilion.

CXCIX

This was Don Juan's earliest scrape; but whether

I shall proceed with his adventures is  
Dependent on the public altogether;

We'll see, however, what they say to this,

Their favour in an author's cap's a feather,  
And no great mischief's done by their  
caprice;  
And if their approbation we experience,  
Perhaps they'll have some more about a  
year hence.

## CC

My poem's epic, and is meant to be  
Divided in twelve books; each book  
containing,  
With love, and war, a heavy gale at sea,  
A list of ships, and captains, and kings  
reigning,  
New characters; the episodes are three:  
A panoramic view of hell's in training,  
After the style of Virgil and of Homer,  
So that my name of Epic's no misnomer.

## CCI

All these things will be specified in time,  
With strict regard to Aristotle's rules,  
The *Vade Mecum* of the true sublime,  
Which makes so many poets, and some  
fools:  
Prose poets like blank-verse, I'm fond of  
rhyme,  
Good workmen never quarrel with their  
tools;  
I've got new mythological machinery,  
And very handsome supernatural scenery.

## CCII

There's only one slight difference between  
Me and my epic brethren gone before,  
And here the advantage is my own, I ween  
(Not that I have not several merits more,  
But this will more peculiarly be seen);  
They so embellish, that 'tis quite a bore  
Their labyrinth of fables to thread through,  
Whereas this story's actually true.

## CCIII

If any person doubt it, I appeal  
To history, tradition, and to facts,  
To newspapers, whose truth all know and  
feel,  
To plays in five, and operas in three acts;  
All these confirm my statement a good deal,  
But that which more completely faith  
exacts  
Is, that myself, and several now in Seville,  
Saw Juan's last elopement with the devil.

## CCIV

If ever I should condescend to prose,  
I'll write poetical commandments, which  
Shall supersede beyond all doubt all those  
That went before; in these I shall enrich  
My text with many things that no one  
knows,  
And carry precept to the highest pitch:  
I'll call the work 'Longinus o'er a Bottle,  
Or, Every Poet his own Aristotle.'

## CCV

Thou shalt believe in Milton, Dryden, Pope;  
Thou shalt not set up Wordsworth, Cole-  
ridge, Southey;  
Because the first is crazed beyond all hope,  
The second drunk, the third so quaint  
and mouthy:  
With Crabbe it may be difficult to cope,  
And Campbell's Hippocrene is some-  
what drouthy:  
Thou shalt not steal from Samuel Rogers,  
nor  
Commit—flirtation with the muse of Moore.

## CCVI

Thou shalt not covet Mr. Sotheby's Muse,  
His Pegasus, nor anything that's his;  
Thou shalt not bear false witness like 'the  
Blues'  
(There's one, at least, is very fond of  
this);  
Thou shalt not write, in short, but what I  
choose;  
This is true criticism, and you may kiss—  
Exactly as you please, or not,—the rod;  
But if you don't, I'll lay it on, by G—d!

## CCVII

If any person should presume to assert  
This story is not moral, first, I pray,  
That they will not cry out before they're  
hurt,  
Then that they'll read it o'er again, and  
say  
(But, doubtless, nobody will be so pert),  
That this is not a moral tale, though gay;  
Besides, in Canto Twelfth, I mean to show  
The very place where wicked people go.

## CCVIII

If, after all, there should be some so blind  
To their own good this warning to de-  
spise,  
Let by some tortuosity of mind,  
Not to believe my verse and their own  
eyes,  
And cry that they 'the moral cannot find,'  
I tell him, if a clergyman, he lies;  
Should captains the remark, or critics, make,  
They also lie too—under a mistake.

## CCIX

The public approbation I expect,  
And beg they'll take my word about the  
moral,  
Which I with their amusement will connect  
(So children cutting teeth receive a coral);  
Meantime they'll doubtless please to recol-  
lect  
My epical pretensions to the laurel:  
For fear some prudish readers should grow  
skittish,  
I've bribed my Grandmother's Review—  
the British.

## CCX

I sent it in a letter to the Editor,  
 Who thank'd me duly by return of post—  
 I'm for a handsome article his creditor;  
 Yet, if my gentle Muse he please to roast,  
 And break a promise after having made it  
 her,  
 Denying the receipt of what it cost,  
 And smear his page with gall instead of  
 honey,  
 All I can say is—that he had the money.

## CCXI

I think that with this holy new alliance  
 I may ensure the public, and defy  
 All other magazines of art or science,  
 Daily, or monthly, or three monthly; I  
 Have not essay'd to multiply their clients,  
 Because they tell me 'twere in vain to try,  
 And that the Edinburgh Review and Quar-  
 terly  
 Treat a dissenting author very martyrly.

## CCXII

'*Non ego hoc ferrem calida juventa  
 Consule Planco,*' Horace said, and so  
 Say I; by which quotation there is meant a  
 Hint that some six or seven good years  
 ago  
 (Long ere I dreamt of dating from the  
 Brenta)  
 I was most ready to return a blow,  
 And would not brook at all this sort of  
 thing  
 In my hot youth—when George the Third  
 was King.

## CCXIII

But now at thirty years my hair is gray—  
 (I wonder what it will be like at forty?  
 I thought of a peruke the other day—)  
 My heart is not much greener; and, in  
 short, I  
 Have squander'd my whole summer while  
 'twas May,  
 And feel no more the spirit to retort; I  
 Have spent my life, both interest and  
 principal,  
 And deem not, what I deem'd, my soul  
 invincible.

## CCXIV

No more—no more—Oh! never more on  
 me  
 The freshness of the heart can fall like  
 dew,  
 Which out of all the lovely things we see  
 Extracts emotions beautiful and new;  
 Hived in our bosoms like the bag o' the  
 bee.  
 Think'st thou the honey with those ob-  
 jects grew?  
 Alas! 'twas not in them, but in thy power  
 To double even the sweetness of a flower.

## CCXV

No more—no more—Oh! never more, my  
 heart,  
 Canst thou be my sole world, my uni-  
 verse!  
 Once all in all, but now a thing apart,  
 Thou canst not be my blessing or my  
 curse:  
 The illusion's gone for ever, and thou art  
 Insensible, I trust, but none the worse,  
 And in thy stead I've got a deal of judg-  
 ment,  
 Though heaven knows how it ever found  
 a lodgment.

## CCXVI

My days of love are over; me no more  
 The charms of maid, wife, and still less  
 of widow,  
 Can make the fool of which they made  
 before,—  
 In short, I must not lead the life I did do;  
 The credulous hope of mutual minds is  
 o'er,  
 The copious use of claret is forbid too,  
 So for a good old-gentlemanly vice,  
 I think I must take up with avarice.

## CCXVII

Ambition was my idol, which was broken  
 Before the shrines of Sorrow, and of  
 Pleasure;  
 And the two last have left me many a token  
 O'er which reflection may be made at  
 leisure;  
 Now, like Friar Bacon's brazen head, I've  
 spoken,  
 'Time is, Time was, Time's past':—a  
 chymic treasure  
 Is glittering youth, which I have spent be-  
 times—  
 My heart in passion, and my head on  
 rhymes.

## CCXVIII

What is the end of fame? 'tis but to fill  
 A certain portion of uncertain paper:  
 Some liken it to climbing up a hill,  
 Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in  
 vapour;  
 For this men write, speak, preach, and  
 heroes kill,  
 And bards burn what they call their  
 'midnight taper,'  
 To have, when the original is dust,  
 A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.

## CCXIX

What are the hopes of man? Old Egypt's  
 King  
 Cheops erected the first pyramid  
 And largest, thinking it was just the thing  
 To keep his memory whole, and mummy  
 hid:

But somebody or other rummaging,  
Burglariously broke his coffin's lid:  
Let not a monument give you or me hopes,  
Since not a pinch of dust remains of Cheops.

## CCXX

But I, being fond of true philosophy,  
Say very often to myself, 'Alas!  
All things that have been born were born  
to die,  
And flesh (which Death mows down to  
hay) is grass;  
You've pass'd your youth not so unpleas-

antly,  
And if you had it o'er again—'twould  
pass—  
So thank your stars that matters are no  
worse,  
And read your Bible, sir, and mind your  
purse.'

## CCXXI

But for the present, gentle reader! and  
Still gentler purchaser! the bard—that's  
I—  
Must, with permission, shake you by the  
hand,  
And so your humble servant, and good-  
bye!

We meet again, if we should understand  
Each other; and if not, I shall not try  
Your patience further than by this short  
sample—  
'Twere well if others follow'd my example.

## CCXXII

'Go, little book, from this my solitude!  
I cast thee on the waters—go thy ways!  
And if, as I believe, thy vein be good,  
The world will find thee after many days.'  
When Southey's read, and Wordsworth  
understood,  
I can't help putting in my claim to praise—  
The four first rhymes are Southey's, every  
line:

For God's sake, reader! take them not for  
mine!

## CANTO THE SECOND\*

## I

Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of  
nations,  
Holland, France, England, Germany, or  
Spain,  
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,  
It mends their morals, never mind the  
pain:

The best of mothers and of educations  
In Juan's case were but employ'd in vain,  
Since, in a way that's rather of the oddest, he  
Became divested of his native modesty.

\* ['Begun at Venice, December 13, 1818,—  
finished January 20, 1819.'—B.]

## II

Had he but been placed at a public school,  
In the third form, or even in the fourth,  
His daily task had kept his fancy cool,  
At least, had he been nurtured in the  
north;  
Spain may prove an exception to the rule,  
But then exceptions always prove its  
worth—  
A lad of sixteen causing a divorce  
Puzzled his tutors very much, of course.

## III

I can't say that it puzzles me at all,  
If all things be consider'd; first, there  
was  
His lady-mother, mathematical,  
A ——— never mind;—his tutor, an old  
ass;  
A pretty woman—(that's quite natural,  
Or else the thing had hardly come to  
pass)  
A husband rather old, not much in unity  
With his young wife—a time, and oppor-  
tunity.

## IV

Well—well; the world must turn upon its  
axis,  
And all mankind turn with it, heads or  
tails,  
And live and die, make love and pay our  
taxes,  
And as the veering wind shifts, shift our  
sails;  
The king commands us, and the doctor  
quacks us,  
The priest instructs, and so our life ex-  
hales,  
A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,  
Fighting, devotion, dust,—perhaps a name.

## V

I said, that Juan had been sent to Cadiz—  
A pretty town, I recollect it well—  
'Tis there the mart of the colonial trade is,  
(Or was, before Peru learn'd to rebel),  
And such sweet girls—I mean, such grace-  
ful ladies,  
Their very walk would make your bosom  
swell;  
I can't describe it, though so much it strike,  
Nor liken it—I never saw the like:

## VI

An Arab horse, a stately stag, a barb  
New broke, a cameleopard, a gazelle,  
No—none of these will do;—and then their  
garb,  
Their veil and petticoat—Alas! to dwell

## DON JUAN

[CANTO II

Upon such things would very near absorb  
A canto—then their feet and ankles,—  
well,  
Thank Heaven I've got no metaphor quite  
ready,  
(And so, my sober Muse—come, let's be  
steady—

### VII

Chaste Muse!—well, if you must, you  
must)—the veil  
Thrown back a moment with the glanc-  
ing hand,  
While the o'erpowering eye, that turns you  
pale,  
Flashes into the heart:—All sunny land  
Of love! when I forget you, may I fail  
To — say my prayers—but never was  
there plann'd  
A dress through which the eyes give such  
a volley,  
Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.

### VIII

But to our tale: the Donna Inez sent  
Her son to Cadiz only to embark;  
To stay there had not answer'd her intent,  
But why?—we leave the reader in the  
dark—  
'Twas for a voyage the young man was  
meant,  
As if a Spanish ship were Noah's ark,  
To wean him from the wickedness of earth,  
And send him like a dove of promise forth.

### IX

Don Juan bade his valet pack his things  
According to direction, then received  
A lecture and some money: for four springs  
He was to travel; and though Inez grieved  
(As every kind of parting has its stings),  
She hoped he would improve—perhaps  
believed:  
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)  
Of good advice—and two or three of credit.

### X

In the mean time, to pass her hours away,  
Brave Inez now set up a Sunday school  
For naughty children, who would rather  
play  
(Like truant rogues) the devil, or the  
fool;  
Infants of three years old were taught that  
day,  
Dunces were whipt, or set upon a stool:  
The great success of Juan's education  
Spurr'd her to teach another generation.

### XI

Juan embark'd—the ship got under way,  
The wind was fair, the water passing  
rough;

A devil of a sea rolls in that bay,  
As I, who've cross'd it oft, know well  
enough;  
And, standing upon deck, the dashing  
spray  
Flies in one's face, and makes it weather-  
tough:  
And there he stood to take, and take again,  
His first—perhaps his last—farewell of  
Spain.

### XII

I can't but say it is an awkward sight  
To see one's native land receding through  
The growing waters; it unmans one quite,  
Especially when life is rather new:  
I recollect Great Britain's coast looks  
white,  
But almost every other country's blue,  
When gazing on them, mystified by dis-  
tance,  
We enter on our nautical existence.

### XIII

So Juan stood, bewilder'd on the deck:  
The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and  
sailors swore,  
And the ship creak'd, the town became a  
speck,  
From which away so fair and fast they  
bore.  
The best of remedies is a beef-steak  
Against sea-sickness: try it, sir, before  
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,  
For I have found it answer—so may you.

### XIV

Don Juan stood, and, gazing from the  
stern,  
Beheld his native Spain receding far:  
First partings form a lesson hard to learn,  
Even nations feel this when they go to  
war;  
There is a sort of unexpressed concern,  
A kind of shock that sets one's heart  
ajar:  
At leaving even the most unpleasant people  
And places, one keeps looking at the  
steeple.

### XV

But Juan had got many things to leave,  
His mother, and a mistress, and no wife,  
So that he had much better cause to grieve  
Than many persons more advanced in  
life;  
And if we now and then a sigh must heave  
At quitting even those we quit in strife,  
No doubt we weep for those the heart en-  
dears—  
That is, till deeper griefs congeal our tears.

## XVI

So Juan wept, as wept the captive Jews  
 By Babel's waters, still remembering  
 Sion:  
 I'd weep,—but mine is not a weeping  
 Muse,  
 And such light griefs are not a thing to  
 die on;  
 Young men should travel, if but to amuse  
 Themselves; and the next time their serv-  
 ants tie on  
 Behind their carriages their new portman-  
 teau,  
 Perhaps it may be lined with this my canto.

## XVII

And Juan wept, and much he sigh'd and  
 thought,  
 While his salt tears dropp'd into the salt  
 sea,  
 'Sweets to the sweet;' (I like so much to  
 quote;  
 You must excuse this extract,—'tis where  
 she,  
 The Queen of Denmark, for Ophelia  
 brought  
 Flowers to the grave;) and, sobbing  
 often, he  
 Reflected on his present situation,  
 And seriously resolved on reformation.

## XVIII

'Farewell, my Spain! a long farewell!' he  
 cried,  
 'Perhaps I may revisit thee no more,  
 But die, as many an exiled heart hath died,  
 Of its own thirst to see again thy shore:  
 Farewell, where Guadalquivir's waters  
 glide!  
 Farewell, my mother! and, since all is  
 o'er,  
 Farewell, too, dearest Julia!—(here he  
 drew  
 Her letter out again, and read it through.)

## XIX

And oh! if e'er I should forget, I swear—  
 But that's impossible, and cannot be—  
 Sooner shall this blue ocean melt to air,  
 Sooner shall earth resolve itself to sea,  
 Than I resign thine image, oh, my fair!  
 Or think of anything, excepting thee;  
 A mind diseased no remedy can physic—  
 (Here the ship gave a lurch, and he grew  
 sea-sick.)

## XX

'Sooner shall heaven kiss earth—(here he  
 fell sicker)  
 Oh, Julia! what is every other woe?—  
 (For God's sake let me have a glass of  
 liquor;  
 Pedro, Battista, help me down below.)

Julia, my love—(you rascal, Pedro, quick-  
 er)—

Oh, Julia!—(this curst vessel pitches  
 so)—

Beloved Julia, hear me still beseeching!  
 (Here he grew inarticulate with retching.)

## XXI

He felt that chilling heaviness of heart,  
 Or rather stomach, which, alas! attends,  
 Beyond the best apothecary's art,  
 The loss of love, the treachery of friends,  
 Or death of those we dote on, when a part  
 Of us dies with them as each fond hope  
 ends:  
 No doubt he would have been much more  
 pathetic,  
 But the sea acted as a strong emetic.

## XXII

Love's a capricious power: I've known it  
 hold  
 Out through a fever caused by its own  
 heat,  
 But be much puzzled by a cough and cold,  
 And find a quinsy very hard to treat;  
 Against all noble maladies he's bold,  
 But vulgar illnesses don't like to meet,  
 Nor that a sneeze should interrupt his sigh,  
 Nor inflammations redden his blind eye.

## XXIII

But worst of all is nausea, or a pain  
 About the lower region of the bowels;  
 Love, who heroically breathes a vein,  
 Shrinks from the application of hot  
 towels,  
 And purgatives are dangerous to his reign,  
 Sea-sickness death: his love was perfect,  
 how else  
 Could Juan's passion, while the billows  
 roar,  
 Resist his stomach, ne'er at sea before?

## XXIV

The ship, call'd the most holy 'Trinidad,'  
 Was steering duly for the port Leghorn;  
 For there the Spanish family Moncada  
 Were settled long ere Juan's sire was  
 born:  
 They were relations, and for them he had a  
 Letter of introduction, which the morn  
 Of his departure had been sent him by  
 His Spanish friends for those in Italy.

## XXV

His suite consisted of three servants and  
 A tutor, the licentiate Pedrillo,  
 Who several languages did understand,  
 But now lay sick and speechless on his  
 pillow,



And, rocking in his hammock, long'd for land,

His headache being increased by every billow;

And the waves oozing through the port-hole made

His berth a little damp, and him afraid.

## XXVI

'Twas not without some reason, for the wind

Increased at night, until it blew a gale;

And though 'twas not much to a naval mind,

Some landsmen would have look'd a little pale,

For sailors are, in fact, a different kind:

At sunset they began to take in sail,

For the sky show'd it would come on to blow,

And carry away, perhaps, a mast or so.

## XXVII

At one o'clock the wind with sudden shift

Threw the ship right into the trough of the sea,

Which struck her aft, and made an awkward rift,

Started the stern-post, also shatter'd the

Whole of her stern-frame, and, ere she could lift

Herself from out her present jeopardy,

The rudder tore away: 'twas time to sound

The pumps, and there were four feet water found.

## XXVIII

One gang of people instantly was put

Upon the pumps, and the remainder set

To get up part of the cargo, and what not;

But they could not come at the leak as yet;

At last they did get at it really, but

Still their salvation was an even bet:

The water rush'd through in a way quite

puzzling,

While they thrust sheets, shirts, jackets,

bales of muslin,

## XXIX

Into the opening; but all such ingredients

Would have been vain, and they must have gone down,

Despite of all their efforts and expedients,

But for the pumps: I'm glad to make them known

To all the brother tars who may have need hence,

For fifty tons of water were upthrown

By them per hour, and they all had been undone,

But for the maker, Mr. Mann, of London.

## XXX

As day advanced the weather seem'd to abate,

And then the leak they reckon'd to reduce,

And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet

Kept two hand- and one chain-pump still in use.

The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late

A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose,

A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—

Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

## XXXI

There she lay, motionless, and seem'd upset;

The water left the hold, and wash'd the decks,

And made a scene men do not soon forget;

For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,

Or any other thing that brings regret,

Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks;

Thus drownings are much talk'd of by the divers,

And swimmers, who may chance to be survivors.

## XXXII

Immediately the masts were cut away,

Both main and mizen: first the mizen went,

The main-mast follow'd; but the ship still lay

Like a mere log, and baffled our intent.

Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they

Eased her at last (although we never meant

To part with all till every hope was blighted),

And then with violence the old ship righted.

## XXXIII

It may be easily supposed, while this

Was going on, some people were unquiet,

That passengers would find it much amiss

To lose their lives, as well as spoil their diet;

That even the able seaman, deeming his

Days nearly o'er, might be disposed to riot,

As upon such occasions tars will ask

For grog, and sometimes drink rum from the cask.

## XXXIV

There's nought, no doubt, so much the  
spirit calms  
As rum and true religion: thus it was,  
Some plunder'd, some drank spirits, some  
sung psalms,  
The high wind made the treble, and as  
bass  
The hoarse harsh waves kept time; fright  
cured the qualms  
Of all the luckless landmen's sea-sick  
maws:  
Strange sounds of wailing, blasphemy, devo-  
tion,  
Clamour'd in chorus to the roaring ocean.

## XXXV

Perhaps more mischief had been done, but  
for  
Our Juan, who, with sense beyond his  
years,  
Got to the spirit-room, and stood before  
It with a pair of pistols; and their fears,  
As if Death were more dreadful by his door  
Of fire than water, spite of oaths and  
tears,  
Kept still aloof the crew, who, ere they sunk,  
Thought it would be becoming to die drunk.

## XXXVI

'Give us more grog,' they cried, 'for it  
will be  
All one an hour hence.' Juan answer'd,  
'No!  
'Tis true that death awaits both you and  
me,  
But let us die like men, not sink below  
Like brutes':—and thus his dangerous post  
kept he,  
And none liked to anticipate the blow;  
And even Pedrillo, his most reverend tutor,  
Was for some rum a disappointed suitor.

## XXXVII

The good old gentleman was quite aghast,  
And made a loud and pious lamenta-  
tion;  
Repented all his sins, and made a last  
Irrevocable vow of reformation;  
Nothing should tempt him more (this peril  
past)  
To quit his academic occupation,  
In cloisters of the classic Salamanca,  
To follow Juan's wake, like Sancho Panca.

## XXXVIII

But now there came a flash of hope once  
more;  
Day broke, and the wind lull'd: the  
masts were gone;  
The leak increased; shoals round her, but  
no shore,  
The vessel swam, yet still she held her  
own.

They tried the pumps again, and though  
before  
Their desperate efforts seem'd all useless  
grown,  
A glimpse of sunshine set some hands to  
bale—  
The stronger pump'd, the weaker thrumm'd  
a sail.

## XXXIX

Under the vessel's keel the sail was pass'd,  
And for a moment it had some effect;  
But with a leak, and not a stick of mast,  
Nor rag of canvas, what could they ex-  
pect?  
But still 'tis best to struggle to the last,  
'Tis never too late to be wholly wreck'd:  
And though 'tis true that man can only die  
once,  
'Tis not so pleasant in the Gulf of Lyons.

## XL

There winds and waves had hurl'd them,  
and from thence,  
Without their will, they carried them  
away;  
For they were forced with steering to dis-  
pense,  
And never had as yet a quiet day  
On which they might repose, or even com-  
mence  
A jurymast or rudder, or could say  
The ship would swim an hour, which, by  
good luck,  
Still swam—though not exactly like a duck.

## XLI

The wind, in fact, perhaps, was rather less,  
But the ship labour'd so, they scarce  
could hope  
To weather out much longer; the distress  
Was also great with which they had to  
cope  
For want of water, and their solid mess  
Was scant enough: in vain the telescope  
Was used—nor sail nor shore appear'd in  
sight,  
Nought but the heavy sea, and coming  
night.

## XLII

Again the weather threaten'd,—again blew  
A gale, and in the fore and after hold  
Water appear'd; yet, though the people  
knew  
All this, the most were patient, and some  
bold,  
Until the chains and leathers were worn  
through  
Of all our pumps:—a wreck complete  
she roll'd,  
At mercy of the waves, whose mercies are  
Like human beings during civil war.

## XLIII

Then came the carpenter, at last, with tears  
 In his rough eyes, and told the captain,  
 he  
 Could do no more: he was a man in years,  
 And long had voyaged through many a  
 stormy sea,  
 And if he wept at length, they were not fears  
 That made his eyelids as a woman's be,  
 But he, poor fellow, had a wife and chil-  
 dren,  
 Two things for dying people quite bewil-  
 dering.

## XLIV

The ship was evidently settling now  
 Fast by the head; and, all distinction  
 gone,  
 Some went to prayers again, and made a vow  
 Of candles to their saints—but there  
 were none  
 To pay them with; and some look'd o'er  
 the bow;  
 Some hoisted out the boats; and there  
 was one  
 That begg'd Pedrillo for an absolution,  
 Who told him to be damn'd—in his con-  
 fusion.

## XLV

Some lash'd them in their hammocks;  
 some put on  
 Their best clothes, as if going to a fair;  
 Some cursed the day on which they saw  
 the sun,  
 And gnash'd their teeth, and howling,  
 tore their hair;  
 And others went on as they had begun,  
 Getting the boats out, being well aware  
 That a tight boat will live in a rough sea,  
 Unless with breakers close beneath her lee.

## XLVI

The worst of all was, that in their condi-  
 tion,  
 Having been several days in great dis-  
 tress,  
 'Twas difficult to get out such provision  
 As now might render their long suffering  
 less:  
 Men, even when dying, dislike inanition;  
 Their stock was damaged by the  
 weather's stress:  
 Two casks of biscuit, and a keg of butter,  
 Were all that could be thrown into the  
 cutter.

## XLVII

But in the long-boat they contrived to stow  
 Some pounds of bread, though injured  
 by the wet;  
 Water, a twenty-gallon cask or so;  
 Six flasks of wine: and they contrived to  
 get

A portion of their beef up from below,  
 And with a piece of pork, moreover, met,  
 But scarce enough to serve them for a  
 luncheon—  
 Then there was rum, eight gallons in a  
 puncheon.

## XLVIII

The other boats, the yawl and pinnace, had  
 Been stove in the beginning of the gale;  
 And the long-boat's condition was but bad,  
 As there were but two blankets for a sail,  
 And one oar for a mast, which a young lad  
 Threw in by good luck over the ship's  
 rail;  
 And two boats could not hold, far less be  
 stored,  
 To save one half the people then on board.

## XLIX

'Twas twilight, and the sunless day went  
 down  
 Over the waste of waters; like a veil,  
 Which, if withdrawn, would but disclose  
 the frown  
 Of one whose hate is mask'd but to  
 assail.  
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was  
 shown,  
 And grimly darkled o'er the faces pale,  
 And the dim desolate deep: twelve days  
 had Fear  
 Been their familiar, and now Death was  
 here.

## L

Some trial had been making at a raft,  
 With little hope in such a rolling sea,  
 A sort of thing at which one would have  
 laugh'd,  
 If any laughter at such times could be,  
 Unless with people who too much have  
 quaff'd,  
 And have a kind of wild and horrid glee,  
 Half epileptical, and half hysterical:—  
 Their preservation would have been a  
 miracle.

## LI

At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-  
 coops, spars,  
 And all things, for a chance, had been  
 cast loose  
 That still could keep afloat the struggling  
 tars,  
 For yet they strove, although of no great  
 use:  
 There was no light in heaven but a few  
 stars,  
 The boats put off o'ercrowded with their  
 crews;  
 She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,  
 And, going down head foremost—sunk,  
 in short.

## LII

Then rose from sea to sky the wild fare-  
well—

Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still  
the brave—

Then some leap'd overboard with dread-  
ful yell,

As eager to anticipate their grave;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suck'd with her the whirl-  
ing wave,

Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

## LIII

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder; and then all was  
hush'd,

Save the wild wind and the remorseless  
dash

Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd,  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

## LIV

The boats, as stated, had got off before,  
And in them crowded several of the  
crew;

And yet their present hope was hardly  
more

Than what it had been, for so strong it  
blew

There was slight chance of reaching any  
shore;

And then they were too many, though  
so few—

Nine in the cutter, thirty in the boat,  
Were counted in them when they got afloat.

## LV

All the rest perish'd; near two hundred  
souls

Had left their bodies; and what's worse,  
alas!

When over Catholics the ocean rolls,  
They must wait several weeks before a  
mass

Takes off one peck of purgatorial coals,  
Because, till people know what's come  
to pass,

They won't lay out their money on the  
dead—

It costs three francs for every mass that's  
said.

## LVI

Juan got into the long-boat, and there  
Contrived to help Pedrillo to a place;

It seem'd as if they had exchanged their  
care,

For Juan wore the magisterial face

Which courage gives, while poor Pedrillo's  
pair

Of eyes were crying for their owner's  
case:

Battista, though (a name call'd shortly  
Tita),

Was lost by getting at some aqua-vita.

## LVII

Pedro, his valet, too, he tried to save,  
But the same cause, conducive to his loss,  
Left him so drunk, he jump'd into the  
wave,

As o'er the cutter's edge he tried to cross,  
And so he found a wine-and-watery grave;  
They could not rescue him although so  
close,

Because the sea ran higher every minute,  
And for the boat—the crew kept crowding  
in it.

## LVIII

A small old spaniel—which had been Don  
José's,  
His father's, whom he loved, as ye may  
think,

For on such things the memory reposes  
With tenderness—stood howling on the  
brink,

Knowing, (dogs have such intellectual  
noses!)

No doubt, the vessel was about to sink;  
And Juan caught him up, and ere he  
stepp'd

Off threw him in, then after him he leap'd.

## LIX

He also stuff'd his money where he could  
About his person, and Pedrillo's too,  
Who let him do, in fact, whate'er he would,  
Not knowing what himself to say, or do,

As every rising wave his dread renew'd;  
But Juan, trusting they might still get  
through,

And deeming there were remedies for any  
ill,

Thus re-embark'd his tutor and his spaniel.

## LX

'Twas a rough night, and blew so stiffly  
yet,

That the sail was becalm'd between the  
seas,

Though on the wave's high top too much  
to set,

They dared not take it in for all the  
breeze:

Each sea curl'd o'er the stern, and kept  
them wet,

And made them bale without a moment's  
ease,

So that themselves as well as hopes were  
damp'd,

And the poor little cutter quickly swamp'd.

## LXI

Nine souls more went in her: the long-boat still

Kept above water, with an oar for mast,  
Two blankets stitch'd together, answering ill

Instead of sail, were to the oar made fast:  
Though every wave roll'd menacing to fill,  
And present peril all before surpass'd,  
They grieved for those who perish'd with the cutter,  
And also for the biscuit-casks and butter.

## LXII

The sun rose red and fiery, a sure sign  
Of the continuance of the gale: to run  
Before the sea until it should grow fine,  
Was all that for the present could be done:

A few tea-spoonfuls of their rum and wine  
Were served out to the people, who begun  
To faint, and damaged bread wet through the bags,  
And most of them had little clothes but rags.

## LXIII

They counted thirty, crowded in a space  
Which left scarce room for motion or exertion;

They did their best to modify their case,  
One half sate up, though numb'd with the immersion,

While t'other half were laid down in their place,  
At watch and watch; thus, shivering like the tertian

Ague in its cold fit, they fill'd their boat,  
With nothing but the sky for a great coat.

## LXIV

'Tis very certain the desire of life  
Prolongs it: this is obvious to physicians,  
When patients, neither plagued with friends  
nor wife,

Survive through very desperate conditions,  
Because they still can hope, nor shines the knife

Nor shears of Atropos before their visions:

Despair of all recovery spoils longevity,  
And makes men's miseries of alarming brevity.

## LXV

'Tis said that persons living on annuities  
Are longer lived than others,—God knows why,

Unless to plague the grantors,—yet so true it is,

That some, I really think, *do* never die;

Of any creditors the worst a Jew it is,  
And *that's* their mode of furnishing supply:

In my young days they lent me cash that way,

Which I found very troublesome to pay.

## LXVI

'Tis thus with people in an open boat,  
They live upon the love of life, and bear  
More than can be believed, or even thought,  
And stand like rocks the tempest's wear and tear;

And hardship still has been the sailor's lot,  
Since Noah's ark went cruising here and there;

She had a curious crew as well as cargo,  
Like the first old Greek privateer, the Argo.

## LXVII

But man is a carnivorous production,  
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;

He cannot live, like woodcocks, upon suction,

But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey;

Although his anatomical construction  
Bears vegetables, in a grumbling way,  
Your labouring people think beyond all question

Beef, veal, and mutton, better for digestion.

## LXVIII

And thus it was with this our hapless crew;  
For on the third day there came on a calm,

And though at first their strength it might renew,

And lying on their weariness like balm,  
Lull'd them like turtles sleeping on the blue

Of ocean, when they woke they felt a qualm,

And fell all ravenously on their provision,  
Instead of hoarding it with due precision.

## LXIX

The consequence was easily foreseen—  
They ate up all they had, and drank their wine,

In spite of all remonstrances, and then  
On what, in fact, next day were they to dine?

They hoped the wind would rise, these foolish men!

And carry them to shore; these hopes were fine,

But as they had but one oar, and that brittle,

It would have been more wise to save their victual.

## LXX

The fourth day came, but not a breath of air,  
 And Ocean slumber'd like an unwean'd child:  
 The fifth day, and their boat lay floating there,  
 The sea and sky were blue, and clear, and mild—  
 With their one oar (I wish they had had a pair)  
 What could they do? and hunger's rage grew wild:  
 So Juan's spaniel, spite of his entreating,  
 Was kill'd, and portion'd out for present eating.

## LXXI

On the sixth day they fed upon his hide,  
 And Juan, who had still refused, because  
 The creature was his father's dog that died,  
 Now feeling all the vulture in his jaws,  
 With some remorse received (though first denied)  
 As a great favour one of the fore-paws,  
 Which he divided with Pedrillo, who  
 Devour'd it, longing for the other too.

## LXXII

The seventh day, and no wind—the burning sun  
 Blister'd and scorch'd, and, stagnant on the sea,  
 They lay like carcasses; and hope was none,  
 Save in the breeze that came not: savagely  
 They glared upon each other—all was done,  
 Water, and wine, and food,—and you might see  
 The longings of the cannibal arise  
 (Although they spoke not) in their wolfish eyes.

## LXXIII

At length one whisper'd his companion, who  
 Whisper'd another, and thus it went round,  
 And then into a hoarser murmur grew,  
 An ominous, and wild, and desperate sound;  
 And when his comrade's thought each sufferer knew,  
 'Twas but his own, suppress'd till now, he found:  
 And out they spoke of lots for flesh and blood,  
 And who should die to be his fellow's food.

## LXXIV

But ere they came to this, they that day shared  
 Some leathern caps, and what remain'd of shoes;

And then they look'd around them, and despair'd,  
 And none to be the sacrifice would choose;  
 At length the lots were torn up, and prepared,  
 But of materials that must shock the Muse—  
 Having no paper, for the want of better,  
 They took by force from Juan Julia's letter.

## LXXV

Then lots were made, and mark'd, and mix'd, and handed  
 In silent horror, and their distribution  
 Lull'd even the savage hunger which demanded,  
 Like the Promethean vulture, this pollution;  
 None in particular had sought or plann'd it,  
 'Twas Nature gnaw'd them to this resolution,  
 By which none were permitted to be neuter—  
 And the lot fell on Juan's luckless tutor.

## LXXVI

He but requested to be bled to death:  
 The surgeon had his instruments, and bled  
 Pedrillo, and so gently ebb'd his breath,  
 You hardly could perceive when he was dead.  
 He died as born, a Catholic in faith,  
 Like most in the belief in which they're bred,  
 And first a little crucifix he kiss'd,  
 And then held out his jugular and wrist.

## LXXVII

The surgeon, as there was no other fee,  
 Had his first choice of morsels for his pains;  
 But being thirstiest at the moment, he  
 Prefer'd a draught from the fast-flowing veins:  
 Part was divided, part thrown in the sea,  
 And such things as the entrails and the brains  
 Regaled two sharks, who follow'd o'er the billow—  
 The sailors ate the rest of poor Pedrillo.

## LXXVIII

The sailors ate him, all save three or four,  
 Who were not quite so fond of animal food;  
 To these was added Juan, who, before  
 Refusing his own spaniel, hardly could  
 Feel now his appetite increased much more;  
 'Twas not to be expected that he should,  
 Even in extremity of their disaster,  
 Dine with them on his pastor and his master.

## LXXXIX

'Twas better that he did not; for, in fact,  
 The consequence was awful in the extreme;  
 For they, who were most ravenous in the act,  
 Went raging mad—Lord! how they did blaspheme!  
 And foam, and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,  
 Drinking salt-water like a mountain-stream;  
 Tearing, and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,  
 And, with hyæna-laughter, died despairing.

## LXXX

Their numbers were much thinn'd by this infliction,  
 And all the rest were thin enough,  
 Heaven knows;  
 And some of them had lost their recollection,  
 Happier than they who still perceived their woes;  
 But others ponder'd on a new dissection,  
 As if not warn'd sufficiently by those  
 Who had already perish'd, suffering madly,  
 For having used their appetites so sadly.

## LXXXI

And next they thought upon the master's mate,  
 As fattest; but he saved himself, because,  
 Besides being much averse from such a fate,  
 There were some other reasons: the first was,  
 He had been rather indisposed of late;  
 And that which chiefly proved his saving clause,  
 Was a small present made to him at Cadiz,  
 By general subscription of the ladies.

## LXXXII

Of poor Pedrillo something still remain'd,  
 But was used sparingly,—some were afraid,  
 And others still their appetites constrain'd,  
 Or but at times a little supper made;  
 All except Juan, who throughout abstain'd,  
 Chewing a piece of bamboo, and some lead:  
 At length they caught two boobies, and a noddy,  
 And then they left off eating the dead body.

## LXXXIII

And if Pedrillo's fate should shocking be,  
 Remember Ugolino condescends  
 To eat the head of his arch-enemy  
 The moment after he politely ends

His tale: if foes be food in hell, at sea  
 'Tis surely fair to dine upon our friends,  
 When shipwreck's short allowance grows too scanty,  
 Without being much more horrible than Dante.

## LXXXIV

And the same night there fell a shower of rain,  
 For which their mouths gaped, like the cracks of earth  
 When dried to summer dust; till taught by pain,  
 Men really know not what good water's worth;  
 If you had been in Turkey or in Spain,  
 Or with a famish'd boat's-crew had your berth,  
 Or in the desert heard the camel's bell,  
 You'd wish yourself where Truth is—in a well.

## LXXXV

It pour'd down torrents, but they were no richer,  
 Until they found a ragged piece of sheet,  
 Which served them as a sort of spongy pitcher,  
 And when they deem'd its moisture was complete,  
 They wrung it out, and though a thirsty ditcher  
 Might not have thought the scanty draught so sweet  
 As a full pot of porter, to their thinking  
 They ne'er till now had known the joys of drinking.

## LXXXVI

And their baked lips, with many a bloody crack,  
 Suck'd in the moisture, which like nectar stream'd;  
 Their throats were ovens, their swollen tongues were black  
 As the rich man's in hell, who vainly scream'd  
 To beg the beggar, who could not rain back  
 A drop of dew, when every drop had seem'd  
 To taste of heaven—If this be true, indeed,  
 Some Christians have a comfortable creed.

## LXXXVII

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,  
 And with them their two sons, of whom the one  
 Was more robust and hardy to the view,  
 But he died early; and when he was gone,

His nearest messmate told his sire, who  
threw

One glance at him, and said, 'Heaven's  
will be done!  
I can do nothing,' and he saw him thrown  
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

## LXXXVIII

The other father had a weaklier child,  
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;  
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild  
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;  
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,  
As if to win a part from off the weight  
He saw increasing on his father's heart,  
With the deep deadly thought, that they  
must part.

## LXXXIX

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised  
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the  
foam  
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed,  
And when the wish'd-for shower at  
length was come,  
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film  
half glazed,  
Brighten'd, and for a moment seem'd  
to roam,  
He squeezed from out a rag some drops  
of rain  
Into his dying child's mouth—but in vain.

## XC

The boy expired—the father held the clay,  
And look'd upon it long, and when at  
last  
Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen  
lay  
Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope  
were past,  
He watch'd it wistfully, until away  
'Twas borne by the rude wave wherein  
'twas cast;  
Then he himself sunk down all dumb and  
shivering,  
And gave no sign of life, save his limbs  
quivering.

## XCI

Now overhead a rainbow, bursting through  
The scattering clouds, shone, spanning  
the dark sea,  
Resting its bright base on the quivering  
blue;  
And all within its arch appear'd to be  
Clearer than that without, and its wide hue  
Wax'd broad and waving, like a banner  
free,  
Then changed like to a bow that's bent,  
and then  
Forsook the dim eyes of these shipwreck'd  
men.

## XCII

It changed, of course; a heavenly chame-  
leon,  
The airy child of vapour and the sun,  
Brought forth in purple, cradled in  
vermilion,  
Baptized in molten gold, and swathed  
in dun,  
Glittering like crescents o'er a Turk's  
pavilion,  
And blending every colour into one,  
Just like a black eye in a recent scuffle  
(For sometimes we must box without the  
muffle).

## XCIII

Our shipwreck'd seamen thought it a  
good omen—  
It is as well to think so, now and then;  
'Twas an old custom of the Greek and  
Roman,  
And may become of great advantage  
when  
Folks are discouraged; and most surely  
no men  
Had greater need to nerve themselves  
again  
Than these, and so this rainbow look'd  
like hope—  
Quite a celestial kaleidoscope.

## XCIV

About this time a beautiful white bird,  
Web-footed, not unlike a dove in size  
And plumage (probably it might have  
err'd  
Upon its course), pass'd oft before their  
eyes,  
And tried to perch, although it saw and  
heard  
The men within the boat, and in this  
guise  
It came and went, and flutter'd round  
them till  
Night fell:—this seem'd a better omen  
still.

## XCV

But in this case I also must remark,  
'Twas well this bird of promise did not  
perch,  
Because the tackle of our shatter'd bark  
Was not so safe for roosting as a church;  
And had it been the dove from Noah's  
ark,  
Returning there from her successful  
search,  
Which in their way that moment chanced  
to fall,  
They would have eat her, olive-branch  
and all.



## XCVI

With twilight it again came on to blow,  
 But not with violence; the stars shone  
 out,  
 The boat made way; yet now they were so  
 low,  
 They knew not where nor what they  
 were about;  
 Some fancied they saw land, and some  
 said 'No!'  
 The frequent fog-banks gave them cause  
 to doubt—  
 Some swore that they heard breakers,  
 others guns,  
 And all mistook about the latter once.

## XCVII

As morning broke, the light wind died  
 away,  
 When he who had the watch sung out  
 and swore,  
 If 'twas not land that rose with the sun's  
 ray,  
 He wish'd that land he never might see  
 more:  
 And the rest rubb'd their eyes, and saw  
 a bay,  
 Or thought they saw, and shaped their  
 course for shore;  
 For shore it was, and gradually grew  
 Distinct, and high, and palpable to view.

## XCVIII

And then of these some part burst into  
 tears,  
 And others, looking with a stupid stare,  
 Could not yet separate their hopes from  
 fears,  
 And seem'd as if they had no further  
 care;  
 While a few pray'd—(the first time for  
 some years)—  
 And at the bottom of the boat three  
 were  
 Asleep: they shook them by the hand and  
 head,  
 And tried to awaken them, but found them  
 dead.

## XCIX

The day before, fast sleeping on the water,  
 They found a turtle of the hawk's-bill  
 kind,  
 And by good fortune, gliding softly,  
 caught her,  
 Which yielded a day's life, and to their  
 mind  
 Proved even still a more nutritious matter,  
 Because it left encouragement be-  
 hind:  
 They thought that in such perils, more  
 than chance  
 Had sent them this for their deliverance.

## C

The land appear'd a high and rocky coast,  
 And higher grew the mountains as they  
 drew,  
 Set by a current, toward it: they were lost  
 In various conjectures, for none knew  
 To what part of the earth they had been  
 tost,  
 So changeable had been the winds that  
 blew;  
 Some thought it was Mount Ætna, some  
 the highlands  
 Of Candia, Cyprus, Rhodes, or other  
 islands.

## CI

Meantime the current, with a rising gale,  
 Still set them onwards to the welcome  
 shore,  
 Like Charon's bark of spectres, dull and  
 pale:  
 Their living freight was now reduced to  
 four,  
 And three dead, whom their strength  
 could not avail  
 To heave into the deep with those before,  
 Though the two sharks still follow'd them,  
 and dash'd  
 The spray into their faces as they splash'd.

## CII

Famine, despair, cold, thirst, and heat,  
 had done  
 Their work on them by turns, and  
 thinn'd them to  
 Such things a mother had not known her  
 son  
 Amidst the skeletons of that gaunt  
 crew;  
 By night chill'd, by day scorch'd, thus one  
 by one  
 They perish'd, until wither'd to these  
 few,  
 But chiefly by a species of self-slaughter,  
 In washing down Pedrillo with salt water.

## CIII

As they drew nigh the land, which now  
 was seen  
 Unequal in its aspect here and there,  
 They felt the freshness of its growing  
 green,  
 That waved in forest-tops, and  
 smooth'd the air,  
 And fell upon their glazed eyes like a  
 screen  
 From glistening waves, and skies so hot  
 and bare—  
 Lovely seem'd any object that should  
 sweep  
 Away the vast, salt, dread, eternal deep.

## CIV

The shore look'd wild, without a trace of  
 man,  
 And girt by formidable waves; but they  
 Were mad for land, and thus their course  
 they ran,  
 Though right ahead the roaring  
 breakers lay:  
 A reef between them also now began  
 To show its boiling surf and bounding  
 spray,  
 But finding no place for their landing  
 better,  
 They ran the boat for shore,—and overset  
 her.

## CV

But in his native stream, the Guadalquivir,  
 Juan to lave his youthful limbs was  
 wont;  
 And having learnt to swim in that sweet  
 river,  
 Had often turn'd the art to some  
 account:  
 A better swimmer you could scarce see  
 ever,  
 He could, perhaps, have pass'd the  
 Hellespont,  
 As once (a feat on which ourselves we  
 prided)  
 Leander, Mr. Ekenhead, and I did.

## CVI

So here, though faint, emaciated, and  
 stark,  
 He buoy'd his boyish limbs, and strove  
 to play  
 With the quick wave, and gain, ere it was  
 dark,  
 The beach which lay before him, high  
 and dry:  
 The greatest danger here was from a shark,  
 That carried off his neighbour by the  
 thigh;  
 As for the other two, they could not swim,  
 So nobody arrived on shore but him.

## CVII

Nor yet had he arrived but for the oar,  
 Which, providentially for him, was  
 wash'd  
 Just as his feeble arms could strike no  
 more,  
 And the hard wave o'erwhelm'd him  
 as 'twas dash'd  
 Within his grasp; he clung to it, and sore  
 The waters beat while he thereto was  
 lash'd;  
 At last, with swimming, wading, scram-  
 bling, he  
 Roll'd on the beach, half senseless, from  
 the sea:

## CVIII

There, breathless, with his digging nails  
 he clung  
 Fast to the sand, lest the returning wave,  
 From whose reluctant roar his life he  
 wrung,  
 Should suck him back to her insatiate  
 grave:  
 And there he lay, full length, where he was  
 flung,  
 Before the entrance of a cliff-worn cave,  
 With just enough of life to feel its pain,  
 And deem that it was saved, perhaps in  
 vain.

## CIX

With slow and staggering effort he arose,  
 But sunk again upon his bleeding knee  
 And quivering hand; and then he look'd  
 for those  
 Who long had been his mates upon the  
 sea;  
 But none of them appear'd to share his  
 woes,  
 Save one, a corpse, from out the  
 famish'd three,  
 Who died two days before, and now had  
 found  
 An unknown barren beach for burial-  
 ground.

## CX

And as he gazed, his dizzy brain spun fast,  
 And down he sunk; and as he sunk, the  
 sand  
 Swam round and round, and all his senses  
 pass'd:  
 He fell upon his side, and his stretch'd  
 hand  
 Droop'd dripping on the oar (their jury-  
 mast),  
 And, like a wither'd lily, on the land  
 His slender frame and pallid aspect lay,  
 As fair a thing as e'er was form'd of clay.

## CXI

How long in his damp trance young Juan  
 lay  
 He knew not, for the earth was gone  
 for him,  
 And time had nothing more of night nor  
 day  
 For his congealing blood, and senses  
 dim;  
 And how this heavy faintness pass'd away  
 He knew not, till each painful pulse and  
 limb,  
 And tingling vein, seem'd throbbing back  
 to life,  
 For Death, though vanquish'd, still  
 retired with strife.

## CXII

His eyes he open'd, shut, again unclosed,  
 For all was doubt and dizziness; he  
 thought  
 He still was in the boat, and had but dozed,  
 And felt again with his despair o'er-  
 wrought,  
 And wish'd it death in which he had  
 reposed,  
 And then once more his feelings back  
 were brought,  
 And slowly by his swimming eyes was  
 seen  
 A lovely female face of seventeen.

## CXIII

'Twas bending close o'er his, and the  
 small mouth  
 Seem'd almost prying into his for  
 breath;  
 And chafing him, the soft warm hand of  
 youth  
 Recall'd his answering spirits back  
 from death;  
 And, bathing his chill temples, tried to  
 soothe  
 Each pulse to animation, till beneath  
 Its gentle touch and trembling care, a sigh  
 To these kind efforts made a low reply.

## CXIV

Then was the cordial pour'd, and mantle  
 flung  
 Around his scarce-clad limbs; and the  
 fair arm  
 Raised higher the faint head which o'er it  
 hung;  
 And her transparent cheek, all pure and  
 warm,  
 Pillow'd his death-like forehead; then she  
 wrung  
 His dewy curls, long drench'd by every  
 storm;  
 And watch'd with eagerness each throb  
 that drew  
 A sigh from his heaved bosom—and hers,  
 too.

## CXV

And lifting him with care into the cave,  
 The gentle girl, and her attendant,—  
 one  
 Young, yet her elder, and of brow less  
 grave,  
 And more robust of figure—then begun  
 To kindle fire, and as the new flames gave  
 Light to the rocks that roof'd them,  
 which the sun  
 Had never seen, the maid, or whatsoe'er  
 She was, appear'd distinct, and tall, and  
 fair.

## CXVI

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,  
 That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,  
 Her clustering hair, whose longer locks  
 were roll'd  
 In braids behind; and though her  
 stature were  
 Even of the highest for a female mould,  
 They nearly reach'd her heel; and in her  
 air  
 There was a something which bespoke  
 command,  
 As one who was a lady in the land.

## CXVII

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes  
 Were black as death, their lashes the  
 same hue,  
 Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow  
 lies  
 Deepest attraction; for when to the view  
 Forth from its raven fringe the full glance  
 flies,  
 Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow  
 flew;  
 'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his  
 length,  
 And hurls at once his venom and his  
 strength.

## CXVIII

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's  
 pure dye  
 Like twilight rosy still with the set sun;  
 Short upper lip—sweet lips! that make us  
 sigh  
 Ever to have seen such; for she was one  
 Fit for the model of a statuary  
 (A race of mere impostors, when all's  
 done—  
 I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,  
 Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

## CXIX

I'll tell you why I say so, for 'tis just  
 One should not rail without a decent  
 cause:  
 There was an Irish lady, to whose bust  
 I ne'er saw justice done, and yet she was  
 A frequent model; and if e'er she must  
 Yield to stern Time and Nature's  
 wrinkling laws,  
 They will destroy a face which mortal  
 thought  
 Ne'er compass'd, nor less mortal chisel  
 wrought.

## CXX

And such was she, the lady of the cave:  
 Her dress was very different from the  
 Spanish,  
 Simpler, and yet of colours not so grave;  
 For, as you know, the Spanish women  
 banish

Bright hues when out of doors, and yet,  
 while wave  
 Around them (what I hope will never  
 vanish)  
 The basquina and the mantilla, they  
 Seem at the same time mystical and gay.

## CXXI

But with our damsel this was not the case:  
 Her dress was many-colour'd, finely  
 spun;  
 Her locks curl'd negligently round her  
 face,  
 But through them gold and gems pro-  
 fusely shone:  
 Her girdle sparkled, and the richest lace  
 Flow'd in her veil, and many a precious  
 stone  
 Flash'd on her little hand; but, what was  
 shocking,  
 Her small snow feet had slippers, but no  
 stocking.

## CXXII

The other female's dress was not unlike,  
 But of inferior materials: she  
 Had not so many ornaments to strike,  
 Her hair had silver only, bound to be  
 Her dowry; and her veil, in form alike,  
 Was coarser; and her air, though firm,  
 less free:  
 Her hair was thicker, but less long; her eyes  
 As black, but quicker, and of smaller size.

## CXXIII

And these two tended him, and cheer'd  
 him both  
 With food and raiment, and those soft  
 attentions,  
 Which are—(as I must own)—of female  
 growth,  
 And have ten thousand delicate inven-  
 tions:  
 They made a most superior mess of broth,  
 A thing which poesy but seldom men-  
 tions,  
 But the best dish that e'er was cook'd  
 since Homer's  
 Achilles order'd dinner for new comers.

## CXXIV

I'll tell you who they were, this female  
 pair,  
 Lest they should seem princesses in  
 disguise;  
 Besides, I hate all mystery, and that air  
 Of clap-trap, which your recent poets  
 prize;  
 And so, in short, the girls they really were  
 They shall appear before your curious  
 eyes,  
 Mistress and maid; the first was only  
 daughter  
 Of an old man, who lived upon the water.

## CXXV

A fisherman he had been in his youth,  
 And still a sort of fisherman was he;  
 But other speculations were, in sooth,  
 Added to his connexion with the sea,  
 Perhaps not so respectable, in truth:  
 A little smuggling, and some piracy,  
 Left him, at last, the sole of many masters  
 Of an ill-gotten million of piastres.

## CXXVI

A fisher, therefore, was he,—though of  
 men,  
 Like Peter the Apostle,—and he fish'd  
 For wandering merchant vessels, now and  
 then,  
 And sometimes caught as many as he  
 wish'd;  
 The cargoes he confiscated, and gain  
 He sought in the slave-market too, and  
 dish'd  
 Full many a morsel for that Turkish trade,  
 By which, no doubt, a good deal may be  
 made.

## CXXVII

He was a Greek, and on his isle had built  
 (One of the wild and smaller Cyclades)  
 A very handsome house from out his guilt,  
 And there he lived exceedingly at ease:  
 Heaven knows what cash he got, or blood  
 he spilt,  
 A sad old fellow was he, if you please;  
 But this I know, it was a spacious building,  
 Full of barbaric carving, paint, and gilding.

## CXXVIII

He had an only daughter, call'd Haidée,  
 The greatest heiress of the Eastern Isles;  
 Besides, so very beautiful was she,  
 Her dowry was as nothing to her smiles:  
 Still in her teens, and like a lovely tree  
 She grew to womanhood, and between  
 whiles  
 Rejected several suitors, just to learn  
 How to accept a better in his turn.

## CXXIX

And walking out upon the beach, below  
 The cliff,—towards sunset, on that day  
 she found,  
 Insensible,—not dead, but nearly so,—  
 Don Juan, almost famish'd, and half  
 drown'd;  
 But being naked, she was shock'd, you know,  
 Yet deem'd herself in common pity bound,  
 As far as in her lay, 'to take him in,  
 A stranger' dying, with so white a skin.

## CXXX

But taking him into her father's house  
 Was not exactly the best way to save,  
 But like conveying to the cat the mouse,  
 Or people in a trance into their grave;

## DON JUAN

[CANTO II

Because the good old man had so much  
*'vous,*  
 Unlike the honest Arab thieves so  
 brave,  
 He would have hospitably cured the  
 stranger  
 And sold him instantly when out of  
 danger.

XXXXI

And therefore, with her maid, she thought  
 it best  
 (A virgin always on her maid relies)  
 To place him in the cave for present rest:  
 And when, at last, he open'd his black  
 eyes,  
 Their charity increased about their guest;  
 And their compassion grew to such a  
 size,  
 It open'd half the turnpike gates to  
 heaven—  
 (St. Paul says, 'tis the toll which must be  
 given).

XXXXII

They made a fire,—but such a fire as they  
 Upon the moment could contrive with  
 such  
 Materials as were cast up round the  
 bay,—  
 Some broken planks, and oars, that to  
 the touch  
 Were nearly tinder, since so long they lay,  
 A mast was almost crumbled to a  
 crutch;  
 But, by God's grace, here wrecks were in  
 such plenty,  
 That there was fuel to have furnish'd  
 twenty.

XXXXIII

He had a bed of furs, and a pelisse,  
 For Haidée stripp'd her sables off to  
 make  
 His couch; and, that he might be more at  
 ease,  
 And warm, in case by chance he should  
 awake,  
 They also gave a petticoat apiece,  
 She and her maid,—and promised by  
 daybreak  
 To pay him a fresh visit, with a dish  
 For breakfast, of eggs, coffee, bread, and  
 fish.

XXXXIV

And thus they left him to his lone repose:  
 Juan slept like a top, or like the dead,  
 Who sleep at last, perhaps (God only  
 knows),  
 Just for the present; and in his lull'd  
 head  
 Not even a vision of his former woes  
 Throbb'd in accursed dreams, which  
 sometimes spread

Unwelcome visions of our former years,  
 Till the eye, cheated, opens thick with  
 tears.

CXXXV

Young Juan slept all dreamless:—but the  
 maid,  
 Who smooth'd his pillow, as she left the  
 den  
 Look'd back upon him, and a moment  
 stayed,  
 And turn'd, believing that he call'd again.  
 He slumber'd; yet she thought, at least she  
 said  
 (The heart will slip, even as the tongue  
 and pen),  
 He had pronounced her name—but she  
 forgot  
 That at this moment Juan knew it not.

CXXXVI

And pensive to her father's house she  
 went,  
 Enjoining silence strict to Zoe, who  
 Better than her knew what, in fact, she  
 meant,  
 She being wiser by a year or two:  
 A year or two's an age when rightly spent,  
 And Zoe spent hers, as most women do,  
 In gaining all that useful sort of knowledge  
 Which is acquired in Nature's good old  
 college.

CXXXVII

The morn broke, and found Juan slumber-  
 ing still  
 Fast in his cave, and nothing clash'd  
 upon  
 His rest: the rushing of the neighbouring  
 rill,  
 And the young beams of the excluded  
 sun,  
 Troubled him not, and he might sleep his  
 fill;  
 And need he had of slumber yet, for  
 none  
 Had suffer'd more—his hardships were  
 comparative  
 To those related in my grand-dad's  
 'Narrative.'

CXXXVIII

Not so Haidée: she sadly toss'd and  
 tumbled,  
 And started from her sleep, and,  
 turning o'er,  
 Dream'd of a thousand wrecks, o'er which  
 she stumbled,  
 And handsome corpses strew'd upon  
 the shore;  
 And woke her maid so early that she  
 grumbled,  
 And call'd her father's old slaves up,  
 who swore

In several oaths—Armenian, Turk, and Greek—

They knew not what to think of such a freak.

## CXXXIX

But up she got, and up she made them get,  
With some pretence about the sun, that makes

Sweet skies just when he rises, or is set;  
And 'tis, no doubt, a sight to see when breaks

Bright Phœbus, while the mountains still are wet

With mist, and every bird with him awakes,  
And night is flung off like a mourning suit  
Worn for a husband,—or some other brute.

## CXL

I say, the sun is a most glorious sight:

I've seen him rise full oft, indeed of late  
I have sat up on purpose all the night,  
Which hastens, as physicians say, one's fate;

And so all ye, who would be in the right  
In health and purse, begin your day to date

From daybreak, and when coffin'd at four-score

Engrave upon the plate, you rose at four.

## CXLI

And Haidée met the morning face to face;  
Her own was freshest, though a feverish flush

Had dyed it with the headlong blood,  
whose race

From heart to cheek is curb'd into a blush,

Like to a torrent which a mountain's base,  
That overpowers some Alpine river's rush,

Cheeks to a lake, whose waves in circles spread;

Or the Red Sea—but the sea is not red.

## CXLII

And down the cliff the island virgin came,  
And near the cave her quick light footsteps drew,

While the sun smiled on her with his first flame,

And young Aurora kiss'd her lips with dew,

Taking her for a sister; just the same  
Mistake you would have made on seeing the two,

Although the mortal, quite as fresh and fair,

Had all the advantage, too, of not being air.

## CXLIII

And when into the cavern Haidée stepp'd  
All timidly, yet rapidly, she saw

That like an infant Juan sweetly slept;

And then she stopp'd, and stood as if

in awe

(For sleep is awful), and on tiptoe crept

And wrapt him closer, lest the air, too raw,

Should reach his blood, then o'er him still as death

Bent, with hush'd lips, that drank his scarce-drawn breath.

## CXLIV

And thus like to an angel o'er the dying  
Who die in righteousness, she lean'd;

and there  
All tranquilly the shipwreck'd boy was lying,

As o'er him lay the calm and stirless air:

But Zoe the meantime some eggs was frying,

Since, after all, no doubt the youthful pair

Must breakfast, and betimes—lest they should ask it,

She drew out her provision from the basket.

## CXLV

She knew that the best feelings must have victual,

And that a shipwreck'd youth would hungry be;

Besides, being less in love, she yawn'd a little,

And felt her veins chill'd by the neighbouring sea;

And so, she cook'd their breakfast to a tittle;

I can't say that she gave them any tea,

But there were eggs, fruit, coffee, bread, fish, honey,

With Scio wine,—and all for love, not money.

## CXLVI

And Zoe, when the eggs were ready, and  
The coffee made, would fain have waken'd Juan;

But Haidée stopp'd her with her quick small hand,

And without word, a sign her finger drew on

Her lip, which Zoe needs must understand;

And, the first breakfast spoilt, prepared a new one,

Because her mistress would not let her break

That sleep which seem'd as it would ne'er awake.

## CXLVII

For still he lay, and on his thin worn cheek  
 A purple hectic play'd like dying day  
 On the snow-tops of distant hills; the  
 streak  
 Of suffrance yet upon his forehead lay,  
 Where the blue veins look'd shadowy,  
 shrunk, and weak;  
 And his black curls were dewy with the  
 spray,  
 Which weigh'd upon them yet, all damp  
 and salt,  
 Mix'd with the stony vapours of the vault.

## CXLVIII

And she bent o'er him, and he lay beneath,  
 Hush'd as the babe upon its mother's  
 breast,  
 Droop'd as the willow when no winds can  
 breathe,  
 Lull'd like the depth of ocean when at  
 rest,  
 Fair as the crowning rose of the whole  
 wreath,  
 Soft as the callow cygnet in its nest;  
 In short, he was a very pretty fellow,  
 Although his woes had turn'd him rather  
 yellow.

## CXLIX

He woke and gazed, and would have slept  
 again,  
 But the fair face which met his eyes  
 forbade  
 Those eyes to close, though weariness and  
 pain  
 Had further sleep a further pleasure  
 made;  
 For woman's face was never form'd in  
 vain  
 For Juan, so that even when he pray'd  
 He turn'd from grisly saints, and martyrs  
 hairy,  
 To the sweet portraits of the Virgin Mary.

## CL

And thus upon his elbow he arose,  
 And look'd upon the lady, in whose  
 cheek  
 The pale contended with the purple rose,  
 As with an effort she began to speak;  
 Her eyes were eloquent, her words would  
 pose,  
 Although she told him, in good modern  
 Greek,  
 With an Ionian accent, low and sweet,  
 That he was faint, and must not talk, but  
 eat.

## CLI

Now Juan could not understand a word,  
 Being no Grecian; but he had an ear,  
 And her voice was the warble of a bird,  
 So soft, so sweet, so delicately clear,

That finer, simpler music ne'er was heard;  
 The sort of sound we echo with a tear,  
 Without knowing why—an overpowering  
 tone,  
 Whence melody descends as from a  
 throne.

## CLII

And Juan gazed as one who is awake  
 By a distant organ, doubting if he be  
 Not yet a dreamer, till the spell is broke  
 By the watchman, or some such reality,  
 Or by one's early valet's cursed knock;  
 At least it is a heavy sound to me,  
 Who like a morning slumber—for the night  
 Shows stars and women in a better light.

## CLIII

And Juan, too, was help'd out from his  
 dream,  
 Or sleep, or whatsoe'er it was, by feeling  
 A most prodigious appetite; the steam  
 Of Zoe's cookery no doubt was stealing  
 Upon his senses, and the kindling beam  
 Of the new fire, which Zoe kept up,  
 kneeling,  
 To stir her viands, made him quite awake  
 And long for food, but chiefly a beef-steak.

## CLIV

But beef is rare within these oxless isles;  
 Goat's flesh there is, no doubt, and kid,  
 and mutton,  
 And, when a holiday upon them smiles,  
 A joint upon their barbarous spits they  
 put on:  
 But this occurs but seldom, between  
 whiles,  
 For some of these are rocks with scarce  
 a hut on;  
 Others are fair and fertile, among which  
 This, though not large, was one of the  
 most rich.

## CLV

I say that beef is rare, and can't help thinking  
 That the old fable of the Minotaur—  
 From which our modern morals, rightly  
 shrinking,  
 Condemn the royal lady's taste who  
 wore  
 A cow's shape for a mask—was only  
 (sinking  
 The allegory) a mere type, no more,  
 That Pasiphae promoted breeding cattle,  
 To make the Cretans bloodier in battle.

## CLVI

For we all know that English people are  
 Fed upon beef—I won't say much of  
 beer,  
 Because 'tis liquor only, and being far  
 From this my subject, has no business  
 here;

We know, too, they are very fond of war,  
 A pleasure—like all pleasures—rather  
 dear;  
 So were the Cretans—from which I infer  
 That beef and battles both were owing to  
 her.

## CLVII

But to resume. The languid Juan raised  
 His head upon his elbow, and he saw  
 A sight on which he had not lately gazed,  
 As all his latter meals had been quite  
 raw,  
 Three or four things, for which the Lord  
 he praised,  
 And, feeling still the famish'd vulture  
 gnaw,  
 He fell upon whate'er was offer'd, like  
 A priest, a shark, an alderman, or pike.

## CLVIII

He ate, and he was well supplied; and she,  
 Who watch'd him like a mother, would  
 have fed  
 Him past all bounds, because she smiled  
 to see  
 Such appetite in one she had deem'd  
 dead:  
 But Zoe, being older than Haidée,  
 Knew (by tradition, for she ne'er had  
 read)  
 That famish'd people must be slowly  
 nurs'd,  
 And fed by spoonfuls, else they always  
 burst.

## CLIX

And so she took the liberty to state,  
 Rather by deeds than words, because  
 the case  
 Was urgent, that the gentleman, whose  
 fate  
 Had made her mistress quit her bed to  
 trace  
 The sea-shore at this hour, must leave his  
 plate,  
 Unless he wish'd to die upon the place—  
 She snatch'd it, and refused another  
 morsel,  
 Saying, he had gorged enough to make a  
 horse ill.

## CLX

Next they—he being naked, save a tatter'd  
 Pair of scarce decent trowsers—went to  
 work,  
 And in the fire his recent rags they  
 scatter'd,  
 And dress'd him, for the present, like a  
 Turk,  
 Or Greek—that is, although it not much  
 matter'd,  
 Omitting turban, slippers, pistols,  
 dirk,—

They furnish'd him, entire, except some  
 stitches,  
 With a clean shirt, and very spacious  
 breeches.

## CLXI

And then fair Haidée tried her tongue at  
 speaking,  
 But not a word could Juan comprehend,  
 Although he listen'd so that the young  
 Greek in  
 Her earnestness would ne'er have made  
 an end;  
 And, as he interrupted not, went eking  
 Her speech out to her protégé and  
 friend,  
 Till pausing at the last her breath to take,  
 She saw he did not understand Romaic.

## CLXII

And then she had recourse to nods, and  
 signs,  
 And smiles, and sparkles of the speaking  
 eye,  
 And read (the only book she could) the  
 lines  
 Of his fair face, and found, by sympathy,  
 The answer eloquent, where the soul  
 shines  
 And darts in one quick glance a long  
 reply;  
 And thus in every look she saw express'd  
 A world of words, and things at which she  
 guess'd.

## CLXIII

And now, by dint of fingers and of eyes,  
 And words repeated after her, he took  
 A lesson in her tongue; but by surmise,  
 No doubt, less of her language than her  
 look:  
 As he who studies fervently the skies  
 Turns oftener to the stars than to his  
 book,  
 Thus Juan learn'd his alpha beta better  
 From Haidée's glance than any graven  
 letter.

## CLXIV

'Tis pleasing to be school'd in a strange  
 tongue  
 By female lips and eyes—that is, I mean,  
 When both the teacher and the taught are  
 young,  
 As was the case, at least, where I have  
 been;  
 They smile so when one's right, and when  
 one's wrong  
 They smile still more, and then there  
 intervene  
 Pressure of hands, perhaps even a chaste  
 kiss;—  
 I learn'd the little that I know by this:



## CLXV

That is, some words of Spanish, Turk, and Greek,  
 Italian not at all, having no teachers;  
 Much English I cannot pretend to speak,  
 Learning that language chiefly from its preachers,  
 Barrow, South, Tillotson, whom every week  
 I study, also Blair, the highest reachers  
 Of eloquence in piety and prose—  
 I hate your poets, so read none of those.

## CLXVI

As for the ladies, I have nought to say,  
 A wanderer from the British world of fashion,  
 Where I, like other 'dogs, have had my day,  
 Like other men, too, may have had my passion—  
 But that, like other things, has pass'd away,  
 And all her fools whom I *could* lay the lash on:  
 Foes, friends, men, women, now are nought to me  
 But dreams of what has been, no more to be.

## CLXVII

Return we to Don Juan. He begun  
 To hear new words, and to repeat them;  
 but  
 Some feelings, universal as the sun,  
 Were such as could not in his breast be shut  
 More than within the bosom of a nun:  
 He was in love,—as you would be, no doubt,  
 With a young benefactress,—so was she,  
 Just in the way we very often see.

## CLXVIII

And every day by daybreak—rather early  
 For Juan, who was somewhat fond of rest—  
 She came into the cave, but it was merely  
 To see her bird reposing in his nest;  
 And she would softly stir his locks so curly,  
 Without disturbing her yet slumbering guest,  
 Breathing all gently o'er his cheek and mouth,  
 As o'er a bed of roses the sweet south.

## CLXIX

And every morn his colour fresher came,  
 And every day help'd on his convalescence;  
 'Twas well, because health in the human frame  
 Is pleasant, besides being true love's essence,

For health and idleness to passion's flame  
 Are oil and gunpowder; and some good lessons  
 Are also learnt from Ceres and from Bacchus,  
 Without whom Venus will not long attack us.

## CLXX

While Venus fills the heart (without heart really  
 Love, though good always, is not quite so good),  
 Ceres presents a plate of vermicelli,—  
 For love must be sustain'd like flesh and blood,  
 While Bacchus pours out wine, or hands a jelly:  
 Eggs, oysters, too, are amatory food;  
 But who is their purveyor from above  
 Heaven knows,—it may be Neptune, Pan,  
 or Jove.

## CLXXI

When Juan woke he found some good things ready,  
 A bath, a breakfast, and the finest eyes  
 That ever made a youthful heart less steady,  
 Besides her maid's, as pretty for their size;  
 But I have spoken of all this already—  
 And repetition's tiresome and unwise,—  
 Well—Juan, after bathing in the sea,  
 Came always back to coffee and Haidée.

## CLXXII

Both were so young, and one so innocent,  
 That bathing pass'd for nothing: Juan seem'd  
 To her, as 'twere, the kind of being sent,  
 Of whom these two years she had nightly dream'd,  
 A something to be loved, a creature meant  
 To be her happiness, and whom she deem'd  
 To render happy: all who joy would win  
 Must share it,—Happiness was born a twin.

## CLXXIII

It was such pleasure to behold him, such  
 Enlargement of existence to partake  
 Nature with him, to thrill beneath his touch,  
 To watch him slumbering, and to see him wake;  
 To live with him for ever were too much;  
 But then the thought of parting made her quake:  
 He was her own, her ocean-treasure, cast  
 Like a rich wreck—her first love, and her last.

## CLXXIV

And thus a moon roll'd on, and fair  
 Haidée  
 Paid daily visits to her boy, and took  
 Such plentiful precautions, that still he  
 Remain'd unknown within his craggy  
 nook;  
 At last her father's prows put out to sea,  
 For certain merchantmen upon the  
 look,  
 Not as of yore to carry off an Io,  
 But three Ragusan vessels bound for Scio.

## CLXXV

Then came her freedom, for she had no  
 mother,  
 So that, her father being at sea, she was  
 Free as a married woman, or such other  
 Female, as where she likes may freely  
 pass,  
 Without even the encumbrance of a  
 brother,  
 The freest she that ever gazed on glass:  
 I speak of Christian lands in this com-  
 parison,  
 Where wives, at least, are seldom kept in  
 garrison.

## CLXXVI

Now she prolong'd her visits and her talk  
 (For they must talk), and he had learnt to say  
 So much as to propose to take a walk.—  
 For little had he wander'd since the day  
 On which, like a young flower snapp'd  
 from the stalk,  
 Drooping and dewy on the beach he  
 lay,—  
 And thus they walk'd out in the afternoon,  
 And saw the sun set opposite the moon.

## CLXXVII

It was a wild and breaker-beaten coast,  
 With cliffs above, and a broad sandy  
 shore,  
 Guarded by shoals and rocks as by an  
 host,  
 With here and there a creek, whose  
 aspect wore  
 A better welcome to the tempest-tost;  
 And rarely ceased the haughty billow's  
 roar,  
 Save on the dead long summer days,  
 which make  
 The outstretch'd ocean glitter like a lake.

## CLXXVIII

And the small ripple spilt upon the beach  
 Scarcely o'erpass'd the cream of your  
 champagne,  
 When o'er the brim the sparkling bumpers  
 reach,  
 That spring-dew of the spirit! the heart's  
 rain!

Few things surpass old wine; and they  
 may preach  
 Who please,—the more because they  
 preach in vain,—  
 Let us have wine and women, mirth and  
 laughter,  
 Sermons and soda-water the day after.

## CLXXIX

Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;  
 The best of life is but intoxication:  
 Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are  
 sunk  
 The hopes of all men, and of every  
 nation;  
 Without their sap, how branchless were  
 the trunk  
 Of life's strange tree, so fruitful on  
 occasion!  
 But to return,—Get very drunk; and when  
 You wake with headache, you shall see  
 what then.

## CLXXX

Ring for your valet—bid him quickly bring  
 Some hock and soda-water, then you'll  
 know  
 A pleasure worthy Xerxes the great king;  
 For not the blest sherbet, sublimed with  
 snow,  
 Nor the first sparkle of the desert spring,  
 Nor Burgundy in all its sunset glow,  
 After long travel, ennui, love, or slaughter,  
 Vie with that draught of hock and soda-  
 water.

## CLXXXI

The coast—I think it was the coast that I  
 Was just describing—Yes, it *was* the  
 coast—  
 Lay at this period quiet as the sky,  
 The sands untumbled, the blue waves  
 untost,  
 And all was stillness, save the sea-bird's cry,  
 And dolphin's leap, and little billow  
 crost  
 By some low rock or shelve, that made it fret  
 Against the boundary it scarcely wet.

## CLXXXII

And forth they wander'd, her sire being  
 gone,  
 As I have said, upon an expedition;  
 And mother, brother, guardian, she had  
 none,  
 Save Zoe, who, although with due pre-  
 cision  
 She waited on her lady with the sun,  
 Thought daily service was her only  
 mission,  
 Bringing warm water, wreathing her long  
 tresses,  
 And asking now and then for cast-off  
 dresses.

## CLXXXIII

It was the cooling hour, just when the rounded  
 Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,  
 Which then seems as if the whole earth it bounded,  
 Circling all nature, hush'd, and dim, and still,  
 With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded  
 On one side, and the deep sea calm and chill,  
 Upon the other, and the rosy sky,  
 With one star sparkling through it like an eye.

## CLXXXIV

And thus they wander'd forth, and hand in hand,  
 Over the shining pebbles and the shells,  
 Glided along the smooth and harden'd sand,  
 And in the worn and wild receptacles  
 Work'd by the storms, yet work'd as it were plann'd,  
 In hollow halls, with sparry roofs and cells,  
 They turn'd to rest; and, each clasp'd by an arm,  
 Yielded to the deep twilight's purple charm.

## CLXXXV

They look'd up to the sky, whose floating glow  
 Spread like a rosy ocean, vast and bright;  
 They gazed upon the glittering sea below,  
 Whence the broad moon rose circling into sight;  
 They heard the waves splash, and the wind so low,  
 And saw each other's dark eyes darting light  
 Into each other—and, beholding this,  
 Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

## CLXXXVI

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth, and love,  
 And beauty, all concentrating like rays  
 Into one focus, kindled from above;  
 Such kisses as belong to early days,  
 Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,  
 And the blood's lava, and the pulse a blaze,  
 Each kiss a heart-quake,—for a kiss's strength,  
 I think it must be reckon'd by its length.

## CLXXXVII

By length I mean duration; theirs endured  
 Heaven knows how long—no doubt  
 they never reckon'd;

And if they had, they could not have secured  
 The sum of their sensations to a second:  
 They had not spoken; but they felt allured,  
 As if their souls and lips each other beckon'd,  
 Which, being join'd, like swarming bees they clung—  
 Their hearts the flowers from whence the honey sprung.

## CLXXXVIII

They were alone, but not alone as they  
 Who shut in chambers think it loneliness;  
 The silent ocean, and the starlight bay,  
 The twilight glow, which momentarily grew less,  
 The voiceless sands, and dropping caves, that lay  
 Around them, made them to each other press,  
 As if there were no life beneath the sky  
 Save theirs, and that their life could never die.

## CLXXXIX

They fear'd no eyes nor ears on that lone beach,  
 They felt no terrors from the night; they were  
 All in all to each other; though their speech  
 Was broken words, they *thought* a language there,—  
 And all the burning tongues the passions teach  
 Found in one sigh the best interpreter  
 Of nature's oracle—first love,—that all  
 Which Eve has left her daughters since her fall.

## CXC

Haidée spoke not of scruples, ask'd no vows,  
 Nor offer'd any; she had never heard  
 Of plight and promises to be a spouse,  
 Or perils by a loving maid incurr'd;  
 She was all which pure ignorance allows,  
 And flew to her young mate like a young bird,  
 And never having dreamt of falsehood, she  
 Had not one word to say of constancy.

## CXCI

She loved, and was beloved—she adored,  
 And she was worshipp'd; after nature's fashion,  
 Their intense souls, into each other pour'd,  
 If souls could die, had perish'd in that passion,—

But by degrees their senses were restored,  
 Again to be o'ercome, again to dash  
 on;  
 And, beating 'gainst *his* bosom, Haidée's  
 heart  
 Felt as if never more to beat apart.

## CXCII

Alas! they were so young, so beautiful,  
 So lonely, loving, helpless, and the hour  
 Was that in which the heart is always full,  
 And, having o'er itself no further  
 power,  
 Prompts deeds eternity cannot annul,  
 But pays off moments in an endless  
 shower  
 Of hell-fire—all prepared for people  
 giving  
 Pleasure or pain to one another living.

## CXCIII

Alas! for Juan and Haidée! they were  
 So loving and so lovely—till then never,  
 Excepting our first parents, such a pair  
 Had run the risk of being damn'd for  
 ever;  
 And Haidée, being devout as well as fair,  
 Had, doubtless, heard about the  
 Stygian river,  
 And hell and purgatory—but forgot  
 Just in the very crisis she should not.

## CXCIV

They look upon each other, and their eyes  
 Gleam in the moonlight; and her white  
 arm clasps  
 Round Juan's head, and his around her  
 lies  
 Half buried in the tresses which it  
 grasps;  
 She sits upon his knee, and drinks his  
 sighs,  
 He hers, until they end in broken gasps;  
 And thus they form a group that's quite  
 antique,  
 Half naked, loving, natural, and Greek.

## CXCv

And when those deep and burning  
 moments pass'd,  
 And Juan sunk to sleep within her arms,  
 She slept not, but all tenderly, though  
 fast,  
 Sustain'd his head upon her bosom's  
 charms;  
 And now and then her eye to heaven is  
 cast,  
 And then on the pale cheek her breast  
 now warms,  
 Pillow'd on her o'erflowing heart, which  
 pants  
 With all it granted, and with all it grants.

## CXCvi

An infant when it gazes on a light,  
 A child the moment when it drains the  
 breast,  
 A devotee when soars the Host in sight,  
 An Arab with a stranger for a guest,  
 A sailor when the prize has struck in fight,  
 A miser filling his most hoarded chest,  
 Feel rapture; but not such true joy are  
 reaping  
 As they who watch o'er what they love  
 while sleeping.

## CXCvII

For there it lies so tranquil, so beloved,  
 All that it hath of life with us is living;  
 So gentle, stirless, helpless, and unmoved,  
 And all unconscious of the joy 'tis  
 giving;  
 All it hath felt, inflicted, pass'd, and  
 proved,  
 Hush'd into depths beyond the  
 watcher's diving;  
 There lies the thing we love with all its  
 errors  
 And all its charms, like death without its  
 terrors.

## CXCvIII

The lady watch'd her lover—and that hour  
 Of Love's, and Night's, and Ocean's  
 solitude,  
 O'erflow'd her soul with their united  
 power;  
 Amidst the barren sand and rocks so  
 rude  
 She and her wave-worn love had made  
 their bower,  
 Where nought upon their passion could  
 intrude,  
 And all the stars that crowded the blue  
 space  
 Saw nothing happier than her glowing  
 face.

## CXCIX

Alas! the love of women! it is known  
 To be a lovely and a fearful thing;  
 For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,  
 And if 'tis lost, life hath no more to  
 bring  
 To them but mockeries of the past alone,  
 And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,  
 Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet, as  
 real  
 Torture is theirs, what they inflict they feel.

## CC

They are right; for man, to man so oft  
 unjust,  
 Is always so to women; one sole bond  
 Awaits them, treachery is all their trust;  
 Taught to conceal, their bursting hearts  
 despond

# DON JUAN

[CANTO II

Over their idol, till some wealthier lust  
Buys them in marriage—and what rests  
beyond?

A thankless husband, next a faithless  
lover,  
Then dressing, nursing, praying, and all's  
over.

CCI

Some take a lover, some take drams or  
prayers,  
Some mind their household, others dis-  
sipation,  
Some run away, and but exchange their  
cares,  
Losing the advantage of a virtuous  
station;  
Few changes e'er can better their affairs,  
Theirs being an unnatural situation,  
From the dull palace to the dirty hovel:  
Some play the devil, and then write a  
novel.

CCII

Haidée was Nature's bride, and knew not  
this:  
Haidée was Passion's child, born where  
the sun  
Showers triple light, and scorches even  
the kiss  
Of his gazelle-eyed daughters; she was  
one  
Made but to love, to feel that she was his  
Who was her chosen: what was said or  
done  
Elsewhere was nothing. She had nought  
to fear,  
Hope, care, nor love beyond,—her heart  
beat *here*.

CCIII

And oh! that quickening of the heart, that  
beat!  
How much it costs us! yet each rising  
throb  
Is in its cause as its effect so sweet,  
That Wisdom, ever on the watch to rob  
Joy of its alchemy, and to repeat  
Fine truths; even Conscience, too, has  
a tough job  
To make us understand each good old  
maxim,  
So good—I wonder Castlereagh don't tax  
*em*.

CCIV

And now 'twas done—on the lone shore  
were plighted  
Their hearts; the stars, their nuptial  
torches, shed  
Beauty upon the beautiful they lighted:  
Ocean their witness, and the cave their  
bed,

By their own feelings hallow'd and united,  
Their priest was Solitude, and they were  
wed:

And they were happy, for to their young  
eyes  
Each was an angel, and earth paradise.

CCV

Oh, Love! of whom great Cæsar was the  
suitor,  
Titus the master, Antony the slave,  
Horace, Catullus, scholars, Ovid tutor,  
Sappho the sage blue-stocking, in whose  
grave  
All those may leap who rather would be  
neuter—  
(Leucadia's rock still overlooks the  
wave)—  
Oh, Love! thou art the very god of evil,  
For, after all, we cannot call thee devil.

CCVI

Thou mak'st the chaste connubial state  
precarious,  
And jestest with the brows of mightiest  
men:  
Cæsar and Pompey, Mahomet, Belisarius,  
Have much employ'd the muse of  
history's pen:  
Their lives and fortunes were extremely  
various,  
Such worthies Time will never see again;  
Yet to these four in three things the same  
luck holds,  
They all were heroes, conquerors, and  
cuckolds.

CCVII

Thou mak'st philosophers; there's  
Epicurus  
And Aristippus, a material crew!  
Who to immoral courses would allure us  
By theories quite practicable too:  
If only from the devil they would insure  
us,  
How pleasant were the maxim (not  
quite new),  
'Eat, drink, and love; what can the rest  
avail us?'  
So said the royal sage Sardanapalus.

CCVIII

But Juan! had he quite forgotten Julia?  
And should he have forgotten her so  
soon?  
I can't but say it seems to me most truly a  
Perplexing question; but, no doubt,  
the moon  
Does these things for us, and whenever  
newly a  
Strong palpitation rises, 'tis her boon,  
Else how the devil is it that fresh features  
Have such a charm for us poor human  
creatures?

## CCIX

I hate inconstancy—I loathe, detest,  
 Abhor, condemn, abjure the mortal  
 made  
 Of such quicksilver clay that in his breast  
 No permanent foundations can be laid;  
 Love, constant love, has been my constant  
 guest,  
 And yet last night, being at a masquer-  
 ade,  
 I saw the prettiest creature, fresh from  
 Milan,  
 Which gave me some sensations like a  
 villain.

## CCX

But soon Philosophy came to my aid,  
 And whisper'd, 'Think of every sacred  
 tie!'  
 'I will, my dear Philosophy!' I said,  
 'But then her teeth, and then, oh,  
 Heaven! her eye!  
 I'll just inquire if she be wife or maid,  
 Or neither—out of curiosity.'  
 'Stop!' cried Philosophy, with air so  
 Grecian  
 (Though she was masqued then as a fair  
 Venetian);

## CCXI

'Stop!' so I stopp'd.—But to return: that  
 which  
 Men call inconstancy is nothing more  
 Than admiration due where nature's rich  
 Profusion with young beauty covers  
 o'er  
 Some favour'd object; and as in the niche  
 A lovely statue we almost adore,  
 This sort of adoration of the real  
 Is but a heightening of the *beau idéal*.

## CCXII

'Tis the perception of the beautiful,  
 A fine extension of the faculties,  
 Platonic, universal, wonderful,  
 Drawn from the stars, and filter'd  
 through the skies,  
 Without which life would be extremely  
 dull;  
 In short, it is the use of our own eyes,  
 With one or two small senses added, just  
 To hint that flesh is form'd of fiery dust.

## CCXIII

Yet 'tis a painful feeling, and unwilling,  
 For surely if we always could perceive  
 In the same object graces quite as killing  
 As when she rose upon us like an Eve,  
 'Twould save us many a heart-ache, many  
 a shilling  
 (For we must get them any how, or  
 grieve),  
 Whereas, if one sole lady pleased for ever,  
 How pleasant for the heart, as well as liver!

## CCXIV

The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,  
 But changes night and day, too, like the  
 sky;  
 Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be  
 driven,  
 And darkness and destruction as on high:  
 But when it hath been scorched, and  
 pierced, and riven,  
 Its storms expire in water-drops; the eye  
 Pours forth at last the heart's blood turn'd  
 to tears,  
 Which make the English climate of our  
 years.

## CCXV

The liver is the lazaret of bile,  
 But very rarely executes its function,  
 For the first passion stays there such a while,  
 That all the rest creep in and form a  
 junction,  
 Like knots of vipers on a dunghill's soil,  
 Rage, fear, hate, jealousy, revenge, com-  
 punction,  
 So that all mischiefs spring up from this  
 entrail,  
 Like earthquakes from the hidden fire  
 call'd 'central.'

## CCXVI

In the mean time, without proceeding more  
 In this anatomy, I've finish'd now  
 Two hundred and odd stanzas as before,  
 That being about the number I'll allow  
 Each canto of the twelve, or twenty-four;  
 And, laying down my pen, I make my bow,  
 Leaving Don Juan and Haidée to plead  
 For them and theirs with all who deign to  
 read.

## CANTO THE THIRD

## I

HAIL, Muse! *et cætera*.—We left Juan  
 sleeping,  
 Pillow'd upon a fair and happy breast,  
 And watch'd by eyes that never yet knew  
 weeping,  
 And loved by a young heart, too deeply  
 blest  
 To feel the poison through her spirit  
 creeping,  
 Or know who rested there, a foe to rest,  
 Had soil'd the current of her sinless years,  
 And turn'd her pure heart's purest blood  
 to tears!

## II

Oh, Love! what is it in this world of ours  
 Which makes it fatal to be loved? Ah  
 why  
 With cypress branches hast thou wreathed  
 thy bowers,  
 And made thy best interpreter a sigh?

As those who dote on odours pluck the  
flowers,  
And place them on their breast—but  
place to die—  
Thus the frail beings we would fondly  
cherish  
Are laid within our bosoms but to perish.

## III

In her first passion woman loves her lover,  
In all the others all she loves is love,  
Which grows a habit she can ne'er get over  
And fits her loosely—like an easy glove,  
As you may find, whene'er you like to  
prove her:  
One man alone at first her heart can  
move;  
She then prefers him in the plural number,  
Not finding that the additions much en-  
cumber.

## IV

I know not if the fault be men's or theirs;  
But one thing's pretty sure; a woman  
planted  
(Unless at once she plunge for life in  
prayers)—  
After a decent time must be gallanted;  
Although, no doubt, her first of love affairs  
Is that to which her heart is wholly  
granted;  
Yet there are some, they say, who have had  
*none*,  
But those who have ne'er end with only *one*.

## V

'Tis melancholy, and a fearful sign  
Of human frailty, folly, also crime,  
That love and marriage rarely can com-  
bine,  
Although they both are born in the same  
clime;  
Marriage from love, like vinegar from  
wine—  
A sad, sour, sober beverage—by time  
Is sharpen'd from its high celestial flavour,  
Down to a very homely household savour.

## VI

There's something of antipathy, as 'twere,  
Between their present and their future  
state;  
A kind of flattery that's hardly fair  
Is used until the truth arrives too late—  
Yet what can people do, except despair?  
The same things change their names at  
such a rate;  
For instance—passion in a lover's glo-  
rious,  
But in a husband is pronounced uxorious.

## VII

Men grow ashamed of being so very fond;  
They sometimes also get a little tired

(But that, of course, is rare), and then de-  
spond:

The same things cannot always be ad-  
mired,  
Yet 'tis 'so nominated in the bond,'  
That both are tied till one shall have  
expired.  
Sad thought! to lose the spouse that was  
adorning  
Our days, and put one's servants into  
mourning.

## VIII

There's doubtless something in domestic  
doings  
Which forms, in fact, true love's antithe-  
sis;  
Romances paint at full length people's  
wooings,  
But only give a bust of marriages;  
For no one cares for matrimonial cooings,  
There's nothing wrong in a connubial  
kiss:  
Think you, if Laura had been Petrarch's  
wife,  
He would have written sonnets all his life?

## IX

All tragedies are finish'd by a death,  
All comedies are ended by a marriage;  
The future states of both are left to faith,  
For authors fear description might dis-  
parage  
The worlds to come of both, or fall be-  
neath,  
And then both worlds would punish  
their miscarriage;  
So leaving each their priest and prayer-  
book ready,  
They say no more of Death or of the Lady.

## X

The only two that in my recollection  
Have sung of heaven and hell, or mar-  
riage, are  
Dante and Milton, and of both the affec-  
tion  
Was hapless in their nuptials, for some  
bar  
Of fault or temper ruin'd the connexion  
(Such things, in fact, it don't ask much  
to mar):  
But Dante's Beatrice and Milton's Eve  
Were not drawn from their spouses, you  
conceive.

## XI

Some persons say that Dante meant  
theology  
By Beatrice, and not a mistress—I,  
Although my opinion may require  
apology,  
Deem this a commentator's phantasy,

Unless indeed it was from his own know-  
ledge he  
Decided thus, and show'd good reason  
why;  
I think that Dante's more abstruse ecsta-  
tics  
Meant to personify the mathematics.

## XII

Haidée and Juan were not married, but  
The fault was theirs, not mine: it is not  
fair,  
Chaste reader, then, in any way to put  
The blame on me, unless you wish they  
were;  
Then if you'd have them wedded, please  
to shut  
The book which treats of this erroneous  
pair,  
Before the consequences grow too awful;  
'Tis dangerous to read of loves unlawful.

## XIII

Yet they were happy,—happy in the illicit  
Indulgence of their innocent desires;  
But more imprudent grown with every  
visit,  
Haidée forgot the island was her sire's:  
When we have what we like, 'tis hard to  
miss it,  
At least in the beginning, ere one tires;  
Thus she came often, not a moment losing,  
Whilst her piratical papa was cruising.

## XIV

Let not his mode of raising cash seem  
strange,  
Although he fleeced the flags of every  
nation,  
For into a prime minister but change  
His title, and 'tis nothing but taxation;  
But he, more modest, took an humbler  
range  
Of life, and in an honester vocation  
Pursued o'er the high seas his watery  
journey,  
And merely practised as a sea-attorney.

## XV

The good old gentleman had been detain'd  
By winds and waves, and some impor-  
tant captures;  
And, in the hope of more, at sea remain'd,  
Although a squall or two had damp'd  
his raptures,  
By swamping one of the prizes; he had  
chain'd  
His prisoners, dividing them like chap-  
ters  
In number'd lots; they all had cuffs and  
collars,  
And averaged each from ten to a hundred  
dollars.

## XVI

Some he disposed of off Cape Matapan,  
Among his friends the Mainots; some  
he sold  
To his Tunis correspondents, save one man  
Toss'd overboard unsaleable (being  
old):  
The rest—save here and there some richer  
one,  
Reserved for future ransom—in the hold,  
Were link'd alike, as for the common  
people he  
Had a large order from the Dey of Tripoli.

## XVII

The merchandise was served in the same  
way,  
Pieced out for different marts in the  
Levant,  
Except some certain portions of the prey,  
Light classic articles of female want,  
French stuffs, lace, tweezers, toothpicks,  
teapot, tray,  
Guitars and castanets from Alicant,  
All which selected from the spoil he  
gathers,  
Robb'd for his daughter by the best of  
fathers.

## XVIII

A monkey, a Dutch mastiff, a mackaw,  
Two parrots, with a Persian cat and  
kittens,  
He chose from several animals he saw—  
A terrier, too, which once had been a  
Briton's,  
Who dying on the coast of Ithaca,  
The peasants gave the poor dumb thing  
a pittance.  
These to secure in this strong blowing  
weather,  
He caged in one huge hamper all together.

## XIX

Then having settled his marine affairs,  
Despatching single cruisers here and  
there,  
His vessel having need of some repairs,  
He shaped his course to where his  
daughter fair  
Continued still her hospitable cares;  
But that part of the coast being shoal  
and bare,  
And rough with reefs which ran out many  
a mile,  
His port lay on the other side o' the isle.

## XX

And there he went ashore without delay,  
Having no custom-house nor quaran-  
tine  
To ask him awkward questions on the way,  
About the time and place where he had  
been:



He left his ship to be hove down next day,  
 With orders to the people to careen;  
 So that all hands were busy beyond  
 measure,  
 In getting out goods, ballast, guns, and  
 treasure.

## XXI

Arriving at the summit of a hill  
 Which overlook'd the white walls of his  
 home,  
 He stopp'd.—What singular emotions fill  
 Their bosoms who have been induced to  
 roam!  
 With fluttering doubts if all be well or ill—  
 With love for many, and with fears for  
 some;  
 All feelings which o'erleap the years long  
 lost,  
 And bring our hearts back to their start-  
 ing-post.

## XXII

The approach of home to husbands and to  
 sires,  
 After long travelling by land or water,  
 Most naturally some small doubt in-  
 spires—  
 A female family's a serious matter;  
 (None trusts the sex more, or so much  
 admires—  
 But they hate flattery, so I never flatter:)  
 Wives in their husbands' absences grow  
 subtler,  
 And daughters sometimes run off with the  
 butler.

## XXIII

An honest gentleman at his return  
 May not have the good fortune of  
 Ulysses;  
 Not all lone matrons for their husbands  
 mourn,  
 Or show the same dislike to suitors'  
 kisses;  
 The odds are that he finds a handsome urn  
 To his memory—and two or three  
 young misses  
 Born to some friend, who holds his wife  
 and riches;—  
 And that *his* Argus bites him by—the  
 breeches.

## XXIV

If single, probably his plighted fair  
 Has in his absence wedded some rich  
 miser;  
 But all the better, for the happy pair  
 May quarrel, and the lady growing wiser,  
 He may resume his amatory care  
 As cavalier servente, or despise her;  
 And that his sorrow may not be a dumb  
 one,  
 Write odes on the Inconstancy of Woman.

## XXV

And oh! ye gentlemen who have already  
 Some chaste *liaison* of the kind—I  
 mean  
 An honest friendship with a married  
 lady—  
 The only thing of this sort ever seen  
 To last—of all connexions the most  
 steady,  
 And the true Hymen, (the first's but a  
 screen)—  
 Yet for all that keep not too long away;  
 I've known the absent wrong'd four times  
 a day.

## XXVI

Lambro, our sea-solicitor, who had  
 Much less experience of dry land than  
 ocean,  
 On seeing his own chimney-smoke, felt  
 glad;  
 But not knowing metaphysics, had no  
 notion  
 Of the true reason of his not being sad,  
 Or that of any other strong emotion;  
 He loved his child, and would have wept  
 the loss of her,  
 But knew the cause no more than a philo-  
 sopher.

## XXVII

He saw his white walls shining in the sun,  
 His garden trees all shadowy and green;  
 He heard his rivulet's light bubbling run,  
 The distant dog-bark; and perceived  
 between  
 The umbrage of the wood so cool and dun,  
 The moving figures, and the sparkling  
 sheen  
 Of arms (in the East all arm)—and various  
 dyes  
 Of colour'd garbs, as bright as butterflies.

## XXVIII

And as the spot where they appear he  
 nears,  
 Surprised at these unwonted signs of  
 idling,  
 He hears—alas! no music of the spheres,  
 But an unhallow'd, earthly sound of  
 fiddling!  
 A melody which made him doubt his ears,  
 The cause being past his guessing or un-  
 riddling;  
 A pipe, too, and a drum, and shortly after,  
 A most unoriental roar of laughter.

## XXIX

And still more nearly to the place ad-  
 vancing,  
 Descending rather quickly the declivity,  
 Through the waved branches, o'er the  
 greensward glancing,  
 'Midst other indications of festivity,

Seeing a troop of his domestics dancing  
 Like dervises, who turn as on a pivot,  
 he  
 Perceived it was the Pyrrhic dance so  
 martial,  
 To which the Levantines are very partial.

## xxx

And further on a group of Grecian girls,  
 The first and tallest her white kerchief  
 waving,  
 Were strung together like a row of pearls,  
 Link'd hand in hand, and dancing: each  
 too having  
 Down her white neck long floating auburn  
 curls—  
 (The least of which would set ten poets  
 raving);  
 Their leader sang—and bounded to her  
 song,  
 With choral step and voice, the virgin  
 throng.

## xxxI

And here, assembled cross-legg'd round  
 their trays,  
 Small social parties just begun to dine;  
 Pilaus and meats of all sorts met the gaze,  
 And flasks of Samian and of Chian wine,  
 And sherbet cooling in the porous vase;  
 Above them their dessert grew on its  
 vine,  
 The orange and pomegranate nodding o'er  
 Dropp'd in their laps, scarce pluck'd,  
 their mellow store.

## xxxII

A band of children, round a snow-white  
 ram,  
 There wreath his venerable horns with  
 flowers;  
 While peaceful as if still an unwean'd lamb,  
 The patriarch of the flock all gently  
 cowers  
 His sober head, majestically tame,  
 Or eats from out the palm, or playful  
 lowers  
 His brow, as if in act to butt, and then  
 Yielding to their small hands, draws back  
 again.

## xxxIII

Their classical profiles, and glittering  
 dresses,  
 Their large black eyes, and soft seraphic  
 cheeks,  
 Crimson as cleft pomegranates, their long  
 tresses,  
 The gesture which enchants, the eye that  
 speaks,  
 The innocence which happy childhood  
 blesses,  
 Made quite a picture of these little  
 Greeks;

So that the philosophical beholder  
 Sigh'd for their sakes—that they should  
 e'er grow older.

## xxxIV

Afar, a dwarf buffoon stood telling tales  
 To a sedate grey circle of old smokers,  
 Of secret treasures found in hidden vales,  
 Of wonderful replies from Arab jokers,  
 Of charms to make good gold and cure  
 bad ails,  
 Of rocks bewitch'd that open to the  
 knockers,  
 Of magic ladies who, by one sole act,  
 Transform'd their lords to beasts (but  
 that's a fact).

## xxxV

Here was no lack of innocent diversion  
 For the imagination or the senses,  
 Song, dance, wine, music, stories from the  
 Persian,  
 All pretty pastimes in which no offence  
 is;  
 But Lambro saw all these things with  
 aversion,  
 Perceiving in his absence such expenses,  
 Dreading that climax of all human ills  
 The inflammation of his weekly bills.

## xxxVI

Ah! what is man? what perils still environ  
 The happiest mortals even after dinner!  
 A day of gold from out an age of iron  
 Is all that life allows the luckiest sinner;  
 Pleasure (whene'er she sings, at least)'s a  
 siren,  
 That lures, to flay alive, the young be-  
 ginner;  
 Lambro's reception at his people's ban-  
 quet  
 Was such as fire accords to a wet blanket.

## xxxVII

He—being a man who seldom used a word  
 Too much, and wishing gladly to sur-  
 prise  
 (In general he surprised men with the  
 sword)  
 His daughter—had not sent before to  
 advise  
 Of his arrival, so that no one stirr'd;  
 And long he paused to reasssure his eyes,  
 In fact much more astonish'd than de-  
 lighted,  
 To find so much good company invited.

## xxxVIII

He did not know (alas! how men will lie!)  
 That a report (especially the Greeks)  
 Avouch'd his death (such people never  
 die),  
 And put his house in mourning several  
 weeks,—

# DON JUAN

[CANTO III

But now their eyes and also lips were dry;  
The bloom, too, had return'd to  
Haidée's cheeks.  
Her tears, too, being return'd into their  
fount,  
She now kept house upon her own ac-  
count.

## XXXIX

Hence all this rice, meat, dancing, wine,  
and fiddling,  
Which turn'd the isle into a place of  
pleasure;  
The servants all were getting drunk or  
idling,  
A life which made them happy beyond  
measure.  
Her father's hospitality seem'd middling,  
Compared with what Haidée did with  
his treasure;  
'Twas wonderful how things went on im-  
proving,  
While she had not one hour to spare from  
loving.

## XL

Perhaps you think, in stumbling on this  
feast,  
He flew into a passion, and in fact  
There was no mighty reason to be pleased;  
Perhaps you prophesy some sudden act,  
The whip, the rack, or dungeon at the  
least,  
To teach his people to be more exact,  
And that, proceeding at a very high rate,  
He show'd the royal *penchants* of a pirate.

## XLI

You're wrong.—He was the mildest man-  
ner'd man  
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat,  
With such true breeding of a gentleman,  
You never could divine his real thought;  
No courtier could, and scarcely woman can  
Gird more deceit within a petticoat;  
Pity he loved adventurous life's variety,  
He was so great a loss to good society.

## XLII

Advancing to the nearest dinner tray,  
Tapping the shoulder of the nighest  
guest,  
With a peculiar smile, which, by the way,  
Boded no good, whatever it express'd,  
He asked the meaning of this holiday;  
The vinous Greek to whom he had ad-  
dress'd  
His question, much too merry to divine  
The questioner, fill'd up a glass of wine,

## XLIII

And without turning his facetious head,  
Over his shoulder, with a Bacchant air,  
Presented the o'erflowing cup, and said,  
'Talking's dry work, I have no time to  
spare.'

A second hiccup'd, 'Our old master's  
dead,  
You'd better ask our mistress who's his  
heir.'  
'Our mistress!' quoth a third: 'Our mis-  
tress!—pooh—  
You mean our master—not the old, but  
new.'

## XLIV

These rascals, being new comers, knew  
not whom  
They thus address'd—and Lambro's  
visage fell—  
And o'er his eye a momentary gloom  
Pass'd, but he strove quite courteously  
to quell  
The expression, and endeavouring to re-  
sume  
His smile, requested one of them to tell  
The name and quality of his new patron,  
Who seem'd to have turn'd Haidée into  
a matron.

## XLV

'I know not,' quoth the fellow, 'who or  
what  
He is, nor whence he came—and little  
care;  
But this I know, that this roast capon's fat,  
And that good wine ne'er wash'd down  
better fare;  
And if you are not satisfied with that,  
Direct your questions to my neighbour  
there;  
He'll answer all for better or for worse,  
For none likes more to hear himself con-  
verse.'

## XLVI

I said that Lambro was a man of patience,  
And certainly he show'd the best of  
breeding,  
Which scarce even France, the paragon of  
nations,  
E'er saw her most polite of sons ex-  
ceeding;  
He bore these sneers against his near rela-  
tions,  
His own anxiety, his heart, too, bleed-  
ing,  
The insults, too, of every servile glutton,  
Who all the time was eating up his mutton.

## XLVII

Now in a person used to much com-  
mand—  
To bid men come, and go, and come  
again—  
To see his orders done, too, out of hand—  
Whether the word was death, or but the  
chain—

It may seem strange to find his manners  
bland;  
Yet such things are, which I cannot ex-  
plain,  
Though doubtless he who can command  
himself  
Is good to govern—almost as a Guelf.

## XLVIII

Not that he was not sometimes rash or so,  
But never in his real and serious mood;  
Then calm, concentrated, and still, and  
slow,  
He lay coil'd like the boa in the wood;  
With him it never was a word and blow,  
His angry word once o'er, he shed no  
blood,  
But in his silence there was much to rue,  
And his *one* blow left little work for *two*.

## XLIX

He ask'd no further questions, and pro-  
ceeded  
On to the house, but by a private way,  
So that the few who met him hardly  
heeded,  
So little they expected him that day;  
If love paternal in his bosom pleaded  
For Haidée's sake, is more than I can  
say,  
But certainly to one deem'd dead return-  
ing,  
This revel seem'd a curious mode of  
mourning.

## L

If all the dead could now return to life,  
(Which God forbid!) or some, or a  
great many,  
For instance, if a husband or his wife  
(Nuptial examples are as good as any),  
No doubt, whate'er might be their former  
strife,

The present weather would be much  
more rainy—  
Tears shed into the grave of the connexion  
Would share most probably its resur-  
rection.

## LI

He enter'd in the house no more his home,  
A thing to human feelings the most  
trying,  
And harder for the heart to overcome,  
Perhaps, than even the mental pangs of  
dying;  
To find our hearthstone turn'd into a  
tomb,  
And round its once warm precincts  
palely lying  
The ashes of our hopes, is a deep grief,  
Beyond a single gentleman's belief.

## LII

He enter'd in the house—his home no  
more,  
For without hearts there is no home;—  
and felt  
The solitude of passing his own door  
Without a welcome: *there* he long had  
dwelt,  
There his few peaceful days Time had  
swept o'er,  
There his warm bosom and keen eye  
would melt  
Over the innocence of that sweet child,  
His only shrine of feelings undefiled.

## LIII

He was a man of a strange temperament,  
Of mild demeanour though of savage  
mood,  
Moderate in all his habits, and content  
With temperance in pleasure, as in food,  
Quick to perceive, and strong to bear, and  
meant  
For something better, if not wholly  
good;  
His country's wrongs and his despair to  
save her  
Had stung him from a slave to an enslaver.

## LIV

The love of power, and rapid gain of gold,  
The hardness by long habitude pro-  
duced,  
The dangerous life in which he had grown  
old,  
The mercy he had granted oft abused,  
The sights he was accusom'd to behold,  
The wild seas, and wild men with whom  
he cruised,  
Had cost his enemies a long repentance,  
And made him a good friend, but bad  
acquaintance.

## LV

But something of the spirit of old Greece  
Flash'd o'er his soul a few heroic rays,  
Such as lit onward to the Golden Fleece  
His predecessors in the Colchian days;  
'Tis true he had no ardent love for peace—  
Alas! his country show'd no path to  
praise:  
Hate to the world and war with every  
nation  
He waged, in vengeance of her degrada-  
tion.

## LVI

Still o'er his mind the influence of the  
clime  
Shed its Ionian elegance, which show'd  
Its power unconsciously full many a  
time,—  
A taste seen in the choice of his abode,

# DON JUAN

[CANTO III

A love of music and of scenes sublime,  
A pleasure in the gentle stream that  
flow'd  
Past him in crystal, and a joy in flowers,  
Bedew'd his spirit in his calmer hours.

## LVI

But whatsoe'er he had of love reposed  
On that beloved daughter; she had been  
The only thing which kept his heart un-  
closed  
Amidst the savage deeds he had done and  
seen,  
A lonely pure affection unopposed:  
There wanted but the loss of this to wean  
His feelings from all milk of human kind-  
ness,  
And turn him like the Cyclops mad with  
blindness.

## LVIII

The cubless tigress in her jungle raging  
Is dreadful to the shepherd and the  
flock;  
The ocean when its yeasty war is waging  
Is awful to the vessel near the rock;  
But violent things will sooner bear as-  
suaging,  
Their fury being spent by its own shock,  
Than the stern, single, deep, and wordless ire  
Of a strong human heart, and in a sire.

## LIX

It is a hard although a common case  
To find our children running restive—  
they  
In whom our brightest days we would re-  
trace,  
Our little selves re-formed in finer clay,  
Just as old age is creeping on apace,  
And clouds come o'er the sunset of our  
day,  
They kindly leave us, though not quite  
alone,  
But in good company—the gout or stone.

## LX

Yet a fine family is a fine thing  
(Provided they don't come in after  
dinner);  
'Tis beautiful to see a matron bring  
Her children up (if nursing them don't  
thin her);  
Like cherubs round an altar-piece they  
cling  
To the fire-side (a sight to touch a sinner).  
A lady with her daughters or her nieces  
Shine like a guinea and seven-shilling  
pieces.

## LXI

Old Lambro pass'd unseen a private gate,  
And stood within his hall at eventide;  
Meantime the lady and her lover sate  
At wassail in their beauty and their pride:

An ivory inlaid table spread with state  
Before them, and fair slaves on every  
side;  
Gems, gold, and silver, form'd the service  
mostly,  
Mother of pearl and coral the less costly.

## LXII

The dinner made about a hundred dishes;  
Lamb and pistachio nuts—in short, all  
meats,  
And saffron soups, and sweetbreads; and  
the fishes  
Were of the finest that e'er founc'd in  
nets,  
Drest to a Sybarite's most pamper'd wishes;  
The beverage was various sherbets  
Of raisin, orange, and pomegranate juice,  
Squeezed through the rind, which makes  
it best for use.

## LXIII

These were ranged round, each in its  
crystal ewer,  
And fruits, and date-bread loaves  
closed the repast,  
And Mocha's berry, from Arabia pure,  
In small fine China cups, came in at last;  
Gold cups of filigree made to secure  
The hand from burning underneath  
them placed;  
Cloves, cinnamon, and saffron too were  
boil'd  
Up with the coffee, which (I think) they  
spoil'd.

## LXIV

The hangings of the room were tapestry,  
made  
Of velvet panels, each of different hue,  
And thick with damask flowers of silk  
inlaid;  
And round them ran a yellow border  
too;  
The upper border, richly wrought, dis-  
play'd,  
Embroider'd delicately o'er with blue,  
Soft Persian sentences, in lilac letters,  
From poets, or the moralists their betters.

## LXV

These Oriental writings on the wall,  
Quite common in those countries, are a  
kind  
Of monitors adapted to recall,  
Like skulls at Memphian banquets, to  
the mind  
The words which shook Belshazzar in his  
hall,  
And took his kingdom from him: You  
will find,  
Though sages may pour out their wisdom's  
treasure,  
There is no sterner moralist than Pleasure.

## LXVI

A beauty at the season's close grown hectic,  
 A genius who has drunk himself to death,  
 A rake turn'd methodistic, or Eclectic—  
 (For that's the name they like to pray  
 beneath)—  
 But most, an alderman struck apoplectic,  
 Are things that really take away the  
 breath,—  
 And show that late hours, wine, and love  
 are able  
 To do not much less damage than the table.

## LXVII

Haidée and Juan carpeted their feet  
 On crimson satin, border'd with pale  
 blue;  
 Their sofa occupied three parts complete  
 Of the apartment—and appear'd quite  
 new;  
 The velvet cushions (for a throne more  
 meet)  
 Were scarlet, from whose glowing centre  
 grew  
 A sunemboss'd in gold, whose rays of tissue,  
 Meridian-like, were seen all light to issue.

## LXVIII

Crystal and marble, plate and porcelain,  
 Had done their work of splendour;  
 Indian mats  
 And Persian carpets, which the heart bled  
 to stain,  
 Over the floors were spread; gazelles  
 and cats,  
 And dwarfs and blacks, and such like  
 things that gain  
 Their bread as ministers and favourites  
 —(that's  
 To say, by degradation)—mingled there  
 As plentiful as in a court or fair.

## LXIX

There was no want of lofty mirrors, and  
 The tables, most of ebony inlaid  
 With mother of pearl or ivory, stood at  
 hand,  
 Or were of tortoise-shell or rare woods  
 made,  
 Fretted with gold or silver:—by command,  
 The greater part of these were ready  
 spread  
 With viands and sherbets in ice—and  
 wine—  
 Kept for all comers at all hours to dine.

## LXX

Of all the dresses I select Haidée's:  
 She wore two jelicks—one was of pale  
 yellow;  
 Of azure, pink, and white was her  
 chemise—  
 'Neath which her breast heaved like a  
 little billow,

With buttons form'd of pearls as large as  
 peas,  
 All gold and crimson shone her jelick's  
 fellow,  
 And the striped white gauze baracan that  
 bound her,  
 Like fleecy clouds about the moon, flow'd  
 round her.

## LXXI

One large gold bracelet clasp'd each lovely  
 arm,  
 Lockless—so pliable from the pure gold  
 That the hand stretch'd and shut it without  
 harm,  
 The limb which it adorn'd its only  
 mould;  
 So beautiful—its very shape would charm,  
 And clinging as if loath to lose its hold,  
 The purest ore enclosed the whitest skin  
 That e'er by precious metal was held in.

## LXXII

Around, as princess of her father's land,  
 A like gold bar above her instep roll'd  
 Announced her rank; twelve rings were on  
 her hand;  
 Her hair was starr'd with gems; her  
 veil's fine fold  
 Below her breast was fasten'd with a band  
 Of lavish pearls, whose worth could  
 scarce be told;  
 Her orange silk full Turkish trousers  
 furl'd  
 About the prettiest ankle in the world.

## LXXIII

Her hair's long auburn waves down to her  
 heel  
 Flow'd like an Alpine torrent which  
 the sun  
 Dyes with his morning light,—and would  
 conceal  
 Her person if allow'd at large to run,  
 And still they seem'd resentfully to feel  
 The silken fillet's curb, and sought to  
 shun  
 Their bonds when'er some Zephyr caught  
 began  
 To offer his young pinion as her fan.

## LXXIV

Round her she made an atmosphere of  
 life,  
 The very air seem'd lighter from her  
 eyes,  
 They were so soft and beautiful, and rife  
 With all we can imagine of the skies,  
 And pure as Psyche ere she grew a wife—  
 Too pure even for the purest human  
 ties;  
 Her overpowering presence made you feel  
 It would not be idolatry to kneel.

LXXV

Her eyelashes, though dark as night,  
were tinged

(It is the country's custom), but in vain;  
For those large black eyes were so blackly  
fringed,

The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain,  
And in their native beauty stood avenged:  
Her nails were touch'd with henna; but  
again

The power of art was turn'd to nothing,  
for

They could not look more rosy than before.

LXXVI

The henna should be deeply dyed to make  
The skin relieved appear more fairly  
fair;

She had no need of this, day ne'er will  
break

On mountain-tops more heavenly white  
than her:

The eye might doubt if it were well awake,  
She was so like a vision; I might err,  
But Shakspeare also says, 'tis very silly  
'To gild refined gold, or paint the lily.'

LXXVII

Juan had on a shawl of black and gold,  
But a white baracan, and so transparent

The sparkling gems beneath you might  
behold.

Like small stars through the milky way  
apparent;

His turban furl'd in many a graceful fold,  
An emerald aigrette with Haidée's hair  
in't

Surmounted, as its clasp, a glowing  
crescent,

Whose rays shone ever trembling, but in-  
cessant.

LXXVIII

And now they were diverted by their suite,  
Dwarfs, dancing-girls, black eunuchs,  
and a poet,

Which made their new establishment com-  
plete;

The last was of great fame, and liked to  
show it;

His verses rarely wanted their due feet—  
And for his theme—he seldom sung  
below it.

He being paid to satirise or flatter,  
As the psalm says, 'inditing a good  
matter.'

LXXIX

He praised the present, and abused the  
past,

Reversing the good custom of old days,  
An Eastern anti-jacobin at last

He turn'd, preferring pudding to no  
praise—

For some few years his lot had been o'er-  
cast

By his seeming independent in his lays,  
But now he sung the Sultan and the Pacha  
With truth like Southey, and with verse  
like Crashaw.

LXXX

He was a man who had seen many changes,  
And always changed as true as any  
needle;

His polar star being one which rather  
ranges,

And not the fix'd—he knew the way to  
wheedle:

So vile he 'scaped the doom which oft  
avenges;

And being fluent (save indeed when  
fee'd ill),

He lied with such a fervour of intention—  
There was no doubt he earn'd his laureate  
pension.

LXXXI

But he had genius,—when a turncoat has it,  
The 'Vates irritabilis' takes care

That without notice few full moons shall  
pass it;

Even good men like to make the public  
stare:—

But to my subject—let me see—what was  
it?—

Oh!—the third canto—and the pretty  
pair—

Their loves, and feasts, and house, and  
dress, and mode

Of living in their insular abode.

LXXXII

Their poet, a sad trimmer, but no less

In company a very pleasant fellow,  
Had been the favourite of full many a mess

Of men, and made them speeches when  
half mellow;

And though his meaning they could rarely  
guess,

Yet still they deign'd to hiccup or to  
bellow

The glorious meed of popular applause,  
Of which the first ne'er knows the second  
cause.

LXXXIII

But now being lifted into high society,  
And having pick'd up several odds and  
ends

Of free thoughts in his travels, for variety,  
He deem'd, being in a lone isle, among  
friends,

That without any danger of a riot, he  
Might for long lying make himself  
amends;

And singing as he sung in his warm youth,  
Agree to a short armistice with truth.

## LXXXIV

He had travell'd 'mongst the Arabs,  
 Turks, and Franks,  
 And knew the self-loves of the different  
 nations;  
 And having lived with people of all ranks,  
 Had something ready upon most occa-  
 sions—  
 Which got him a few presents and some  
 thanks.  
 He varied with some skill his adulations;  
 To 'do at Rome as Romans do,' a piece  
 Of conduct was which he observed in  
 Greece.

## LXXXV

Thus, usually, when he was asked to sing,  
 He gave the different nations something  
 national;  
 'Twas all the same to him—"God save the  
 king,"  
 Or '*Ca ira*,' according to the fashion all:  
 His muse made increment of anything,  
 From the high lyric down to the low  
 rational:  
 If Pindar sang horse-races, what should  
 hinder  
 Himself from being as pliable as Pindar?

## LXXXVI

In France, for instance, he would write a  
 chanson;  
 In England a six-canto quarto tale;  
 In Spain he'd make a ballad or romance on  
 The last war—much the same in Portu-  
 gal;  
 In Germany, the Pegasus he'd prance on  
 Would be old Goethe's—(see what says  
 De Staël):  
 In Italy he'd ape the 'Trecentisti';  
 In Greece, he'd sing some sort of hymn  
 like this t' ye:

## 1

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and  
 sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus  
 sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

## 2

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse:  
 Their place of birth alone is mute  
 To sounds which echo further west  
 Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

## 3

The mountains look on Marathon—  
 And Marathon looks on the sea;  
 And musing there an hour alone,

## DON JUAN

I dream'd that Greece might still be  
 free;  
 For standing on the Persians' grave,  
 I could not deem myself a slave.

## 4

A king sate on the rocky brow  
 Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;  
 And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
 And men in nations;—all were his!  
 He counted them at break of day—  
 And when the sun set where were they?

## 5

And where are they? and where art thou,  
 My country? On thy voiceless shore  
 The heroic lay is tuneless now—  
 The heroic bosom beats no more!  
 And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
 Degenerate into hands like mine?

## 6

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
 Though link'd among a fetter'd race,  
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
 For what is left the poet here?  
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

## 7

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?  
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers bled.  
 Earth! render back from out thy breast  
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
 Of the three hundred grant but three,  
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

## 8

What, silent still? and silent all?  
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead  
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
 And answer, 'Let one living head,  
 But one arise,—we come, we come!'  
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.

## 9

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;  
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
 Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call—  
 How answers each bold Bacchanal!

## 10

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;  
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
 Of two such lessons, why forget  
 The nobler and the manlier one?  
 You have the letters Cadmus gave—  
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?



## 11

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 We will not think of themes like these!  
 It made Anacreon's song divine:  
 He served—but served Polycrates—  
 A tyrant; but our masters then  
 Were still, at least, our countrymen.

## 12

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
 Was freedom's best and bravest  
 friend;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades!  
 Oh! that the present hour would lend  
 Another despot of the kind!  
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

## 13

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
 Exists the remnant of a line  
 Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
 And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,  
 The Heracleidan blood might own.

## 14

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—  
 They have a king who buys and sells;  
 In native swords, and native ranks,  
 The only hope of courage dwells:  
 But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
 Would break your shield, however  
 broad.

## 15

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade—  
 I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
 But gazing on each glowing maid,  
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

## 16

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:  
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—  
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

## LXXXVII

Thus sung, or would, or could, or should  
 have sung,  
 The modern Greek, in tolerable verse;  
 If not like Orpheus quite, when Greece  
 was young,  
 Yet in these times he might have done  
 much worse:  
 His strain display'd some feeling—right or  
 wrong;  
 And feeling, in a poet, is the source  
 Of others' feeling; but they are such liars,  
 And take all colours—like the hands of  
 dyers.

## LXXXVIII

But words are things, and a small drop of  
 ink,  
 Falling like dew, upon a thought, pro-  
 duces  
 That which makes thousands, perhaps  
 millions, think;  
 'Tis strange, the shortest letter which  
 man uses  
 Instead of speech, may form a lasting link  
 Of ages; to what straits old Time re-  
 duces  
 Frail man, when paper—even a rag like  
 this,  
 Survives himself, his tomb, and all that's  
 his!

## LXXXIX

And when his bones are dust, his grave a  
 blank,  
 His station, generation, even his nation,  
 Become a thing, or nothing, save to rank  
 In chronological commemoration,  
 Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,  
 Or graven stone found in a barrack's  
 station  
 In digging the foundation of a closet,  
 May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.

## XC

And glory long has made the sages smile;  
 'Tis something, nothing, words, illusion,  
 wind—  
 Depending more upon the historian's style  
 Than on the name a person leaves be-  
 hind:  
 Troy owes to Homer what whist owes to  
 Hoyle:  
 The present century was growing blind  
 To the great Marlborough's skill in giving  
 knocks,  
 Until his late Life by Archdeacon Coxe.

## XCI

Milton's the prince of poets—so we say;  
 A little heavy, but no less divine:  
 An independent being in his day—  
 Learn'd, pious, temperate in love and  
 wine;  
 But his life falling into Johnson's way,  
 We're told this great high priest of all  
 the Nine  
 Was whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd  
 spouse,  
 For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.

## XCII

All these are, *certainly*, entertaining facts,  
 Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord  
 Bacon's bribes;  
 Like Titus' youth, and Cæsar's earliest  
 acts;  
 Like Burns (whom Doctor Currie well  
 describes);

Like Cromwell's pranks;—but although  
truth exacts  
These amiable descriptions from the  
scribes,  
As most essential to their hero's story,  
They do not much contribute to his glory.

## XCIII

All are not moralists, like Southey, when  
He prated to the world of 'Pantiso-  
cracy';  
Or Wordsworth unexcised, unhired, who  
then  
Season'd his pedlar poems with de-  
mocracy;  
Or Coleridge, long before his flighty pen  
Let to the Morning Post its aristocracy;  
When he and Southey, following the same  
path,  
Espoused two partners (milliners of Bath).

## XCIV

Such names at present cut a convict figure,  
The very Botany Bay in moral geo-  
graphy;  
Their loyal treason, renegado rigour,  
Are good manure for their more bare  
biography,  
Wordsworth's last quarto, by the way, is  
bigger  
Than any since the birthday of typo-  
graphy;  
A drowsy frowzy poem, call'd the 'Excur-  
sion,'  
Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

## XCV

He there builds up a formidable dyke  
Between his own and others' intellect:  
But Wordsworth's poem, and his fol-  
lowers, like  
Joanna Southcote's Shiloh, and her sect,  
Are things which, in this century don't  
strike  
The public mind,—so few are the elect;  
And the new births of both their stale  
virginities  
Have proved but dropsies, taken for divi-  
nities.

## XCVI

But let me to my story: I must own,  
If I have any fault, it is digression,  
Leaving my people to proceed alone,  
While I soliloquize beyond expression:  
But these are my addresses from the throne,  
Which put off business to the ensuing  
session:  
Forgetting each omission is a loss to  
The world, not quite so great as Ariosto.

## XCVII

I know that what our neighbours call  
'longueurs,'  
(We've not so good a word, but have the  
thing,

In that complete perfection which insures  
An epic from Bob Southey every  
Spring—)  
Form not the true temptation which allures  
The reader; but 'twould not be hard to  
bring  
Some fine examples of the *épopée*,  
To prove its grand ingredient is *ennui*.

## XCVIII

We learn from Horace, 'Homer some-  
times sleeps;'  
We feel without him, Wordsworth  
sometimes wakes,—  
To show with what complacency he creeps,  
With his dear 'Waggoners,' around his  
lakes.  
He wishes for 'a boat' to sail the deeps—  
Of ocean?—No, of air; and then he  
makes  
Another outcry for 'a little boat,'  
And drivels seas to set it well afloat.

## XCIX

If he must fain sweep o'er the ethereal  
plain,  
And Pegasus runs restive in his 'Waggon',  
Could he not beg the loan of Charles's  
Wain?  
Or pray Medea for a single dragon?  
Or if, too classic for his vulgar brain,  
He fear'd his neck to venture such a nag  
on,  
And he must needs mount nearer to the  
moon,  
Could not the blockhead ask for a balloon?

## C

'Pedlars,' and 'Boats,' and 'Waggons!'  
Oh! ye shades  
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to  
this?  
That trash of such sort not alone evades  
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss  
Floats scumlike uppermost, and these  
Jack Cades  
Of sense and song above your graves  
may hiss—  
The 'little boatman' and his 'Peter Bell'  
Can sneer at him who drew 'Achitophel'!

## CI

T' our tale.—The feast was over, the slaves  
gone,  
The dwarfs and dancing girls had all  
retired;  
The Arab lore and poet's song were done,  
And every sound of revelry expired;  
The lady and her lover, left alone,  
The rosy flood of twilight's sky ad-  
mired;—  
Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,  
That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worth-  
iest thee!

## CII

Ave Maria! blessed be the hour!

The time, the clime, the spot, where I so  
oft

Have felt that moment in its fullest power  
Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,  
While swung the deep bell in the distant  
tower,

Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,  
And not a breath crept through the rosy  
air,

And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd  
with prayer.

## CIII

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer!

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of love!

Ave Maria! may our spirits dare

Look up to thine and to thy Son's above!

Ave Maria! oh that face so fair!

Those downcast eyes beneath the Al-  
mighty dove—

What though 'tis but a pictured image?  
—strike,

That painting is no idol,—'tis too like.

## CIV

Some kinder casuists are pleased to say,  
In nameless print—that I have no devo-  
tion;

But set those persons down with me to  
pray,

And you shall see who has the properest  
notion

Of getting into heaven the shortest way;  
My altars are the mountains and the

ocean,

Earth, air, stars,—all that springs from the  
great Whole,

Who hath produced, and will receive the  
soul.

## CV

Sweet hour of twilight!—in the solitude  
Of the pine forest, and the silent shore  
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial  
wood,

Rooted where once the Adrian wave  
flow'd o'er,

To where the last Cæsarean fortress stood,  
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore

And Dryden's lay made haunted ground  
to me,

How have I loved the twilight hour and  
thee!

## CVI

The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,  
Making their summer lives one cease-  
less song,

Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and  
mine,

And vesper bell's that rose the boughs  
along;

The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,  
His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the  
fair throng  
Which learn'd from this example not to fly  
From a true lover,—shadow'd my mind's  
eye.

## CVII

Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good  
things—

Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
To the young bird the parent's brooding  
wings,

The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd  
steer;

Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone  
clings,

Whate'er our household gods protect of  
dear,

Are gather'd round us by thy look of rest;  
Thou bring'st the child, too, to the  
mother's breast.

## CVIII

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts  
the heart

Of those who sail the seas, on the first  
day

When they from their sweet friends are  
torn apart;

Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way

As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
Seeming to weep the dying day's decay:

Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?

Ah! surely nothing dies but something  
mourns!

## CIX

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom  
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,

Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,  
Of nations freed, and the world over-

joy'd,

Some hands unseen strew'd flowers upon  
his tomb:

Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void

Of feeling for some kindness done, when  
power

Had left the wretch an uncorrupted hour.

## CX

But I'm digressing; what on earth has  
Nero,

Or any such like sovereign buffoons,

To do with the transactions of my hero,  
More than such madmen's fellow man

—the moon's?

Sure my invention must be down at zero,  
And I grown one of many 'wooden

spoons'

Of verse (the name with which we Cantabs  
please

To dub the last of honours in degrees).

## CXI

I feel this tediousness will never do—  
'Tis being *too* epic, and I must cut down  
(In copying) this long canto into two;

They'll never find it out, unless I own  
The fact, excepting some experienced few;  
And then as an improvement 'twill be  
shown:

I'll prove that such the opinion of the  
critic is

From Aristotle *passim*.—See ΠΟΥΡΝΗΣ.

## CANTO THE FOURTH

## I

NOTHING so difficult as a beginning  
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;  
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems win-  
ning

The race, he sprains a wing, and down  
we tend,  
Like Lucifer when hurl'd from heaven for  
sinning;

Our sin the same, and hard as his to  
mend,  
Being pride, which leads the mind to soar  
too far,  
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

## II

But time, which brings all beings to their  
level,

And sharp Adversity, will teach at last  
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps  
the devil,

That neither of their intellects are vast:  
While youth's hot wishes in our red veins  
revel,

We know not this—the blood flows on  
too fast:

But as the torrent widens towards the ocean,  
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

## III

As boy, I thought myself a clever fellow,  
And wish'd that others held the same  
opinion;

They took it up when my days grew more  
mellow,

And other minds acknowledged my  
dominion:

Now my sere fancy 'falls into the yellow  
Leaf,' and Imagination droops her  
pinion,

And the sad truth which hovers o'er my  
desk

Turns what was once romantic to bur-  
lesque.

## IV

And if I laugh at any mortal thing,

'Tis that I may not weep; and if I weep,  
'Tis that our nature cannot always bring  
Itself to apathy, for we must steep

Our hearts first in the depths of Lethe's  
spring,

Ere what we least wish to behold will  
sleep:

Thetis baptized her mortal son in Styx;  
A mortal mother would on Lethe fix.

## V

Some have accused me of a strange design  
Against the creed and morals of the  
land,

And trace it in this poem every line;

I don't pretend that I quite understand  
My own meaning when I would be very fine;

But the fact is that I have nothing plann'd,  
Unless it were to be a moment merry,  
A novel word in my vocabulary.

## VI

To the kind reader of our sober clime  
This way of writing will appear exotic;

Pulci was sire of the half-serious rhyme,  
Who sang when chivalry was more

Quixotic,  
And revell'd in the fancies of the time,

True knights, chaste dames, huge giant  
kings despotic:

But all these, save the last, being obsolete,  
I chose a modern subject as more meet.

## VII

How I have treated it, I do not know;  
Perhaps no better than they have treated  
me,

Who have imputed such designs as show  
Not what they saw, but what they  
wish'd to see;

But if it gives them pleasure, be it so,  
This is a liberal age, and thoughts are  
free:

Meantime Apollo plucks me by the ear,  
And tells me to resume my story here.

## VIII

Young Juan and his lady-love were left  
To their own hearts' most sweet society;

Even Time the pitiless in sorrow cleft  
With his rude scythe such gentle

bosoms; he  
Sigh'd to behold them of their hours bereft,

Though foe to love; and yet they could  
not be

Meant to grow old, but die in happy spring,  
Before one charm or hope had taken wing.

## IX

Their faces were not made for wrinkles,  
their

Pure blood to stagnate, their great  
hearts to fail;

The blank grey was not made to blast their  
hair,

But like the climes that know nor snow  
nor hail,

They were all summer; lightning might  
assail

And shiver them to ashes, but to trail  
A long and snake-like life of dull decay  
Was not for them—they had too little clay.

## X

They were alone once more; for them to be  
Thus was another Eden; they were never  
Weary, unless when separate: the tree  
Cut from its forest root of years—the  
river

Damm'd from its fountain—the child from  
the knee

And breast maternal wean'd at once for  
ever,—

Would wither less than these two torn apart;  
Alas! there is no instinct like the heart—

## XI

The heart—which may be broken: happy  
they!

Thrice fortunate! who of that fragile  
mould,

The precious porcelain of human clay,  
Break with the first fall: they can ne'er  
behold

The long year link'd with heavy day on day,  
And all which must be borne, and never  
told;

While life's strange principle will often lie  
Deepest in those who long the most to die.

## XII

'Whom the gods love die young' was said  
of yore,

And many deaths do they escape by this:  
The death of friends, and that which slays  
even more—

The death of friendship, love, youth, all  
that is,

Except mere breath; and since the silent  
shore

Awaits at last even those who longest  
miss

The old archer's shafts, perhaps the early  
grave

Which men weep over may be meant to  
save.

## XIII

Haidée and Juan thought not of the dead.  
The heavens, and earth, and air, seem'd  
made for them:

They found no fault with Time, save that  
he fled;

They saw not in themselves aught to  
condemn;

Each was the other's mirror, and but read  
Joy sparkling in their dark eyes like a  
gem,

And knew such brightness was but the  
reflection

Of their exchanging glances of affection.

## XIV

The gentle pressure, and the thrilling  
touch,

The least glance better understood than  
words,

Which still said all, and ne'er could say  
too much;

A language, too, but like to that of birds,  
Known but to them, at least appearing  
such

As but to lovers a true sense affords;  
Sweet playful phrases, which would seem  
absurd

To those who have ceased to hear such, or  
ne'er heard.

## XV

All these were theirs, for they were children  
still,

And children still they should have ever  
been;

They were not made in the real world to fill  
A busy character in the dull scene,

But like two beings born from out a rill,  
A nymph and her beloved, all unseen

To pass their lives in fountains and on  
flowers,

And never know the weight of human  
hours.

## XVI

Moons changing had roll'd on, and  
changeless found

Those their bright rise had lighted to  
such joys

As rarely they beheld throughout their  
round;

And these were not of the vain kind  
which cloy,

For theirs were buoyant spirits, never  
bound

By the mere senses; and that which de-  
stroys

Most love, possession, unto them appear'd  
A thing which each endearment more en-  
dear'd.

## XVII

Oh beautiful! and rare as beautiful!

But theirs was love in which the mind  
delights

To lose itself, when the old world grows  
dull,

And we are sick of its hack sounds and  
sights,

Intrigues, adventures of the common  
school,

Its petty passions, marriages, and flights,  
Where Hymen's torch but brands one  
strumpet more,

Whose husband only knows her not a  
whore.

## XVIII

Hard words; harsh truth; a truth which  
many know.

Enough.—The faithful and the fairy  
pair,

Who never found a single hour too slow,  
What was it made them thus exempt  
from care?

Young innate feelings all have felt below,  
Which perish in the rest, but in them  
were

Inherent; what we mortals call romantic,  
And always envy, though we deem it frantic.

## XIX

This is in others a factitious state,  
An opium dream of too much youth and  
reading,

But was in them their nature or their fate:  
No novels e'er had set their young hearts  
bleeding,

For Haidée's knowledge was by no means  
great,

And Juan was a boy of saintly breeding;  
So that there was no reason for their loves  
More than for those of nightingales or doves.

## XX

They gazed upon the sunset; 'tis an hour  
Dear unto all, but dearest to *their eyes*,  
For it had made them what they were: the  
power

Of love had first o'erwhelm'd them from  
such skies,

When happiness had been their only dower,  
And twilight saw them link'd in  
passion's ties;

Charm'd with each other, all things  
charm'd that brought

The past still welcome as the present thought,

## XXI

I know not why, but in that hour to-night,  
Even as they gazed, a sudden tremor  
came,

And swept, as 'twere, across their hearts'  
delight,

Like the wind o'er a harp-string, or a  
flame,

When one is shook in sound, and one in  
sight:

And thus some boding flash'd through  
either frame,

And call'd from Juan's breast a faint low  
sigh,

While one new tear arose in Haidée's eye.

## XXII

That large black prophet eye seem'd to  
dilate

And follow far the disappearing sun,  
As if their last day of a happy date

With his broad, bright, and dropping  
orb were gone.

Juan gazed on her as to ask his fate—

He felt a grief, but knowing cause for  
none,

His glance inquired of hers for some excuse  
For feelings causeless, or at least abstruse.

## XXIII

She turn'd to him, and smiled, but in that  
sort

Which makes not others smile; then  
turn'd aside:

Whatever feeling shook her, it seem'd  
short,

And master'd by her wisdom or her  
pride;

When Juan spoke, too—it might be in  
sport—

Of this their mutual feeling, she re-  
plied—

'If it should be so,—but—it cannot be—  
Or I at least shall not survive to see.'

## XXIV

Juan would question further, but she  
press'd

His lips to hers, and silenced him with  
this,

And then dismiss'd the omen from her  
breast,

Defying augury with that fond kiss;

And no doubt of all methods 'tis the best:  
Some people prefer wine—'tis not  
amiss;

I have tried both; so those who would a  
part take

May choose between the headache and the  
heartache.

## XXV

One of the two according to your choice,  
Woman or wine, you'll have to undergo;

Both maladies are taxes on our joys:

But which to choose, I really hardly  
know;

And if I had to give a casting voice,  
For both sides I could many reasons  
show,

And then decide, without great wrong to  
either,

It were much better to have both than  
neither.

## XXVI

Juan and Haidée gazed upon each other  
With swimming looks of speechless  
tenderness,

Which mix'd all feelings, friend, child,  
lover, brother;

All that the best can mingle and express  
When two pure hearts are pour'd in one  
another,

And love too much, and yet cannot love  
less;

But almost sanctify the sweet excess  
By the immortal wish and power to bless.

# DON JUAN

## [CANTO IV

### XXVII

Mix'd in each other's arms, and heart in heart,  
Why did they not then die?—they had lived too long  
Should an hour come to bid them breathe apart;  
Years could but bring them cruel things or wrong;  
The world was not for them, nor the world's art  
For beings passionate as Sappho's song;  
Love was born *with* them, *in* them, so intense,  
It was their very spirit—not a sense.

### XXVIII

They should have lived together deep in woods,  
Unseen as sings the nightingale; they were  
Unfit to mix in these thick solitudes  
Call'd social, haunts of Hate, and Vice, and Care;  
How lonely every freeborn creature broods!  
The sweetest song-birds nestle in a pair;  
The eagle soars alone; the gull and crow  
Flock o'er their carrion, just like men below.

### XXIX

Now pillow'd cheek to cheek, in loving sleep,  
Haidée and Juan their siesta took,  
A gentle slumber, but it was not deep,  
For ever and anon a something shook Juan,  
and shuddering o'er his frame would creep;  
And Haidée's sweet lips murmur'd like a brook  
A wordless music, and her face so fair  
Stirr'd with her dream, as rose-leaves with the air;

### XXX

Or as the stirring of a deep clear stream  
Within an Alpine hollow, when the wind  
Walks o'er it, was she shaken by the dream,  
The mystical usurper of the mind—  
O'erpowering us to be whate'er may seem  
Good to the soul which we no more can bind:  
Strange state of being! (for 'tis still to be),  
Senseless to feel, and with seal'd eyes to see.

### XXXI

She dream'd of being alone on the sea-shore,  
Chain'd to a rock; she knew not how,  
but stir  
She could not from the spot, and the loud roar  
Grew, and each wave rose roughly,  
threatening her;

And o'er her upper lip they seem'd to pour,  
Until she sobb'd for breath, and soon they were  
Foaming o'er her lone head, so fierce and high—  
Each broke to drown her, yet she could not die.

### XXXII

Anon—she was released, and then she stray'd  
O'er the sharp shingles with her bleeding feet,  
And stumbled almost every step she made;  
And something roll'd before her in a sheet,  
Which she must still pursue howe'er afraid:  
'Twas white and indistinct, nor stopp'd to meet  
Her glance nor grasp, for still she gazed and grasp'd,  
And ran, but it escaped her as she clasp'd.

### XXXIII

The dream changed:—in a cave she stood, its walls  
Were hung with marble icicles; the work  
Of ages on its water-fretted halls,  
Where waves might wash, and seals might breed and lurk;  
Her hair was dripping, and the very balls  
Of her black eyes seem'd turn'd to tears, and mirk  
The sharp rocks look'd below each drop they caught,  
Which froze to marble as it fell,—she thought.

### XXXIV

And wet, and cold, and lifeless at her feet,  
Pale as the foam that froth'd on his dead brow,  
Which she essay'd in vain to clear, (how sweet  
Were once her cares, how idle seem'd they now!)  
Lay Juan, nor could aught renew the beat  
Of his quench'd heart; and the sea dirges low  
Rang in her sad ears like a mermaid's song,  
And that brief dream appear'd a life too long.

### XXXV

And gazing on the dead, she thought his face  
Faded, or alter'd into something new—  
Like to her father's features, till each trace  
More like and like to Lambro's aspect grew—  
With all his keen worn look and Grecian grace;  
And starting, she awoke, and what to view?  
Oh! Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?  
'Tis—'tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!

## XXXVI

Then shrieking, she arose, and shrieking  
 fell,  
 With joy and sorrow, hope and fear, to  
 see  
 Him whom she deem'd a habitant where  
 dwell  
 The ocean-buried, risen from death, to  
 be  
 Perchance the death of one she loved too  
 well:  
 Dear as her father had been to Haidée,  
 It was a moment of that awful kind——  
 I have seen such—but must not call to  
 mind.

## XXXVII

Up Juan sprang to Haidée's bitter shriek,  
 And caught her falling, and from off the  
 wall  
 Snatch'd down his sabre, in hot haste to  
 wreak  
 Vengeance on him who was the cause of  
 all:  
 Then Lambro, who till now forbore to  
 speak,  
 Smiled scornfully, and said, 'Within my  
 call,  
 A thousand scimitars await the word;  
 Put up, young man, put up your silly  
 sword.'

## XXXVIII

And Haidée clung around him; 'Juan,  
 'tis—  
 'Tis Lambro—'tis my father! Kneel  
 with me—  
 He will forgive us—yes—it must be—yes.  
 Oh! dearest father, in this agony  
 Of pleasure and of pain—even while I kiss  
 Thy garment's hem with transport, can  
 it be  
 That doubt should mingle with my filial  
 joy?  
 Deal with me as thou wilt, but spare this  
 boy.'

## XXXIX

High and inscrutable the old man stood,  
 Calm in his voice, and calm within his  
 eye—  
 Not always signs with him of calmest  
 mood:  
 He look'd upon her, but gave no reply;  
 Then turn'd to Juan, in whose cheek the  
 blood  
 Oft came and went, as there resolved to  
 die;  
 In arms, at least, he stood, in act to spring  
 On the first foe whom Lambro's call might  
 bring.

## XL

'Young man, your sword;' so Lambro  
 once more said:  
 Juan replied, 'Not while this arm is  
 free.'  
 The old man's cheek grew pale, but not  
 with dread,  
 And drawing from his belt a pistol, he  
 Replied, 'Your blood be then on your own  
 head.'  
 Then look'd close at the flint, as if to see  
 'Twas fresh—for he had lately used the  
 lock—  
 And next proceeded quietly to cock.

## XLI

It has a strange quick jar upon the ear,  
 That cocking of a pistol, when you know  
 A moment more will bring the sight to bear  
 Upon your person, twelve yards off, or  
 so;  
 A gentlemanly distance, not too near,  
 If you have got a former friend for foe;  
 But after being fired at once or twice,  
 The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice.

## XLII

Lambro presented, and one instant more  
 Had stopp'd this Canto, and Don Juan's  
 breath,  
 When Haidée threw herself her boy be-  
 fore;  
 Stern as her sire: 'On me,' she cried,  
 'let death  
 Descend—the fault is mine; this fatal  
 shore  
 He found—but sought not. I have  
 pledged my faith;  
 I love him—I will die with him: I knew  
 Your nature's firmness—know your daugh-  
 ter's too.'

## XLIII

A minute past, and she had been all tears,  
 And tenderness, and infancy; but now  
 She stood as one who champion'd human  
 fears—  
 Pale, statue-like, and stern, she woo'd  
 the blow;  
 And tall beyond her sex, and their com-  
 peers,  
 She drew up to her height, as if to show  
 A fairer mark; and with a fix'd eye scann'd  
 Her father's face—but never stopp'd his  
 hand.

## XLIV

He gazed on her, and she on him; 'twas  
 strange  
 How like they look'd! the expression  
 was the same;  
 Serenely savage, with a little change  
 In the large dark eye's mutual-darted  
 flame;



For she, too, was as one who could  
 avenge,  
 If cause should be—a lioness, though  
 tame;  
 Her father's blood before her father's face  
 Boil'd up, and proved her truly of his race.

## XLV

I said they were alike, their features and  
 Their stature, differing but in sex and  
 years:  
 Even to the delicacy of their hand  
 There was resemblance, such as true  
 blood wears;  
 And now to see them, thus divided, stand  
 In fix'd ferocity, when joyous tears,  
 And sweet sensations, should have wel-  
 comed both,  
 Show what the passions are in their full  
 growth.

## XLVI

The father paused a moment, then with-  
 drew  
 His weapon, and replaced it; but stood  
 still,  
 And looking on her, as to look her through,  
 'Not I,' he said, 'have sought this  
 stranger's ill;  
 Not I have made this desolation: few  
 Would bear such outrage, and forbear  
 to kill;  
 But I must do my duty—how thou hast  
 Done thine, the present vouches for the  
 past.

## XLVII

'Let him disarm; or, by my father's head,  
 His own shall roll before you like a  
 ball!  
 He raised his whistle as the word he said,  
 And blew; another answer'd to the call,  
 And rushing in disorderly, though led,  
 And arm'd from boot to turban, one  
 and all,  
 Some twenty of his train came, rank on  
 rank;  
 He gave the word, 'Arrest or slay the  
 Frank.'

## XLVIII

Then, with a sudden movement, he with-  
 drew  
 His daughter; while compress'd within  
 his clasp,  
 'Twixt her and Juan interposed the crew;  
 In vain she struggled in her father's  
 grasp—  
 His arms were like a serpent's coil: then  
 flew  
 Upon their prey, as darts an angry asp,  
 The file of pirates: save the foremost, who  
 Had fallen, with his right shoulder half cut  
 through.

## XLIX

The second had his cheek laid open; but  
 The third, a wary, cool old swords-  
 took  
 The blows upon his cutlass, and then put  
 His own well in; so well, ere you could  
 look,  
 His man was floor'd, and helpless at his  
 foot,  
 With the blood running like a little  
 brook  
 From two smart sabre gashes, deep and  
 red—  
 One on the arm, the other on the head.

## L

And then they bound him where he fell,  
 and bore  
 Juan from the apartment: with a sign  
 Old Lambro bade them take him to the  
 shore,  
 Where lay some ships which were to sail  
 at nine.  
 They laid him in a boat, and plied the oar  
 Until they reach'd some galliots, placed  
 in line;  
 On board of one of these, and under  
 hatches,  
 They stow'd him, with strict orders to the  
 watches.

## LI

The world is full of strange vicissitudes,  
 And here was one exceedingly un-  
 pleasant:  
 A gentleman so rich in the world's goods,  
 Handsome and young, enjoying all the  
 present,  
 Just at the very time when he least broods  
 On such a thing, is suddenly to sea sent,  
 Wounded and chain'd, so that he cannot  
 move,  
 And all because a lady fell in love.

## LII

Here I must leave him, for I grow pathetic,  
 Moved by the Chinese nymph of tears,  
 green tea!  
 Than whom Cassandra was not more pro-  
 phetic;  
 For if my pure libations exceed three,  
 I feel my heart become so sympathetic,  
 That I must have recourse to black  
 Bohea:  
 'Tis pity wine should be so deleterious,  
 For tea and coffee leave us much more  
 serious,

## LIII

Unless when qualified with thee, Cogniac!  
 Sweet Naïad of the Phlegethonic rill!  
 Ah! why the liver wilt thou thus attack,  
 And make, like other nymphs, thy lovers  
 ill?

I would take refuge in weak punch, but  
*rack*  
 (In each sense of the word), when'er I  
 fill

My mild and midnight beakers to the brim,  
 Wakes me next morning with its synonym.

## LIV

I leave Don Juan for the present, safe—  
 Not sound, poor fellow, but severely  
 wounded;

Yet could his corporal pangs amount to  
 half

Of those with which his Haidée's bosom  
 bounded!

She was not one to weep, and rave, and  
 chafe,

And then give way, subdued because  
 surrounded;

Her mother was a Moorish maid from Fez,  
 Where all is Eden, or a wilderness.

## LV

There the large olive rains its amber store  
 In marble founts; there grain, and flour,  
 and fruit,

Gush from the earth until the land runs  
 o'er;

But there, too, many a poison-tree has  
 root,

And midnight listens to the lion's roar,  
 And long, long deserts scorch the

camel's foot,

Or heaving whelm the helpless caravan;

And as the soil is, so the heart of man.

## LVI

Afric is all the sun's, and as her earth

Her human clay is kindled; full of power  
 For good or evil, burning from its birth,

The Moorish blood partakes the planet's  
 hour,

And like the soil beneath it will bring  
 forth:

Beauty and love were Haidée's mother's  
 dower;

But her large dark eye show'd deep  
 Passion's force,

Though sleeping like a lion near a source.

## LVII

Her daughter, temper'd with a milder ray,  
 Like summer clouds all silvery, smooth,  
 and fair,

Till slowly charged with thunder they dis-  
 play

Terror to earth, and tempest to the air,  
**Had** held till now her soft and milky way;

But overwrought with passion and des-  
 pair,

The fire burst forth from her Numidian  
 veins,

Even as the Simoom sweeps the blasted  
 plains.

## LVIII

The last sight which she saw was Juan's  
 gore,

And he himself o'ermaster'd and cut  
 down;

His blood was running on the very floor  
 Where late he trod, her beautiful, her

own;

Thus much she view'd an instant and no  
 more,—

Her struggles ceased with one convul-  
 sive groan;

On her sire's arm, which until now scarce  
 held

Her writhing, fell she like a cedar fell'd.

## LIX

A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure  
 dyes

Were dabbled with the deep blood  
 which ran o'er;

And her head droop'd, as when the lily lies  
 O'ercharged with rain: her summon'd

handmaids bore

Their lady to her couch with gushing eyes;  
 Of herbs and cordials they produced

their store,

But she defied all means they could em-  
 ploy,

Like one life could not hold, nor death  
 destroy.

## LX

Days lay she in that state unchanged,  
 though chill—

With nothing livid, still her lips were  
 red;

She had no pulse, but death seem'd absent  
 still;

No hideous sign proclaim'd her surely  
 dead;

Corruption came not in each mind to kill  
 All hope; to look upon her sweet face

bred

New thoughts of life, for it seem'd full of  
 soul—

She had so much, earth could not claim  
 the whole.

## LXI

The ruling passion, such as marble shows  
 When exquisitely chisell'd, still lay

there,

But fix'd as marble's unchanged aspect  
 throws

O'er the fair Venus, but for ever fair;

O'er the Laocoön's all eternal throes,

And ever-dying Gladiator's air,

Their energy like life forms all their fame,  
 Yet looks not life, for they are still the  
 same.

## LXII

She woke at length, but not as sleepers  
wake,  
Rather the dead, for life seem'd some-  
thing new,  
A strange sensation which she must par-  
take  
Perforce, since whatsoever met her view  
Struck not on memory, though a heavy  
ache  
Lay at her heart, whose earliest beat  
still true  
Brought back the sense of pain without the  
cause,  
For, for a while, the furies made a pause.

## LXIII

She look'd on many a face with vacant eye,  
On many a token without knowing  
what;  
She saw them watch her without asking  
why,  
And reck'd not who around her pillow  
sat;  
Not speechless, though she spoke not; not  
a sigh  
Relieved her thoughts; dull silence and  
quick chat  
Were tried in vain by those who served;  
she gave  
No sign, save breath, of having left the  
grave.

## LXIV

Her handmaids tended, but she heeded  
not;  
Her father watch'd, she turn'd her eyes  
away;  
She recognised no being, and no spot,  
However dear or cherish'd in their day;  
They changed from room to room, but all  
forgot,  
Gentle, but without memory she lay;  
At length those eyes, which they would  
fain be weaning  
Back to old thoughts, wax'd full of fearful  
meaning.

## LXV

And then a slave bethought her of a harp;  
The harper came, and tuned his instru-  
ment;  
At the first notes, irregular and sharp,  
On him her flashing eyes a moment bent,  
Then to the wall she turn'd as if to warp  
Her thoughts from sorrow through her  
heart re-sent;  
And he began a long low island song  
Of ancient days, ere tyranny grew strong.

## LXVI

Anon her thin wan fingers beat the wall  
In time to his old tune; he changed the  
theme,

And sung of love; the fierce name struck  
through all  
Her recollection; on her flash'd the  
dream  
Of what she was, and is, if ye could call  
To be so being; in a gushing stream  
The tears rush'd forth from her o'erclouded  
brain,  
Like mountain mists at length dissolved  
in rain.

## LXVII

Short solace, vain relief!—thought came  
too quick,  
And whirl'd her brain to madness; she  
arose  
As one who ne'er had dwelt among the  
sick,  
And flew at all she met, as on her foes;  
But no one ever heard her speak or shriek,  
Although her paroxysm drew towards  
its close;—  
Hers was a phrensy which disdain'd to  
rave,  
Even when they smote her, in the hope to  
save.

## LXVIII

Yet she betray'd at times a gleam of sense;  
Nothing could make her meet her  
father's face,  
Though on all other things with looks  
intense  
She gazed, but none she ever could re-  
trace;  
Food she refused, and raiment; no pre-  
tence  
Avail'd for either; neither change of  
place,  
Nor time, nor skill, nor remedy, could give  
her  
Senses to sleep—the power seem'd gone  
for ever.

## LXIX

Twelve days and nights she wither'd thus;  
at last,  
Without a groan, or sigh, or glance, to  
show  
A parting pang, the spirit from her passed:  
And they who watch'd her nearest  
could not know  
The very instant, till the change that cast  
Her sweet face into shadow, dull and  
slow,  
Glazed o'er her eyes—the beautiful, the  
black—  
Oh! to possess such lustre—and then lack!

## LXX

She died, but not alone; she held within  
A second principle of life, which might  
Have dawn'd a fair and sinless child of sin;  
But closed its little being without light,

And went down to the grave unborn,  
wherein

Blossom and bough lie wither'd with  
one blight;

In vain the dews of Heaven descend above  
The bleeding flower and blasted fruit of  
love.

## LXXI

Thus lived—thus died she; never more on  
her

Shall sorrow light, or shame. She was  
not made

Through years or moons the inner weight  
to bear,

Which colder hearts endure till they are  
laid

By age in earth: her days and pleasures  
were

Brief, but delightful—such as had not  
stayed

Long with her destiny; but she sleeps well  
By the sea-shore, whereon she loved to  
dwell.

## LXXII

That isle is now all desolate and bare,  
Its dwellings down, its tenants pass'd  
away;

None but her own and father's grave is  
there,

And nothing outward tells of human  
clay;

Ye could not know where lies a thing so  
fair,

No stone is there to show, no tongue to  
say,

What was; no dirge, except the hollow  
sea's,

Mourns o'er the beauty of the Cyclades.

## LXXIII

But many a Greek maid in a loving song  
Sighs o'er her name; and many an  
islander

With her sire's story makes the night less  
long;

Valour was his, and beauty dwelt with  
her;

If she loved rashly, her life paid for  
wrong—

A heavy price must all pay who thus err,  
In some shape; let none think to fly the  
danger,

For soon or late Love is his own avenger.

## LXXIV

But let me change this theme, which grows  
too sad,

And lay this sheet of sorrows on the  
shelf;

I don't much like describing people mad,  
For fear of seeming rather touch'd my-  
self—

Besides, I've no more on this head to add;  
And as my Muse is a capricious elf,  
We'll put about, and try another tack  
With Juan, left half-kill'd some stanzas  
back.

## LXXV

Wounded and fetter'd, 'cabin'd, cribb'd,  
confined,'

Some days and nights elapsed before  
that he

Could altogether call the past to mind;  
And when he did, he found himself at

sea,

Sailing six knots an hour before the wind;  
The shores of Ilion lay beneath their

lee—

Another time he might have liked to see  
'em,

But now was not much pleased with Cape  
Sigæum.

## LXXVI

There, on the green and village-cotted hill,  
is

(Flank'd by the Hellespont, and by the  
sea)

Entomb'd the bravest of the brave,  
Achilles;

They say so—(Bryant says the contrary):  
And further downward, tall and towering  
still, is

The tumulus—of whom? Heaven  
knows; 't may be

Patroclus, Ajax, or Protesilaus;  
All heroes, who if living still would slay us.

## LXXVII

High barrows, without marble, or a name,  
A vast, untill'd, and mountain-skirted

plain,

And Ida in the distance, still the same,  
And old Scamander (if 'tis he), remain;

The situation seems still form'd for fame—  
A hundred thousand men might fight

again,

With ease; but where I sought for Ilion's  
walls,

The quiet sheep feeds, and the tortoise  
crawls;

## LXXVIII

Troops of untended horses; here and there,  
Some little hamlets, with new names un-  
couth;

Some shepherds (unlike Paris), led to stare  
A moment at the European youth

Whom to the spot their school-boy feel-  
ings bear;

A Turk, with beads in hand, and pipe  
in mouth,

Extremely taken with his own religion,  
Are what I found there—but the devil a

Phrygian.

## LXXIX

Don Juan, here permitted to emerge  
 From his dull cabin, found himself a  
 slave;  
 Forlorn, and gazing on the deep blue surge,  
 O'ershadow'd there by many a hero's  
 grave;  
 Weak still with loss of blood, he scarce  
 could urge  
 A few brief questions; and the answers  
 gave  
 No very satisfactory information  
 About his past or present situation.

## LXXX

He saw some fellow-captives, who ap-  
 pear'd  
 To be Italians, as they were in fact;  
 From them, at least, *their* destiny he  
 heard,  
 Which was an odd one; a troop going  
 to act  
 In Sicily—all singers, duly rear'd  
 In their vocation; had not been attack'd  
 In sailing from Livorno by the pirate,  
 But sold by the impresario at no high rate.

## LXXXI

By one of these, the buffo of the party,  
 Juan was told about their curious case;  
 For although destined to the Turkish  
 mart, he  
 Still kept his spirits up—at least his face;  
 The little fellow really look'd quite hearty,  
 And bore him with some gaiety and  
 grace,  
 Showing a much more reconciled de-  
 meanour,  
 Than did the prima-donna and the tenor.

## LXXXII

In a few words he told their hapless story,  
 Saying, 'Our Machiavelian impresario,  
 Making a signal off some promontory,  
 Hail'd a strange brig; Corpo di Caio  
 Mario!  
 We were transferr'd on board her in a  
 hurry,  
 Without a single scudo of salario;  
 But if the Sultan has a taste for song,  
 We will revive our fortunes before long.

## LXXXIII

'The prima-donna, though a little old,  
 And haggard with a dissipated life,  
 And subject, when the house is thin, to  
 cold,  
 Has some good notes; and then the  
 tenor's wife,  
 With no great voice, is pleasing to behold;  
 Last carnival she made a deal of strife,  
 By carrying off Count Cesare Cicogna  
 From an old Roman princess at Bologna.

## LXXXIV

'And then there are the dancers; there's  
 the Nini,  
 With more than one profession gains  
 by all;  
 Then there's that laughing slut the Pele-  
 grini,  
 She, too, was fortunate last carnival,  
 And made at least five hundred good  
 zecchini,  
 But spends so fast, she has not now a  
 paul;  
 And then there's the Grotesca—such a  
 dancer!  
 Where men have souls or bodies she must  
 answer.

## LXXXV

'As for the figuranti, they are like  
 The rest of all that tribe; with here and  
 there  
 A pretty person, which perhaps may strike,  
 The rest are hardly fitted for a fair;  
 There's one, though tall and stiffer than a  
 pike,  
 Yet has a sentimental kind of air  
 Which might go far, but she don't dance  
 with vigour;  
 The more's the pity, with her face and  
 figure.

## LXXXVI

'As for the men, they are a middling set;  
 The musico is but a crack'd old basin,  
 But being qualified in one way yet,  
 May the seraglio do to set his face in,  
 And as a servant some preferment get;  
 His singing I no further trust can place  
 in:  
 From all the Pope makes yearly 'twould  
 perplex  
 To find three perfect pipes of the *third* sex.

## LXXXVII

'The tenor's voice is spoilt by affectation,  
 And for the bass, the beast can only  
 bellow;  
 In fact, he had no singing education,  
 An ignorant, noteless, timeless, tuneless  
 fellow;  
 But being the prima-donna's near relation,  
 Who swore his voice was very rich and  
 mellow,  
 They hired him, though to hear him you'd  
 believe  
 An ass was practising recitative.

## LXXXVIII

'Twould not become myself to dwell upon  
 My own merits, and though young—  
 I see, sir—you  
 Have got a travell'd air, which speaks you  
 one  
 To whom the opera is by no means new:

You've heard of Raucocanti?—I'm the man:

The time may come when you may hear me too;

You was not last year at the fair of Lugo,  
But next, when I'm engaged to sing there—do go.

## LXXXIX

'Our baritone I almost had forgot,  
A pretty lad, but bursting with conceit;  
With graceful action, science not a jot,  
A voice of no great compass, and not sweet,

He always is complaining of his lot,  
Forsooth, scarce fit for ballads in the street;  
In lovers' parts his passion more to breathe,  
Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth.'

## XC

Here Raucocanti's eloquent recital  
Was interrupted by the pirate crew,  
Who came at stated moments to invite all  
The captives back to their sad berths;  
each threw  
A rueful glance upon the waves, (which bright all  
From the blue skies derived a double blue,  
Dancing all free and happy in the sun,)  
And then went down the hatchway one by one.

## XCI

They heard next day—that in the Dardanelles,  
Waiting for his Sublimity's firman,  
The most imperative of sovereign spells,  
Which everybody does without who can,  
More to secure them in their naval cells,  
Lady to lady, well as man to man,  
Were to be chain'd and lotted out per couple,  
For the slave-market of Constantinople.

## XCII

It seems when this allotment was made out,  
There chanced to be an odd male, and odd female,  
Who (after some discussion and some doubt,  
If the soprano might be deem'd to be male,  
They placed him o'er the woman as a scout)  
Were link'd together, and it happen'd the male  
Was Juan, who,—an awkward thing at his age,  
Pair'd off with a Bacchante blooming visage.

## XCIII

With Raucocanti lucklessly was chain'd  
The tenor; these two hated with a hate  
Found only on the stage, and each more pain'd

With this his tuneful neighbour than his fate;

Sad strife arose, for they were so cross-grain'd,

Instead of bearing up without debate,  
That each pull'd different ways with many an oath,

'Arcades ambo,' *id est*—blackguards both.

## XCIV

Juan's companion was a Romagnole,  
But bred within the March of old Ancona,  
With eyes that look'd into the very soul  
(And other chief points of a 'bella donna'),

Bright—and as black and burning as a coal;  
And through her clear brunette complexion shone a

Great wish to please—a most attractive dower,

Especially when added to the power.

## XCV

But all that power was wasted upon him,  
For sorrow o'er each sense held stern command;

Her eye might flash on his, but found it dim:  
And though thus chain'd, as natural her hand

Touch'd his, nor that—nor any handsome limb

(And she had some not easy to withstand)

Could stir his pulse, or make his faith feel brittle;

Perhaps his recent wounds might help a little.

## XCVI

No matter; we should ne'er too much inquire,

But facts are facts: no knight could be more true,

And firmer faith no lady-love desire;  
We will omit the proofs, save one or two:

'Tis said no one in hand 'can hold a fire  
By thought of frosty Caucasus;' but few,

I really think; yet Juan's then ordeal  
Was more triumphant, and not much less real.

## XCVII

Here I might enter on a chaste description,  
Having withstood temptation in my youth,

But hear that several people take exception  
At the first two books having too much truth;

# DON JUAN

[CANTO IV

Therefore I'll make Don Juan leave the  
ship soon,

Because the publisher declares, in sooth,  
Through needles' eyes it easier for the  
camel is

To pass, than those two cantos into  
families.

## XCVIII

'Tis all the same to me; I'm fond of yield-  
ing,

And therefore leave them to the purer  
page

Of Smollett, Prior, Ariosto, Fielding,  
Who say strange things for so correct an  
age;

I once had great alacrity in wielding  
My pen, and liked poetic war to wage,  
And recollect the time when all this cant  
Would have provoked remarks which  
now it shan't.

## XCIX

As boys love rows, my boyhood liked a  
squabble;

But at this hour I wish to part in peace,  
Leaving such to the literary rabble,

Whether my verse's fame be doom'd to  
cease

While the right hand which wrote it still is  
able,

Or of some centuries to take a lease;  
The grass upon my grave will grow as long,  
And sigh to midnight winds, but not to  
song.

## C

Of poets who come down to us through  
distance

Of time and tongues, the foster-babes of  
Fame,

Life seems the smallest portion of exist-  
ence;

Where twenty ages gather o'er a name,  
'Tis as a snow-ball which derives assistance  
From every flake, and yet rolls on the  
same,

Even till an iceberg it may chance to grow;  
But, after all, 'tis nothing but cold snow.

## CI

And so great names are nothing more than  
nominal,

And love of glory's but an airy lust,  
Too often in its fury overcoming all

Who would as 'twere identify their dust  
From out the wide destruction, which,  
entombing all,

Leaves nothing till 'the coming of the  
just'—

Save change: I've stood upon Achilles'  
tomb,

And heard Troy doubted; time will  
doubt of Rome.

## CII

The very generations of the dead  
Areswept away, and tomb inherits tomb,

Until the memory of an age is fled,  
And, buried, sinks beneath its off-  
spring's doom:

Where are the epitaphs our fathers read?  
Save a few glean'd from the sepulchral  
gloom

Which once-named myriads nameless lie  
beneath,

And lose their own in universal death.

## CIII

I canter by the spot each afternoon  
Where perish'd in his fame the hero-  
boy,

Who lived too long for men, but died too  
soon

For human vanity, the young De Foix!  
A broken pillar, not uncouthly hewn,

But which neglect is hastening to de-  
stroy,

Records Ravenna's carnage on its face,  
While weeds and ordure rankle round the  
base.

## CIV

I pass each day where Dante's bones are  
laid:

A little cupola, more neat than solemn,  
Protects his dust, but reverence here is paid

To the bard's tomb, and not the  
warrior's column:

The time must come, when both alike  
decay'd,

The chieftain's trophy, and the poet's  
volume,

Will sink where lie the songs and wars of  
earth,

Before Pelides' death, or Homer's birth.

## CV

With human blood that column was  
cemented,

With human filth that column is defiled,  
As if the peasant's coarse contempt were  
vented

To show his loathing of the spot he  
soil'd:

Thus is the trophy used, and thus lamented  
Should ever be those blood-hounds,

from whose wild  
Instinct of gore and glory earth has known

Those sufferings Dante saw in hell alone.

## CVI

Yet there will still be bards: though fame  
is smoke,

Its fumes are frankincense to human  
thought;

And the unquiet feelings, which first woke  
Song in the world, will seek what then  
they sought:

As on the beach the waves at last are broke,  
 Thus to their extreme verge the passions  
 brought  
 Dash into poetry, which is but passion,  
 Or at least was so ere it grew a fashion.

## CVII

If in the course of such a life as was  
 At once adventurous and contemplative,  
 Men who partake all passions as they pass,  
 Acquire the deep and bitter power to give  
 Their images again as in a glass,  
 And in such colours that they seem to  
 live;  
 You may do right forbidding them to show  
 'em,  
 But spoil (I think) a very pretty poem.

## CVIII

Oh! ye, who make the fortunes of all books!  
 Benign Ceruleans of the second sex!  
 Who advertise new poems by your looks,  
 Your 'imprimatur' will ye not annex?  
 What! must I go to the oblivious cooks,  
 Those Cornish plunderers of Parnassian  
 wrecks?  
 Ah! must I then the only minstrel be,  
 Proscribed from tasting your Castalian tea?

## CIX

What! can I prove 'a lion' then no more?  
 A ball-room bard, a foolscap, hot-press  
 darling?  
 To bear the compliments of many a bore,  
 And sigh, 'I can't get out,' like Yorick's  
 starling;  
 Why then I'll swear, as poet Wordy swore  
 (Because the world won't read him,  
 always snarling),  
 That taste is gone, that fame is but a  
 lottery,  
 Drawn by the blue-coat *misses* of a coterie.

## CX

Oh! 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,'  
 As some one somewhere sings about the  
 sky,  
 And I, ye learned ladies, say of you;  
 They say your stockings are so—  
 (Heaven knows why,  
 I have examined few pair of that hue);  
 Blue as the garters which serenely lie  
 Round the patrician left-legs, which adorn  
 The festal midnight, and the levée morn.

## CXI

Yet some of you are most seraphic crea-  
 tures—  
 But times are alter'd since, a rhyming  
 lover,  
 You read my stanzas, and I read your  
 features:  
 And—but no matter, all those things  
 are over;

Still I have no dislike to learned natures,  
 For sometimes such a world of virtues  
 cover;  
 I knew one woman of that purple school,  
 The loveliest, chastest, best, but—quite a  
 fool.

## CXII

Humboldt, 'the first of travellers,' but not  
 The last, if late accounts be accurate,  
 Invented, by some name I have forgot,  
 As well as the sublime discovery's date,  
 An airy instrument, with which he sought  
 To ascertain the atmospheric state,  
 By measuring 'the *intensity of blue*':  
 Oh, Lady Daphne! let me measure you!

## CXIII

But to the narrative:—The vessel bound  
 With slaves to sell off in the capital,  
 After the usual process, might be found  
 At anchor under the seraglio wall;  
 Her cargo, from the plague being safe and  
 sound,  
 Were landed in the market, one and all,  
 And there with Georgians, Russians, and  
 Circassians,  
 Bought up for different purposes and  
 passions.

## CXIV

Some went off dearly; fifteen hundred  
 dollars  
 For one Circassian, a sweet girl, were  
 given,  
 Warranted virgin; beauty's brightest  
 colours  
 Had deck'd her out in all the hues of  
 heaven:  
 Her sale sent home some disappointed  
 bawlers,  
 Who bade on till the hundreds reached  
 eleven;  
 But when the offer went beyond, they  
 knew  
 'Twas for the Sultan, and at once with-  
 drew.

## CXV

Twelve negroes from Nubia brought a  
 price  
 Which the West Indian market scarce  
 could bring,  
 Though Wilberforce, at last, has made it  
 twice  
 What 'twas ere Abolition; and the thing  
 Need not seem very wonderful, for vice  
 Is always much more splendid than a  
 king:  
 The virtues, even the most exalted,  
 Charity,  
 Are saving—vice spares nothing for a  
 rarity.



## CXVI

But for the destiny of this young troop,  
 How some were bought by pachas,  
 some by Jews,  
 How some to burdens were obliged to stoop,  
 And others rose to the command of crews  
 As renegades; while in hapless group,  
 Hoping no very old vizier might choose,  
 The females stood, as one by one they pick'd 'em,  
 To make a mistress, or fourth wife, or victim:

## CXVII

All this must be reserved for further song;  
 Also our hero's lot, howe'er unpleasant  
 (Because this Canto has become too long),  
 Must be postponed discreetly for the present;  
 I'm sensible redundancy is wrong,  
 But could not for the muse of me put less in't:  
 And now delay the progress of Don Juan,  
 Till what is call'd in Ossian the fifth Duan.

## CANTO THE FIFTH

## I

WHEN amatory poets sing their loves  
 In liquid lines mellifluously bland,  
 And pair their rhymes as Venus yokes her doves,  
 They little think what mischief is in hand;  
 The greater their success the worse it proves,  
 As Ovid's verse may give to understand;  
 Even Petrarch's self, if judged with due severity,  
 Is the Platonic pimp of all posterity.

## II

I therefore do denounce all amorous writing,  
 Except in such a way as not to attract;  
 Plain—simple—short, and by no means inviting,  
 But with a moral to each error tack'd,  
 Form'd rather for instructing than delighting,  
 And with all passions in their turn attack'd;  
 Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,  
 This poem will become a moral model.

## III

The European with the Asian shore  
 Sprinkled with palaces; the Ocean stream  
 Here and there studded with a seventy-four;  
 Sophia's cupola with golden gleam;

The cypress groves; Olympus high and hoar;  
 The twelve isles, and the more than I could dream,  
 Far less describe, present the very view  
 Which charm'd the charming Mary Montagu.

## IV

I have a passion for the name of 'Mary,'  
 For once it was a magic sound to me;  
 And still it half calls up the realms of fairy,  
 Where I beheld what never was to be;  
 All feelings changed, but this was last to vary,  
 A spell from which even yet I am not quite free:  
 But I grow sad—and let a tale grow cold,  
 Which must not be pathetically told.

## V

The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave  
 Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;  
 'Tis a grand sight from off 'the Giant's Grave'  
 To watch the progress of those rolling seas  
 Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave  
 Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease:  
 There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,  
 Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine.

## VI

'Twas a raw day of Autumn's bleak beginning,  
 When nights are equal, but not so the days:  
 The Parcae then cut short the further spinning  
 Of seamen's fates, and the loud tempests raise  
 The waters, and repentance for past sinning  
 In all, who o'er the great deep take their ways:  
 They vow to amend their lives, and yet they don't;  
 Because if drown'd, they can't—if spared, they won't.

## VII

A crowd of shivering slaves of every nation,  
 And age, and sex, were in the market ranged;  
 Each bevy with the merchant in his station:  
 Poor creatures! their good looks were sadly changed.

All save the blacks seem'd jaded with vexation,  
 From friends, and home, and freedom far estranged;  
 The negroes more philosophy display'd,—  
 Used to it, no doubt, as eels are to be flay'd.

## VIII

Juan was juvenile, and thus was full,  
 As most at his age are, of hope, and health;  
 Yet I must own, he look'd a little dull,  
 And now and then a tear stole down by stealth;  
 Perhaps his recent loss of blood might pull  
 His spirit down; and then the loss of wealth,  
 A mistress, and such comfortable quarters,  
 To be put up for auction amongst Tartars,

## IX

Were things to shake a stoic; ne'ertheless,  
 Upon the whole his carriage was serene:  
 His figure, and the splendour of his dress,  
 Of which some gilded remnants still were seen,  
 Drew all eyes on him, giving them to guess  
 He was above the vulgar by his mien;  
 And then, though pale, he was so very handsome;  
 And then—he calculated on his ransom.

## X

Like a backgammon board the place was dotted  
 With whites and blacks, in groups on show for sale,  
 Though rather more irregularly spotted:  
 Some bought the jet, while others chose the pale.  
 It chanced amongst the other people lotted,  
 A man of thirty, rather stout and hale,  
 With resolution in his dark grey eye,  
 Next Juan stood, till some might choose to buy.

## XI

He had an English look; that is, was square  
 In make, of a complexion white and ruddy,  
 Good teeth, with curling rather dark brown hair,  
 And, it might be from thought, or toil, or study,  
 An open brow a little mark'd with care:  
 One arm had on a bandage rather bloody;  
 And there he stood with such *sang froid*,  
 That greater  
 Could scarce be shown even by a mere spectator.

## XII

But seeing at his elbow a mere lad,  
 Of a high spirit evidently, though  
 At present weigh'd down by a doom which had  
 O'erthrown even men, he soon began to show  
 A kind of blunt compassion for the sad  
 Lot of so young a partner in the woe,  
 Which for himself he seem'd to deem no worse  
 Than any other scrape, a thing of course.

## XIII

'My boy!'—said he, 'amidst this motley crew  
 Of Georgians, Russians, Nubians, and what not,  
 All ragamuffins differing but in hue,  
 With whom it is our luck to cast our lot,  
 The only gentlemen seem I and you;  
 So let us be acquainted, as we ought:  
 If I could yield you any consolation,  
 'Twould give me pleasure.—Pray, what is your nation?'

## XIV

When Juan answer'd—'Spanish!' he replied,  
 'I thought, in fact, you could not be a Greek;  
 Those servile dogs are not so proudly eyed:  
 Fortune has play'd you here a pretty freak,  
 But that's her way with all men, till they're tried;  
 But never mind,—she'll turn, perhaps, next week;  
 She has served me also much the same as you,  
 Except that I have found it nothing new.'

## XV

'Pray, sir,' said Juan, 'if I may presume,  
 What brought you here?'—'Oh! nothing very rare—  
 Six Tartars and a drag-chain——'—'To this doom  
 But what conducted, if the question's fair,  
 Is that which I would learn.'—'I served for some  
 Months with the Russian army here and there;  
 And taking lately, by Suwarrow's bidding,  
 A town, was ta'en myself instead of Widdin.'

## XVI

'Have you no friends?'—'I had—but, by God's blessing,  
 Have not been troubled with them lately. Now  
 I have answer'd all your questions without pressing,  
 And you an equal courtesy should show.'

'Alas!' said Juan, 'twere a tale distress-  
ing,  
And long besides.'—'Oh! if 'tis really  
so,  
You're right on both accounts to hold  
your tongue;  
A sad tale saddens doubly when 'tis long.

## XVII

'But droop not: Fortune at your time of  
life,  
Although a female moderately fickle,  
Will hardly leave you (as she's not your  
wife)  
For any length of days in such a pickle.  
To strive, too, with our fate were such a  
strife  
As if the corn-sheaf should oppose the  
sickle:  
Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men.'

## XVIII

'Tis not,' said Juan, 'for my present doom  
I mourn, but for the past;—I loved a  
maid;—  
He paused, and his dark eye grew full of  
gloom;  
A single tear upon his eyelash stayed  
A moment, and then dropp'd; 'but to re-  
sume,  
'Tis not my present lot, as I have said,  
Which I deplore so much; for I have borne  
Hardships which have the hardest over-  
worn,

## XIX

'On the rough deep. But this last blow—'  
and here  
He stopp'd again, and turn'd away his  
face.  
'Ay,' quoth his friend, 'I thought it would  
appear  
That there had been a lady in the case;  
And these are things which ask a tender  
tear,  
Such as I, too, would shed if in your  
place:  
I cried upon my first wife's dying day,  
And also when my second ran away:

## XX

'My third——'—'Your third!' quoth  
Juan, turning round;  
'You scarcely can be thirty: have you  
three?'  
'No—only two at present above ground:  
Surely, 'tis nothing wonderful to see  
One person thrice in holy wedlock bound!'—  
'Well, then, your third,' said Juan;  
'what did she?  
She did not run away, too,—did she, sir?'  
'No, faith.'—'What then?'—'I ran away  
from her.'

## XXI

'You take things coolly, sir,' said Juan.  
'Why,'  
Replied the other, 'what can a man do?  
There still are many rainbows in your sky,  
But mine have vanish'd. All, when life  
is new,  
Commence with feelings warm, and pros-  
pects high;  
But time strips our illusions of their hue,  
And one by one in turn, some grand mis-  
take  
Casts off its bright skin yearly like the  
snake.

## XXII

'Tis true, it gets another bright and fresh,  
Or fresher, brighter; but the year gone  
through,  
This skin must go the way, too, of all flesh,  
Or sometimes only wear a week or  
two;—  
Love's the first net which spreads its  
deadly mesh;  
Ambition, Avarice, Vengeance, Glory,  
glue  
The glittering lime-twigs of our latter days,  
Where still we flutter on for pence or  
praise.'

## XXIII

'All this is very fine, and may be true,'  
Said Juan, 'but I really don't see how  
It betters present times with me or you.'  
'No?' quoth the other; 'yet you will allow  
By setting things in their right point of view,  
Knowledge, at least, is gain'd; for in-  
stance, now,  
We know what slavery is, and our disasters  
May teach us better to behave when masters.'

## XXIV

'Would we were masters now, if but to try  
Their present lessons on our Pagan  
friends here,'  
Said Juan—swallowing a heart-burning  
sigh:  
'Heaven help the scholar, whom his  
fortune sends here!'—  
'Perhaps we shall be one day, by and by,'  
Rejoin'd the other, 'when our bad luck  
mends here;  
Meantime (yon old black eunuch seems to  
eye us)  
I wish to God that somebody would buy  
us!

## XXV

'But after all, what is our present state?  
'Tis bad, and may be better—all men's  
lot:  
Most men are slaves, none more so than  
the great,  
To their own whims and passions, and  
what not;

Society itself, which should create  
Kindness, destroys what little we had  
got:  
To feel for none is the true social art  
Of the world's stoics—men without a  
heart.'

## XXVI

Just now a black old neutral personage  
Of the third sex stept up, and peering  
over  
The captives, seem'd to mark their looks  
and age,  
And capabilities, as to discover  
If they were fitted for the purposed cage:  
No lady e'er is ogled by a lover,  
Horse by a blackleg, broadcloth by a  
tailor,  
Fee by a counsel, felon by a jailor,

## XXVII

As is a slave by his intended bidder,  
'Tis pleasant purchasing our fellow-  
creatures;  
And all are to be sold, if you consider  
Their passions, and are dext'rous; some  
by features  
Are bought up, others by a warlike leader,  
Some by a place—as tend their years or  
natures;  
The most by ready cash—but all have  
prices,  
From crowns to kicks, according to their  
vices.

## XXVIII

The eunuch, having eyed them o'er with  
care,  
Turn'd to the merchant, and began to  
bid  
First but for one, and after for the pair;  
They haggled, wrangled, swore, too—so  
they did!  
As though they were in a mere Christian  
fair,  
Cheapening an ox, an ass, a lamb, or  
kid;  
So that their bargain sounded like a battle  
For this superior yoke of human cattle.

## XXIX

At last they settled into simple grumbling,  
And pulling out reluctant purses, and  
Turning each piece of silver o'er, and  
tumbling  
Some down, and weighing others in  
their hand,  
And by mistake sequins with paras jumb-  
ling,  
Until the sum was accurately scann'd,  
And then the merchant giving change, and  
signing  
Receipts in full, began to think of dining.

## XXX

I wonder if his appetite was good?  
Or, if it were, if also his digestion?  
Methinks at meals some odd thoughts  
might intrude,  
And conscience ask a curious sort of  
question,  
About the right divine how far we should  
Sell flesh and blood. When dinner has  
opprest one,  
I think it is perhaps the gloomiest hour  
Which turns up out of the sad twenty-four.

## XXXI

Voltaire says 'No'; he tells you that  
Candide  
Found life most tolerable after meals;  
He's wrong—unless man were a pig, in-  
deed,  
Repletion rather adds to what he feels,  
Unless he's drunk, and then no doubt he's  
freed  
From his own brain's oppression while  
it reels.  
Of food I think with Philip's son, or rather  
Ammon's (ill pleased with one world and  
one father);

## XXXII

I think with Alexander, that the act  
Of eating, with another act or two,  
Makes us feel our mortality in fact  
Redoubled; when a roast and a ragout,  
And fish, and soup, by some side dishes  
back'd,  
Can give us either pain or pleasure, who  
Would pique himself on intellects, whose  
use  
Depends so much upon the gastric juice?

## XXXIII

The other evening ('twas on Friday last)—  
This is a fact, and no poetic fable—  
Just as my great coat was about me cast,  
My hat and gloves still lying on the table,  
I heard a shot—'twas eight o'clock scarce  
past—  
And, running out as fast as I was able,  
I found the military commandant  
Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to  
pant.

## XXXIV

Poor fellow! for some reason, surely bad,  
They had slain him with five slugs; and  
left him there  
To perish on the pavement: so I had  
Him borne into the house and up the stair,  
And stripp'd, and look'd to,—But why  
should I add  
More circumstances? vain was every  
care;  
The man was gone: in some Italian quarrel  
Kill'd by five bullets from an old gun-barrel.

## XXXV

I gazed upon him, for I knew him well;  
 And though I have seen many corpses,  
 never  
 Saw one, whom such an accident befell,  
 So calm; though pierced through  
 stomach, heart, and liver,  
 He seem'd to sleep,—for you could  
 scarcely tell  
 (As he bled inwardly, no hideous river  
 Of gore divulged the cause) that he was  
 dead:  
 So as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

## XXXVI

'Can this be death? then what is life or  
 death?  
 Speak!' but he spoke not: 'wake!' but  
 still he slept:—  
 'But yesterday, and who had mightier  
 breath?  
 A thousand warriors by his word were  
 kept  
 In awe: he said, as the centurion saith,  
 "Go," and he goeth; "come," and forth  
 he stepp'd.  
 The trump and bugle till he spake were  
 dumb—  
 And now nought left him but the muffled  
 drum.'

## XXXVII

And they who waited once and wor-  
 shipp'd—they  
 With their rough faces throng'd about  
 the bed  
 To gaze once more on the commanding  
 clay  
 Which for the last, though not the first,  
 time bled;  
 And such an end! that he who many a day  
 Had faced Napoleon's foes until they  
 fled,—  
 The foremost in the charge or in the sally,  
 Should now be butcher'd in a civic alley.

## XXXVIII

The scars of his old wounds were near his  
 new,  
 Those honourable scars which brought  
 him fame;  
 And horrid was the contrast to the  
 view—  
 But let me quit the theme; as such things  
 claim  
 Perhaps even more attention than is due  
 From me: I gazed (as oft I have gazed  
 the same)  
 To try if I could wrench aught out of death  
 Which should confirm, or shake, or make  
 a faith;

## XXXIX

But it was all a mystery. Here we are,  
 And there we go:—but *where?* five bits  
 of lead,  
 Or three, or two, or one, send very far!  
 And is this blood, then, form'd but to  
 be shed?  
 Can every element our elements mar?  
 And air—earth—water—fire live—and  
 we dead?  
*We*, whose minds comprehend all things.  
 No more;  
 But let us to the story as before.

## XL

The purchaser of Juan and acquaintance  
 Bore off his bargains to a gilded boat,  
 Embark'd himself and them, and off they  
 went thence  
 As fast as oars could pull and water float;  
 They look'd like persons being led to sen-  
 tence,  
 Wond'ring what next, till the caique was  
 brought  
 Up in a little creek below a wall  
 O'ertopp'd with cypresses, dark-green and  
 tall.

## XLI

Here their conductor tapping at the wicket  
 Of a small iron door, 'twas open'd, and  
 He led them onward, first through a low  
 thicket  
 Flank'd by large groves, which tower'd  
 on either hand:  
 They almost lost their way, and had to  
 pick it—  
 For night was closing ere they came to  
 land.  
 The eunuch made a sign to those on board,  
 Who row'd off, leaving them without a word.

## XLII

As they were plodding on their winding way  
 Through orange bowers, and jasmine,  
 and so forth:  
 (Of which I might have a good deal to say,  
 There being no such profusion in the  
 North  
 Of oriental plants, 'et cetera,'  
 But that of late your scribblers think it  
 worth  
 Their while to rear whole hotbeds in *their*  
 works,  
 Because one poet travell'd 'mongst the  
 Turks:)

## XLIII

As they were threading on their way,  
 there came  
 Into Don Juan's head a thought, which he  
 Whisper'd to his companion:—'twas the  
 same  
 Which might have then occur'd to you  
 or me.

'Methinks,'—said he,—'it would be no great shame

If we should strike a stroke to set us free;  
Let's knock that old black fellow on the head,  
And march away—'twere easier done than said.'

## XLIV

'Yes,' said the other, 'and when done, what then?

*How get out?* how the devil got we in?  
And when we once were fairly out, and when

From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin,  
To-morrow'd see us in some other den,  
And worse off than we hitherto have been;  
Besides, I'm hungry, and just now would take,  
Like Esau, for my birthright a beef-steak.

## XLV

'We must be near some place of man's abode;—

For the old negro's confidence in creeping,

With his two captives, by so queer a road,  
Shows that he thinks his friends have not been sleeping;

A single cry would bring them all abroad:  
'Tis better therefore looking before leaping—

And there, you see, this turn has brought us through,

By Jove, a noble palace!—lighted too.'

## XLVI

It was indeed a wide extensive building  
Which open'd on their view, and o'er the front

There seem'd to be besprent a deal of gilding

And various hues, as is the Turkish wont,—

A gaudy taste, for they are little skill'd in  
The arts of which these lands were once the font:

Each villa on the Bosphorus looks a screen  
New painted, or a pretty opera-scene.

## XLVII

And nearer as they came, a genial savour  
Of certain stews, and roast-meats, and pilaus,  
Things which in hungry mortals' eyes find favour,

Made Juan in his harsh intentions pause,  
And put himself upon his good behaviour:  
His friend, too, adding a new saving clause,

Said, 'In Heaven's name let's get some supper now,  
And then I'm with you, if you're for a row.'

## XLVIII

Some talk of an appeal unto some passion,  
Some to men's feelings, others to their reason;

The last of these was never much the fashion,

For reason thinks all reasoning out of season:

Some speakers whine, and others lay the lash on,

But more or less continue still to tease on,

With arguments according to their 'forte';  
But no one ever dreams of being short.—

## XLIX

But I digress: of all appeals,—although  
I grant the power of pathos, and of gold,  
Of beauty, flattery, threats, a shilling,—no  
Method's more sure at moments to take hold

Of the best feelings of mankind, which grow  
More tender, as we every day behold,  
Than that all-softening, overpowering knell,

The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell.

## L

Turkey contains no bells, and yet men dine;

And Juan and his friend, albeit they heard

No Christian knoll to table, saw no line  
Of lackeys usher to the feast prepared,  
Yet smelt roast-meat, beheld a huge fire shine,

And cooks in motion with their clean arms bared,

And gazed around them to the left and right,

With the prophetic eye of appetite.

## LI

And giving up all notions of resistance,  
They follow'd close behind their sable guide,

Who little thought that his own crack'd existence

Was on the point of being set aside:  
He motion'd them to stop at some small distance,

And knocking at the gate, 'twas open'd wide,

And a magnificent large hall display'd  
The Asian pomp of Ottoman parade.

## LII

I won't describe; description is my forte,  
But every fool describes in these bright days

His wondrous journey to some foreign court,

And spawns his quarto, and demands your praise—

# DON JUAN

[CANTO V

Death to his publisher, to him 'tis sport;  
While Nature, tortured twenty thou  
sand ways,  
Resigns herself with exemplary patience  
To guide-books, rhymes, tours, sketches,  
illustrations.

LIII

Along this hall, and up and down, some,  
squatted  
Upon their hams, were occupied at  
chess;  
Others in monosyllable talk chatted,  
And some seem'd much in love with  
their own dress;  
And divers smoked superb pipes,  
decorated  
With amber mouths of greater price or  
less;  
And several strutted, others slept, and  
some  
Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.

LIV

As the black eunuch enter'd with his  
brace  
Of purchased Infidels, some raised  
their eyes  
A moment, without slackening from their  
pace;  
But those who sate, ne'er stirr'd in any  
wise:  
One or two stared the captives in the face,  
Just as one views a horse to guess his  
price;  
Some nodded to the negro from their  
station,  
But no one troubled him with conversa-  
tion.

LV

He leads them through the hall, and, with-  
out stopping,  
On through a farther range of goodly  
rooms,  
Splendid but silent, save in *one*, where,  
dropping,  
A marble fountain echoes through the  
glooms  
Of night, which robe the chamber, or  
where popping  
Some female head most curiously  
presumes  
To thrust its black eyes through the door  
or lattice,  
As wondering what the *devil* noise that is.

LVI

Some faint lamps gleaming from the lofty  
walls  
Gave light enough to hint their farther  
way,  
But not enough to show the imperial halls  
In all the flashing of their full array;

Perhaps there's nothing—I'll not say  
appals,  
But saddens more by night as well as  
day,  
Than an enormous room without a soul  
To break the lifeless splendour of the  
whole.

LVII

Two or three seem so little, *one* seems  
nothing:  
In deserts, forests, crowds, or by the  
shore,  
There solitude, we know, has her full  
growth in  
The spots which were her realms for  
evermore;  
But in a mighty hall or gallery, both in  
More modern buildings and those built  
of yore,  
A kind of death comes o'er us all alone,  
Seeing what's meant for many with but  
one.

LVIII

A neat, snug study on a winter's night,  
A book, friend, single lady, or a glass  
Of claret, sandwich, and an appetite,  
Are things which make an English  
evening pass;  
Though *certainly* by no means so grand a  
sight  
As is a theatre lit up by gas.  
I pass my evenings in long galleries solely,  
And that's the reason I'm so melancholy.

LIX

Alas! man makes that great which makes  
him little:  
I grant you in a church 'tis very well:  
What speaks of heaven should by no  
means be brittle,  
But strong and lasting, till no tongue  
can tell  
Their names who rear'd it; but huge  
houses fit ill—  
And huge tombs worse—mankind,  
since Adam fell:  
Methinks the story of the tower of Babel  
Might teach them this much better than  
I'm able.

LX

Babel was Nimrod's hunting-box, and then  
A town of gardens, walls, and wealth  
amazing,  
Where Nebuchadonosor, king of men,  
Reign'd, till one summer's day he took  
to grazing,  
And Daniel tamed the lions in their den,  
The people's awe and admiration raising:  
'Twas famous, too, for Thisbe and for  
Pyramus,  
And the calumniated queen Semiramis.—

## LXI

That injured Queen, by chroniclers so  
coarse,  
Has been accused (I doubt not by  
conspiracy)  
Of an improper friendship for her horse  
(Love, like religion, sometimes runs to  
heresy):  
This monstrous tale had probably its source  
(For such exaggerations here and there  
I see)  
In writing 'Courser' by mistake for 'Cou-  
rier';  
I wish the case would come before a jury  
here.

## LXII

But to resume,—should there be (what may  
not  
Be in these days?) some infidels, who  
don't,  
Because they can't, find out the very spot  
Of that same Babel, or because they won't  
(Though Claudius Rich, Esquire, some  
bricks has got,  
And written lately two memoirs upon 't)  
Believe the Jews, those unbelievers, who  
Must be believed, though they believe not  
you,

## LXIII

Yet let them think that Horace has exprest  
Shortly and sweetly the masonic folly  
Of those, forgetting the great place of rest,  
Who give themselves to architecture  
wholly;  
We know where things and men must end  
at best:  
A moral (like all morals) melancholy,  
And 'Et sepulchri immemor struis domos'  
Shows that we build when we should but  
entomb us.

## LXIV

At last they reach'd a quarter most retired,  
Where echo woke as if from a long  
slumber;  
Though full of all things which could be  
desired,  
One wonder'd what to do with such a  
number  
Of articles which nobody required;  
Here wealth had done its utmost to en-  
cumber  
With furniture an exquisite apartment,  
Which puzzled Nature much to know what  
Art meant.

## LXV

It seem'd, however, but to open on  
A range or suite of further chambers,  
which  
Might lead to heaven knows where; but in  
this one  
The moveables were prodigally rich:

Sofas 'twas half a sin to sit upon,  
So costly were they; carpets every stitch  
Of workmanship so rare, they made you  
wish  
You could glide o'er them like a golden  
fish.

## LXVI

The black, however, without hardly deign-  
ing  
A glance at that which wrapt the slaves  
in wonder,  
Trampled what they scarce trod for fear  
of staining,  
As if the milky way their feet was under  
With all its stars; and with a stretch attain-  
ing  
A certain press or cupboard niched in  
yonder,  
In that remote recess which you may see—  
Or if you don't the fault is not in me,—

## LXVII

I wish to be perspicuous; and the black,  
I say, unlocking the recess, pull'd forth  
A quantity of clothes fit for the back  
Of any Mussulman, whate'er his worth;  
And of variety there was no lack—  
And yet, though I have said there was  
no dearth,—  
He chose himself to point out what he  
thought  
Most proper for the Christians he had  
bought.

## LXVIII

The suit he thought most suitable to each  
Was, for the elder and the stouter, first  
A Candiot cloak, which to the knee  
might reach,  
And trousers not so tight that they  
would burst,  
But such as fit an Asiatic breech;  
A shawl, whose folds in Cashmere had  
been nurst,  
Slippers of saffron, dagger rich and handy;  
In short, all things which form a Turkish  
dandy.

## LXIX

While he was dressing, Baba, their black  
friend,  
Hinted the vast advantages which they  
Might probably obtain both in the end,  
If they would but pursue the proper  
way  
Which Fortune plainly seem'd to re-  
commend;  
And then he added, that he needs must  
say,  
"Twould greatly tend to better their con-  
dition,  
If they would condescend to circumcision.



## LXX

'For his own part, he really should rejoice  
To see them true believers, but no less  
Would leave his proposition to their  
choice.'

The other, thanking him for this excess  
Of goodness, in thus leaving them a voice  
In such a trifle, scarcely could express  
'Sufficiently' (he said) 'his approbation  
Of all the customs of this polish'd nation.

## LXXI

'For his own share—he saw but small  
objection

To so respectable an ancient rite;  
And, after swallowing down a slight  
refection,

For which he own'd a present appetite,  
He doubted not a few hours of reflection  
Would reconcile him to the business  
quite.'

'Will it?' said Juan, sharply: 'Strike me  
dead,

But they as soon shall circumcise my head!

## LXXII

'Cut off a thousand heads, before——.'—  
'Now, pray,'

Replied the other, 'do not interrupt:  
You put me out in what I had to say.

Sir!—as I said, as soon as I have supped,  
I shall perpend if your proposal may

Be such as I can properly accept;  
Provided always your great goodness still  
Remits the matter to our own free-will.'

## LXXIII

Baba eyed Juan, and said, 'Be so good  
As dress yourself—' and pointed out a  
suit

In which a Princess with great pleasure  
would

Array her limbs; but Juan standing mute,  
As not being in a masquerading mood,

Gave it a slight kick with his Christian  
foot;

And when the old negro told him to 'Get  
ready,'

Replied, 'Old gentleman, I'm not a lady.'

## LXXIV

'What you may be, I neither know nor  
care,'

Said Baba; 'but pray do as I desire:  
I have no more time nor many words to  
spare.'

'At least,' said Juan, 'sure I may inquire  
The cause of this odd travesty?'—'For-  
bear'

Said Baba, 'to be curious; 'twill  
transpire,

No doubt, in proper place, and time, and  
season:

I have no authority to tell the reason.'

## LXXV

'Then if I do,' said Juan, 'I'll be——'—  
'Hold!'

Rejoin'd the negro, 'pray be not pro-  
voking;

This spirit's well, but it may wax too bold,  
And you will find us not too fond of  
joking.'

'What, sir,' said Juan, 'shall it e'er be told  
That I unsex'd my dress?' But Baba,  
stroking

The things down, said, 'Incense me, and I  
call

Those who will leave you of no sex at all.

## LXXVI

'I offer you a handsome suit of clothes:  
A woman's, true; but then there is a  
cause

Why you should wear them.'—'What,  
though my soul loathes

The effeminate garb?'—thus, after a  
short pause,

Sigh'd Juan, muttering also some slight  
oaths,

'What the devil shall I do with all this  
gauze?'

Thus he profanely term'd the finest lace  
Which e'er set off a marriage-morning face.

## LXXVII

And then he swore; and, sighing, on he  
slipp'd

A pair of trousers of flesh-colour'd silk;  
Next with a virgin zone he was equip'd,

Which girt a slight chemise as white as  
milk;

But tugging on his petticoat, he tripp'd,  
Which—as we say—or as the Scotch

say, *whilk*,

(The rhyme obliges me to this; sometimes  
Monarchs are less imperative than  
rhymes)—

## LXXVIII

Whilk, which (or what you please), was  
owing to

His garment's novelty, and his being  
awkward:

And yet at last he managed to get through  
His toilet, though no doubt a little back-  
ward:

The negro Baba help'd a little too,  
When some untoward part of raiment

stuck hard;

And, wrestling both his arms into a gown,  
He paused, and took a survey up and down.

## LXXIX

One difficulty still remain'd—his hair  
Was hardly long enough; but Baba found

So many false long tresses all to spare,  
That soon his head was most completely

crown'd,

After the manner then in fashion there;  
 And this addition with such gems was  
 bound  
 As suited the *ensemble* of his toilet,  
 While Baba made him comb his head and  
 oil it.

## LXXX

And now being femininely all array'd,  
 With some small aid from scissors,  
 paint, and tweezers,  
 He look'd in almost all respects a maid,  
 And Baba smilingly exclaim'd, 'You  
 see, sirs,  
 A perfect transformation here display'd;  
 And now, then, you must come along  
 with me, sirs,  
 That is—the Lady:' clapping his hands  
 twice,  
 Four blacks were at his elbow in a trice.

## LXXXI

'You, sir,' said Baba, nodding to the one,  
 'Will please to accompany those gentle-  
 men  
 To supper; but you, worthy Christian nun,  
 Will follow me: no trifling, sir; for  
 when  
 I say a thing, it must at once be done.  
 What fear you? think you this a lion's  
 den?  
 Why, 'tis a palace; where the truly wise  
 Anticipate the Prophet's paradise.

## LXXXII

'You fool! I tell you no one means you  
 harm.'  
 'So much the better,' Juan said, 'for  
 them;  
 Else they shall feel the weight of this my  
 arm,  
 Which is not quite so light as you may  
 deem.  
 I yield thus far; but soon will break the  
 charm,  
 If any take me for that which I seem:  
 So that I trust for everybody's sake,  
 That this disguise may lead to no mistake.'

## LXXXIII

'Blockhead! come on, and see,' quoth  
 Baba; while  
 Don Juan, turning to his comrade, who  
 Though somewhat grieved, could scarce  
 forbear a smile  
 Upon the metamorphosis in view,—  
 'Farewell!' they mutually exclaim'd: 'this  
 soil  
 Seems fertile in adventures strange and  
 new;  
 One's turn'd half Mussulman, and one a  
 maid,  
 By this old black enchanter's unsought  
 aid.'

## LXXXIV

'Farewell!' said Juan: 'should we meet  
 no more,  
 I wish you a good appetite.'—'Farewell!'  
 Replied the other; 'though it grieves me  
 sore:  
 When we next meet, we'll have a tale to  
 tell:  
 We needs must follow when Fate puts  
 from shore.  
 Keep your good name; though Eve  
 herself once fell.'  
 'Nay,' quoth the maid, 'the Sultan's self  
 shan't carry me,  
 Unless his highness promises to marry me.'

## LXXXV

And thus they parted, each by separate  
 doors;  
 Baba led Juan onward room by room  
 Through glittering galleries, and o'er  
 marble floors,  
 Till a gigantic portal through the gloom,  
 Haughty and huge, along the distance  
 lowers;  
 And wafted far arose a rich perfume:  
 It seem'd as though they came upon a  
 shrine,  
 For all was vast, still, fragrant, and divine.

## LXXXVI

The giant door was broad, and bright,  
 and high,  
 Of gilded bronze, and carved in curious  
 guise;  
 Warriors thereon were battling furiously;  
 Here stalks the victor, there the van-  
 quish'd lies;  
 There captives led in triumph droop the eye,  
 And in perspective many a squadron flies:  
 It seems the work of times before the line  
 Of Rome transplanted fell with Con-  
 stantine.

## LXXXVII

This massy portal stood at the wide close  
 Of a huge hall, and on its either side  
 Two little dwarfs, the least you could  
 suppose,  
 Were sate, like ugly imps, as if allied  
 In mockery to the enormous gate which  
 rose  
 O'er them in almost pyramidal pride:  
 The gate so splendid was in all its *features*,  
 You never thought about those little  
 creatures,

## LXXXVIII

Until you nearly trod on them, and then  
 You started back in horror to survey  
 The wondrous hideousness of those small  
 men,  
 Whose colour was not black, nor white,  
 nor grey,

But an extraneous mixture, which no pen  
Can trace, although perhaps the pencil  
may;  
They were mis-shapen pigmies, deaf and  
dumb,—  
Monsters, who cost a no less monstrous  
sum.

## LXXXIX

Their duty was—for they were strong, and  
though  
They look'd so little, did strong things  
at times—  
Too pe this door, which they could really do,  
The hinges being as smooth as Rogers'  
rhymes;  
And now and then, with tough strings of  
the bow,  
As is the custom of those Eastern climes,  
To give some rebel Pacha a cravat;  
For mutes are generally used for that.

## XC

They spoke by signs—that is, not spoke  
at all;  
And looking like two incubi, they glared  
As Baba with his fingers made them fall  
To heaving back the portal folds: it  
scared  
Juan a moment, as this pair so small,  
With shrinking serpent optics on him  
stared;  
It was as if their little looks could poison  
Or fascinate whome'er they fix'd their eyes  
on.

## XCI

Before they enter'd, Baba paused to hint  
To Juan some slight lessons as his guide:  
'If you could just contrive,' he said, 'to  
stint  
That somewhat manly majesty of stride,  
'Twould be as well, and—(though there's  
not much in't),  
To swing a little less from side to side,  
Which has at times an aspect of the  
oddest:—  
And also could you look a little modest,

## XCII

'Twould be convenient; for these mutes  
have eyes  
Like needles, which may pierce those  
petticoats;  
And if they should discover your disguise,  
You know how near us the deep  
Bosphorus floats;  
And you and I may chance, ere morning  
rise,  
To find our way to Marmora without  
boats,  
Stitch'd up in sacks—a mode of navigation  
A good deal practised here upon  
occasion.'

## XCIII

With this encouragement, he led the way  
Into a room still nobler than the last;  
A rich confusion form'd a disarray  
In such sort, that the eye along it cast  
Could hardly carry anything away,  
Object on object flash'd so bright and  
fast;  
A dazzling mass of gems, and gold, and  
glitter,  
Magnificently mingled in a litter.

## XCIV

Wealth had done wonders—taste not  
much; such things  
Occur in Orient palaces, and even  
In the more chasten'd domes of Western  
kings  
(Of which I have also seen some six or  
seven),  
Where I can't say or gold or diamond  
flings  
Great lustre, there is much to be for-  
given;  
Groups of bad statues, tables, chairs, and  
pictures,  
On which I cannot pause to make my  
strictures.

## XCV

In this imperial hall, at distance lay  
Under a canopy, and there reclined  
Quite in a confidential queenly way,  
A lady; Baba stopp'd, and kneeling  
sign'd  
To Juan, who, though not much used to  
pray,  
Knelt down by instinct, wondering in  
his mind  
What all this meant: while Baba bow'd  
and bended  
His head, until the ceremony ended.

## XCVI

The lady rising up with such an air  
As Venus rose with from the wave, on  
them  
Bent like an antelope a Paphian pair  
Of eyes, which put out each surround-  
ing gem;  
And raising up an arm as moonlight fair,  
She sign'd to Baba, who first kiss'd the  
hem  
Of her deep purple robe, and speaking  
low,  
Pointed to Juan, who remain'd below.

## XCVII

Her presence was as lofty as her state;  
Her beauty of that overpowering kind,  
Whose force description only would  
abate:  
I'd rather leave it much to your own  
mind,

Than lessen it by what I could relate  
Of forms and features; it would strike  
you blind  
Could I do justice to the full detail;  
So, luckily for both, my phrases fail.

## XCVIII

Thus much however I may add,—her years  
Were ripe, they might make six-and-  
twenty springs,  
But there are forms which Time to touch  
forbears,  
And turns aside his scythe to vulgar  
things:  
Such as was Mary's Queen of Scots; true—  
tears  
And love destroy; and sapping sorrow  
wings  
Charms from the charmer, yet some  
never grow  
Ugly; for instance—Ninon de l'Enclos.

## XCIX

She spake some words to her attendants,  
who  
Composed a choir of girls, ten or a  
dozen,  
And were all clad alike; like Juan, too,  
Who wore their uniform, by Baba  
chosen:  
They form'd a very nymph-like looking  
crew,  
Which might have called Diana's  
chorus 'cousin,'  
As far as outward show may correspond;  
I won't be bail for anything beyond.

## C

They bow'd obeisance and withdrew,  
retiring,  
But not by the same door through  
which came in  
Baba and Juan, which last stood admiring,  
At some small distance, all he saw within  
This strange saloon, much fitted for  
inspiring  
Marvel and praise; for both or none  
things win;  
And I must say, I ne'er could see the very  
Great happiness of the 'Nil Admirari.'

## CI

'Not to admire is all the art I know  
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs few  
flowers of speech)  
To make men happy, or to keep them so'  
(So take it in the very words of Creech)—  
Thus Horace wrote we all know long ago;  
And thus Pope quotes the precept to  
re-teach  
From his translation; but had *none*  
*admired*,  
Would Pope have sung, or Horace been  
inspired?

## CII

Baba, when all the damsels were with-  
drawn,  
Motion'd to Juan to approach, and then  
A second time desired him to kneel down,  
And kiss the lady's foot; which maxim  
when  
He heard repeated, Juan with a frown  
Drew himself up to his full height again,  
And said, 'It grieved him, but he could  
not stoop  
To any shoe, unless it shod the Pope.'

## CIII

Baba, indignant at this ill-timed pride,  
Made fierce remonstrances, and then  
a threat  
He mutter'd (but the last was given aside)  
About a bow-string—quite in vain;  
not yet  
Would Juan bend, though 'twere to  
Mahomet's bride:  
There's nothing in the world like  
*etiquette*  
In kingly chambers or imperial halls,  
As also at the race and county balls.

## CIV

He stood like Atlas, with a world of words  
About his ears, and nathless would not  
bend;  
The blood of all his line's Castilian lords  
Boil'd in his veins, and rather than  
descend  
To stain his pedigree, a thousand swords  
A thousand times of him had made an  
end;  
At length perceiving the 'foot' could not  
stand,  
Baba proposed that he should kiss the  
hand.

## CV

Here was an honourable compromise,  
A half-way house of diplomatic rest,  
Where they might meet in much more  
peaceful guise;  
And Juan now his willingness exprest  
To use all fit and proper courtesies,  
Adding, that this was commonest and  
best,  
For through the South, the custom still  
commands  
The gentleman to kiss the lady's hands.

## CVI

And he advanced, though with but a bad  
grace,  
Though on more *thorough-bred* or  
fairer fingers  
No lips e'er left their transitory trace:  
On such as these the lip too fondly  
lingers,

# DON JUAN

[CANTO V

And for one kiss would fain imprint a  
brace,  
As you will see, if she you love shall  
bring hers  
In contact; and sometimes even a fair  
stranger's  
An almost twelvemonth's constancy en-  
dangers.

## CVII

The lady eyed him o'er and o'er, and bade  
Baba retire, which he obey'd in style,  
As if well used to the retreating trade;  
And taking hints in good part all the  
while,  
He whisper'd Juan not to be afraid,  
And looking on him with a sort of smile,  
Took leave, with such a face of satisfaction,  
As good men wear who have done a  
virtuous action.

## CVIII

When he was gone, there was a sudden  
change:  
I know not what might be the lady's  
thought,  
But o'er her bright brow flash'd a tumult  
strange,  
And into her clear cheek the blood was  
brought,  
Blood-red as sunset summer clouds which  
range  
The verge of Heaven; and in her large  
eyes wrought,  
A mixture of sensations might be scann'd,  
Of half-voluptuousness and half-com-  
mand.

## CIX

Her form had all the softness of her sex,  
Her features all the sweetness of the  
devil,  
When he put on the cherub to perplex  
Eve, and paved (God knows how) the  
road to evil;  
The sun himself was scarce more free from  
specks  
Than she from aught at which the eye  
could cavil;  
Yet, somehow, there was something some-  
where wanting,  
As if she rather *order'd* than was *grant-  
ing*.—

## CX

Something imperial, or imperious, threw  
A chain o'er all she did; that is, a chain  
Was thrown as 'twere about the neck of  
you,—  
And rapture's self will seem almost a pain  
With aught which looks like despotism in  
view;  
Our souls at least are free, and 'tis in  
vain

We would against them make the flesh  
obey—  
The spirit in the end will have its way.

## CXI

Her very smile was haughty, though so  
sweet;  
Her very nod was not an inclination:  
There was a self-will even in her small feet,  
As though they were quite conscious of  
her station—  
They trod as upon necks; and to complete  
Her state (it is the custom of her nation),  
A poniard deck'd her girdle, as the sign  
She was a sultan's bride (thank Heaven,  
not mine!)

## CXII

'To hear and to obey' had been from birth  
The law of all around her; to fulfil  
All phantasies which yielded joy or mirth,  
Had been her slaves' chief pleasure, as  
her will;  
Her blood was high, her beauty scarce of  
earth:  
Judge, then, if her caprices e'er stood still;  
Had she but been a Christian, I've a notion  
We should have found out the 'perpetual  
motion.'

## CXIII

Whate'er she saw and coveted was  
brought;  
Whate'er she did *not* see, if she supposed  
It might be seen, with diligence was sought,  
And when 'twas found straightway the  
bargain closed:  
There was no end unto the things she  
bought,  
Nor to the trouble which her fancies  
caused;  
Yet even her tyranny had such a grace,  
The women pardon'd all except her face.

## CXIV

Juan, the latest of her whims, had caught  
Her eye in passing on his way to sale;  
She order'd him directly to be bought,  
And Baba, who had ne'er been known  
to fail  
In any kind of mischief to be wrought,  
At all such auctions knew how to  
prevail:  
She had no prudence, but he had; and this  
Explains the garb which Juan took amiss.

## CXV

His youth and features favour'd the  
disguise,  
And should you ask how she, a sultan's  
bride,  
Could risk or compass such strange  
phantasies,  
This I must leave sultanas to decide:

Emperors are only husbands in wives' eyes,  
And kings and consorts oft are mystified,

As we may ascertain with due precision,  
Some by experience, others by tradition.

## CXVI

But to the main point, where we have been tending:—

She now conceived all difficulties past,  
And deem'd herself extremely con-  
descending

When, being made her property at last,  
Without more preface, in her blue eyes  
blending

Passion and power, a glance on him she cast,

And merely saying, 'Christian, canst thou love?'

Conceived that phrase was quite enough  
to move.

## CXVII

And so it was, in proper time and place;  
But Juan, who had still his mind o'er-  
flowing

With Haidee's isle and soft Ionian face,  
Felt the warm blood, which in his face  
was glowing,

Rush back upon his heart, which fill'd  
apace,

And left his cheeks as pale as snow-  
drops blowing:

These words went through his soul like  
Arab spears,

So that he spoke not, but burst into tears.

## CXVIII

She was a good deal shock'd; not shock'd  
at tears,

For women shed and use them at their  
liking;

But there is something when man's eye  
appears

Wet, still more disagreeable and strik-  
ing:

A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half  
sears,

Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike  
in

His heart to force it out, for (to be shorter)  
To them 'tis a relief, to us a torture.

## CXIX

And she would have consoled, but knew  
not how:

Having no equals, nothing which had  
e'er

Infected her with sympathy till now,  
And never having dreamt what 'twas  
to bear

Aught of a serious, sorrowing kind,  
although

There might arise some pouting petty  
care

To cross her brow, she wonder'd how so  
near

Her eyes another's eye could shed a tear.

## CXX

But nature teaches more than power can  
spoil,

And, when a *strong* although a strange  
sensation

Moves—female hearts are such a genial  
soil

For kinder feelings, whatsoe'er their  
nation,

They naturally pour the 'wine and oil,'  
Samaritans in every situation;

And thus Gulbeyaz, though she knew not  
why,

Felt an odd glistening moisture in her eye.

## CXXI

But tears must stop like all things else;  
and soon

Juan, who for an instant had been  
moved

To such a sorrow by the intrusive tone  
Of one who dared to ask if 'he *had*

loved,'  
Call'd back the stoic to his eyes, which  
shone

Bright with the very weakness he re-  
proved;

And although sensitive to beauty, he  
Felt most indignant still at not being free.

## CXXII

Gulbeyaz, for the first time in her days,  
Was much embarrass'd, never having  
met

In all her life with aught save prayers and  
praise;

And as she also risk'd her life to get  
Him whom she meant to tutor in love's

ways,  
Into a comfortable tête-à-tête,

To lose the hour would make her quite a  
martyr,

And they had wasted now almost a  
quarter.

## CXXIII

I also would suggest the fitting time,  
To gentlemen in any such like case,

That is to say—in a meridian clime,  
With us there is more law given to the  
chase.

But here a small delay forms a great crime:  
So recollect that the extremest grace

Is just two minutes for your declaration—  
A moment more would hurt your  
reputation.

## CXXIV

Juan's was good; and might have been  
still better,

But he had got Haidée into his head:  
However strange, he could not yet forget  
her,

Which made him seem exceedingly ill-  
bred.

Gulbeyaz, who look'd on him as her debtor  
For having had him to her palace led,  
Began to blush up to the eyes, and then  
Grow deadly pale, and then blush back  
again.

## CXXV

At length, in an imperial way, she laid  
Her hand on his, and bending on him  
eyes,

Which needed not an empire to persuade,  
Look'd into his for love, where none  
replies:

Her brow grew black, but she would not  
upbraid,

That being the last thing a proud  
woman tries;

She rose, and pausing one chaste moment,  
threw

Herself upon his breast, and there she grew.

## CXXVI

This was an awkward test, as Juan found,  
But he was steel'd by sorrow, wrath,  
and pride:

With gentle force her white arms he  
unwound,

And seated her all drooping by his side,  
Then rising haughtily he glanced around,

And looking coldly in her face, he cried,  
'The prison'd eagle will not pair, nor I  
Serve a sultana's sensual phantasy.

## CXXVII

'Thou ask'st, if I can love? be this the  
proof

How much I *have* loved—that I love  
not *thee*!

In this vile garb, the distaff, web, and woof,  
Were fitter for me: Love is for the free!

I am not dazzled by this splendid roof;  
Whate'er thy power, and great it seems  
to be,

Heads bow, knees bend, eyes watch  
around a throne,

And hands obey—our hearts are still our  
own.'

## CXXVIII

This was a truth to us extremely trite;  
Not so to her, who ne'er had heard such  
things:

She deem'd her least command must  
yield delight,

Earth being only made for queens and  
kings.

If hearts lay on the left side or the right  
She hardly knew, to such perfection  
brings

Legitimacy its born votaries, when  
Aware of their due royal rights o'er men.

## CXXIX

Besides, as has been said, she was so fair  
As even in a much humbler lot had  
made

A kingdom or confusion anywhere,

And also, as may be presumed, she laid  
Some stress on charms, which seldom are,  
if e'er,

By their possessors thrown into the  
shade:

She thought hers gave a double 'right  
divine';

And half of that opinion's also mine.

## CXXX

Remember, or (if you can not) imagine,  
Ye! who have kept your chastity when  
young,

While some more desperate dowager has  
been waging

Love with you, and been in the dog-  
days stung

By your refusal, recollect her raging!  
Or recollect all that was said or sung

On such a subject; then suppose the  
face

Of a young downright beauty in this  
case.

## CXXXI

Suppose,—but you already have sup-  
posed,

The spouse of Potiphar, the Lady  
Booby,

Phædra, and all which story has disclosed  
Of good examples; pity that so few by

Poets and private tutors are exposed,  
To educate—ye youth of Europe—  
you by!

But when you have supposed the few we  
know,

You can't suppose Gulbeyaz' angry brow.

## CXXXII

A tigress robb'd of young, a lioness,  
Or any interesting beast of prey,

Are smiles at hand for the distress  
Of ladies who cannot have their own  
way;

But though my turn will not be served  
with less,

These don't express one half what I  
should say:

For what is stealing young ones, few or  
many,

To cutting short their hopes of having  
any?

## CXXXIII

The love of offspring's nature's general  
law,  
From tigresses and cubs to ducks and  
ducklings;  
There's nothing whets the beak, or arms  
the claw,  
Like an invasion of their babes and  
sucklings;  
And all who have seen a human nursery,  
saw  
How mothers love their children's  
squalls and chucklings:  
This strong extreme effect (to tire no  
longer  
Your patience) shows the cause must still  
be stronger.

## CXXXIV

If I said fire flash'd from Gulbeyaz' eyes,  
'Twere nothing—for her eyes flash'd  
always fire;  
Or said her cheeks assumed the deepest  
dyes,  
I should but bring disgrace upon the  
dyer,  
So supernatural was her passion's rise;  
For ne'er till now she knew a check'd  
desire:  
Even ye who know what a check'd woman  
is  
(Enough, God knows!) would much fall  
short of this.

## CXXXV

Her rage was but a minute's, and 'twas  
well—  
A moment's more had slain her; but  
the while  
It lasted 'twas like a short glimpse of hell:  
Nought's more sublime than energetic  
bile,  
Though horrible to see, yet grand to tell,  
Like ocean warring 'gainst a rocky isle;  
And the deep passions flashing through  
her form  
Made her a beautiful embodied storm.

## CXXXVI

A vulgar tempest 'twere to a typhoon  
To match a common fury with her rage,  
And yet she did not want to reach the  
moon,  
Like moderate Hotspur on the immortal  
page;  
Her anger pitch'd into a lower tune,  
Perhaps the fault of her soft sex and  
age—  
Her wish was but to 'kill, kill, kill,' like  
Lear's,  
And then her thirst of blood was quench'd  
in tears.

## CXXXVII

A storm it raged, and like the storm it  
pass'd,  
Pass'd without words—in fact she  
could not speak;  
And then her sex's shame broke in at last,  
A sentiment till then in her but weak,  
But now it flow'd in natural and fast,  
As water through an unexpected leak;  
For she felt humbled—and humiliation  
Is sometimes good for people in her  
station.

## CXXXVIII

It teaches them that they are flesh and blood  
It also gently hints to them that others,  
Although of clay, are yet not quite of mud;  
That urns and pipkins are but fragile  
brothers,  
And works of the same pottery, bad or  
good,  
Though not all born of the same sires  
and mothers;  
It teaches—Heaven knows only what it  
teaches,  
But sometimes it may mend, and often  
reaches.

## CXXXIX

Her first thought was to cut off Juan's  
head;  
Her second, to cut only his—acquaintance;  
Her third, to ask him where he had been  
bred;  
Her fourth, to rally him into re-  
pentance;  
Her fifth, to call her maids and go to bed;  
Her sixth, to stab herself; her seventh,  
to sentence  
The lash to Baba:—but her grand resource  
Was to sit down again, and cry of course.

## CXL

She thought to stab herself, but then she  
had  
The dagger close at hand, which made  
it awkward;  
For Eastern stays are little made to pad,  
So that a poniard pierces if 'tis stuck  
hard:  
She thought of killing Juan—but, poor lad!  
Though he deserved it well for being so  
backward,  
The cutting off his head was not the art  
Most likely to attain her aim—his heart.

## CXLI

Juan was moved: he had made up his mind  
To be impaled, or quarter'd as a dish  
For dogs, or to be slain with pangs  
refined,  
Or thrown to lions, or made baits for  
fish,



And thus heroically stood resign'd,  
 Rather than sin—except to his own  
 wish:  
 But all his great preparatives for dying  
 Dissolved like snow before a woman  
 crying.

## CXLII

As through his palms Bob Acres' valour  
 oozed,  
 So Juan's virtue ebb'd, I know not how;  
 And first he wonder'd why he had refused;  
 And then, if matters could be made up  
 now;  
 And next his savage virtue he accused,  
 Just as a friar may accuse his vow,  
 Or as a dame repents her of her oath,  
 Which mostly ends in some small breach  
 of both.

## CXLIII

So he began to stammer some excuses;  
 But words are not enough in such a  
 matter,  
 Although you borrow'd all that e'er the  
 muses  
 Have sung, or even a Dandy's dandiest  
 chatter,  
 Or all the figures Castlereagh abuses;  
 Just as a languid smile began to flatter  
 His peace was making, but before he  
 ventured  
 Further, old Baba rather briskly enter'd.

## CXLIV

'Bride of the Sun! and Sister of the  
 Moon!  
 ('Twas thus he spake,) 'and Empress of  
 the Earth!  
 Whose frown would put the spheres all  
 out of tune,  
 Whose smile makes all the planets  
 dance with mirth,  
 Your slave brings tidings—he hopes not  
 too soon—  
 Which your sublime attention may be  
 worth;  
 The Sun himself has sent me like a ray,  
 To hint that he is coming up this way.'

## CXLV

'Is it,' exclaim'd Gulbeyaz, 'as you say?  
 I wish to heaven he would not shine till  
 morning!  
 But bid my women form the Milky-way.  
 Hence, my old comet! give the stars due  
 warning—  
 And, Christian! mingle with them as you  
 may,  
 And as you'd have me pardon your past  
 scorning'—  
 Here they were interrupted by a humming  
 Sound, and then by a cry, 'The Sultan's  
 coming!'

## CXLVI

First came her damsels, a decorous file,  
 And then his Highness' eunuchs, black  
 and white;  
 The train might reach a quarter of a mile:  
 His majesty was always so polite  
 As to announce his visits a long while  
 Before he came, especially at night;  
 For being the last wife of the Emperor,  
 She was of course the favourite of the four.

## CXLVII

His Highness was a man of solemn port,  
 Shawl'd to the nose, and bearded to the  
 eyes,  
 Snatch'd from a prison to preside at court,  
 His lately bowstrung brother caused  
 his rise;  
 He was as good a sovereign of the sort  
 As any mentioned in the histories  
 Of Cantemir, or Knöllës, where few shine  
 Save Solyman, the glory of their line.

## CXLVIII

He went to mosque in state, and said his  
 prayers  
 With more than 'Oriental scrupulosity';  
 He left to his vizier all state affairs,  
 And show'd but little royal curiosity:  
 I know not if he had domestic cares—  
 No process proved connubial ani-  
 mosity;  
 Four wives and twice five hundred maids,  
 unseen,  
 Were ruled as calmly as a Christian queen.

## CXLIX

If now and then there happen'd a slight  
 slip,  
 Little was heard of criminal or crime;  
 The story scarcely pass'd a single lip—  
 The sack and sea had settled all in time,  
 From which the secret nobody could rip:  
 The public knew no more than does this  
 rhyme;  
 No scandals made the daily press a  
 curse—  
 Morals were better, and the fish no worse.

## CL

He saw with his own eyes the moon was  
 round,  
 Was also certain that the earth was  
 square,  
 Because he had journey'd fifty miles, and  
 found  
 No sign that it was circular anywhere:  
 His empire also was without a bound:  
 'Tis true, a little troubled here and there,  
 By rebel pachas, and encroaching gjaours,  
 But then they never came to 'the Seven  
 Towers';

## CLI

Except in shape of envoys, who were sent  
 To lodge there when a war broke out,  
 according  
 To the true law of nations, which ne'er  
 meant  
 Those scoundrels, who have never had  
 a sword in  
 Their dirty diplomatic hands, to vent  
 Their spleen in making strife, and  
 safely wording  
 Their lies, yclept despatches, without risk  
 or  
 The singeing of a single inky whisker.

## CLII

He had fifty daughters and four dozen sons,  
 Of whom all such as came of age were  
 stow'd,  
 The former in a palace, where like nuns  
 They lived till some Bashaw was sent  
 abroad,  
 When she, whose turn it was, was wed at  
 once,  
 Sometimes at six years old—though  
 this seems odd,  
 'Tis true; the reason is, that the Bashaw  
 Must make a present to his sire-in-law.

## CLIII

His sons were kept in prison, till they grew  
 Of years to fill a bowstring or the throne,  
 One or the other, but which of the two  
 Could yet be known unto the fates alone;  
 Meantime the education they went  
 through  
 Was princely, as the proofs have always  
 shown;  
 So that the heir-apparent still was found  
 No less deserving to be hang'd than  
 crown'd.

## CLIV

His Majesty saluted his fourth spouse  
 With all the ceremonies of his rank,  
 Who clear'd her sparkling eyes and  
 smooth'd her brows,  
 As suits a matron who has play'd a  
 prank;  
 These must seem doubly mindful of their  
 vows,  
 To save the credit of their breaking bank:  
 To no men are such cordial greetings given  
 As those whose wives have made them fit  
 for heaven.

## CLV

His Highness cast around his great black  
 eyes,  
 And looking, as he always look'd,  
 perceived  
 Juan amongst the damsels in disguise,  
 At which he seem'd no whit surprised  
 nor grieved,

But just remark'd with air sedate and wise,  
 While still a fluttering sigh Gulbeyaz  
 heaved,  
 'I see you've bought another girl; 'tis pity  
 That a mere Christian should be half so  
 pretty.'

## CLVI

This compliment, which drew all eyes  
 upon  
 The new-bought virgin, made her blush  
 and shake.  
 Her comrades, also, thought themselves  
 undone:  
 Oh! Mahomet! that his Majesty should  
 take  
 Such notice of a giaour, while scarce to  
 one  
 Of them his lips imperial ever spake!  
 There was a general whisper, toss, and  
 wriggle,  
 But etiquette forbade them all to giggle.

## CLVII

The Turks do well to shut—at least, some-  
 times—  
 The women up—because, in sad reality,  
 Their chastity in these unhappy climes  
 Is not a thing of that astringent quality  
 Which in the north prevents precocious  
 crimes,  
 And makes our snow less pure than our  
 morality;  
 The sun, which yearly melts the polar ice,  
 Has quite the contrary effect on vice.

## CLVIII

Thus in the East they are extremely strict,  
 And wedlock and a padlock mean the  
 same:  
 Excepting only when the former's pick'd  
 It ne'er can be replaced in proper frame;  
 Spoilt, as a pipe of claret is when prick'd:  
 But then their own polygamy's to  
 blame;  
 Why don't they knead two virtuous souls  
 for life  
 Into that moral centaur, man and wife?

## CLIX

Thus far our chronicle; and now we pause,  
 Though not for want of matter; but 'tis  
 time,  
 According to the ancient epic laws,  
 To slacken sail, and anchor with our  
 rhyme.  
 Let this fifth canto meet with due applause,  
 The sixth shall have a touch of the sub-  
 lime;  
 Meanwhile, as Homer sometimes sleeps,  
 perhaps  
 You'll pardon to my Muse a few short  
 naps.

# PREFACE TO CANTOS VI, VII, AND VIII

THE details of the siege of Ismail in two of the following cantos (*i.e.* the seventh and eighth) are taken from a French Work, entitled 'Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie.' Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterward the founder and benefactor of Odessa, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence.

In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person's oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true: but with this the public have nothing to do; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention, and the weakest in intellect, that ever tyrannised over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans that England has been insulted by a *minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said, except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the minister was an elegant lunatic—a sentimental suicide—he merely cut the 'carotid artery,' (blessings on their learning!) and lo! the pageant, and the Abbey! and 'the syllables of dolour yelled forth' by the newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner in a eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—an Anthony worthy of such a Caesar!—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded crew of conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the *law*\*—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric. In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a 'moral lesson' to the surviving! Sejani of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the nations, that their oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind.—Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the ashes of her Grattan from the sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the patriot of humanity repose by the Werther of politics!!!

\* I say by the *law* of the *land*—the laws of humanity judge more gently; but as the legitimates have always the *law* in their mouths, let them here make the most of it.

† From this number must be excepted Canning. Canning is a genius, almost a universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman; and no man of talent can long pursue the path of his late predecessor, Lord C. If ever man saved his country, Canning *can*; but will he? I, for one, hope so.

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—'*La pudeur s'est enfuie des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les lèvres.*' . . . . '*Plus les mœurs sont dépravées, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu.*'

This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with Radical, Liberal, Jacobin, Reformer, &c., are the changes which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on whom it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as *blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph: the 'wretched infidel,' as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that very suffering for conscience' sake will make more proselytes to deism than the example of heterodox prelates to Christianity, suicide statesmen to oppression, or over-pensioned homicides to the impious alliance which insults the world with the name of 'Holy'! I have no wish to trample on the dishonoured or the dead; but it would be well if the adherents to the classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *cant* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish spoilers, and—but enough for the present.

PISA, July, 1822.

## CANTO THE SIXTH

### I

'THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the flood,\*—you know  
the rest,  
And most of us have found it now and  
then:  
At least we think so, though but few  
have guess'd  
The moment, till too late to come again.  
But no doubt everything is for the best—  
Of which the surest sign is in the end:  
When things are at the worst they some-  
times mend.

### II

There is a tide in the affairs of women,  
Which, taken at the flood, leads—God  
knows where:  
Those navigators must be able seamen  
Whose charts lay down its current to a  
hair,  
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen  
With its strange whirls and eddies can  
compare:  
Men with their heads reflect on this and  
that—  
But women with their hearts on heaven  
knows what!

## III

And yet a headlong, headstrong, down-  
right she,  
Young, beautiful, and daring—who  
would risk  
A throne, the world, the universe, to be  
Beloved in her own way, and rather  
whisk  
The stars from out the sky, than not be  
free  
As are the billows when the breeze is  
brisk—  
Though such a she's a devil (if there be  
one),  
Yet she would make full many a Mani-  
chean.

## IV

Thrones, worlds, et cetera, are so oft up-  
set  
By commonest ambition, that when  
passion  
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,  
Or at the least forgive, the loving rash  
one.  
If Anthony be well remember'd yet,  
'Tis not his conquests keep his name in  
fashion,  
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,  
Outbalances all Cæsar's victories.

## V

He died at fifty for a queen of forty;  
I wish their years had been fifteen and  
twenty,  
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are  
but a sport—I  
Remember when, though I had no great  
plenty  
Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I  
Gave what I had—a heart; as the world  
went, I  
Gave what was worth a world; for worlds  
could never  
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for  
ever.

## VI

'Twas the boy's 'mite,' and, like the  
'widow's,' may  
Perhaps be weigh'd hereafter, if not  
now;  
But whether such things do or do not  
weigh,  
All who have loved, or love, will still  
allow  
Life has nought like it. God is love, they  
say,  
And Love's a god, or was before the  
brow  
Of earth was wrinkled by the sins and  
tears  
Of—but Chronology best knows the  
years.

## VII

We left our hero and third heroine in  
A kind of state more awkward than un-  
common,  
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their  
skin  
For that sad tempter, a forbidden  
woman:  
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,  
And don't agree at all with the wise  
Roman,  
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,  
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

## VIII

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong;  
I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it;  
But I detest all fiction even in song,  
And so must tell the truth, howe'er you  
blame it.  
Her reason being weak, her passions  
strong,  
She thought that her lord's heart (even  
could she claim it)  
Was scarce enough; for he had fifty-nine  
Years, and a fifteen-hundredth con-  
cubine.

## IX

I am not, like Cassio, 'an arithmetician,'  
But by the 'bookish theoretic' it appears,  
If 'tis summ'd up with feminine precision,  
That, adding to the account his High-  
ness' years,  
The fair Sultana erred from inanition;  
For, were the Sultan just to all his dears,  
She could but claim the fifteen-hundredth  
part  
Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

## X

It is observed that ladies are litigious  
Upon all legal objects of possession,  
And not the least so when they are  
religious,  
Which doubles what they think of the  
transgression:  
With suits and prosecutions they besiege  
us,  
As the tribunals show through many a  
session,  
When they suspect that any one goes  
shares  
In that to which the law makes them sole  
heirs.

## XI

Now, if this holds good in a Christian land,  
The heathen also, though with lesser  
latitude,  
Are apt to carry things with a high hand,  
And take, what kings call 'an imposing  
attitude';

And for their rights connubial make a stand,

When their liege husbands treat them with ingratitude;

And as four wives must have quadruple claims,

The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

## XII

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)  
The favourite; but what's favour amongst four?

Polygamy may well be held in dread,  
Not only as a sin, but as a *bore*:

Most wise men with *one* moderate woman wed,

Will scarcely find philosophy for more;  
And all (except Mahometans) forbear  
To make the nuptial couch a 'Bed of Ware.'

## XIII

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,—

So styled according to the usual forms  
Of every monarch, till they are consign'd  
To those sad hungry Jacobins the worms,

Who on the very loftiest kings have dined,—

His Highness gazed upon Gulbeyaz' charms,

Expecting all the welcome of a lover  
(A 'Highland welcome' all the wide world over).

## XIV

Now here we should distinguish; for howe'er

Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,

May look like what is—neither here nor there,

They are put on as easily as a hat,  
Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,  
Trimm'd either heads or hearts to decorate,

Which form an ornament, but no more part

Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

## XV

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind  
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown  
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resign'd  
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,

Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)  
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne,

A sincere woman's breast,—for over-warm

Or over-cold annihilates the charm.

## XVI

For over-warmth, if false, is worse than truth;

If true, 'tis no great lease of its own fire;  
For no one, save in very early youth,

Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,  
Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,  
And apt to be transferr'd to the first buyer

At a sad discount: while your over-chilly  
Women, on t'other hand, seem somewhat silly.

## XVII

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,  
For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,  
Who fain would have a mutual flame confess'd,

And see a sentimental passion glow,  
Even were St. Francis' paramour their guest,  
In his monastic concubine of snow;—  
In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is  
Horatian, 'Medio tu tutissimus ibis.'

## XVIII

The 'tu' 's *too* much,—but let it stand,—  
the verse

Requires it, that's to say, the English rhyme,

And not the pink of old hexameters;  
But, after all, there's neither tune nor time

In the last line, which cannot well be worse,  
And was thrust in to close the octave's chime:

I own no prosody can ever rate it  
As a rule, but *truth* may, if you translate it.

## XIX

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,  
I know not—it succeeded, and success  
Is much in most things, not less in the heart

Than other articles of female dress.  
Self-love in man, too, beats all female art;  
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less:  
And no one virtue yet, except starvation,  
Could stop that worst of vices—propagation.

## XX

We leave this royal couple to repose:  
A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,

Whate'er their dreams be, if of joys or woes:

Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep  
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.

Our least of sorrows are such as we weep;

'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears

The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

## XXI

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill  
 To pay, unpaid, protested or discounted  
 At a per-centage; a child cross, dog ill,  
 A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's  
 mounted,  
 A bad old woman making a worse will,  
 Which leaves you minus of the cash you  
 counted  
 As certain;—these are paltry things, and  
 yet  
 I've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

## XXII

I'm a philosopher; confound them all!  
 Bills, beasts, and men, and—no! *not*  
 womankind!  
 With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,  
 And then my stoicism leaves nought  
 behind  
 Which it can either pain or evil call,  
 And I can give my whole soul up to  
 mind;  
 Though what *is* soul, or mind, their birth  
 or growth,  
 Is more than I know—the deuce take  
 them both!

## XXIII

So now all things are d—n'd one feels at  
 ease,  
 As after reading Athanasius' curse,  
 Which doth your true believer so much  
 please:  
 I doubt if any now could make it worse  
 O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,  
 'Tis so sententious, positive, and terse,  
 And decorates the Book of Common  
 Prayer,  
 As doth a rainbow the just clearing air.

## XXIV

Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping, or  
 At least one of them!—Oh, the heavy  
 night,  
 When wicked wives, who love some  
 bachelor,  
 Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the  
 light  
 Of the grey morning, and look vainly for  
 Its twinkle through the lattice dusky  
 quite—  
 To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake  
 Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should  
 wake!

## XXV

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,  
 Also beneath the canopy of beds  
 Four-posted and silk-curtain'd, which are  
 given  
 For rich men and their brides to lay  
 their heads

Upon, in sheets white as what bards call  
 'driven  
 'Snow.' Well! 'tis all hap-hazard when  
 one weds.  
 Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been  
 Perhaps as wretched if a *peasant's quean*.

## XXVI

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,  
 With all the damsels in their long array,  
 Had bow'd themselves before th' imperial  
 eyes,  
 And at the usual signal ta'en their way  
 Back to their chambers, those long  
 galleries  
 In the seraglio, where the ladies lay  
 Their delicate limbs; a thousand bosoms  
 there  
 Beating for love, as the caged bird's for  
 air.

## XXVII

I love the sex, and sometimes would  
 reverse  
 The tyrant's wish, 'that mankind only  
 had  
 One neck, which he with one fell stroke  
 might pierce.'  
 My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,  
 And much more tender on the whole than  
 fierce;  
 It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)  
 That womankind had but one rosy  
 mouth,  
 To kiss them all at once from North to  
 South.

## XXVIII

Oh, enviable Briareus! with thy hands  
 And heads, if thou hadst all things  
 multiplied  
 In such proportion!—But my Muse with-  
 stands  
 The giant thought of being a Titan's  
 bride,  
 Or travelling in Patagonian lands;  
 So let us back to Lilliput, and guide  
 Our hero through the labyrinth of love  
 In which we left him several lines above.

## XXIX

He went forth with the lovely Odaliskues,  
 At the given signal join'd to their array:  
 And though he certainly ran many risks,  
 Yet he could not at times keep, by the  
 way,  
 (Although the consequences of such frisks  
 Are worse than the worst damages men  
 pay  
 In moral England, where the thing's a  
 tax.)  
 From ogling all their charms from breasts  
 to backs.

XXX

Still he forgot not his disguise:—along  
 The galleries from room to room they  
 walk'd,  
 A virgin-like and edifying throng,  
 By eunuchs flank'd; while at their head  
 there stalk'd  
 A dame who kept up discipline among  
 The female ranks, so that none stirr'd  
 or talk'd,  
 Without her sanction on their she-  
 parades:  
 Her title was 'the Mother of the Maids.'

XXXI

Whether she was a 'mother,' I know not,  
 Or whether they were 'maids' who  
 call'd her mother;  
 But this is her seraglio title, got  
 I know not how, but good as any other;  
 So Cantemir can tell you, or De Tott:  
 Her office was to keep aloof or smother  
 All bad propensities in fifteen hundred  
 Young women, and correct them when  
 they blunder'd.

XXXII

A goodly sinecure, no doubt! but made  
 More easy by the absence of all men—  
 Except his majesty,—who, with her aid,  
 And guards, and bolts, and walls, and  
 now and then,  
 A slight example, just to cast a shade  
 Along the rest, contrived to keep this  
 den  
 Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,  
 Where all the passions have, alas! but one  
 vent.

XXXIII

And what is that? Devotion, doubtless—  
 how  
 Could you ask such a question?—but  
 we will  
 Continue. As I said, this goodly row  
 Of ladies of all countries at the will  
 Of one good man, with stately march and  
 slow,  
 Like water-lilies floating down a rill—  
 Or rather lake—for *rills* do *not* run  
*slowly*,—  
 Paced on most maiden-like and melan-  
 choly.

XXXIV

But when they reach'd their own apart-  
 ments, there,  
 Like birds, or boys, or bedlamites  
 broke loose,  
 Waves at spring-tide, or women any-  
 where  
 When freed from bonds (which are of  
 no great use

After all), or like Irish at a fair,  
 Their guards being gone, and as it were  
 a truce  
 Establish'd between them and bondage,  
 they  
 Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile, and  
 play.

XXXV

Their talk, of course, ran most on the new  
 comer;  
 Her shape, her hair, her air, her every-  
 thing:  
 Some thought her dress did not so much  
 become her,  
 Or wonder'd at her ears without a ring;  
 Some said her years were getting nigh  
 their summer,  
 Others contended they were but in  
 spring;  
 Some thought her rather masculine in  
 height,  
 While others wish'd that she had been so  
 quite.

XXXVI

But no one doubted on the whole, that she  
 Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel  
 fair,  
 And fresh, and 'beautiful exceedingly.'  
 Who with the brightest Georgians  
 might compare:  
 They wonder'd how Gulbeyaz, too, could  
 be  
 So silly as to buy slaves who might share  
 (If that his Highness wearied of his bride)  
 Her throne and power, and everything  
 beside.

XXXVII

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,  
 Although her beauty was enough to vex,  
 After the first investigating view,  
 They all found out as few, or fewer,  
 specks  
 In the fair form of their companion new,  
 Than is the custom of the gentle sex,  
 When they survey, with Christian eyes or  
 Heathen,  
 In a new face 'the ugliest creature breath-  
 ing.'

XXXVIII

And yet they had their little jealousies,  
 Like all the rest; but upon this occasion,  
 Whether there are such things as  
 sympathies  
 Without our knowledge or our appro-  
 bation,  
 Although they could not see through his  
 disguise,  
 All felt a soft kind of concatenation,  
 Like magnetism, or devilism, or what  
 You please—we will not quarrel about  
 that:

## XXXIX

But certain 'tis they all felt for their new  
Companion something newer still, as  
'twere  
A sentimental friendship through and  
through,  
Extremely pure, which made them all  
concur  
In wishing her their sister, save a few  
Who wish'd they had a brother just like  
her,  
Whom, if they were at home in sweet  
Circassia,  
They would prefer to Padisha or Pacha.

## XL

Of those who had most genius for this  
sort  
Of sentimental friendship, there were  
three,  
Lolah, Katinka, and Dudù; in short  
(To save description), fair as fair can be  
Were they, according to the best report,  
Though differing in stature and degree,  
And clime and time, and country and  
complexion;  
They all alike admired their new con-  
nexion.

## XLI

Lolah was dusk as India and as warm;  
Katinka was a Georgian, white and red,  
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and  
arm,  
And feet so small they scarce seem'd  
made to tread,  
But rather skim the earth; while Dudù's  
form  
Look'd more adapted to be put to bed,  
Being somewhat large, and languishing,  
and lazy,  
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

## XLII

A kind of sleepy Venus seem'd Dudù,  
Yet very fit to 'murder sleep' in those  
Who gazed upon her cheek's trans-  
cendent hue,  
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian  
nose:  
Few angles were there in her form, 'tis true,  
Thinner she might have been, and yet  
scarce lose:  
Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where  
It would not spoil some separate charm  
to *pare*.

## XLIII

She was not violently lively, but  
Stole on your spirit like a May-day  
breaking;  
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-  
shut,  
They put beholders in a tender taking;

She look'd (this simile's quite new) just cut  
From marble, like Pygmalion's statue  
waking,  
The mortal and the marble still at strife,  
And timidly expanding into life.

## XLIV

Lolah demanded the new damsel's  
name—  
'Juanna,'—Well, a pretty name enough.  
Katinka ask'd her also whence she came—  
'From Spain.'—'But where is  
Spain?'—'Don't ask such stuff,  
Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for  
shame!'  
Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,  
To poor Katinka: 'Spain's an island near  
Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier.'

## XLV

Dudù said nothing, but sat down beside  
Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;  
And looking at her stedfastly, she sigh'd,  
As if she pitied her for being there,  
A pretty stranger, without friend or guide,  
And all abash'd, too, at the general stare  
Which welcomes hapless strangers in all  
places,  
With kind remarks upon their mien and  
faces.

## XLVI

But here the Mother of the Maids drew  
near,  
With 'Ladies, it is time to go to rest:  
I'm puzzled what to do with you, my  
dear,'  
She added to Juanna, their new guest:  
'Your coming has been unexpected here,  
And every couch is occupied; you had  
best  
Partake of mine; but by to-morrow early  
We will have all things settled for you  
fairly.'

## XLVII

Here Lolah interposed—'Mamma, you  
know  
You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot  
bear  
That anybody should disturb you so;  
I'll take Juanna; we're a slenderer pair  
Than you would make the half of;—don't  
say no;  
And I of your young charge will take due  
care.'  
But here Katinka interfered, and said,  
'She also had compassion and a bed.'

## XLVIII

'Besides, I hate to sleep alone,' quoth she.  
The matron frown'd: 'Why so?'—  
'For fear of ghosts,'  
Replied Katinka; 'I am sure I see  
A phantom upon each of the four posts;



# DON JUAN

[CANTO VI

And then I have the worst dreams that  
 can be,  
 Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and  
 Gouls in hosts.  
 The dame replied, 'Between your dreams  
 and you,  
 I fear Juanna's dreams would be but few.

## XLIX

'You, Lolah, must continue still to lie  
 Alone, for reasons which don't matter;  
 you  
 The same, Katinka, until by and by:  
 And I shall place Juanna with Dudù,  
 Who's quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,  
 And will not toss and chatter the night  
 through.  
 What say you, child?'—Dudù said  
 nothing, as  
 Her talents were of the more silent class;

## L

But she rose up, and kiss'd the matron's  
 brow  
 Between the eyes, and Lolah on both  
 cheeks,  
 Katinka too; and with a gentle bow  
 (Curt'sies are neither used by Turks nor  
 Greeks)  
 She took Juanna by the hand to show  
 Their place of rest, and left to both  
 their piques,  
 The others pouting at the matron's  
 preference  
 Of Dudù, though they held their tongues  
 from deference.

## LI

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is  
 The Turkish title), and ranged round  
 the wall  
 Were couches, toilets—and much more  
 than this  
 I might describe, as I have seen it all,  
 But it suffices—little was amiss;  
 'Twas on the whole a nobly furnish'd  
 hall,  
 With all things ladies want, save one or  
 two,  
 And even those were nearer than they  
 knew.

## LII

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet  
 creature,  
 Not very dashing, but extremely  
 winning,  
 With the most regulated charms of feature,  
 Which painters cannot catch like faces  
 sinning  
 Against proportion—the wild strokes of  
 nature  
 Which they hit off at once in the  
 beginning,

## LIII

But she was a soft landscape of mild earth,  
 Where all was harmony, and calm, and  
 quiet,  
 Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without  
 mirth,  
 Which, if not happiness, is much more  
 nigh it  
 Than are your mighty passions and so  
 forth,  
 Which some call 'the sublime': I wish  
 they'd try it:  
 I've seen your stormy seas and stormy  
 women,  
 And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

## LIV

But she was pensive more than melan-  
 choly,  
 And serious more than pensive, and  
 serene,  
 It may be, more than either—not unholy  
 Her thoughts, at least till now, appear  
 to have been.  
 The strangest thing was, beauteous, she  
 was wholly  
 Unconscious, albeit turn'd of quick  
 seventeen,  
 That she was fair, or dark, or short, or  
 tall;  
 She never thought about herself at all.

## LIV

And therefore was she kind and gentle as  
 The Age of Gold (when gold was yet  
 unknown,  
 By which its nomenclature came to pass;  
 Thus most appropriately has been  
 shown  
 'Lucus à non lucendo,' not what was,  
 But what was not; a sort of style that's  
 grown  
 Extremely common in this age, whose  
 metal  
 The devil may decompose, but never  
 settle:

## LVI

I think it may be of 'Corinthian Brass,'  
 Which was a mixture of all metals, but  
 The brazen uppermost). Kind reader!  
 pass  
 This long parenthesis: I could not shut  
 It sooner for the soul of me, and class  
 My faults even with your own! which  
 meaneth, Put  
 A kind construction upon them and me:  
 But *that* you won't—then don't—I am  
 not less free.

## LVII

'Tis time we should return to plain  
narration,  
And thus my narrative proceeds:—  
Dudù,  
With every kindness short of ostentation,  
Show'd Juan, or Juanna, through and  
through  
This labyrinth of females, and each  
station  
Described—what's strange—in words  
extremely few:  
I have but one simile, and that's a  
blunder,  
For wordless woman, which is *silent*  
thunder.

## LVIII

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because  
The gender still was epicene, at least  
In outward show, which is a saving clause)  
An outline of the customs of the East,  
With all their chaste integrity of laws,  
By which the more a harem is increased,  
The stricter doubtless grow the vestal  
duties  
Of any supernumerary beauties.

## LIX

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss:  
Dudù was fond of kissing—which I'm  
sure  
That nobody can ever take amiss,  
Because 'tis pleasant, so that it be pure,  
And between females means no more than  
this—  
That they have nothing better near, or  
newer.  
'Kiss' rhymes to 'bliss' in fact as well as  
verse—  
I wish it never led to something worse.

## LX

In perfect innocence she then unmade  
Her toilet, which cost little, for she  
was  
A child of Nature carelessly array'd:  
If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,  
'Twas like the fawn, which, in the lake  
display'd,  
Beholds her own shy, shadowy image  
pass,  
When first she starts, and then returns to  
peep,  
Admiring this new native of the deep.

## LXI

And one by one her articles of dress  
Were laid aside; but not before she  
offer'd  
Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess  
Of modesty declined the assistance  
proffer'd:

Which pass'd well off—as she could do  
no less;  
Though by this *politesse* she rather  
suffer'd,  
Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,  
Which surely were invented for our sins,—

## LXII

Making a woman like a porcupine,  
Not to be rashly touch'd. But still more  
dread,  
Oh, ye! whose fate it is, as once 'twas  
mine,  
In early youth, to turn a lady's maid;—  
I did my very boyish best to shine  
In tricking her out for a masquerade:  
The pins were placed sufficiently, but not  
Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

## LXIII

But these are foolish things to all the wise,  
And I love wisdom more than she loves  
me;  
My tendency is to philosophise  
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;  
But still the spouseless virgin *Knowledge*  
flies.  
What are we? and whence came we?  
what shall be  
Our *ultimate* existence? what's our  
present?  
Are questions answerless, and yet  
incessant.

## LXIV

There was deep silence in the chamber:  
dim  
And distant from each other burn'd the  
lights,  
And slumber hover'd o'er each lovely limb  
Of the fair occupants: if there be sprites,  
They should have walk'd there in their  
sprightliest trim,  
By way of change from their sepulchral  
sites,  
And shown themselves as ghosts of better  
taste  
Than haunting some old ruin or wild  
waste.

## LXV

Many and beautiful lay those around,  
Like flowers of different hue, and clime,  
and root,  
In some exotic garden sometimes found,  
With cost, and care, and warmth,  
induced to shoot.  
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,  
And fair brows gently drooping, as the  
fruit  
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with  
soft breath,  
And lips apart, which show'd the pearls  
beneath.

## LXVI

One with her flush'd cheek laid on her  
white arm,  
And raven ringlets gather'd in dark  
crowd  
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and  
warm;  
And smiling through her dream, as  
through a cloud  
The moon breaks, half unveil'd each  
further charm,  
As, slightly stirring in her snows shroud,  
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour  
of night  
All bashfully to struggle into light.

## LXVII

This is no bull, although it sounds so; for  
'Twas night, but there were lamps, as  
hath been said.  
A third's all pallid aspect offer'd more  
The traits of sleeping sorrow, and  
betray'd  
Through the heaved breast the dream of  
some far shore  
Beloved and deplored; while slowly  
stray'd  
(As night-dew, on a cypress glittering,  
tinges  
The black bough) tear-drops through her  
eyes' dark fringes.

## LXVIII

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,  
Lay in a breathless, hush'd, and stony  
sleep;  
White, cold, and pure, as looks a frozen rill,  
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,  
Or Lot's wife done in salt,—or what you  
will;—  
My similes are gather'd in a heap,  
So pick and choose—perhaps you'll be  
content  
With a carved lady on a monument.

## LXIX

And lo! a fifth appears;—and what is she?  
A lady of a 'certain age,' which means  
Certainly aged—what her years might be  
I know not, never counting past her  
teens;  
But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,  
As ere that awful period intervenes  
Which lays both men and women on the  
shelf,  
To meditate upon their sins and self.

## LXX

But all this time how slept, or dream'd,  
Dudù?  
Withstrict inquiry I could ne'er discover,  
And scorn to add a syllable untrue;  
But ere the middle watch was hardly  
over,

Just when the fading lamps waned dim  
and blue,  
And phantoms hover'd, or might seem  
to hover,  
To those who like their company, about  
The apartment, on a sudden she scream'd  
out:

## LXXI

And that so loudly, that upstart'd all  
The Oda, in a general commotion:  
Matron and maids, and those whom you  
may call  
Neither, came crowding like the waves  
of ocean,  
One on the other, throughout the whole  
hall,  
All trembling, wondering, without the  
least notion  
More than I have myself of what could  
make  
The calm Dudù so turbulently wake.

## LXXII

But wide awake she was, and round her bed  
With floating draperies and with flying  
hair,  
With eager eyes, and light but hurried  
tread,  
And bosoms, arms, and ankles glancing  
bare,  
And bright as any meteor ever bred  
By the North Pole,—they sought her  
cause of care,  
For she seem'd agitated, flush'd, and  
frighten'd,  
Her eye dilated, and her colour heighten'd.

## LXXIII

But what is strange—and a strong proof  
how great  
A blessing is sound sleep—Juanna lay  
As fast as ever husband by his mate  
In holy matrimony snores away.  
Not all the clamour broke her happy state  
Of slumber, ere they shook her,—so  
they say  
At least,—and then she, too, unclosed  
her eyes,  
And yawned a good deal with discreet  
surprise.

## LXXIV

And now commenced a strict investigation,  
Which, as all spoke at once, and more  
than once  
Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narra-  
tion,  
Alike might puzzle either wit or dunce  
To answer in a very clear oration.  
Dudù had never pass'd for wanting  
sense,  
But being 'no orator as Brutus is,'  
Could not at first expound what was  
amiss.

## LXXXV

At length she said, that in a slumber  
 sound  
 She dream'd a dream, of walking in a  
 wood—  
 A 'wood obscure,' like that where Dante  
 found  
 Himself in at the age when all grow  
 good;  
 Life's half-way house, where dames with  
 virtue crown'd  
 Run much less risk of lovers turning  
 rude;  
 And that this wood was full of pleasant  
 fruits,  
 And trees of goodly growth and spreading  
 roots;

## LXXXVI

And in the midst a golden apple grew,—  
 A most prodigious pippin—but it  
 hung  
 Rather too high and distant; that she threw  
 Her glances on it, and then, longing,  
 flung  
 Stones and whatever she could pick up, to  
 Bring down the fruit, which still  
 perversely clung  
 To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,  
 But always at a most provoking height;—

## LXXXVII

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,  
 It fell down of its own accord before  
 Her feet; that her first movement was to  
 stoop  
 And pick it up, and bite it to the core;  
 That just as her young lip began to ope  
 Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,  
 A bee flew out, and stung her to the heart,  
 And so—she woke with a great scream  
 and start.

## LXXXVIII

All this she told with some confusion and  
 Dismay, the usual consequence of  
 dreams  
 Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand  
 To expound their vain and visionary  
 gleams.  
 I've known some odd ones which seem'd  
 really plann'd  
 Prophetically, or that which one deems  
 A 'strange coincidence,' to use a phrase  
 By which such things are settled now-a-  
 days.

## LXXXIX

The damsels, who had thoughts of some  
 great harm,  
 Began, as is the consequence of fear,  
 To scold a little at the false alarm  
 That broke for nothing on their sleep-  
 ing ear.

The matron, too, was wroth to leave her  
 warm  
 Bed for the dream she had been obliged  
 to hear,  
 And chafed at poor Dudù, who only  
 sigh'd,  
 And said, that she was sorry she had cried.

## LXXX

'I've heard of stories of a cock and bull;  
 But visions of an apple and a bee,  
 To take us from our natural rest, and pull  
 The whole Oda from their beds at half-  
 past three,  
 Would make us think the moon is at its  
 full.  
 You surely are unwell, child! we must  
 see,  
 To-morrow, what his Highness's  
 physician  
 Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

## LXXXI

'And poor Juanna, too, the child's first  
 night  
 Within these walls, to be broke in upon  
 With such a clamour—I had thought it  
 right  
 That the young stranger should not lie  
 alone,  
 And, as the quietest of all, she might  
 With you, Dudù, a good night's rest  
 have known:  
 But now I must transfer her to the charge  
 Of Lolah—though her couch is not so  
 large.'

## LXXXII

Lolah's eyes sparkled at the proposition;  
 But poor Dudù, with large drops in her  
 own,  
 Resulting from the scolding or the vision,  
 Implored that present pardon might be  
 shown  
 For this first fault, and that on no condi-  
 tion  
 (She added in a soft and piteous tone)  
 Juanna should be taken from her, and  
 Her future dreams should be all kept in  
 hand.

## LXXXIII

She promised never more to have a dream,  
 At least to dream so loudly as just now;  
 She wonder'd at herself how she could  
 scream—  
 'Twas foolish, nervous, as she must  
 allow,  
 A fond hallucination, and a theme  
 For laughter—but she felt her spirits  
 low,  
 And begg'd they would excuse her; she'd  
 get over  
 This weakness in a few hours, and recover.

## LXXXIV

And here Juanna kindly interposed,  
And said she felt herself extremely well  
Where she then was, as her sound sleep  
disclosed,

When all around rang like a tocsin bell;  
She did not find herself the least disposed  
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell  
Apart from one who had no sin to show,  
Save that of dreaming once 'malà-propos.'

## LXXXV

As thus Juanna spoke, Dudù turn'd round  
And hid her face within Juanna's  
breast:

Her neck alone was seen, but that was  
found

The colour of a budding rose's crest.  
I can't tell why she blush'd, nor can  
expound

The mystery of this rupture of their rest  
All that I know is, that the facts I state  
Are true as truth has ever been of late.

## LXXXVI

And so good night to them—or, if you will,  
Good morrow—for the cock had  
crown, and light

Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,  
And the mosque crescent struggled  
into sight

Of the long caravan, which in the chill  
Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each  
height

That stretches to the stony belt, which girds  
Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the  
Kurds.

## LXXXVII

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,  
Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness; and  
pale

As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,  
Array'd herself with mantle, gem, and  
veil.

The nightingale that sings with the deep  
thorn,

Which fable places in her breast of wail,  
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those  
Whose headlong passions form their  
proper woes.

## LXXXVIII

And that's the moral of this composition,  
If people would but see its real drift;—  
But *that* they will not do without suspicion,

Because all gentle readers have the gift  
Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of  
vision

While gentle writers also love to lift  
Their voices 'gainst each other, which is  
natural,

The numbers are too great for them to  
flatter all.

## LXXXIX

Rose the sultana from a bed of splendour,  
Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who  
cried

Aloud because his feelings were too tender  
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his  
side,—

So beautiful that art could little mend her,  
Though pale with conflicts between love  
and pride;

So agitated was she with her error,  
She did not even look into the mirror.

## XC

Also arose about the self-same time,  
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,  
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,  
And of a wife by whom he was abhorr'd;  
A thing of much less import in that  
clime—

At least to those of incomes which  
afford

The filling up their whole connubial  
cargo—

Than where two wives are under an  
embargo.

## XCI

He did not think much on the matter, nor  
Indeed on any other: as a man

He liked to have a handsome paramour  
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,

And therefore of Circassians had good  
store,

As an amusement after the Divan;  
Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,  
Had made him lately bask in his bride's  
beauty.

## XCII

And now he rose; and after due ablutions  
Exacted by the customs of the East,

And prayers and other pious evolutions,  
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,

And then withdrew to hear about the  
Russians,

Whose victories had recently increased  
In Catherine's reign, whom glory still

adores,  
As greatest of all sovereigns and w—s.

## XCIII

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander!  
Her son's son, let not this last phrase  
offend

Thine ear, if it should reach—and now  
rhymes wander

Almost as far as Petersburg, and lend  
A dreadful impulse to each loud meander

Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves,  
which blend

Their roar even with the Baltic's—so you  
be

Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

## XCIV

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim  
 Their mothers as the antipodes of  
 Timon,  
 That hater of mankind, would be a shame,  
 A libel, or whate'er you please to  
 rhyme on:  
 But people's ancestors are history's game;  
 And if one lady's slip could leave a  
 crime on  
 All generations, I should like to know  
 What pedigree the best would have to  
 show?

## XCV

Had Catherine and the sultan understood  
 Their own true interests, which kings  
 rarely know,  
 Until 'tis taught by lessons rather rude,  
 There was a way to end their strife,  
 although  
 Perhaps precarious, had they but thought  
 good,  
 Without the aid of prince or plenipo:  
 She to dismiss her guards and he his  
 harem,  
 And for their other matters, meet and  
 share 'em.

## XCVI

But as it was, his Highness had to hold  
 His daily council upon ways and means  
 How to encounter with this martial scold,  
 This modern Amazon and queen of  
 queans;  
 And the perplexity could not be told  
 Of all the pillars of the state, which  
 leans  
 Sometimes a little heavy on the backs  
 Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

## XCVII

Meantime Gulbeyaz, when her king was  
 gone,  
 Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place  
 For love or breakfast; private, pleasing,  
 lone,  
 And rich with all contrivances which  
 grace  
 Those gay recesses:—many a precious  
 stone  
 Sparkled along its roof, and many a  
 vase  
 Of porcelain held in the fetter'd flowers  
 Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

## XCVIII

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and  
 marble,  
 Vied with each other on this costly spot;  
 And singing birds without were heard to  
 warble;  
 And the stain'd glass which lighted this  
 fair grot

Varied each ray;—but all descriptions  
 garble  
 The true effect, and so we had better  
 not  
 Be too minute; an outline is the best,—  
 A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

## XCIX

And here she summon'd Baba, and  
 required  
 Don Juan at his hands, and information  
 Of what had pass'd since all the slaves  
 retired,  
 And whether he had occupied their  
 station:  
 If matters had been managed as desired,  
 And his disguise with due consideration  
 Kept up; and above all, the where and  
 how  
 He had pass'd the night, was what she  
 wish'd to know.

## C

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied  
 To this long catechism of questions,  
 ask'd  
 More easily than answer'd,—that he had  
 tried  
 His best to obey in what he had been  
 task'd;  
 But there seem'd something that he  
 wish'd to hide,  
 Which hesitation more betray'd than  
 mask'd;  
 He scratch'd his ear, the infallible resource  
 To which embarrass'd people have  
 recourse.

## CI

Gulbeyaz was no model of true patience,  
 Nor much disposed to wait in word or  
 deed;  
 She liked quick answers in all conversa-  
 tions;  
 And when she saw him stumbling like a  
 steed  
 In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh  
 ones;  
 And as his speech grew still more  
 broken-kneed,  
 Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to  
 sparkle,  
 And her proud brow's blue veins to swell  
 and darkle.

## CII

When Baba saw these symptoms, which  
 he knew  
 To bode him no great good, he depre-  
 cated  
 Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him  
 through—  
 He could not help the thing which he  
 related:

# DON JUAN

## [CANTO VI

Then out it came at length, that to Dudù  
 Juan was given in charge, as hath been  
 stated;  
 But not by Baba's fault, he said, and  
 swore on  
 The holy camel's hump, besides the  
 Koran.

### CIII

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom  
 The discipline of the whole harem bore,  
 As soon as they reënter'd their own room,  
 For Baba's function stopt short at the  
 door,  
 Had settled all; nor could he then pre-  
 sume

(The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,  
 Without exciting such suspicion as  
 Might make the matter still worse than it  
 was.

### CIV

He hoped, indeed he thought, he could be  
 sure,  
 Juan had not betray'd himself; in fact  
 'Twas certain that his conduct had been  
 pure,

Because a foolish or imprudent act  
 Would not alone have made him insecure,  
 But ended in his being found out and  
*sack'd*,

And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba  
 spoke  
 Of all save Dudù's dream, which was no  
 joke.

### CV

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,  
 And talk'd away—and might have  
 talk'd till now,

For any further answer that he found,  
 So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz'  
 brow:

Her cheek turn'd ashes, ears rung, brain  
 whirl'd round,

As if she had received a sudden blow,  
 And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast  
 and chilly

O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

### CVI

Although she was not of the fainting sort,  
 Baba thought she would faint, but  
 there he err'd—

It was but a convulsion, which though  
 short

Can never be described; we all have  
 heard,

And some of us have felt thus '*all amort*,'  
 When things beyond the common have  
 occur'd;—

Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony  
 What she could ne'er express—then how  
 should I?

### CVII

She stood a moment as a Pythoness  
 Stands on her tripod, agonised, and full  
 Of inspiration gather'd from distress,  
 When all the heart-strings like wild  
 horses pull

The heart asunder;—then, as more or  
 less

Their speed abated or their strength  
 grew dull,

She sunk down on her seat by slow  
 degrees,

And bow'd her throbbing head o'er  
 trembling knees.

### CVIII

Her face declined and was unseen; her  
 hair

Fell in long tresses like the weeping  
 willow,

Sweeping the marble underneath her  
 chair,

Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,  
 A low, soft ottoman), and black despair

Stirr'd up and down her bosom like a  
 billow,

Which rushes to some shore whose  
 shingles check

Its farther course, but must receive its  
 wreck.

### CIX

Her head hung down, and her long hair  
 in stooping

Conceal'd her features better than a  
 veil;

And one hand o'er the ottoman lay  
 drooping,

White, waxen, and as alabaster pale:  
 Would that I were a painter! to be group-

ing  
 All that a poet drags into detail!

Oh that my words were colours! but their  
 tints

May serve perhaps as outlines or slight  
 hints.

### CX

Baba, who knew by experience when to  
 talk

And when to hold his tongue, now held  
 it till

This passion might blow o'er, nor dared  
 to balk

Gulbeyaz' taciturn or speaking will.  
 At length she rose up, and began to walk

Slowly along the room, but silent still,  
 And her brow clear'd, but not her

troubled eye;  
 The wind was down but still the sea ran

high.

## CXI

She stopp'd, and raised her head to  
speak—but paused,  
And then moved on again with rapid  
pace;

Then slacken'd it, which is the march  
most caused

By deep emotion:—you may some-  
times trace

A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed  
By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased  
By all the demons of all passions, show'd  
Their work even by the way in which he  
trode.

## CXII

Gulbeyaz stopp'd and beckon'd Baba:—  
'Slave!

Bring the two slaves!' she said in a low  
tone,

But one which Baba did not like to brave,  
And yet he shudder'd, and seem'd  
rather prone

To prove reluctant, and begg'd leave to  
crave

(Though he well knew the meaning) to  
be shown

What slaves her highness wish'd to  
indicate,

For fear of any error, like the late.

## CXIII

'The Georgian and her paramour,'  
replied

The imperial bride—and added, 'Let  
the boat

Be ready by the secret portal's side:

You know the rest.' The words stuck  
in her throat,

Despite her injured love and fiery pride;

And of this Baba willingly took note,  
And begg'd by every hair of Mahomet's  
beard,

She would revoke the order he had heard.

## CXIV

'To hear is to obey,' he said; 'but still,  
Sultana, think upon the consequence:

It is not that I shall not all fulfil

Your orders, even in their severest  
sense;

But such precipitation may end ill,

Even at your own imperative expense:

I do not mean destruction and exposure,  
In case of any premature disclosure;

## CXV

'But your own feelings. Even should all  
the rest

Be hidden by the rolling waves, which  
hide

Already many a once love-beaten breast  
Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—

You love this boyish, new, seraglio  
guest,

And if this violent remedy be tried—

Excuse my freedom, when I here assure  
you,

That killing him is not the way to cure you.'

## CXVI

'What dost thou know of love or feel-  
ing!—Wretch!

Begone!' she cried, with kindling eyes—  
'and do

My bidding!' Baba vanish'd, for to  
stretch

His own remonstrance further he well  
knew

Might end in acting as his own 'Jack  
Ketch';

And though he wish'd extremely to get  
through

This awkward business without harm to  
others,

He still prefer'd his own neck to another's.

## CXVII

Away he went then upon his commission,  
Growling and grumbling in good

Turkish phrase

Against all women of whate'er condition,  
Especially sultanas and their ways;

Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,  
Their never knowing their own mind

two days,

The trouble that they gave, their immorality,  
Which made him daily bless his own  
neutrality.

## CXVIII

And then he call'd his brethren to his aid,  
And sent one on a summons to the pair,

That they must instantly be well array'd,  
And above all be comb'd even to a hair,

And brought before the empress, who had  
made

Inquiries after them with kindest care:

At which Dudù look'd strange, and Juan  
silly;

But go they must at once, and will I—  
nill I.

## CXIX

And here I leave them at their preparation  
For the imperial presence, wherein

whether

Gulbeyaz show'd them both com-  
miseration,

Or got rid of the parties altogether,

Like other angry ladies of her nation,—  
Are things the turning of a hair or

feather

May settle; but far be 't from me to anti-  
pate

In what way feminine caprice may  
dissipate.



## CXX

I leave them for the present with good wishes,  
 Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange  
 Another part of history; for the dishes  
 Of this our banquet we must sometimes change;  
 And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,  
 Although his situation now seems strange,  
 And scarce secure, as such digressions  
*are* fair,  
 The Muse will take a little touch at warfare.

## CANTO THE SEVENTH

## I

O Love! O Glory! what are you who fly  
 Around us ever, rarely to alight?  
 There's not a meteor in the Polar sky  
 Of such transcendent and more fleeting flight.  
 Chill, and chain'd to cold earth, we lift on high  
 Our eyes in search of either lovely light;  
 A thousand and a thousand colours they  
 Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

## II

And such as they are, such my present tale is,  
 A nondescript and ever-varying rhyme,  
 A versified Aurora Borealis,  
 Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.  
 When we know what all are, we must bewail us,  
 But ne'ertheless I hope it is no crime  
 To laugh at *all* things—for I wish to know  
*What*, after *all*, are *all* things—but a *show*?

## III

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of  
 The present poem—of—I know not what—  
 A tendency to under-rate and scoff  
 At human power and virtue, and all that;  
 And this they say in language rather rough.

Good God! I wonder what they would be at!  
 I say no more than hath been said in Dante's  
 Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;

## IV

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,  
 By Fénelon, by Luther, and by Plato;  
 By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,  
 Who knew this life was not worth a potato.

'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so,—

For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,  
 Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,  
 But which is best, you know no more than I.

## V

Socrates said, our only knowledge was  
 'To know that nothing could be known'; a pleasant  
 Science enough, which levels to an ass  
 Each man of wisdom, future, past, or present.  
 Newton (that proverb of the mind), alas!  
 Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,  
 That he himself felt only 'like a youth  
 Picking up shells by the great ocean—  
 Truth.'

## VI

Ecclesiastes said, 'that all is vanity'—  
 Most modern preachers say the same,  
 or show it  
 By their examples of true Christianity:  
 In short, all know, or very soon may know it;  
 And in this scene of all-confess'd inanity,  
 By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,  
 Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,  
 From holding up the nothingness of life?

## VII

Dogs, or men!—for I flatter you in saying  
 That ye are dogs—your betters far—ye may  
 Read, or read not, what I am now essaying  
 To show ye what ye are in every way.  
 As little as the moon stops for the baying  
 Of wolves, will the bright Muse withdraw one ray  
 From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath!  
 While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

## VIII

'Fierce loves and faithless wars'—I am not sure  
 If this be the right reading—'tis no matter;  
 The fact's about the same, I am secure;  
 I sing them both, and am about to batter  
 A town which did a famous siege endure,  
 And was beleaguer'd both by land and water  
 By Souvaroff, or Anglicè Suwarrow,  
 Who loved blood as an alderman loves marrow.

## IX

The fortress is call'd Ismail, and is placed  
Upon the Danube's left branch and left  
bank.

With buildings in the Oriental taste,  
But still a fortress of the foremost rank,  
Or was at least, unless 'tis since defaced,  
Which with your conquerors is a common  
prank:  
It stands some eighty versts from the high  
sea,  
And measures round of toises thousands  
three.

## X

Within the extent of this fortification  
A borough is comprised along the  
height  
Upon the left, which from its loftier  
station  
Commands the city, and upon its site  
A Greek had raised around this elevation  
A quantity of palisades *upright*,  
So placed as to *impede* the fire of those  
Who held the place, and to *assist* the foe's.

## XI

This circumstance may serve to give a  
notion  
Of the high talents of this new Vauban:  
But the town ditch below was deep as  
ocean,  
The rampart higher than you'd wish to  
hang;  
But then there was a great want of pre-  
caution  
(Prithee, excuse this engineering slang),  
Nor work advanced, nor cover'd way was  
there,  
To hint at least 'Here is no thoroughfare.'

## XII

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,  
And walls as thick as most skulls born  
as yet;  
Two batteries, cap-à-pie, as our St.  
George,  
Casemated one, and t'other 'à bar-  
bette,'  
Of Danube's bank took formidable  
charge;  
While two-and-twenty cannon duly set  
Rose over the town's right side, in brist-  
ling tier,  
Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.

## XIII

But from the river the town's open quite,  
Because the Turks could never be per-  
suaded  
A Russian vessel e'er would heave in  
sight;  
And such their creed was till they were  
invaded,

When it grew rather late to set things right:  
But as the Danube could not well be  
waded,  
They look'd upon the Muscovite flotilla,  
And only shouted, 'Allah!' and 'Bis Millah!'

## XIV

The Russians now were ready to attack;  
But oh, ye goddesses of war and glory!  
How shall I spell the name of each  
Cossack  
Who were immortal, could one tell  
their story?  
Alas! what to their memory can lack?  
Achilles' self was not more grim and  
gory  
Than thousands of this new and polish'd  
nation,  
Whose names want nothing but—pro-  
nunciation.

## XV

Still I'll record a few, if but to increase  
Our euphony: there was Strongenoff,  
and Strokonoff,  
Meknop, Serge Low, Arséniew of modern  
Greece,  
And Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff,  
and Chokenoff,  
And others of twelve consonants apiece;  
And more might be found out, if I  
could poke enough  
Into gazettes; but Fame (capricious  
strumpet),  
It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet,

## XVI

And cannot tune those discords of narra-  
tion,  
Which may be names at Moscow, into  
rhyme;  
Yet there were several worth commemora-  
tion,  
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime;  
Soft words, too, fitted for the peroration  
Of Londonderry drawing against time,  
Ending in 'ischskin,' 'ousckin,' 'iffskchy,'  
'ouski,'  
Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski,

## XVII

Scherematoff and Chrematoff, Koklophiti,  
Koclobski, Kourakin, and Mouskin  
Pouskin,  
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoff'd  
high  
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through  
skin:  
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,  
Unless to make their kettle-drums a  
new skin  
Out of their hides, if parchment had  
grown dear,  
And no more handy substitute been near.

## XVIII

Then there were foreigners of much  
renown,  
Of various nations, and all volunteers;  
Not fighting for their country or its crown,  
But wishing to be one day brigadiers;  
Also to have the sacking of a town;  
A pleasant thing to young men at their  
years.  
'Mongst them were several Englishmen  
of pith,  
Sixteen call'd Thomson, and nineteen  
named Smith.

## XIX

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson;—all  
the rest  
Had been call'd '*Jemmy*,' after the  
great bard;  
I don't know whether they had arms or  
crest,  
But such a godfather's as good a card.  
Three of the Smiths were Peters; but the  
best  
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict  
or ward,  
Was *he*, since so renown'd 'in country  
quarters  
At Halifax'; but now he served the Tartars.

## XX

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills  
and Bills,  
But when I've added that the elder Jack  
Smith  
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,  
And that his father was an honest black-  
smith,  
I've said all I know of a name that fills  
Three lines of the despatch in taking  
'Schmacksmith.'  
A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein  
He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

## XXI

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a  
god I  
Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*  
May make up for a *bullet* in his body?  
I hope this little question is no sin,  
Because, though I am but a simple noddy,  
I think one Shakespeare puts the same  
thought in  
The mouth of some one in his plays so  
doting,  
Which many people pass for wits by  
quoting.

## XXII

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant,  
young, and gay;  
But I'm too great a patriot to record  
Their Gallic names upon a glorious day;  
I'd rather tell ten lies than say a word

Of truth;—such truths are treason; they  
betray  
Their country; and as traitors are ab-  
horr'd,  
Who name the French in English, save to  
show  
How Peace should make John Bull the  
Frenchman's foe.

## XXIII

The Russians, having built two batteries  
on  
An isle near Ismail, had two ends in  
view;  
The first was to bombard it, and knock  
down  
The public buildings and the private  
too,  
No matter what poor souls might be  
undone.  
The city's shape suggested this, 'tis  
true;  
Form'd like an amphitheatre, each dwell-  
ing  
Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.

## XXIV

The second object was to profit by  
The moment of the general con-  
sternation,  
To attack the Turk's flotilla, which lay  
nigh,  
Extremely tranquil, anchor'd at its  
station:  
But a third motive was as probably  
To frighten them into capitulation;  
A phantasy which sometimes seizes  
warriors,  
Unless they are game as bull-dogs and  
fox-terriers.

## XXV

A habit rather blameable, which is  
That of despising those we combat with,  
Common in many cases, was in this  
The cause of killing Tchitchitzkoff and  
Smith;  
One of the valorous 'Smiths' whom we  
shall miss  
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed  
to 'pith';  
But 'tis a name so spread o'er 'Sir' and  
'Madam,'  
That one would think the *first* who bore  
it '*Adam*'.

## XXVI

The Russian batteries were incomplete,  
Because they were constructed in a  
hurry;  
Thus the same cause which makes a verse  
want feet,  
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and  
John Murray,

When the sale of new books is not so fleet  
 As they who print them think is  
 necessary,  
 May likewise put off for a time what story  
 Sometimes calls 'murder,' and at others  
 'glory.'

## XXVII

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,  
 Their haste, or waste, I neither know  
 nor care,  
 Or some contractor's personal cupidity,  
 Saving his soul by cheating in the ware  
 Of homicide, but there was no solidity  
 In the new batteries erected there;  
 They either miss'd, or they were never miss'd,  
 And added greatly to the missing list.

## XXVIII

A sad miscalculation about distance  
 Made all their naval matters incorrect;  
 Three fireships lost their amiable existence  
 Before they reach'd a spot to take effect;  
 The match was lit too soon, and no  
 assistance  
 Could remedy this lubberly defect;  
 They blew up in the middle of the river,  
 While, though 'twas dawn, the Turks  
 slept fast as ever.

## XXIX

At seven they rose, however, and survey'd  
 The Russ flotilla getting under way;  
 'Twas nine, when still advancing un-  
 dismay'd,  
 Within a cable's length their vessels lay  
 Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade,  
 Which was return'd with interest, I may  
 say,  
 And by a fire of musketry and grape,  
 And shells and shot of every size and shape.

## XXX

For six hours bore they without inter-  
 mission  
 The Turkish fire, and, aided by their own  
 Land batteries, work'd their guns with  
 great precision;  
 At length they found mere cannonade  
 alone  
 By no means would produce the town's  
 submission,  
 And made a signal to retreat at one.  
 One bark blew up, a second near the works  
 Running aground, was taken by the Turks.

## XXXI

The Moslem, too, had lost both ships and  
 men;  
 But when they saw the enemy retire,  
 Their Delhis mann'd some boats, and  
 sail'd again,  
 And gall'd the Russians with a heavy  
 fire,

And tried to make a landing on the main;  
 But here the effect fell short of their  
 desire:

Count Damas drove them back into the  
 water  
 Pell-mell, and with a whole gazette of  
 slaughter.

## XXXII

'If' (says the historian here) 'I could report  
 All that the Russians did upon this day,  
 I think that several volumes would fall short,  
 And I should still have many things to  
 say';  
 And so he says no more—but pays his  
 court  
 To some distinguish'd strangers in that  
 fray;  
 The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and  
 Damas,  
 Names great as any that the roll of Fame  
 has.

## XXXIII

This being the case, may show us what  
 Fame is:  
 For out of these three '*preux Cheva-  
 liers*,' how  
 Many of common readers give a guess  
 That such existed? (and they may live  
 now  
 For aught we know.) Renown's all hit or  
 miss;  
 There's fortune even in fame, we must  
 allow.  
 'Tis true, the Memoirs of the Prince de  
 Ligne  
 Have half withdrawn from *him* oblivion's  
 screen.

## XXXIV

But here are men who fought in gallant  
 actions  
 As gallantly as ever heroes fought,  
 But buried in the heap of such tran-  
 sactions  
 Their names are rarely found, nor often  
 sought.  
 Thus even good fame may suffer sad con-  
 tractions,  
 And is extinguish'd sooner than she  
 ought:  
 Of all our modern battles, I will bet  
 You can't repeat nine names from each  
 Gazette.

## XXXV

In short, this last attack, though rich in  
 glory,  
 Show'd that *somewhere, somehow*,  
 there was a fault,  
 And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian  
 story)  
 Most strongly recommended an assault;

In which he was opposed by young and hoary,  
Which made a long debate; but I must halt,  
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,  
I doubt few readers e'er would mount the breach.

## XXXVI

There was a man, if that he was a man,  
Not that his manhood could be call'd in question,  
For had he not been Hercules, his span  
Had been as short in youth as indigestion  
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,  
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on  
The soil of the green province he had wasted,  
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

## XXXVII

This was Potemkin—a great thing in days  
When homicide and harlotry made great;  
If stars and titles could entail long praise,  
His glory might half equal his estate.  
This fellow, being six foot high, could raise  
A kind of phantasy proportionate  
In the then sovereign of the Russian people,  
Who measured men as you would do a steeple.

## XXXVIII

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent  
A courier to the prince, and he succeeded  
In ordering matters after his own bent;  
I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,  
But shortly he had cause to be content.  
In the mean time the batteries proceeded,  
And fourscore cannon on the Danube's border  
Were briskly fired and answer'd in due order.

## XXXIX

But on the thirteenth, when already part  
Of the troops were embark'd, the siege to raise,  
A courier on the spur inspired new heart  
Into all panthers for newspaper praise,  
As well as diletanti in war's art,  
By his despatches couch'd in pithy phrase;  
Announcing the appointment of that lover of  
Battles to the command, Field-Marshal Souvaroff.

## XL

The letter of the prince to the same marshal  
Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause  
Been one to which a good heart could be partial—  
Defence of freedom, country, or of laws;  
But as it was mere lust of power to o'er-arch all  
With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,  
Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,  
'You will take Ismail at whatever price.'

## XLI

'Let there be light!' said God, 'and there was light!'  
'Let there be blood!' says man, and there's a sea!  
The fiat of this spoil'd child of the Night  
(For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree  
More evil in an hour, than thirty bright  
Summers could renovate, though they should be  
Lovely as those which ripen'd Eden's fruit;  
For war cuts up not only branch, but root.

## XLII

Our friends, the Turks, who with loud 'Allahs' now  
Began to signalise the Russ retreat,  
Were damnably mistaken; few are slow  
In thinking that their enemy is beat,  
(Or *beaten*, if you insist on grammar, though  
I never think about it in a heat.)  
But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,  
Who hating hogs, yet wish'd to save their bacon.

## XLIII

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew  
In sight two horsemen, who were deem'd Cossacques  
For some time, till they came in nearer view.  
They had but little baggage at their backs,  
For there were but three shirts between the two;  
But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks,  
Till, in approaching, were at length descried  
In this plain pair, Suvarrow and his guide.

## XLIV

'Great joy to London now!' says some great fool,  
When London had a grand illumination,  
Which to that bottle-conjurer, John Bull,  
Is of all dreams the first hallucination;

So that the streets of colour'd lamps are full,  
 That sage (*said* John) surrenders at discretion  
 His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his nonsense,  
 To gratify, like a huge moth, this *one* sense.

## XLV

'Tis strange that he should further 'Damn his eyes,'  
 For they are damn'd; that once all-famous oath  
 Is to the devil now no further prize,  
 Since John has lately lost the use of both.  
 Debt he calls wealth, and taxes Paradise;  
 And Famine, with her gaunt and bony growth,  
 Which stare him in the face, he won't examine,  
 Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

## XLVI

But to the tale;—great joy unto the camp!  
 To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cossacque,  
 O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,  
 Presaging a most luminous attack;  
 Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,  
 Which leads beholders on a boggy walk,  
 He flitted to and fro a dancing light,  
 Which all who saw it follow'd, wrong or right.

## XLVII

But *certes* matters took a different face;  
 There was enthusiasm and much applause,  
 The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,  
 And all presaged good fortune to their cause.  
 Within a cannon-shot length of the place  
 They drew, constructed ladders, repair'd flaws  
 In former works, made new, prepared fascines,  
 And all kinds of benevolent machines.

## XLVIII

'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind  
 Makes that of multitudes take one direction,  
 As roll the waters to the breathing wind,  
 Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection;  
 Or as a little dog will lead the blind,  
 Or a bell-wether form the flock's connexion

By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual;  
 Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

## XLIX

The whole camp rung with joy; you would have thought  
 That they were going to a marriage feast  
 (This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,  
 Since there is discord after both at least):  
 There was not now a luggage boy but sought  
 Danger and spoil with ardour much increased;  
 And why? because a little—odd—old man,  
 Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

## L

But so it was; and every preparation  
 Was made with all alacrity: the first Detachment of three columns took its station,  
 And waited but the signal's voice to burst  
 Upon the foe: the second's ordination  
 Was also in three columns, with a thirst  
 For glory gaping o'er a sea of slaughter:  
 The third, in columns two, attack'd by water.

## LI

New batteries were erected, and was held  
 A general council, in which unanimity,  
 That stranger to most councils, here prevail'd,  
 As sometimes happens in a great extremity;  
 And every difficulty being dispell'd,  
 Glory began to dawn with due sublimity,  
 While Souvaroff, determined to obtain it,  
 Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.

## LII

It is an actual fact, that he, commander  
 In chief, in proper person deign'd to drill  
 The awkward squad, and could afford to squander  
 His time, a corporal's duty to fulfil;  
 Just as you'd break a sucking salaman-  
 der  
 To swallow flame, and never take it ill:  
 He show'd them how to mount a ladder (which  
 Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch.

# DON JUAN

[CANTO VII

LIII

Also he dress'd up, for the nonce, fascines  
Like men with turbans, scimitars, and  
dirks,  
And made them charge with bayonet these  
machines,  
By way of lesson against actual Turks;  
And when well practised in these mimic  
scenes,  
He judged them proper to assail the  
works;  
At which your wise men sneer'd in phrases  
witty:  
He made no answer; but he took the city.

LIV

Most things were in this posture on the eve  
Of the assault, and all the camp was in  
A stern repose; which you would scarce  
conceive;  
Yet men resolved to dash through thick  
and thin  
Are very silent when they once believe  
That all is settled:—there was little din,  
For some were thinking of their home and  
friends,  
And others of themselves and latter ends.

LV

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,  
Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting,  
pondering,  
For the man was, we safely may assert,  
A thing to wonder at beyond most  
wondering;  
Hero, buffoon, half-demon, and half-dirt,  
Praying, instructing, desolating, plunder-  
ing;  
Now Mars, now Momus; and when bent  
to storm  
A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

LVI

The day before the assault, while upon  
drill—  
For this great conqueror play'd the  
corporal—  
Some Cossacques, hovering like hawks  
round a hill,  
Had met a party towards the twilight's  
fall,  
One of whom spoke their tongue—or  
well or ill,  
'Twas much that he was understood at  
all;  
But whether from his voice, or speech, or  
manner,  
They found that he had fought beneath  
their banner.

LVII

Whereon immediately at his request  
They brought him and his comrades to  
head-quarters;

Their dress was Moslem, but you might  
have guess'd  
That these were merely masquerading  
Tartars,  
And that beneath each Turkish-fashion'd  
vest  
Lurk'd Christianity; which sometimes  
barters  
Her inward grace for outward show, and  
makes  
It difficult to shun some strange mistakes.

LVIII

Suwarrow, who was standing in his shirt  
Before a company of Calmucks, drilling,  
Exclaiming, fooling, swearing at the inert,  
And lecturing on the noble art of  
killing,—  
For deeming human clay but common dirt,  
This great philosopher was thus  
instilling  
His maxims, which to martial compre-  
hension  
Proved death in battle equal to a pen-  
sion;—

LIX

Suwarrow, when he saw this company  
Of Cossacques and their prey, turn'd  
round and cast  
Upon them his slow brow and piercing  
eye:—  
'Whence come ye?'—'From Constanti-  
nople last,  
Captives just now escaped,' was the reply.  
'What are ye?'—'What you see us.'  
Briefly pass'd  
This dialogue; for he who answer'd knew  
To whom he spoke, and made his words  
but few.

LX

'Your names?'—'Mine's Johnson, and  
my comrade's Juan;  
The other two are women, and the third  
Is neither man nor woman.' The chief  
threw on  
The party a slight glance, then said, 'I  
have heard  
Your name before, the second is a new  
one:  
To bring the other three here was absurd:  
But let that pass:—I think I have heard  
your name  
In the Nikolaiew regiment?'—'The same.'

LXI

'You served at Widdin?'—'Yes.'—'You  
led the attack?'  
'I did.'—'What next?'—'I really hardly  
know.'  
'You were the first i' the breach?'—'I was  
not slack  
At least to follow those who might be so.'

'What follow'd?'—'A shot laid me on my back,  
And I became a prisoner to the foe.'  
'You shall have vengeance, for the town  
surrounded  
Is twice as strong as that where you were  
wounded.

## LXII

'Where will you serve?'—'Where'er you  
please.'—'I know  
You like to be the hope of the forlorn,  
And doubtless would be foremost on the  
foe

After the hardships you've already  
borne.  
And this young fellow—say what can he do?  
He with the beardless chin and gar-  
ments torn?'  
'Why, general, if he hath no greater fault  
In war than love, he had better lead the  
assault.'

## LXIII

'He shall if that he dare.' Here Juan bow'd  
Low as the compliment deserved. Su-  
warrow  
Continued: 'Your old regiment's allow'd,  
By special providence, to lead to-  
morrow,  
Or it may be to-night, the assault: I have  
vow'd  
To several saints, that shortly plough or  
harrow  
Shall pass o'er what was Ismail, and its  
tusk  
Be unimpeded by the proudest mosque.

## LXIV

'So now, my lads, for glory!'—Here he  
turn'd  
And drill'd away in the most classic  
Russian,  
Until each high, heroic bosom burn'd  
For cash and conquest, as if from a  
cushion  
A preacher had held forth (who nobly  
spurn'd  
All earthly goods save tithes) and bade  
them push on  
To slay the Pagans who resisted, battering  
The armies of the Christian Empress  
Catherine.

## LXV

Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy  
Himself a favourite, ventured to address  
Suwarrow, though engaged with accents  
high  
In his resumed amusement. 'I confess  
My debt in being thus allow'd to die  
Among the foremost; but if you'd ex-  
press  
Explicitly our several posts, my friend  
And self would know what duty to attend.'

## LXVI

'Right! I was busy, and forgot. Why, you  
Will join your former regiment, which  
should be  
Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him  
to—  
(Here he call'd up a Polish orderly)  
His post, I mean the regiment Nikolaiew:  
The stranger stripling may remain with  
me;  
He's a fine boy. The women may be sent  
To the other baggage, or to the sick tent.'

## LXVII

But here a sort of scene began to ensue:  
The ladies,—who by no means had been  
bred  
To be disposed of in a way so new,  
Although their harem education led  
Doubtless to that of doctrines the most  
true,  
Passive obedience,—now raised up the  
head,  
With flashing eyes and starting tears, and  
flung,  
Their arms, as hens their wings about  
their young,

## LXVIII

O'er the promoted couple of brave men  
Who were thus honour'd by the greatest  
chief  
That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,  
Or plunged a province or a realm in  
grief.  
Oh, foolish mortals! Always taught in  
vain!  
Oh, glorious laurel! since for one sole  
leaf  
Of thine imaginary deathless tree,  
Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing  
sea.

## LXIX

Suwarrow, who had small regard for tears,  
And not much sympathy for blood, sur-  
vey'd  
The women with their hair about their ears  
And natural agonies, with a slight shade  
Of feeling: for however habit sears  
Men's hearts against whole millions,  
when their trade  
Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow  
Will touch even heroes—and such was  
Suwarrow.

## LXX

He said,—and in the kindest Calmuck  
tone,—  
'Why, Johnson, what the devil do you  
mean  
By bringing women here? They shall be  
shown  
All the attention possible, and seen



## DON JUAN

[CANTO VII

In safety to the waggons, where alone  
In fact they can be safe. You should  
have been  
Aware this kind of baggage never thrives;  
Save wed a year, I hate recruits with wives.

LXXI

'May it please your excellency,' thus replied  
Our British friend, 'these are the wives  
of others,  
And not our own. I am too qualified  
By service with my military brothers  
To break the rules by bringing one's own  
bride  
Into a camp: I know that nought so  
bothers  
The hearts of the heroic on a charge,  
As leaving a small family at large.

LXXII

'But these are but two Turkish ladies, who  
With their attendant aided our escape,  
And afterwards accompanied us through  
A thousand perils in this dubious shape.  
To me this kind of life is not so new;  
To them, poor things, it is an awkward  
scrape.  
I therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,  
Request that they may both be used gen-  
tly.'

LXXIII

Meantime these two poor girls, with swim-  
ming eyes,  
Look'd on as if in doubt if they could  
trust  
Their own protectors; nor was their sur-  
prise  
Less than their grief (and truly not less  
just)  
To see an old man, rather wild than wise  
In aspect, plainly clad, besmear'd with  
dust,  
Stript to his waistcoat, and that not too  
clean,  
More fear'd than all the sultans ever seen.

LXXIV

For everything seem'd resting on his nod,  
As they could read in all eyes. Now to  
them,  
Who were accustom'd, as a sort of god,  
To see the sultan, rich in many a gem,  
Like an imperial peacock stalk abroad  
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem)  
With all the pomp of power, it was a doubt  
How power could condescend to do with-  
out.

LXXV

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,  
Though little versed in feelings oriental,  
Suggested some slight comfort in his way:  
Don Juan, who was much more senti-  
mental,

Swore they should see him by the dawn of  
day,  
Or that the Russian army should repent  
all:  
And, strange to say, they found some con-  
solation  
In this—for females like exaggeration.

LXXVI

And then with tears, and sighs, and some  
slight kisses,  
They parted for the present—these to  
await,  
According to the artillery's hits or misses,  
What sages call Chance, Providence, or  
Fate—  
(Uncertainty is one of many blisses,  
A mortgage on Humanity's estate)—  
While their beloved friends began to arm,  
To burn a town which never did them  
harm.

LXXVII

Suwarrow,—who but saw things in the  
gross,  
Being much too gross to see them in  
detail,  
Who calculated life as so much dross,  
And as the wind a widow'd nation's  
wail,  
And cared as little for his army's loss  
(So that their efforts should at length  
prevail)  
As wife and friends did for the boils of  
Job,—  
What was't to him to hear two women sob?

LXXVIII

Nothing.—The work of glory still went on  
In preparations for a cannonade  
As terrible as that of Ilion,  
If Homer had found mortars ready  
made;  
But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,  
We only can but talk of escalade,  
Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries,  
bayonets, bullets;  
Hard words, which stick in the soft  
Muses' gullets.

LXXIX

Oh, thou eternal Homer! who couldst charm  
All ears, though long; all ages, though  
so short,  
By merely wielding with poetic arm  
Arms to which men will never more  
resort,  
Unless gunpowder should be found to  
harm  
Much less than is the hope of every  
court,  
Which now is leagued young Freedom to  
annoy;  
But they will not find Liberty a Troy:—

## LXXX

Oh, thou eternal Homer! I have now  
 To paint a siege, wherein more men  
 were slain,  
 With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,  
 Than in thy Greek gazette of that cam-  
 paign;  
 And yet, like all men else, I must allow,  
 To vie with thee would be about as vain  
 As for a brook to cope with ocean's flood;  
 But still we moderns equal you in blood;

## LXXXI

If not in poetry, at least in fact;  
 And fact is truth, the grand desidera-  
 tum!  
 Of which, howe'er the Muse describes  
 each act,  
 There should be ne'ertheless a slight  
 substratum.  
 But now the town is going to be attack'd;  
 Great deeds are doing—how shall I re-  
 late 'em?  
 Souls of immortal generals! Phœbus  
 watches  
 To colour up his rays from your des-  
 patches.

## LXXXII

Oh, ye great bulletins of Bonaparte!  
 Oh, ye less grand long lists of kill'd and  
 wounded!  
 Shade of Leonidas, who fought so hearty,  
 When my poor Greece was once, as  
 now, surrounded!  
 Oh, Cæsar's Commentaries! now impart,  
 ye  
 Shadows of glory! (lest I be con-  
 founded),  
 A portion of your fading twilight hues,  
 So beautiful, so fleeting, to the Muse.

## LXXXIII

When I call 'fading' martial immortality,  
 I mean, that every age and every year,  
 And almost every day, in sad reality,  
 Some sucking hero is compell'd to rear,  
 Who, when we come to sum up the totality  
 Of deeds to human happiness most dear,  
 Turns out to be a butcher in great business,  
 Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizzi-  
 ness.

## LXXXIV

Medals, rank, ribands, lace, embroidery,  
 scarlet,  
 Are things immortal to immortal man,  
 As purple to the Babylonian harlot:  
 An uniform to boys is like a fan  
 To women; there is scarce a crimson varlet  
 But deems himself the first in Glory's van.  
 But Glory's glory; and if you would find  
 What *that* is—ask the pig who sees the  
 wind!

## LXXXV

At least *he feels it*, and some say *he sees*,  
 Because he runs before it like a pig;  
 Or, if that simple sentence should dis-  
 please,  
 Say, that he scuds before it like a brig,  
 A schooner, or—but it is time to cease  
 This Canto, ere my Muse perceives  
 fatigue.  
 The next shall ring a peal to shake all  
 people,  
 Like a bob-major from a village steeple.

## LXXXVI

Hark! through the silence of the cold, dull  
 night,  
 The hum of armies gathering rank on  
 rank!  
 Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight  
 Along the leaguer'd wall and bristling  
 bank  
 Of the arm'd river, while with straggling  
 light  
 The stars peep through the vapours dim  
 and dank,  
 Which curl in curious wreaths:—how soon  
 the smoke  
 Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!

## LXXXVII

Here pause we for the present—as even  
 then  
 That awful pause, dividing life from  
 death,  
 Struck for an instant on the hearts of  
 men,  
 Thousands of whom were drawing their  
 last breath!  
 A moment—and all will be life again!  
 The march! the charge! the shouts of  
 either faith,  
 Hurrah! and Allah! and—one moment  
 more—  
 The death-cry drowning in the battle's  
 roar.

## CANTO THE EIGHTH

## I

OH, blood and thunder! and oh, blood and  
 wounds!  
 These are but vulgar oaths, as you may  
 deem,  
 Too gentle reader! and most shocking  
 sounds:  
 And so they are; yet thus is Glory's  
 dream  
 Unriddled, and as my true Muse expounds  
 At present such things, since they are  
 her theme,  
 So be they her inspirers! Call them Mars,  
 Bellona, what you will—they mean but  
 wars.

## II

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men

To wield them in their terrible array.  
The army, like a lion from his den,  
March'd forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay,—

A human Hydra, issuing from its fen  
To breathe destruction on its winding way,

Whose heads were heroes, which, cut off in vain,

Immediately in others grew again.

## III

History can only take things in the gross;  
But could we know them in detail, perchance

In balancing the profit and the loss,  
War's merit it by no means might enhance,

To waste so much gold for a little dross,  
As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.

The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

## IV

And why?—because it brings self-approbation;

Whereas the other, after all its glare,  
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,

Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,

A higher title, or a loftier station,  
Though they may make Corruption gape or stare,

Yet, in the end, except in freedom's battles,  
Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

## V

And such they are—and such they will be found:

Not so Leonidas and Washington,  
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,  
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.

How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound!

While the mere victor's may appal or stun

The servile and the vain, such names will be

A watchword till the future shall be free.

## VI

The night was dark, and the thick mist allow'd

Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,

Which arch'd the horizon like a fiery cloud,  
And in the Danube's waters shone the same—

A mirror'd hell! the volleying roar, and loud

Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame

The car far more than thunder; for Heaven's flashes

Spare, or smite rarely—man's make millions ashes!

## VII

The column order'd on the assault scarce pass'd

Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,  
When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,

Answering the Christian thunders with like voices:

Then one vast fire, air, earth, and stream embraced,

Which rock'd as 'twere beneath the mighty noises;

While the whole rampart blazed like Etna, when

The restless Titan hiccups in his den;

## VIII

And one enormous shout of 'Allah!' rose  
In the same moment, loud as even the roar

Of war's most mortal engines, to their foes  
Hurling defiance: city, stream, and shore

Resounded 'Allah!' and the clouds which close

With thick'ning canopy the conflict o'er,

Vibrate to the Eternal name. Hark! through

All sounds it pierceth, 'Allah! Allah! Hu!'

## IX

The columns were in movement one and all,

But of the portion which attack'd by water,

Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall,  
Though led by Arseniew, that great son

of slaughter,  
As brave as ever faced both bomb and ball.

'Carnage, (so Wordsworth tells you) is God's daughter:'

If *he* speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and  
Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.

## X

The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee;

Count Chapeau-Bras, too, had a ball between

His cap and head, which proves the head to be

Aristocratic as was ever seen,  
Because it then received no injury

More than the cap; in fact, the ball could mean

No harm unto a right legitimate head;  
'Ashes to ashes'—why not lead to lead?

## XI

Also the General Markow, Brigadier,  
 Insisting on removal of the *prince*  
 Amidst some groaning thousands dying  
 near,—  
 All common fellows, who might writhe  
 and wince,  
 And shriek for water into a deaf ear,—  
 The General Markow, who could thus  
 evince  
 His sympathy for rank, by the same token,  
 To teach him greater, had his own leg  
 broken.

## XII

Three hundred cannon threw up their  
 emetic,  
 And thirty thousand muskets flung their  
 pills  
 Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic.  
 Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills:  
 Thy plagues, thy famines, thy physicians,  
 yet tick,  
 Like the death-watch, within our ears  
 the ills  
 Past, present, and to come;—but all may  
 yield  
 To the true portrait of one battle-field;

## XIII

There the still varying pangs, which multi-  
 ply  
 Until their very number makes men hard  
 By the infinities of agony,  
 Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may  
 regard—  
 The groan, the roll in dust, the all-*white* eye  
 Turn'd back within its socket,—these  
 reward  
 Your rank and file by thousands, while the  
 rest  
 May win perhaps a riband at the breast!

## XIV

Yet I love glory;—glory's a great thing:—  
 Think what it is to be in your old age  
 Maintain'd at the expense of your good  
 king:  
 A moderate pension shakes full many a  
 sage,  
 And heroes are but made for bards to sing,  
 Which is still better; thus in verse to  
 wage  
 Your wars eternally, besides enjoying  
 Half-pay for life, make mankind worth  
 destroying.

## XV

The troops, already disembark'd, push'd on  
 To take a battery on the right: the others,  
 Who landed lower down, their landing  
 done,  
 Had set to work as briskly as their  
 brothers:

Being grenadiers, they mounted one by  
 one,  
 Cheerful as children climb the breasts of  
 mothers,  
 O'er the intrenchment and the palisade,  
 Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

## XVI

And this was admirable; for so hot  
 The fire was, that were red Vesuvius  
 loaded,  
 Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot  
 And shells or hells, it could not more  
 have goaded.  
 Of officers a third fell on the spot,  
 A thing which victory by no means  
 boded  
 To gentlemen engaged in the assault:  
 Hounds, when the huntsman tumbles, are  
 at fault.

## XVII

But here I leave the general concern,  
 To track our hero on his path of fame:  
 He must his laurels separately earn;  
 For fifty thousand heroes, name by  
 name,  
 Though all deserving equally to turn  
 A couplet, or an elegy to claim,  
 Would form a lengthy lexicon of glory,  
 And what is worse still, a much longer  
 story:

## XVIII

And therefore we must give the greater  
 number  
 To the Gazette—which doubtless fairly  
 dealt  
 By the deceased, who lie in famous  
 slumber  
 In ditches, fields, or wheresoe'er they felt  
 Their clay for the last time their souls  
 encumber;—  
 Thrice happy he whose name has been  
 well spelt  
 In the despatch: I knew a man whose loss  
 Was printed *Grove*, although his name was  
 Grose.

## XIX

Juan and Johnson join'd a certain corps,  
 And fought away with might and main,  
 not knowing  
 The way which they had never trod before,  
 And still less guessing where they might  
 be going;  
 But on they march'd, dead bodies tramp-  
 ling o'er,  
 Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweat-  
 ing, glowing,  
 But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,  
 To their *two* selves, *one* whole bright  
 bulletin.

# DON JUAN

[CANTO VIII

XX

Thus on they wallow'd in the bloody mire  
Of dead and dying thousands,—some-  
times gaining  
A yard or two of ground, which brought  
them nigher  
To some odd angle for which all were  
straining;  
At other times, repulsed by the close fire,  
Which really pour'd as if all hell were  
raining  
Instead of heaven, they stumbled back-  
wards o'er  
A wounded comrade, sprawling in his gore.

XXI

Though 'twas Don Juan's first of fields,  
and though  
The nightly muster and the silent march  
In the chill dark, when courage does not  
glow  
So much as under a triumphal arch,  
Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or  
throw  
A glance on the dull clouds (as thick as  
starch,  
Which stiffen'd heaven) as if he wish'd for  
day;—  
Yet for all this he did not run away.

XXII

Indeed he could not. But what if he had?  
There *have been* and *are* heroes who  
begun  
With something not much better, or as  
bad:  
Frederick the Great from Molwitz  
deign'd to run,  
For the first and last time; for, like a pad,  
Or hawk, or bride, most mortals after  
one  
Warm bout are broken in to their new  
tricks.  
And fight like fiends for pay or politics.

XXIII

He was what Erin calls, in her sublime  
Old Erse or Irish, or it may be *Punic*;—  
(The antiquarians who can settle time,  
Which settles all things, Roman, Greek,  
or Runic,  
Swear that Pat's language sprung from the  
same clime  
With Hannibal, and wears the Tyrian  
tunic  
Of Dido's alphabet; and this is rational  
As any other notion, and not national;—)

XXIV

But Juan was quite 'a broth of a boy,'  
A thing of impulse and a child of song;  
Now swimming in the sentiment of joy,  
Or the *sensation* (if that phrase seem  
wrong),

And afterward, if he must needs destroy,  
In such good company as always throng  
To battles, sieges, and that kind of  
pleasure,  
No less delighted to employ his leisure;

XXV

But always without malice: if he warr'd  
Or loved, it was with what we call 'the  
best  
Intentions,' which form all mankind's  
*trump card*,  
To be produced when brought up to the  
test.  
The statesman, hero, harlot, lawyer—ward  
Off each attack, when people are in quest  
Of their designs, by saying they *meant*  
*well*;  
'Tis pity 'that such meaning should pave  
hell.'

XXVI

I almost lately have begun to doubt  
Whether hell's pavement—if it be so  
*paved*—  
Must not have latterly been quite worn out,  
Not by the numbers good intent hath  
saved,  
But by the mass who go below without  
Those ancient good intentions, which  
once shaved  
And smooth'd the brimstone of that street  
of hell  
Which bears the greatest likeness to Pall  
Mall.

XXVII

Juan, by some strange chance, which oft  
divides  
Warrior from warrior in their grim  
career,  
Like chastest wives from constant hus-  
bands' sides  
Just at the close of the first bridal year,  
By one of those odd turns of Fortune's  
tides,  
Was on a sudden rather puzzled here,  
When, after a good deal of heavy firing,  
He found himself alone, and friends retir-  
ing.

XXVIII

I don't know how the thing occur'd—it  
might  
Be that the greater part were kill'd or  
wounded,  
And that the rest had faced unto the right  
About; a circumstance which has con-  
founded  
Cæsar himself, who, in the very sight  
Of his whole army, which so much  
abounded  
In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield,  
And rally back his Romans to the field.

## XXIX

Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and  
 was  
 No *Cæsar*, but a fine young lad, who  
 fought  
 He knew not why, arriving at this pass,  
 Stopp'd for a minute, as perhaps he  
 ought  
 For a much longer time; then, like an ass  
 (Start not, kind reader, since great  
 Homer thought  
 This simile enough for Ajax, Juan  
 Perhaps may find it better than a new  
 one);

## XXX

Then, like an ass, he went upon his way,  
 And, what was stranger, never look'd  
 behind;  
 But seeing, flashing forward, like the day  
 Over the hills, a fire enough to blind  
 Those who dislike to look upon a fray,  
 He stumbled on, to try if he could find  
 A path, to add his own slight arm and  
 forces  
 To corps, the greater part of which were  
 corpses.

## XXXI

Perceiving then no more the commandant  
 Of his own corps, nor even the corps,  
 which had  
 Quite disappear'd—the gods know how!  
 (I can't  
 Account for everything which may look  
 bad  
 In history; but we at least may grant  
 It was not marvellous that a mere lad,  
 In search of glory, should look on before,  
 Nor care a pinch of snuff about his  
 corps:—)

## XXXII

Perceiving nor commander nor com-  
 manded,  
 And left at large, like a young heir, to  
 make  
 His way to—where he knew not—single-  
 handed;  
 As travellers follow over bog and brake  
 An '*ignis fatuus*'; or as sailors stranded  
 Unto the nearest hut themselves betake;  
 So Juan, following honour and his nose,  
 Rush'd where the thickest fire announced  
 most foes.

## XXXIII

He knew not where he was, nor greatly  
 cared,  
 For he was dizzy, busy, and his veins  
 Fill'd as with lightning—for his spirit  
 shared  
 The hour, as is the case with lively  
 brains;

And where the hottest fire was seen and  
 heard,  
 And the loud cannon peal'd his hoarsest  
 strains,  
 He rush'd, while earth and air were sadly  
 shaken  
 By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon!

## XXXIV

And as he rush'd along, it came to pass he  
 Fell in with what was late the second  
 column,  
 Under the orders of the General Lascy,  
 But now reduced, as is a bulky volume  
 Into an elegant extract (much less massy)  
 Of heroism, and took his place with  
 solemn  
 Air 'midst the rest, who kept their valiant  
 faces  
 And levell'd weapons still against the  
 glacis.

## XXXV

Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,  
 Who had 'retreated,' as the phrase is  
 when  
 Men run away much rather than go  
 through  
 Destruction's jaws into the devil's den;  
 But Johnson was a clever fellow, who  
 Knew when and how 'to cut and come  
 again,'  
 And never ran away, except when running  
 Was nothing but a valorous kind of cun-  
 ning.

## XXXVI

And so, when all his corps were dead or  
 dying,  
 Except Don Juan, a mere novice, whose  
 More virgin valour never dreamt of flying,  
 From ignorance of danger, which in-  
 duces  
 Its votaries, like innocence relying  
 On its own strength, with careless  
 nerves and thews,—  
 Johnson retired a little, just to rally  
 Those who catch cold in 'shadows of  
 death's valley.'

## XXXVII

And there, a little shelter'd from the shot,  
 Which rain'd from bastion, battery,  
 parapet,  
 Rampart, wall, casement, house—for there  
 was not  
 In this extensive city, sore beset  
 By Christian soldiery, a single spot  
 Which did not combat like the devil, as  
 yet,—  
 He found a number of Chasseurs, all  
 scatter'd  
 By the resistance of the chase they batter'd.

# DON JUAN

[CANTO VIII]

XXXVIII

And these he call'd on; and, what's  
strange, they came  
Unto his call, unlike 'the spirits from  
The vasty deep,' to whom you may ex-  
claim,  
Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave  
their home.  
Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame  
At shrinking from a bullet or a bomb,  
And that odd impulse, which in wars or  
creeds  
Makes men, like cattle, follow him who  
leads.

XXXIX

By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,  
And though his name, than Ajax or  
Achilles,  
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the  
sun soon  
We shall not see his likeness: he could  
kill his  
Man quite as quietly as blows the monsoon  
Her steady breath (which some months  
the same *still* is):  
Seldom he varied feature, hue, or muscle,  
And could be very busy without bustle;

XL

And therefore, when he ran away, he did so  
Upon reflection, knowing that behind  
He would find others who would fain be  
rid so  
Of idle apprehensions, which like wind  
Trouble heroic stomachs. Though their  
lids so  
Oft are soon closed, all heroes are not  
blind,  
But when they light upon immediate  
death,  
Retire a little, merely to take breath.

XLI

But Johnson only ran off, to return  
With many other warriors, as we said,  
Unto that rather somewhat misty bourne,  
Which Hamlet tells us is a pass of dread.  
To Jack, howe'er, this gave but slight con-  
cern:  
His soul (like galvanism upon the dead)  
Acted upon the living as on wire,  
And led them back into the heaviest fire.

XLII

Egad! they found the second time what  
they  
The first time thought quite terrible  
enough  
To fly from, malgré all which people say  
Of glory, and all that immortal stuff  
Which fills a regiment (besides their pay,  
That daily shilling which makes war-  
riors tough)—

They found on their return the self-same  
welcome,  
Which made some *think*, and others *know*,  
a *hell* come.

XLIII

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,  
Grass before scythes, or corn below the  
sickle,  
Proving that trite old truth, that life's as  
frail  
As any other boon for which men  
stickle.  
The Turkish batteries thrash'd them like a  
flail,  
Or a good boxer, into a sad pickle  
Putting the very bravest, who were knock'd  
Upon the head before their guns were  
cock'd.

XLIV

The Turks behind the traverses and flanks  
Of the next bastion, fired away like  
devils,  
And swept, as gales sweep foam away,  
whole ranks:  
However, Heaven knows how, the Fate  
who levels  
Towns, nations, worlds, in her revolving  
pranks,  
So order'd it, amid these sulphury  
revells,  
That Johnson, and some few who had not  
scamper'd,  
Reach'd the interior talus of the rampart.

XLV

First one or two, then five, six, and a  
dozen  
Came mounting quickly up, for it was  
now  
All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or rosin,  
Flame was shower'd forth above, as  
well's below,  
So that you scarce could say who best had  
chosen,  
The gentlemen that were the first to show  
Their martial faces on the parapet,  
Or those who thought it brave to wait as  
yet.

XLVI

But those who scaled found out that their  
advance  
Was favour'd by an accident or blunder:  
The Greek or Turkish Cohorn's ignor-  
ance  
Had palisado'd in a way you'd wonder  
To see in forts of Netherlands or France—  
(Though these to our Gibraltar must  
knock under)—  
Right in the middle of the parapet  
Just named, these palisades were primly  
set:

## XLVII

So that on either side some nine or ten  
 Paces were left, whereon you could contrive  
 To march; a great convenience to our men,  
 At least to all those who were left alive,  
 Who thus could form a line and fight again;  
 And that which further aided them to strive  
 Was, that they could kick down the palisades,  
 Which scarcely rose much higher than  
 grass blades.

## XLVIII

Among the first—I will not say the *first*,  
 For such precedence upon such occasions  
 Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst  
 Out between friends as well as allied  
 nations:  
 The Briton must be bold who really durst  
 Put to such trial John Bull's partial  
 patience,  
 As say that Wellington at Waterloo  
 Was beaten,—though the Prussians say so  
 too;—

## XLIX

And that if Blücher, Bulow, Gneisenau,  
 And God knows who besides in 'au'  
 and 'ow,'  
 Had not come up in time to cast an awe  
 Into the hearts of those who fought till  
 now  
 As tigers combat with an empty craw,  
 The Duke of Wellington had ceased to  
 show  
 His orders, also to receive his pensions;  
 Which are the heaviest that our history  
 mentions.

## L

But never mind;—'God save the king!'  
 and *kings*!  
 For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will  
 longer—  
 I think I hear a little bird, who sings  
 The people by and by will be the  
 stronger:  
 The veriest jade will wince whose harness  
 wrings  
 So much into the raw as quite to wrong  
 her  
 Beyond the rules of posting,—and the mob  
 At last fall sick of imitating Job.

## LI

At first it grumbles, then it swears, and  
 then,  
 Like David, flings smooth pebbles  
 'gainst a giant;  
 At last it takes to weapons such as men  
 Snatch when despair makes human  
 hearts less pliant.

Then comes the 'tug of war';—'twill come  
 again,  
 I rather doubt; and I would fain say 'fie  
 on't,'  
 If I had not perceived that revolution  
 Alone can save the earth from hell's pollu-  
 tion.

## LII

But to continue:—I say not the *first*,  
 But of the first, our little friend Don  
 Juan,  
 Walk'd o'er the walls of Ismail, as if  
 nursed  
 Amidst such scenes—though this was  
 quite a new one  
 To him, and I should hope to *most*. The  
*thirst*  
 Of glory, which so pierces through and  
 through one,  
 Pervaded him—although a generous crea-  
 ture,  
 As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

## LIII

And here he was—who upon woman's  
 breast,  
 Even from a child, felt like a child;  
 howe'er  
 The man in all the rest might be confest,  
 To him it was Elysium to be there;  
 And he could even withstand that awk-  
 ward test  
 Which Rousseau points out to the  
 dubious fair,  
 'Observe your lover when he *leaves* your  
 arms';  
 But Juan never *left* them while they had  
 charms,

## LIV

Unless compell'd by fate, or wave, or  
 wind,  
 Or near relations, who are much the  
 same.  
 But *here* he was!—where each tie that can  
 bind  
 Humanity must yield to steel and flame:  
 And *he* whose very body was all mind,  
 Flung *here* by fate or circumstance,  
 which tame  
 The loftiest, hurried by the time and place,  
 Dash'd on like a spurr'd blood-horse in a  
 race.

## LV

So was his blood stirr'd while he found  
 resistance,  
 As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,  
 Or double post and rail, where the exis-  
 tence  
 Of Britain's youth depends upon their  
 weight,



The lightest being the safest: at a distance  
 He hated cruelty, as all men hate  
 Blood, until heated—and even then his  
 own  
 At times would curdle o'er some heavy  
 groan.

## LVI

The General Lascy, who had been hard  
 press'd,  
 Seeing arrive an aid so opportune  
 As were some hundred youngsters all  
 abreast,  
 Who came as if just dropp'd down from  
 the moon,  
 To Juan, who was nearest him, address'd  
 His thanks, and hopes to take the city  
 soon,  
 Not reckoning him to be a 'base Bezonian'  
 (As Pistol calls it), but a young Livonian.

## LVII

Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew  
 As much of German as of Sanscrit, and  
 In answer made an inclination to  
 The general who held him in command;  
 For seeing one with ribands, black and  
 blue,  
 Stars, medals, and a bloody sword in  
 hand,  
 Addressing him in tones which seem'd to  
 thank,  
 He recognised an officer of rank.

## LVIII

Short speeches pass between two men who  
 speak  
 No common language; and besides, in  
 time  
 Of war and taking towns, when many a  
 shriek  
 Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a  
 crime  
 Is perpetrated ere a word can break  
 Upon the ear, and sounds of horror  
 chime  
 In like church-bells, with sigh, howl,  
 groan, yell, prayer,  
 There cannot be much conversation there.

## LIX

And therefore all we have related in  
 Two long octaves, pass'd in a little  
 minute;  
 But in the same small minute, every sin  
 Contrived to get itself comprised with-  
 in it.  
 The very cannon, deafen'd by the din,  
 Grew dumb, for you might almost hear  
 a linnet,  
 As soon as thunder, 'midst the general  
 noise  
 Of human nature's agonising voice!

## LX

The town was enter'd. Oh eternity!—  
 'God made the country, and man made  
 the town,'  
 So Cowper says—and I begin to be  
 Of his opinion, when I see cast down  
 Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh,  
 All walls men know, and many never  
 known;  
 And pondering on the present and the  
 past,  
 To deem the woods shall be our home at  
 last:—

## LXI

Of all men, saving Sylla the man-slayer,  
 Who passes for in life and death most  
 lucky,  
 Of the great names which in our faces stare,  
 The General Boon, back-woodsman of  
 Kentucky,  
 Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere,  
 For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he  
 Enjoy'd the lonely, vigorous, harmless days  
 Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

## LXII

Crime came not near him—she is not the  
 child  
 Of solitude; Health shrank not from  
 him—for  
 Her home is in the rarely trodden wild,  
 Where if men seek her not, and death be  
 more  
 Their choice than life, forgive them, as  
 beguiled  
 By habit to what their own hearts  
 abhor—  
 In cities caged. The present case in point I  
 Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to  
 ninety;

## LXIII

And what's still stranger, left behind a name  
 For which men vainly decimate the  
 throng,  
 Not only famous, but of that *good* fame  
 Without which glory's but a tavern  
 song—  
 Simple, serene, the *antipodes* of shame,  
 Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge  
 with wrong;  
 An active hermit, even in age the child  
 Of Nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

## LXIV

'Tis true he shrank from men even of his  
 nation,  
 When they built up unto his darling  
 trees,—  
 He moved some hundred miles off, for a  
 station  
 Where there were fewer houses and  
 more ease;

## The inconvenience of civilisation

Is, that you neither can be pleased nor  
please;

But where he met the individual man,  
He show'd himself as kind as mortal can.

## LXV

He was not all alone: around him grew  
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,  
Whose young, unawaken'd world was  
ever new,

Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a  
trace

On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you  
view

A frown on Nature's or on human face;  
The free-born forest found and kept them  
free,

And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

## LXVI

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot  
were they,

Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abor-  
tions,

Because their thoughts had never been the  
prey

Of care or gain: the green woods were  
their portions;

No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,  
No fashion made them apes of her dis-  
tortions;

Simple they were, not savage; and their  
rifles,

Though very true, were not yet used for  
trifles.

## LXVII

Motion was in their days, rest in their  
slumbers,

And cheerfulness the handmaid of their  
toil;

Nor yet too many nor too few their  
numbers;

Corruption could not make their hearts  
her soil;

The lust which stings, the splendour which  
encumbers,

With the free foresters divide no spoil;  
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes  
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

## LXVIII

So much for Nature:—by way of variety,  
Now back to thy great joys, Civilisation!  
And the sweet consequence of large  
society,

War, pestilence, the despot's desolation,  
The kingly scourge, the lust of notoriety,

The millions slain by soldiers for their  
ration,

The scenes like Catherine's boudoir at  
three-score,

With Ismail's storm to soften it the more.

## LXIX

The town was enter'd: first one column  
made

Its sanguinary way good—then another;  
The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade  
Clash'd 'gainst the scimitar, and babe  
and mother

With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to  
upbraid:—

Still closer sulphury clouds began to  
smother

The breath of morn and man, where foot  
by foot

The madden'd Turks their city still dis-  
pute.

## LXX

Koutousow, he who afterwards beat back  
(With some assistance from the frost  
and snow)

Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,  
It happen'd was himself beat back just  
now:

He was a jolly fellow, and could crack  
His jest alike in face of friend or foe,

Though life, and death, and victory were  
at stake;

But here it seem'd his jokes had ceased to  
take:

## LXXI

For having thrown himself into a ditch,  
Follow'd in haste by various grenadiers,  
Whose blood the puddle greatly did en-  
rich,

He climb'd to where the parapet ap-  
pears;

But there his project reach'd its utmost  
pitch

('Mongst other deaths the General  
Ribaupierre's

Was much regretted), for the Moslem men  
Threw them all down into the ditch again.

## LXXII

And had it not been for some stray troops  
landing

They knew not where, being carried by  
the stream

To some spot, where they lost their under-  
standing,

And wander'd up and down as in a  
dream,

Until they reach'd, as daybreak was ex-  
panding,

That which a portal to their eyes did  
seem,—

The great and gay Koutousow might have  
lain

Where three parts of his column yet re-  
main.

# DON JUAN

[CANTO VIII

LXXIII

And scrambling round the rampart, these  
same troops,

After the taking of the 'Cavalier,'  
Just as Koutousow's most 'forlorn' of  
'hopes'

Took, like chameleons, some slight  
tinge of fear,  
Open'd the gate call'd 'Kilia,' to the groups  
Of baffled heroes, who stood shyly near,  
Sliding knee-deep in lately frozen mud,  
Now thaw'd into a marsh of human blood.

LXXIV

The Kozacks, or, if so you please, Cos-  
sacques—

(I don't much pique myself upon ortho-  
graphy,

So that I do not grossly err in facts,  
Statistics, tactics, politics, and geo-  
graphy)—

Having been used to serve on horses' backs,  
And no great dilltanti in topography  
Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases  
Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.

LXXV

Their column, though the Turkish bat-  
teries thunder'd

Upon them, ne'ertheless had reach'd  
the rampart,

And naturally thought they could have  
plunder'd

The city, without being further ham-  
per'd;

But as it happens to brave men, they  
blunder'd—

The Turks at first pretended to have  
scamper'd,

Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion  
corners,

From whence they sallied on those Chris-  
tian scorners.

LXXVI

Then being taken by the tail—a taking  
Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these  
Cossacques were all cut off as day was  
breaking,

And found their lives were let at a short  
lease—

But perish'd without shivering or shaking,  
Leaving as ladders their heap'd car-  
casses,

O'er which Lieutenant-Colonel Yesouskoi  
March'd with the brave battalion of Po-  
louzki:—

LXXVII

This valiant man kill'd all the Turks he met,  
But could not eat them, being in his turn  
Slain by some Mussulmans, who would  
not yet,

Without resistance, see their city burn.

The walls were won, but 'twas an even bet  
Which of the armies would have cause  
to mourn:

'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,  
For one would not retreat, nor t' other flinch.

LXXVIII

Another column also suffer'd much:—

And here we may remark with the his-  
torian,

You should but give few cartridges to such  
Troops as are meant to march with  
greatest glory on:

When matters must be carried by the touch  
Of the bright bayonet, and they all  
should hurry on,

They sometimes, with a hankering for  
existence,

Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.

LXXIX

A junction of the General Meknop's men  
(Without the General, who had fallen  
some time

Before, being badly seconded just then)  
Was made at length with those who  
dared to climb

The death-disgorging rampart once again;  
And though the Turks' resistance was  
sublime,

They took the bastion, which the Seraskier  
Defended at a price extremely dear.

LXXX

Juan and Johnson, and some volunteers  
Among the foremost, offer'd him good  
quarter,

A word which little suits with Seraskiers,  
Or at least suited not this valiant Tartar.

He died, deserving well his country's tears,  
A savage sort of military martyr.

An English naval officer, who wish'd  
To make him prisoner, was also dish'd:

LXXXI

For all the answer to his proposition  
Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead;

On which the rest, without more intermis-  
sion,

Began to lay about with steel and lead—  
The pious metals most in requisition

On such occasions: not a single head  
Was spared:—three thousand Moslems  
perish'd here.

And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.

LXXXII

The city's taken—only part by part—  
And death is drunk with gore: there's  
not a street

Where fights not to the last some desperate  
heart

For those for whom it soon shall cease  
to beat.

Here War forgot his own destructive art  
 In more destroying Nature; and the heat  
 Of carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden  
 slime,  
 Engender'd monstrous shapes of every  
 crime.

## LXXXIII

A Russian officer, in martial tread  
 Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel  
 Seized fast, as if 'twere by the serpent's  
 head  
 Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed  
 to feel:  
 In vain he kick'd, and swore, and writhed,  
 and bled,  
 And howl'd for help as wolves do for a  
 meal—  
 The teeth still kept their gratifying hold.  
 As do the subtle snakes described of old.

## LXXXIV

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot  
 Of a foe o'er him, snatch'd at it, and bit  
 The very tendon which is most acute—  
 (That which some ancient Muse or  
 modern wit  
 Named after thee, Achilles) and quite  
 through't  
 He made the teeth meet, nor relin-  
 quish'd it  
 Even with his life—for (but they lie) 'tis  
 said  
 To the live leg still clung the sever'd head.

## LXXXV

However this may be, 'tis pretty sure  
 The Russian officer for life was lamed,  
 For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a  
 skewer,  
 And left him 'midst the invalid and  
 maim'd:  
 The regimental surgeon could not cure  
 His patient, and perhaps was to be  
 blamed  
 More than the head of the inveterate foe,  
 Which was cut off, and scarce even then  
 let go.

## LXXXVI

But then the fact's a fact—and 'tis the part  
 Of a true poet to escape from fiction  
 Whene'er he can; for there is little art  
 In leaving verse more free from the re-  
 striction  
 Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart  
 For what is sometimes call'd poetic  
 diction  
 And that outrageous appetite for lies  
 Which Satan angles with for souls, like  
 flies.

## LXXXVII

The city's taken, but not render'd!—No!  
 There's not a Moslem that hath yielded  
 sword:  
 The blood may gush out, as the Danube's  
 flow  
 Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor  
 word  
 Acknowledge aught of dread of death or  
 foe:  
 In vain the yell of victory is roar'd  
 By the advancing Muscovite—the groan  
 Of the last foe is echoed by his own.

## LXXXVIII

The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,  
 And human lives are lavish'd every-  
 where,  
 As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves  
 When the stripp'd forest bows to the  
 bleak air,  
 And groans; and thus the peopled city  
 grieves,  
 Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left  
 bare;  
 But still it falls in vast and awful splinters,  
 As oaks blown down with all their thou-  
 sand winters.

## LXXXIX

It is an awful topic—but 'tis not  
 My cue for any time to be terrific:  
 For checker'd as is seen our human lot  
 With good, and bad, and worse, alike  
 prolific  
 Of melancholy merriment, to quote  
 Too much of one sort would be sopo-  
 rific;—  
 Without, or with, offence to friends or  
 foes,  
 I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

## XC

And one good action in the midst of crimes  
 Is 'quite refreshing,' in the affected  
 phrase  
 Of these ambrosial, Pharisaic times,  
 With all their pretty milk-and-water  
 ways,  
 And may serve therefore to bedew these  
 rhymes,  
 A little scorch'd at present with the blaze  
 Of conquest and its consequences, which  
 Make epic poesy so rare and rich.

## XCI

Upon a taken bastion, where there lay  
 Thousands of slaughter'd men, a yet  
 warm group  
 Of murder'd women, who had found their  
 way  
 To this vain refuge, made the good heart  
 droop

And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,  
A female child of ten years tried to stoop  
And hide her little palpitating breast  
Amidst the bodies lull'd in bloody rest.

## XCII

Two villainous Cossacques pursued the  
child  
With flashing eyes and weapons:  
match'd with *them*,  
The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild  
Has feelings pure and polish'd as a  
gem,—  
The bear is civilised, the wolf is mild:  
And whom for this at last must we con-  
demn?  
Their natures? or their sovereigns, who  
employ  
All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

## XCIII

Their sabres glitter'd o'er her little head,  
Whence her fair hair rose twining with  
affright,  
Her hidden face was plunged amidst the  
dead:  
When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad  
sight,  
I shall not say exactly what he *said*,  
Because it might not solace 'ears polite';  
But what he *did*, was to lay on their backs,  
The readiest way of reasoning with Cos-  
sacques.

## XCV

One's hip he slash'd, and split the other's  
shoulder,  
And drove them with their brutal yells  
to seek  
If there might be chirurgeons who could  
solder  
The wounds they richly merited, and  
shriek  
Their baffled rage and pain; while waxing  
colder  
As he turn'd o'er each pale and gory  
cheek,  
Don Juan raised his little captive from  
The heap a moment more had made her  
tomb.

## XCV

And she was chill as they, and on her face  
A slender streak of blood announced  
how near  
Her fate had been to that of all her race;  
For the same blow which laid her  
mother here  
Had scarr'd her brow, and left its crimson  
trace,  
As the last link with all she had held  
dear;  
But else unhurt, she open'd her large eyes,  
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

## XCVI

Just at this instant, while their eyes were  
fix'd  
Upon each other, with dilated glance,  
In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear,  
mix'd  
With joy to save, and dread of some mis-  
chance  
Unto his protégée; while hers, transfix'd  
With infant terrors, glared as from a  
trance,  
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,  
Like to a lighted alabaster vase;—

## XCVII

Up came John Johnson (I will not say '*Jack*,'  
For that were vulgar, cold, and com-  
monplace  
On great occasions, such as an attack  
On cities, as hath been the present case):  
Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his  
back,  
Exclaiming—'Juan! Juan! On, boy!  
brace  
Your arm, and I'll bet Moscow to a dollar,  
That you and I will win St. George's collar.

## XCVIII

'The Seraskier is knock'd upon the head,  
But the stone bastion still remains, where in  
The old Pacha sits among some hundreds  
dead,  
Smoking his pipe quite calmly 'midst  
the din  
Of our artillery and his own: 'tis said  
Our kill'd, already piled up to the chin,  
Lie round the battery; but still it batters,  
And grape in volleys, like a vineyard,  
scatters.

## XCIX

'Then up with me!'—But Juan answer'd,  
'Look  
Upon this child—I saved her—must  
not leave  
Her life to chance; but point me out some  
nook  
Of safety, where she less may shrink and  
grieve,  
And I am with you.'—Whereon Johnson  
took  
A glance around—and shrugg'd—and  
twitch'd his sleeve  
And black silk neckcloth—and replied,  
'You're right;  
Poor thing! what's to be done? I'm  
puzzled quite.'

## C

Said Juan—'Whatsoever is to be  
Done, I'll not quit her till she seems  
secure  
Of present life a good deal more than  
we.'—  
Quoth Johnson—'Neither will I quite  
insure;

But at the least *you* may die gloriously.'—

Juan replied—'At least I will endure  
Whate'er is to be borne—but not resign  
This child, who is parentless, and therefore  
mine.'

## CI

Johnson said—'Juan, we've no time to  
lose;

The child's a pretty child—a very  
pretty—

I never saw such eyes—but hark! now  
choose

Between your fame and feelings, pride  
and pity:—

Hark! how the roar increases!—no excuse  
Will serve when there is plunder in a  
city:—

I should be loth to march without you, but,  
By God! we'll be too late for the first cut.'

## CII

But Juan was immovable; until  
Johnson, who really loved him in his  
way,

Pick'd out amongst his followers with  
some skill

Such as he thought the least given up to  
prey;

And swearing if the infant came to ill  
That they should all be shot on the next  
day;

But if she were deliver'd safe and sound,  
They should at least have fifty rubles  
round,

## CIII

And all allowances besides of plunder  
In fair proportion with their com-  
rades;—then

Juan consented to march on through  
thunder,

Which thinn'd at every step their ranks  
of men:

And yet the rest rush'd eagerly—no  
wonder,

For they were heated by the hope of  
gain,

A thing which happens everywhere each  
day—

No hero trusteth wholly to half pay.

## CIV

And such is victory, and such is man!  
At least nine-tenths of what we call  
so:—God

May have another name for half we scan  
As human beings, or his ways are odd.

But to our subject: a brave Tartar khan—  
Or 'sultan,' as the author (to whose nod

In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call  
This chieftain—somehow would not yield  
at all

## CV

But flank'd by *five* brave sons (such is  
polygamy,

That she spawns warriors by the score,  
where none

Are prosecuted for that false crime  
bigamy),

He never would believe the city won  
While courage clung but to a single twig.—

Am I

Describing Priam's Peleus', or Jove's  
son?

Neither—but a good, plain, old, temperate  
man,

Who fought with his five children in the  
van.

## CVI

To *take* him was the point. The truly brave,  
When they behold the brave oppress'd  
with odds,

Are touch'd with a desire to shield and  
save;—

A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods  
Are they—now furious as the sweeping  
wave,

Now moved with pity; even as some-  
times nods

The rugged tree unto the summer wind,  
Compassion breathes along the savage  
mind.

## CVII

But he would *not* be *taken*, and replied

To all the propositions of surrender

By mowing Christians down on every side,  
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at  
Bender.

His five brave boys no less the foe defied;  
Whereon the Russian pathos grew less  
tender,

As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,  
Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

## CVIII

And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who  
Expended all their Eastern phraseology

In begging him, for God's sake, just to show  
So much less fight as might form an  
apology

For *them* in saving such a desperate foe—  
He hew'd away, like doctors of theology

When they dispute with sceptics; and with  
curses

Struck at his friends, as babies beat their  
nurses.

## CIX

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly,  
both

Juan and Johnson; whereupon they fell,  
The first with sighs, the second with an  
oath,

Upon his angry sultanish, pell-mell,

And all around were grown exceeding wroth  
At such a pertinacious infidel,  
And pour'd upon him and his sons like rain,  
Which they resisted like a sandy plain

## CX

That drinks and still is dry. At last they  
perish'd—

His second son was levell'd by a shot;  
His third was sabred; and the fourth, most  
cherish'd

Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot;  
The fifth, who, by a Christian mother  
nourish'd,

Had been neglected, ill-used, and what  
not,

Because deform'd, yet died all game and  
bottom,

To save a sire, who blush'd that he begot  
him.

## CXI

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,  
As great a scorner of the Nazarene

As ever Mahomet pick'd out for a martyr,  
Who only saw the black-eyed girls in  
green,

Who make the beds of those who won't  
take quarter

On earth, in Paradise; and when once  
seen,

Those houris, like all other pretty crea-  
tures,

Do just whate'er they please, by dint of  
features.

## CXII

And what they pleased to do with the  
young khan

In heaven I know not, nor pretend to  
guess;

But doubtless they prefer a fine young man  
To tough old heroes, and can do no less;

And that's the cause no doubt why, if we  
scan

A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,  
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran

body,

You'll find ten thousand handsome cox-  
combs bloody.

## CXIII

Your houris also have a natural pleasure  
In lopping off your lately married men,

Before the bridal hours have danced their  
measure,

And the sad, second moon grows dim  
again,

Or dull repentance hath had dreary leisure  
To wish him back a bachelor now and  
then:

And thus your houri (it may be) disputes  
Of these brief blossoms the immediate  
fruits.

## CXIV

Thus the young khan, with houris in his  
sight,

Thought not upon the charms of four  
young brides,

But bravely rush'd on his first heavenly  
night.

In short, howe'er our better faith de-  
rides,

These black-eyed virgins make the Mos-  
lems fight,

As though there were one heaven and  
none besides—

Whereas, if all be true we hear of heaven  
And hell, there must at least be six or seven.

## CXV

So fully flash'd the phantom on his eyes,  
That when the very lance was in his heart,

He shouted 'Allah!' and saw Paradise  
With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,

And bright eternity without disguise  
On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise,

With prophets, houris, angels, saints, de-  
scribed

In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he died:

## CXVI

But with a heavenly rapture on his face,  
The good old khan, who long had

ceased to see

Houris, or aught except his florid race  
Who grew like cedars round him glori-  
ously—

When he beheld his latest hero grace  
The earth, which he became like a fell'd

tree,

Paused for a moment from the fight, and  
cast

A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

## CXVII

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,  
Stopp'd as if once more willing to con-  
cede

Quarter, in case he bade them not 'aroynt!'  
As he before had done. He did not heed

Their pause nor signs: his heart was out of  
joint,

And shook (till now unshaken) like a  
reed,

As he look'd down upon his children gone,  
And felt—though done with life—he was  
alone.

## CXVIII

But 'twas a transient tremor:—with a  
spring

Upon the Russian steel his breast he  
flung,

As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing  
Against the light wherein she dies: he  
clung

Closer, that all the deadlier they might  
wring,  
Unto the bayonets which had pierced  
his young;  
And throwing back a dim look on his sons,  
In one wide wound pour'd forth his soul  
at once.

## CXIX

'Tis strange enough—the rough, tough  
soldiers who  
Spared neither sex nor age in their  
career  
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced  
through,  
And lay before them with his children  
near,  
Touch'd by the heroism of him they slew,  
Were melted for a moment; though no  
tear  
Flow'd from their bloodshot eyes, all red  
with strife,  
They honour'd such determined scorn of  
life.

## CXX

But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,  
Where the chief pacha calmly held his  
post:  
Some twenty times he made the Russ re-  
tire,  
And baffled the assaults of all their host;  
At length he condescended to inquire,  
If yet the city's rest were won or lost;  
And being told the latter, sent a bey  
To answer Ribas' summons to give way.

## CXXI

In the mean time, cross-legg'd, with great  
sang-froid,  
Among the scorching ruins he sat  
smoking  
Tobacco on a little carpet;—Troy  
Saw nothing like the scene around;—yet  
looking  
With martial stoicism, nought seem'd to  
annoy  
His stern philosophy; but gently strok-  
ing  
His beard, he puff'd his pipe's ambrosial  
gales,  
As if he had three lives, as well as tails.

## CXXII

The town was taken—whether he might  
yield  
Himself or bastion, little matter'd now:  
His stubborn valour was no future shield.  
Ismail's no more! The crescent's silver  
bow  
Sunk, and the crimson cross glared o'er  
the field,  
But red with no *redeeming* gore: the  
glow

Of burning streets, like moonlight on the  
water,  
Was imaged back in blood, the sea of  
slaughter.

## CXXIII

All that the mind would shrink from of  
excesses;  
All that the body perpetrates of bad;  
All that we read, hear, dream, of man's  
distresses;  
All that the devil would do if run stark  
mad;  
All that defies the worst which pen ex-  
presses;  
All by which hell is peopled, or as sad  
As hell—mere mortals who their power  
abuse—  
Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

## CXXIV

If here and there some transient trait of  
pity  
Was shown, and some more noble heart  
broke through  
Its bloody bond, and saved, perhaps, some  
pretty  
Child, or an aged, helpless man or two—  
What's this in one annihilated city,  
Where thousand loves, and ties, and  
duties grew?  
Cockneys of London! Muscadins of  
Paris!  
Just ponder what a pious pastime war is.

## CXXV

Think how the joys of reading a Gazette  
Are purchased by all agonies and  
crimes:  
Or if these do not move you, don't forget  
Such doom may be your own in after-  
times.  
Meantime the Taxes, Castlereagh, and  
Debt,  
Are hints as good as sermons, or as  
rhymes.  
Read your own hearts and Ireland's  
present story,  
Then feed her famine fat with Wellesley's  
glory.

## CXXVI

But still there is unto a patriot nation,  
Which loves so well its country and its  
king,  
A subject of sublimest exultation—  
Bear it, ye Muses, on your brightest wing!  
Howe'er the mighty locust, Desolation  
Strip your green fields, and to your  
harvest cling,  
Gaunt famine never shall approach the  
throne—  
Though Ireland starve, great George  
weighs twenty stone.



# DON JUAN

[CANTO VIII

CXXVII

But let me put an end unto my theme:

There was an end of Ismail—hapless town!

Far flash'd her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,

And redly ran his blushing waters down.

The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream

Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown:

Off forty thousand who had mann'd the wall,  
Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent all!

CXXVIII

In one thing ne'ertheless 'tis fit to praise

The Russian army upon this occasion,

A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,  
And therefore worthy of commemoration:

The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—  
Perhaps the season's chill, and their long station

In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,  
Had made them chaste;—they ravish'd very little.

CXXIX

Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less

Might here and there occur some violation

In the other line;—but not to such excess  
As when the French, that dissipated nation,

Take towns by storm: no causes can I guess,  
Except cold weather and commiseration;  
But all the ladies, save some twenty score,  
Were almost as much virgins as before.

CXXX

Some odd mistakes, too, happen'd in the dark,

Which show'd a want of lanterns, or of taste—

Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark

Their friends from foes,—besides, such things from haste

Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark  
Of light to save the venerably chaste:

But six old damsels, each of seventy years,  
Were all deflower'd by different grenadiers.

CXXXI

But on the whole their continence was great;  
So that some disappointment there ensued

To those who had felt the inconvenient state

Of 'single blessedness,' and thought it good

(Since it was not their fault, but only fate,  
To bear these crosses) for each waning prude

To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,  
Without the expense and the suspense of bedding.

CXXXII

Some voices of the buxom middle-aged  
Were also heard to wonder in the din

(Widows of forty were these birds long caged)

'Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!'

But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,

There was small leisure for superfluous sin;

But whether they escaped or no, lies hid  
In darkness—I can only hope they did.

CXXXIII

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match  
For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.

While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like thatch

Blazed, and the cannon's roar was scarce allay'd,

With bloody hands he wrote his first despatch;

And here exactly follows what he said:—

'Glory to God and to the Empress!'  
(*Powers*

*Eternal! such names mingled!*) 'Ismail's ours.'

CXXXIV

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,

Since 'Mené, Mené, Tekel,' and 'Uphar-sin,'

Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.

Heaven help me! I'm but little of a parson:

What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord's,

Severe, sublime; the prophet wrote no farce on

The fate of nations;—but this Russ so witty

Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city.

CXXXV

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,  
Duly accompanied by shrieks and

groans,

Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it—

For I will teach, if possible, the stones

To rise against earth's tyrants. Never let it  
Be said that we still truckle unto  
thrones;—  
But ye—our children's children! think  
how we  
Show'd *what things were* before the world  
was free!

## CXXXVI

That hour is not for us, but 'tis for you.  
And as, in the great joy of your millen-  
nium,  
You hardly will believe such things were  
true  
As now occur, I thought that I would  
pen you 'em;  
But may their very memory perish too!—  
Yet if perchance remember'd, still dis-  
dain you 'em  
More than you scorn the savages of yore,  
Who *painted* their bare limbs, but *not* with  
gore.

## CXXXVII

And when you hear historians talk of  
thrones,  
And those that sate upon them, let it be  
As we now gaze upon the mammoth's  
bones,  
And wonder what old world such things  
could see,  
Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,  
The pleasant riddles of futurity—  
Guessing at what shall happily be hid,  
As the real purpose of a pyramid.

## CXXXVIII

Reader! I have kept my word,—at least so  
far  
As the first canto promised. You have  
now  
Had sketches of love, tempest, travel,  
war,—  
All very accurate, you must allow,  
And *epic*, if plain truth should prove no  
bar;  
For I have drawn much less with a long  
bow  
Than my forerunners. Carelessly I sing,  
But Phœbus lends me now and then a string,

## CXXXIX

With which I still can harp, and carp, and  
fiddle.  
What further hath befallen or may be-  
fall  
The hero of this grand poetic riddle,  
I by and by may tell you, if at all:  
But now I choose to break off in the  
middle,  
Worn out with battering Ismail's stub-  
born wall,  
While Juan is sent off with the despatch,  
For which all Petersburg is on the watch.

## CXL

This special honour was conferr'd, be-  
cause  
He had behaved with courage and hu-  
manity—  
Which *last* men like, when they have time  
to pause  
From their ferocities produced by  
vanity.  
His little captive gain'd him some ap-  
plause  
For saving her amidst the wild insanity  
Of carnage,—and I think he was more  
glad in her  
Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

## CXLI

The Moslem orphan went with her pro-  
tector,  
For she was homeless, houseless, help-  
less; all  
Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,  
Had perish'd in the field or by the  
wall:  
Her very place of birth was but a spectre  
Of what it had been; there the Muezzin's  
call  
To prayer was heard no more! and Juan  
wept,  
And made a vow to shield her, which he  
kept.

## CANTO THE NINTH

## I

OH, Wellington! (or 'Villainton'—for  
Fame  
Sounds the heroic syllables both ways;  
France could not even conquer your great  
name,  
But punn'd it down to this facetious  
phrase—  
Beating or beaten she will laugh the same)  
You have obtain'd great pensions and  
much praise:  
Glory like yours should any dare gainsay,  
Humanity would rise, and thunder 'Nay!'

## II

I don't think that you used Kinnaird quite  
well  
In Marinet's affair—in fact 'twas  
shabby,  
And like some other things won't do to tell  
Upon your tomb in Westminster's old  
abbey.  
Upon the rest 'tis not worth while to  
dwell,  
Such tales being for the tea-hours of  
some tabby;  
But though your years as *man* tend fast to  
zero,  
In fact your grace is still but a *young hero*.

## III

Though Britain owes (and pays you too)  
so much  
Yet Europe doubtless owes you greatly  
more:

You have repair'd Legitimacy's crutch,  
A prop not quite so certain as before:  
The Spanish, and the French, as well as  
Dutch,

Have seen, and felt, how strongly you  
*restore*;  
And Waterloo has made the world your  
debtor  
(I wish your bards would sing it rather  
better).

## IV

You are 'the best of cut-throats':—do not  
start;

The phrase is Shakspeare's, and not  
misapplied:—

War's a brain-spattering, windpipe-slit-  
ting art,

Unless her cause by right be sanctified.  
If you have acted *once* a generous part,  
The world, not the world's masters, will  
decide,

And I shall be delighted to learn who,  
Save you and yours, have gain'd by Water-  
loo?

## V

I am no flatterer—you've supp'd full of  
flattery:

They say you like it too—'tis no great  
wonder.

He whose whole life has been assault and  
battery,

At last may get a little tired of thunder;  
And swallowing eulogy much more than  
satire, he

May like being praised for every lucky  
blunder,

Call'd 'Saviour of the Nations'—not yet  
saved,

And 'Europe's Liberator'—still enslaved.

## VI

I've done. Now go and dine from off the  
plate

Presented by the Prince of the Brazils,  
And send the sentinel before your gate

Aslice or two from your luxurious meals:  
He fought, but has not fed so well of late.

Some hunger, too, they say the people  
feels:—

There is no doubt that you deserve your  
ration,

But pray give back a little to the nation.

## VII

I don't mean to reflect—a man so great as  
You, my lord duke! is far above re-  
flection:

The high Roman fashion, too, of Cincin-  
natus,

With modern history has but small con-  
nexion:

Though as an Irishman you love potatoes,  
You need not take them under your  
direction;

And half a million for your Sabine farm  
Is rather dear!—I'm sure I mean no harm.

## VIII

Great men have always scorn'd great  
recompenses:

Epaminondas saved his Thebes, and  
died,

Not leaving even his funeral expenses:  
George Washington had thanks, and  
nought beside,

Except the all-cloudless glory (which few  
men's is)

To free his country: Pitt too had his  
pride,

And as a high-soul'd minister of state is  
Renown'd for ruining Great Britain gratis.

## IX

Never had mortal man such opportunity,  
Except Napoleon, or abused it more:

You might have freed fallen Europe from  
the unity

Of tyrants, and been blest from shore to  
shore:

And *now*—what is your fame? Shall the  
Muse tune it ye?

*Now*—that the rabble's first vain shouts  
are o'er?

Go! hear it in your famish'd country's  
cries!

Behold the world! and curse your vic-  
tories!

## X

As these new cantos touch on warlike feats,  
To *you* the unflattering Muse deigns to  
inscribe

Truths, that you will not read in the  
Gazettes,

But which 'tis time to teach the hireling  
tribe

Who fatten on their country's gore, and  
debts,

Must be recited—and without a bribe.  
You *did* great things: but not being *great*

in mind,

Have left *undone* the *greatest*—and man-  
kind.

## XI

Death laughs—Go ponder o'er the skele-  
ton

With which men image out the unknown  
thing

That hides the past world, like to a set sun  
Which still elsewhere may rouse a  
brighter spring—

Death laughs at all you weep for:—look upon

This hourly dread of all! whose *threat-en'd sting*

Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath:

Mark! how its lipless mouth grins without breath!

## XII

Mark! how it laughs and scorns at all you are!

And yet *was* what you are; from *ear* to *ear*

It *laughs not*—there is now no fleshy bar  
So call'd; the Antic long hath ceased to *hear*,

But still he *smiles*; and whether near or far  
He strips from man that mantle (far more dear

Than even the tailor's), his incarnate skin,  
White, black, or copper—the dead bones will grin.

## XIII

And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment,

But still it *is* so; and with such example  
Why should not Life be equally content

With his superior, in a smile to trample  
Upon the nothings which are daily spent  
Like bubbles on an ocean much less ample

Than the eternal deluge, which devours  
Suns as rays—worlds like atoms—years like hours?

## XIV

'To be, or not to be? *that* is the question,'  
Says Shakspeare, who just now is much in fashion.

I am neither Alexander nor Hephæstion,  
Nor ever had for *abstract* fame much passion;

But would much rather have a sound digestion,

Than Buonaparte's cancer:—could I dash on

Through fifty victories to shame or fame,  
Without a stomach—what were a good name?

## XV

'*O dura ilia messorum!*'—'Oh

Ye rigid guts of reapers!' I translate  
For the great benefit of those who know

What indigestion is—that inward fate  
Which makes all Styx through one small liver flow.

A peasant's sweat is worth his lord's estate:

Let *this* one toil for bread—*that* rack for rent,

He who sleeps best may be the most content.

## XVI

'To be, or not to be?'—Ere I decide,  
I should be glad to know that which *is being*;

'Tis true we speculate both far and wide,  
And deem, because we *see*, we are *all-seeing*;

For my part, I'll enlist on neither side,  
Until I see both sides for once agreeing.  
For me, I sometimes think that life is death,

Rather than life a mere affair of breath.

## XVII

'*Que sçais-je?*' was the motto of Montaigne,

As also of the first academicians;  
That all is dubious which man may attain,  
Was one of their most favourite positions.

There's no such thing as certainty, that's plain

As any of Mortality's conditions;  
So little do we know what we're about in  
This world, I doubt if doubt itself be doubting.

## XVIII

It is a pleasant voyage perhaps to float,  
Like Pyrrho, on a sea of speculation;  
But what if carrying sail capsize the boat?

Your wise men don't know much of navigation;

And swimming long in the abyss of thought  
Is apt to tire: a calm and shallow station  
Well nigh the shore, where one stoops down and gathers

Some pretty shell, is best for moderate bathers.

## XIX

'But heaven,' as Cassio says, 'is above all—

No more of this, then, let us pray!' We have

Souls to save, since Eve's slip and Adam's fall,

Which tumbled all mankind into the grave,  
Besides fish, beasts, and birds. 'The sparrow's fall

Is special providence,' though how it gave

Offence, we know not; probably it perch'd  
Upon the tree which Eve so fondly search'd.

## XX

Oh! ye immortal Gods! what is the theogony?  
Oh! thou, too, mortal man! what is philanthropy?

Oh! world, which was and is, what is cosmogony?

Some people have accused me of misanthropy;

And yet I know no more than the mahogany

That forms this desk, of what they mean; *lykanthropy*  
I comprehend, for without transformation  
Men become wolves on any slight occasion.

## XXI

But I, the mildest, meekest of mankind,  
Like Moses, or Melancthon, who have ne'er

Done anything exceedingly unkind,—  
And (though I could not now and then forbear

Following the bent of body or of mind)  
Have always had a tendency to spare,—  
Why do they call me misanthrope? Because

*They hate me, not I them:*—and here we'll pause.

## XXII

'Tis time we should proceed with our good poem,—

For I maintain that it is really good,  
Not only in the body but the proem,  
However little both are understood  
Just now,—but by and by the Truth will show 'em

Herself in her sublimest attitude:  
And till she doth, I fain must be content  
To share her beauty and her banishment.

## XXIII

Our hero (and, I trust, kind reader! yours)  
Was left upon his way to the chief city  
Of the immortal Peter's polish'd boors,  
Who still have shown themselves more brave than witty.

I know its mighty empire now allures  
Much flattery—even Voltaire's, and that's a pity.

For me, I deem an absolute autocrat  
Not a barbarian, but much worse than that.

## XXIV

And I will war, at least in words (and—should

My chance so happen—deeds), with all who war

With Thought;—and of Thought's foes by far most rude,  
Tyrants and sycophants have been and are.

I know not who may conquer: if I could  
Have such a prescience, it should be no bar

To this my plain, sworn, downright detestation

Of every despotism in every nation.

## XXV

It is not that I adulate the people:  
Without *me*, there are demagogues enough,

And infidels, to pull down every steeple,  
And set up in their stead some proper stuff.

Whether they may sow scepticism to reap hell,

As is the Christian dogma rather rough,  
I do not know;—I wish men to be free  
As much from mobs as kings—from you as me.

## XXVI

The consequence is, being of no party,  
I shall offend all parties:—never mind!  
My words, at least, are more sincere and hearty

Than if I sought to sail before the wind.  
He who has nought to gain can have small art: he

Who neither wishes to be bound nor bind,

May still expatiate freely, as will I,  
Nor give my voice to slavery's jackal cry.

## XXVII

*That's an appropriate simile, that jackal:—*

I've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl

By night, as do that mercenary pack all,  
Power's base purveyors, who for pickings prowl,

And scent the prey their masters would attack all.

However, the poor jackals are less foul  
(As being the brave lions' keen providers)  
Than human insects, catering for spiders.

## XXVIII

Raise but an arm! 'twill brush their web away,

And without *that*, their poison and their claws

Are useless. Mind, good people! what I say—

(Or rather peoples)—*go on* without pause!

The web of these tarantulas each day  
Increases, till you shall make common cause:

None, save the Spanish fly and Attic bee,  
As yet are strongly stinging to be free.

## XXIX

Don Juan, who had shone in the late slaughter,

Was left upon his way with the despatch,  
Where blood was talk'd of as we would of water;

And carcasses that lay as thick as thatch

O'er silenced cities, merely served to flatter  
 Fair Catherine's pastime—who look'd  
 on the match  
 Between these nations as a main of cocks,  
 Wherein she liked her own to stand like  
 rocks.

## XXX

And there in a *kibitka* he roll'd on,  
 (A curs'd sort of carriage without  
 springs,  
 Which on rough roads leaves scarcely a  
 whole bone.)  
 Pondering on glory, chivalry, and kings,  
 And orders, and on all that he had done—  
 And wishing that post-horses had the  
 wings  
 Of Pegasus, or at the least post-chaises  
 Had feathers, when a traveller on deep  
 ways is.

## XXXI

At every jolt—and they were many—still  
 He turn'd his eyes upon his little charge,  
 As if he wish'd that she should fare less ill  
 Than he, in these sad highways left at  
 large  
 Toruts, and flints, and lovely Nature's skill,  
 Who is no paviour, nor admits a barge  
 On *her* canals, where God takes sea and  
 land,  
 Fishery and farm, both into his own hand.

## XXXII

At least he pays no rent, and has best right  
 To be the first of what we used to call  
 'Gentlemen farmers', a race worn out quite,  
 Since lately there have been no rents at all,  
 And 'gentlemen' are in a piteous plight,  
 And 'farmers' can't raise Ceres from  
 her fall:  
 She fell with Buonaparte—What strange  
 thoughts  
 Arise, when we see emperors fall with oats!

## XXXIII

But Juan turn'd his eyes on the sweet child  
 Whom he had saved from slaughter—  
 what a trophy!  
 Oh! ye who build up monuments, defiled  
 With gore, like Nadir Shah, that costive  
 sophy,  
 Who, after leaving Hindostan a wild,  
 And scarce to the Mogul a cup of coffee  
 To soothe his woes withal, was slain, the  
 sinner!  
 Because he could no more digest his  
 dinner;—

## XXXIV

Oh ye! or we! or he! or she! reflect,  
 That *one* life saved, especially if young  
 Or pretty, is a thing to recollect  
 Far sweeter than the greenest laurels  
 sprung

From the manure of human clay, though  
 deck'd  
 With all the praises ever said or sung:  
 Though hymn'd by every harp, unless within  
 Your heart joins chorus, Fame is but a din.

## XXXV

Oh! ye great authors luminous, voluminous!  
 Ye twice ten hundred thousand daily  
 scribes!  
 Whose pamphlets, volumes, newspapers,  
 illumine us!  
 Whether you're paid by government in  
 bribes,  
 To prove the public debt is not consuming  
 us—  
 Or, roughly treading on the 'courtier's  
 kibes'  
 With clownish heel, your popular circulation  
 Feeds you by printing half the realm's  
 starvation;—

## XXXVI

Oh, ye great authors!—*À propos des  
 bottles*,—  
 I have forgotten what I meant to say,  
 As sometimes have been greater sages'  
 lots;—  
 'Twas something calculated to allay  
 All wrath in barracks, palaces, or cots:  
 Certes it would have been but thrown  
 away,  
 And that's one comfort for my lost advice,  
 Although no doubt it was beyond all price.

## XXXVII

But let it go:—it will one day be found  
 With other relics of 'a former world,'  
 When this world shall be *former*, under-  
 ground,  
 Thrown topsy-turvy, twisted, crisp'd,  
 and curl'd,  
 Baked, fried, or burnt, turn'd inside-out,  
 or drown'd,  
 Like all the worlds before, which have  
 been hurl'd  
 First out of, and then back again to chaos,  
 The superstratum which will overlay us.

## XXXVIII

So Cuvier says:—and then shall come  
 again  
 Unto the new creation, rising out  
 From our old crash, some mystic, ancient  
 strain  
 Of things destroy'd and left in airy  
 doubt;  
 Like to the notions we now entertain  
 Of Titans, giants, fellows of about  
 Some hundred feet in height, *not* to say  
 miles,  
 And mammoths, and your winged croco-  
 diles.

## XXXIX

Think if then George the Fourth should  
 be dug up,  
 How the new worldlings of the then new  
 East  
 Will wonder where such animals could  
 sup!  
 (For they themselves will be but of the  
 least:  
 Even worlds miscarry, when too oft they  
 pup,  
 And every new creation hath decreased  
 In size, from overworking the material—  
 Men are but maggots of some huge  
 Earth's burial).

## XL

How will—to these young people, just  
 thrust out  
 From some fresh Paradise, and set to  
 plough,  
 And dig, and sweat, and turn themselves  
 about,  
 And plant, and reap, and spin, and  
 grind, and sow,  
 Till all the arts at length are brought about,  
 Especially of war and taxing,—*how*,  
 I say, will these great relics, when they  
 see 'em,  
 Look like the monsters of a new museum!

## XLI

But I am apt to grow too metaphysical:  
 'The time is out of joint,'—and so am I;  
 I quite forget this poem's merely quizzical,  
 And deviate into matters rather dry.  
 I ne'er decide what I shall say, and this I  
 call  
 Much too poetical: men should know  
 why  
 They write, and for what end; but, note or  
 text,  
 I never know the word which will come  
 next.

## XLII

So on I ramble, now and then narrating,  
 Now pondering:—it is time we should  
 narrate.  
 I left Don Juan with his horses baiting—  
 Now we'll get o'er the ground at a great  
 rate.  
 I shall not be particular in stating  
 His journey, we've so many tours of  
 late:  
 Suppose him then at Petersburg; suppose  
 That pleasant capital of painted snows;

## XLIII

Suppose him in a handsome uniform;  
 A scarlet coat, black facings, a long  
 plume,  
 Waving, like sails new shiver'd in a storm,  
 Over a cock'd hat in a crowded room,

And brilliant breeches, bright as a Cairn  
 Gorme,  
 Of yellow casimere we may presume,  
 White stockings drawn uncurdled as new  
 milk  
 O'er limbs whose symmetry set off the silk;

## XLIV

Suppose him sword by side, and hat in  
 hand,  
 Made up by youth, fame, and an army  
 tailor—  
 That great enchanter, at whose rod's com-  
 mand  
 Beauty springs forth, and Nature's self  
 turns paler,  
 Seeing how Art can make her work more  
 grand  
 (When she don't pin men's limbs in like  
 a gaoler),—  
 Behold him placed as if upon a pillar! He  
 Seems Love turn'd a lieutenant of artillery!

## XLV

His bandage slipp'd down into a cravat;  
 His wings subdued to epaulettes; his  
 quiver  
 Shrunk to a scabbard, with his arrows at  
 His side as a small sword, but sharp as  
 ever;  
 His bow converted into a cock'd hat;  
 But still so like, that Psyche were more  
 clever  
 Than some wives (who make blunders no  
 less stupid),  
 If she had not mistaken him for Cupid.

## XLVI

The courtiers stared, the ladies whisper'd,  
 and  
 The empress smiled: the reigning favour-  
 ite frown'd—  
 I quite forget which of them was in hand  
 Just then; as they are rather numerous  
 found,  
 Who took by turns that difficult command  
 Since first her majesty was singly  
 crown'd:  
 But they were mostly nervous six-foot  
 fellows,  
 All fit to make a Patagonian jealous.

## XLVII

Juan was none of these, but slight and slim,  
 Blushing and beardless; and yet ne'er-  
 theless  
 There was a something in his turn of limb,  
 And still more in his eye, which seem'd  
 to express,  
 That though he look'd like one of the  
 seraphim,  
 There lurk'd a man beneath the spirit's  
 dress.  
 Besides, the empress sometimes liked a boy,  
 And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoï.

## XLVIII

No wonder then that Yermoloff, or Mo-  
monoff,  
Or Scherbatoff, or any other *off*  
Or *on*, might dread her majesty had not  
room enough  
Within her bosom (which was not too  
tough)  
For a new flame; a thought to cast of  
gloom enough  
Along the aspect, whether smooth or  
rough,  
Of him who, in the language of his station,  
Then held that 'high official situation.'

## XLIX

Oh, gentle ladies! should you seek to know  
The import of this diplomatic phrase,  
Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess  
show  
His parts of speech; and in the strange  
displays  
Of that odd string of words, all in a row,  
Which none divine, and every one obeys,  
Perhaps you may pick out some queer *no*  
meaning,  
Of that weak wordy harvest the sole glean-  
ing.

## L

I think I can explain myself without  
That sad inexplicable beast of prey—  
That Sphinx, whose words would ever be  
a doubt,  
Did not his deeds unriddle them each  
day—  
That monstrous hieroglyphic—that long  
spout  
Of blood and water, leaden Castle-  
reagh!  
And here I must an anecdote relate,  
But luckily of no great length or weight.

## LI

An English lady ask'd of an Italian,  
What were the actual and official duties  
Of the strange thing, some women set a  
value on,  
Which hovers oft about some married  
beauties,  
Call'd 'Cavalier servente'? a Pygmalion  
Whose statues warm (I fear, alas! too  
true 'tis)  
Beneath his art. The dame, press'd to dis-  
close them,  
Said—'Lady, I beseech you to *suppose*  
*them*.'

## LII

And thus I supplicate your supposition,  
And mildest, matron-like interpretation,  
Of the imperial favourite's condition.  
'Twas a high place, the highest in the  
nation

In fact, if not in rank! and the suspicion  
Of any one's attaining to his station  
No doubt gave pain, where each new pair  
of shoulders,  
If rather broad, made stocks rise and their  
holders.

## LIII

Juan, I said, was a most beauteous boy,  
And had retain'd his boyish look be-  
yond  
The usual hirsute seasons which destroy,  
With beards and whiskers, and the like,  
the fond  
*Parisian* aspect, which upset old Troy  
And founded Doctors' Commons:—I  
have conn'd  
The history of divorces, which, though  
chequer'd,  
Calls Ilion's the first damages on record.

## LIV

And Catherine, who loved all things (save  
her lord,  
Who was gone to his place), and pass'd  
for much,  
Admiring those (by dainty dames ab-  
hor'd)  
Gigantic gentlemen, yet had a touch  
Of sentiment: and he she most adored  
Was the lamented Lanskoï, who was  
such  
A lover as had cost her many a tear,  
And yet but made a middling grenadier.

## LV

Oh thou '*teterrima causa*' of all '*belli*'—  
Thou gate of life and death—thou non-  
descript!  
Whence is our exit and our entrance, well I  
May pause in pondering how all souls  
are dipt  
In thy perennial fountain: how man *fell* I  
Know not, since knowledge saw her  
branches stript  
Of her first fruit; but how he *falls* and  
rises  
Since, *thou* hast settled beyond all sur-  
mises.

## LVI

Some call thee 'the *worst* cause of war,'  
but I  
Maintain thou art the *best*: for after all,  
From thee we come, to thee we go, and  
why  
To get at thee not batter down a wall,  
Or waste a world? since no one can deny  
Thou dost replenish worlds both great  
and small:  
With, or without thee, all things at a stand  
Are, or would be, thou sea of life's dry  
land!



## LVII

Catherine, who was the grand epitome  
Of that great cause of war, or peace, or  
what  
You please (it causes all the things which be,  
So you may take your choice of this or  
that)—

Catherine, I say, was very glad to see  
The handsome herald, on whose plum-  
age sat  
Victory; and, pausing as she saw him kneel  
With his despatch, forgot to break the seal.

## LVIII

Then recollecting the whole empress, nor  
Forgetting quite the woman (which  
composed  
At least three parts of this great whole),  
she tore

The letter open with an air which posed  
The court, that watch'd each look her  
visage wore,

Until a royal smile at length disclosed  
Fair weather for the day. Though rather  
spacious,  
Her face was noble, her eyes fine, mouth  
gracious.

## LIX

Great joy was hers, or rather joys: the first  
Was a ta'en city, thirty thousand slain.  
Glory and triumph o'er her aspect burst,  
As an East Indian sunrise on the main.  
These quench'd a moment her ambition's  
thirst—

So Arab deserts drink in summer's rain:  
In vain!—As fall the dews on quenchless  
sands,  
Blood only serves to wash Ambition's  
hands!

## LX

Her next amusement was more fanciful;  
She smiled at mad Suwarrow's rhymes,  
who threw  
Into a Russian couplet rather dull  
The whole gazette of thousands whom  
he slew.  
Her third was feminine enough to annul  
The shudder which runs naturally  
through  
Our veins, when things call'd sovereigns  
think it best  
To kill, and generals turn it into jest.

## LXI

The two first feelings ran their course com-  
plete,  
And lighted first her eye, and then her  
mouth:  
The whole court look'd immediately most  
sweet,  
Like flowers well water'd after a long  
drouth:—

But when on the lieutenant at her feet  
Her majesty, who liked to gaze on youth  
Almost as much as on a new despatch,  
Glanced mildly, all the world was on the  
watch.

## LXII

Though somewhat large, exuberant, and  
truculent,  
When *wroth*—while *pleased*, she was as  
fine a figure  
As those who like things rosy, ripe, and  
succulent,  
Would wish to look on, while they are in  
vigour.  
She could repay each amatory look you  
lent  
With interest, and in turn was wont with  
rigour  
To exact of Cupid's bills the full amount  
At sight, nor would permit you to dis-  
count.

## LXIII

With her the latter, though at times con-  
venient,  
Was not so necessary; for they tell  
That she was handsome, and though fierce  
*look'd* lenient,  
And always used her favourites too well.  
If once beyond her boudoir's precincts in  
ye went,  
Your 'fortune' was in a fair way 'to  
swell  
A man' (as Giles says); for though she  
would widow all  
Nations, she liked man as an individual.

## LXIV

What a strange thing is man! and what a  
stranger  
Is woman! What a whirlwind is her  
head,  
And what a whirlpool full of depth and  
danger  
Is all the rest about her! Whether wed,  
Or widow, maid, or mother, she can  
change her  
Mind like the wind: whatever she has  
said  
Or done, is light to what she'll say or do;—  
The oldest thing on record, and yet new!

## LXV

Oh Catherine! (for of all interjections,  
To thee both *oh!* and *ah!* belong of right  
In love and war) how odd are the con-  
nexions  
Of human thoughts, which jostle in their  
flight!  
Just now *yours* were cut out in different  
sections:  
*First* Ismail's capture caught your fancy  
quite;

*Next* of new knights, the fresh and glorious  
batch;  
And *thirdly* he who brought you the des-  
patch!

## LXVI

Shakespeare talks of 'the herald Mercury  
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill':  
And some such visions cross'd her majesty,  
While her young herald knelt before her  
still.

'Tis very true the hill seem'd rather high,  
For a lieutenant to climb up; but skill  
Smooth'd even the Simplon's steep, and  
by God's blessing,  
With youth and health all kisses are  
'heaven-kissing.'

## LXVII

Her majesty look'd down, the youth look'd  
up—

And so they fell in love;—she with his face,  
His grace, his God-knows-what: for  
Cupid's cup

With the first draught intoxicates apace,  
A quintessential laudanum or 'black drop,'  
Which makes one drunk at once, with-  
out the base

Expedient of full bumpers; for the eye  
In love drinks all life's fountains (save  
tears) dry.

## LXVIII

He, on the other hand, if not in love,  
Fell into that no less imperious passion,  
Self-love—which, when some sort of  
thing above

Ourselves, a singer, dancer, much in  
fashion,  
Or duchess, princess, empress, 'deigns to  
prove'

('Tis Pope's phrase) a great longing,  
though a rash one,  
For one especial person out of many,  
Makes us believe ourselves as good as any.

## LXIX

Besides, he was of that delighted age  
Which makes all female ages equal—  
when

We don't much care with whom we may  
engage,

As bold as Daniel in the lions' den,  
So that we can our native sun assuage  
In the next ocean, which may flow just  
then,

To make a *twilight* in, just as Sol's heat is  
Quench'd in the lap of the salt sea, or  
Thetis.

## LXX

And Catherine (we must say thus much  
for Catherine),  
Though bold and bloody, was the kind  
of thing

Whose temporary passion was quite  
flattering,

Because each lover look'd a sort of king,  
Made up upon an amatory pattern,

A royal husband in all save the *ring*—  
Which, being the damn'dest part of matri-  
mony,

Seem'd taking out the sting to leave the  
honey.

## LXXI

And when you add to this, her womanhood  
In its meridian, her blue eyes or gray—

(The last, if they have soul, are quite as good,  
Or better, as the best examples say:

Napoleon's, Mary's (queen of Scotland),  
should

Lend to that colour a transcendent ray;

And Pallas also sanctions the same hue,  
Too wise to look through optics black or  
blue)—

## LXXII

Her sweet smile, and her then majestic  
figure,

Her plumpness, her imperial condescen-  
sion,

Her preference of a boy to men much  
bigger

(Fellows whom Messalina's self would  
pension),

Her prime of life, just now in juicy vigour,  
With other *extras*, which we need not  
mention,—

All these, or any one of these, explain  
Enough to make a stripling very vain.

## LXXIII

And that's enough, for love is vanity,  
Selfish in its beginning as its end,

Except where 'tis a mere insanity,  
A maddening spirit which would strive  
to blend

Itself with beauty's frail inanity,  
On which the passion's self seems to  
depend;

And hence some heathenish philosophers  
Make love the main-spring of the universe.

## LXXIV

Besides Platonic love, besides the love  
Of God, the love of sentiment, the loving

Of faithful pairs—(I needs must rhyme  
with dove,

That good old steam-boat which keeps  
verses moving

'Gainst reason—Reason ne'er was hand-  
and-glove

With rhyme, but always leant less to im-  
proving

The sound than sense) besides all these  
pretences

To love, there are those things which  
words name senses;

## LXXV

Those movements, those improvements in  
our bodies

Which make all bodies anxious to get  
out  
Of their own sand-pits, to mix with a god-  
dess,

For such all women are at first no doubt.  
How beautiful that moment! and how  
odd is

That fever which precedes the languid  
rout

Of our sensations! What a curious way  
The whole thing is of clothing souls in clay!

## LXXVI

The noblest kind of love is love Platonical,  
To end or to begin with; the next grand  
Is that which may be christen'd love  
canonical,

Because the clergy take the thing in  
hand;

The third sort to be noted in our chronicle  
As flourishing in every Christian land,  
Is, when chaste matrons to their other ties  
Add what may be call'd *marriage in dis-  
guise*.

## LXXVII

Well, we won't analyse—our story must  
Tell for itself: the sovereign was smitten,  
Juan much flatter'd by her love, or lust;—  
I cannot stop to alter words once writ-  
ten,

And the *two* are so mix'd with human dust,  
That he who *names one*, both perchance  
may hit on:

But in such matters Russia's mighty em-  
press

Behaved no better than a common semp-  
stress.

## LXXVIII

The whole court melted into one wide  
whisper,

And all lips were applied unto all ears!  
The elder ladies' wrinkles curl'd much  
crisper

As they beheld; the younger cast some  
leers

On one another, and each lovely lisper  
Smiled as she talk'd the matter o'er; but  
tears

Of rivalry rose in each clouded eye  
Of all the standing army who stood by.

## LXXIX

All the ambassadors of all the powers  
Inquired, Who was this very new young  
man,

Who promised to be great in some few  
hours?

Which is full soon (though life is but a  
span).

Already they beheld the silver showers  
Of rubles rain, as fast as specie can,  
Upon his cabinet, besides the presents  
Of several ribands, and some thousand  
peasants.

## LXXX

Catherine was generous,—all such ladies  
are:

Love—that great opener of the heart  
and all

The ways that lead there, be they near or  
far,

Above, below, by turnpikes great or  
small,—

Love—(though she had a cursed taste for  
war,

And was not the best wife, unless we  
call

Such Clytemnestra, though perhaps 'tis  
better

That one should die, than two drag on the  
fetter)—

## LXXXI

Love had made Catherine make each  
lover's fortune,

Unlike our own half-chaste Elizabeth,  
Whose avarice all disbursements did im-  
portune,

If history, the grand liar, ever saith  
The truth; and though grief her old age  
might shorten,

Because she put a favourite to death,  
Her vile, ambiguous method of flirtation,  
And stinginess, disgrace her sex and sta-  
tion.

## LXXXII

But when the levée rose, and all was bustle  
In the dissolving circle, all the nations'

Ambassadors began as 'twere to hustle  
Round the young man with their con-  
gratulations.

Also the softer silks were heard to rustle  
Of gentle dames, among whose recrea-  
tions

It is to speculate on handsome faces,  
Especially when such lead to high places.

## LXXXIII

Juan, who found himself, he knew not  
how,

A general object of attention, made  
His answers with a very graceful bow,

As if born for the ministerial trade.  
Though modest, on his unembarrass'd

brow  
Nature had written 'gentleman.' He  
said

Little, but to the purpose; and his manner  
Fling hovering graces o'er him like a  
banner.

## LXXXIV

An order from her majesty consign'd  
 Our young lieutenant to the genial care  
 Of those in office: all the world look'd kind,  
 (As it will look sometimes with the first  
 stare,  
 Which youth would not act ill to keep in  
 mind.)  
 As also did Miss Protasoff then there,  
 Named from her mystic office 'l'Eprouveuse,'  
 A term inexplicable to the Muse.

## LXXXV

With *her* then, as in humble duty bound,  
 Juan retired,—and so will I, until  
 My Pegasus shall tire of touching ground,  
 We have just lit on a 'heaven-kissing hill,'  
 So lofty that I feel my brain turn round,  
 And all my fancies whirling like a mill;  
 Which is a signal to my nerves and brain,  
 To take a quiet ride in some green lane.

## CANTO THE TENTH

## I

WHEN Newton saw an apple fall, he found  
 In that slight startle from his contem-  
 plation—  
 'Tis said (for I'll not answer above ground  
 For any sage's creed or calculation)—  
 A mode of proving that the earth turn'd  
 round  
 In a most natural whirl, called 'gravi-  
 tation';  
 And this is the sole mortal who could  
 grapple,  
 Since Adam, with a fall, or with an apple.

## II

Man fell with apples, and with apples rose,  
 If this be true; for we must deem the  
 mode  
 In which Sir Isaac Newton could disclose  
 Through the then unpaved stars the  
 turnpike road,  
 A thing to counterbalance human woes:  
 For ever since immortal man hath  
 glow'd  
 With all kinds of mechanics, and full soon  
 Steam-engines will conduct him to the  
 moon.

## III

And wherefore this exordium?—Why,  
 just now,  
 In taking up this paltry sheet of paper,  
 My bosom underwent a glorious glow,  
 And my internal spirit cut a caper:  
 And though so much inferior, as I know,  
 To those who, by the dint of glass and  
 vapour,  
 Discover stars, and sail in the wind's eye,  
 I wish to do as much by poesy.

## IV

In the wind's eye I have sail'd, and sail;  
 but for  
 The stars, I own my telescope is dim;  
 But at the least I have shunn'd the com-  
 mon shore,  
 And leaving land far out of sight, would  
 skim  
 The ocean of eternity: the roar  
 Of breakers has not daunted my slight,  
 trim,  
 But *still* sea-worthy skiff; and she may  
 float  
 Where ships have founder'd, as doth many  
 a boat.

## V

We left our hero, Juan, in the *bloom*  
 Of favouritism, but not yet in the  
*blush*:—  
 And far be it from my *Muses* to pre-  
 sume  
 (For I have more than one Muse at a  
 push)  
 To follow him beyond the drawing-room:  
 It is enough that Fortune found him  
 flush  
 Of youth, and vigour, beauty, and those  
 things  
 Which for an instant clip enjoyment's  
 wings.

## VI

But soon they grow again and leave their  
 nest.  
 'Oh!' saith the Psalmist, 'that I had a  
 dove's  
 Pinions to flee away, and be at rest!'  
 And who that recollects young years  
 and loves,—  
 Though hoary now, and with a withering  
 breast,  
 And palsied fancy, which no longer roves  
 Beyond its dimm'd eye's sphere,—but  
 would much rather  
 Sigh like his son, than cough like his  
 grandfather?

## VII

But sighs subside, and tears (even widows')  
 shrink,  
 Like Arno in the summer, to a shallow,  
 So narrow as to shame their wintry brink,  
 Which threatens inundations deep and  
 yellow!  
 Such difference doth a few months make.  
 You'd think  
 Grief a rich field which never would lie  
 fallow;  
 No more it doth, its ploughs but change  
 their boys,  
 Who furrow some new soil to sow for  
 joys.

## VIII

But coughs will come when sighs depart—  
and now  
And then before sighs cease; for oft the  
one  
Will bring the other, ere the lake-like brow  
Is ruffled by a wrinkle, or the sun  
Of life reach'd ten o'clock: and while a glow,  
Hectic and brief as summer's day nigh  
done,  
O'erspreads the cheek which seems too  
pure for clay,  
Thousands blaze, love, hope, die,—how  
happy they!—

## IX

But Juan was not meant to die so soon.  
We left him in the focus of such glory  
As may be won by favour of the moon  
Or ladies' fancies—rather transitory  
Perhaps; but who would scorn the month  
of June,  
Because December, with his breath so  
hoary,  
Must come? Much rather should he court  
the ray,  
To hoard up warmth against a wintry day.

## X

Besides, he had some qualities which fix  
Middle-aged ladies even more than  
young:  
The former know what's what; while new-  
fledged chicks  
Know little more of love than what is  
sung  
In rhymes, or dreamt (for fancy will play  
tricks)  
In visions of those skies from whence  
Love sprung.  
Some reckon women by their suns or years,  
I rather think the moon should date the  
dears.

## XI

And why? because she's changeable and  
chaste.  
I know no other reason, whatsoever  
Suspicious people, who find fault in haste,  
May choose to tax me with; which is  
not fair,  
Nor flattering to 'their temper or their taste,'  
As my friend Jeffrey writes with such an  
air:  
However, I forgive him, and I trust  
He will forgive himself;—if not, I must.

## XII

Old enemies who have become new friends  
Should so continue—'tis a point of  
honour;  
And I know nothing which could make  
amends  
For a return to hatred: I would shun her

Like garlic, howsoever she extends  
Her hundred arms and legs, and fain  
outrun her.  
Old flames, new wives, become our bitter-  
est foes—  
Converted foes should scorn to join with  
those.

## XIII

This were the worst desertion:—rene-  
gades,  
Even shuffling Southey, that incarnate lie,  
Would scarcely join again the 'reforma-  
does',  
Whom he forsook to fill the laureate's  
sty:  
And honest men from Iceland to Bar-  
badoes,  
Whether in Caledon or Italy,  
Should not veer round with every breath,  
nor seize  
To pain, the moment when you cease to  
please.

## XIV

The lawyer and the critic but behold  
The baser sides of literature and life,  
And nought remains unseen, but much  
untold,  
By those who scour those double vales  
of strife.  
While common men grow ignorantly old,  
The lawyer's brief is like the surgeon's  
knife,  
Dissecting the whole inside of a question,  
And with it all the process of digestion.

## XV

A legal broom's a moral chimney-sweeper,  
And that's the reason he himself 's so  
dirty!  
The endless soot bestows a tint far deeper  
Than can be hid by altering his shirt; he  
Retains the sable stains of the dark  
creeper,  
At least some twenty-nine do out of  
thirty,  
In all their habits;—not so *you*, I own;  
As Cæsar wore his robe you wear your  
gown.

## XVI

And all our little feuds, at least all *mine*,  
Dear Jeffrey, once my most redoubted  
foe  
(As far as rhyme and criticism combine  
To make such puppets of us things  
below),  
Are over: Here's a health to 'Auld Lang  
Syne!'  
I do not know you, and may never know  
Your face—but you have acted on the  
whole  
Most nobly, and I own it from my soul.

## XVII

And when I use the phrase of 'Auld Lang Syne!'

'Tis not address'd to you—the more's the pity

For me, for I would rather take my wine  
With you, than aught (save Scott) in  
your proud city.

But somehow—it may seem a schoolboy's  
whine,

And yet I seek not to be grand nor witty,  
But I am half a Scot by birth, and bred  
A whole one, and my heart flies to my  
head,—

## XVIII

As 'Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland, one  
and all,

Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue  
hills, and clear streams,

The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's *black*  
wall,

All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams  
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own  
pall,

Like Banquo's offspring:—floating past  
me seems

My childhood in this childishness of mine;  
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'

## XIX

And though, as you remember, in a fit  
Of wrath and rhyme, when juvenile and  
curly,

I rail'd at Scots to show my wrath and wit,  
Which must be own'd was sensitive and  
surlly,

Yet 'tis in vain such sallies to permit,  
They cannot quench young feelings  
fresh and early:

I 'scotch'd not kill'd' the Scotchman in my  
blood,  
And love the land of 'mountain and of  
flood.'

## XX

Don Juan, who was real, or ideal,—  
For both are much the same, since what  
men think

Exists when the once thinkers are less real  
Than what they thought, for mind can  
never sink,

And 'gainst the body makes a strong appeal;  
And yet 'tis very puzzling on the brink  
Of what is call'd eternity, to stare,

And know no more of what is *here*, than  
*there*;—

## XXI

Don Juan grew a very polish'd Russian—  
*How* we won't mention, *why* we need  
not say:

Few youthful minds can stand the strong  
concussion

Of any slight temptation in their way;

But *his* just now were spread as is a cushion  
Smooth'd for a monarch's seat of  
honour: gay

Damsels, and dances, revels, ready money,  
Made ice seem paradise, and winter sunny.

## XXII

The favour of the empress was agreeable;  
And though the duty wax'd a little hard,  
Young people at his time of life should be  
able

To come off handsomely in that regard.  
He was now growing up like a green tree,  
able

For love, war, or ambition, which reward  
Their luckier votaries, till old age's tedium  
Make some prefer the circulating medium.

## XXIII

About this time, as might have been antici-  
pated,

Seduced by youth and dangerous examples,  
Don Juan grew, I fear, a little dissipated;  
Which is a sad thing, and not only  
tramples

On our fresh feelings, but—as being par-  
ticipated

With all kinds of incorrigible samples  
Of frail humanity—must make us selfish,  
And shut our souls up in us like a shell-fish.

## XXIV

This we pass over. We will also pass  
The usual progress of intrigues between  
Unequal matches, such as are, alas!

A young lieutenant's with a *not old* queen,  
But one who is not so youthful as she was  
In all the royalty of sweet seventeen.

Sovereigns may sway materials, but not  
matter,

And wrinkles, the d—d democrats,  
won't flatter.

## XXV

And death, the sovereign's sovereign,  
though the great  
Gracchus of all mortality, who levels,  
With his *Agrarian* laws, the high estate  
Of him who feasts, and fights, and roars,  
and revels,

To one small grass-grown patch (which  
must await

Corruption for its crop) with the poor  
devils

Who never had a foot of land till now,—  
Death's a reformer, all men must allow.

## XXVI

He lived (not Death, but Juan) in a hurry  
Of waste, and haste, and glare, and  
gloss, and glitter,

In this gay clime of bear-skins-black and  
furry—

Which (though I hate to say a thing  
that's bitter)

Peep out sometimes, when things are in a  
 flurry,  
 Through all the 'purple and fine linen,'  
 fitter  
 For Babylon's than Russia's royal har-  
 lot—  
 And neutralise her outward show of  
 scarlet.

## XXVII

And this same state we won't describe: we  
 would  
 Perhaps from hearsay, or from recollec-  
 tion;  
 But getting nigh grim Dante's 'obscure  
 wood,'  
 That horrid equinox, that hateful section  
 Of human years, that half-way house, that  
 rude  
 Hut, whence wise travellers drive with  
 circumspection  
 Life's sad post-horses o'er the dreary  
 frontier  
 Of age, and looking back to youth, give  
 one tear;—

## XXVIII

I won't describe,—that is, if I can help  
 Description; and I won't reflect,—that  
 is,  
 If I can stave off thought, which—as a  
 whelp  
 Clings to its teat—sticks to me through  
 the abyss  
 Of this odd labyrinth; or as the kelp  
 Holds by the rock; or as a lover's kiss  
 Drains its first draught of lips:—but, as I  
 said,  
 I *won't* philosophise, and *will* be read.

## XXIX

Juan, instead of courting courts, was  
 courted,—  
 A thing which happens rarely: this he  
 owed  
 Much to his youth, and much to his re-  
 ported  
 Valour; much also to the blood he  
 show'd,  
 Like a race-horse; much to each dress he  
 sported,  
 Which set the beauty off in which he  
 glow'd,  
 As purple clouds befringe the sun; but  
 most  
 He owed to an old woman and his post.

## XXX

He wrote to Spain;—and all his near re-  
 lations,  
 Perceiving he was in a handsome way  
 Of getting on himself, and finding stations  
 For cousins also, answer'd the same day.

Several prepared themselves for emigra-  
 tions;  
 And eating ices, were o'erheard to say,  
 That with the addition of a slight pelisse,  
 Madrid's and Moscow's climes were of a  
 piece.

## XXXI

His mother, Donna Inez, finding, too,  
 That in the lieu of drawing on his banker,  
 Where his assets were waxing rather few,  
 He had brought his spending to a hand-  
 some anchor,—  
 Replied, 'that she was glad to see him  
 through  
 Those pleasures after which wild youth  
 will hanker;  
 As the sole sign of man's being in his  
 senses  
 Is, learning to reduce his past expenses.

## XXXII

'She also recommended him to God,  
 And no less to God's Son, as well as  
 Mother,  
 Warn'd him against Greek worship, which  
 looks odd  
 In Catholic eyes; but told him, too, to  
 smother  
 Outward dislike, which don't look well  
 abroad;  
 Inform'd him that he had a little brother  
 Born in a second wedlock; and above  
 All, praised the empress's *maternal* love.

## XXXIII

'She could not too much give her appro-  
 bation  
 Unto an empress, who prefer'd young  
 men  
 Whose age, and what was better still,  
 whose nation  
 And climate, stopp'd all scandal (now  
 and then);—  
 At home it might have given her some  
 vexation;  
 But where thermometers sink down to  
 ten,  
 Or five, or one, or zero, she could never  
 Believe that virtue thaw'd before the  
 river.'

## XXXIV

Oh for a *forty-parson* power to chant  
 Thy praise, Hypocrisy! Oh for a hymn  
 Loud as the virtues thou dost loudly vaunt,  
 Not practise! Oh for trump of cheru-  
 bim!  
 Or the ear-trumpet of my good old aunt,  
 Who, though her spectacles at last grew  
 dim,  
 Drew quiet consolation through its hint,  
 When she no more could read the pious  
 print.

## XXXV

She was no hypocrite at least, poor soul,  
 But went to heaven in as sincere a way  
 As anybody on the elected roll,  
 Which portions out upon the judgment  
 day  
 Heaven's freeholds, in a sort of doomsday  
 scroll,  
 Such as the conqueror William did re-  
 pay  
 His knights with, lotting others' properties  
 Into some sixty thousand new knights'  
 fees.

## XXXVI

I can't complain, whose ancestors are  
 there,  
 Erneis, Radulphus—eight-and-forty  
 manors  
 (If that my memory doth not greatly err)  
 Were their reward for following Billy's  
 banners:  
 And though I can't help thinking 'twas  
 scarce fair  
 To strip the Saxons of their *hydes*, like  
 tanners;  
 Yet as they founded churches with the  
 produce,  
 You'll deem, no doubt, they put it to a  
 good use.

## XXXVII

The gentle Juan flourish'd, though at times  
 He felt like other plants call'd sensitive,  
 Which shrink from touch, as monarchs do  
 from rhymes,  
 Save such as Southey can afford to give.  
 Perhaps he long'd in bitter frosts for climes  
 In which the Neva's ice would cease to  
 live  
 Before May-day: perhaps, despite his duty,  
 In royalty's vast arms he sigh'd for beauty:

## XXXVIII

Perhaps—but, sans perhaps, we need not  
 seek  
 For causes young or old: the canker-  
 worm  
 Will feed upon the fairest, freshest cheek,  
 As well as further drain the wither'd  
 form:  
 Care, like a housekeeper, brings every week  
 His bills in, and however we may storm,  
 They must be paid: though six days  
 smoothly run,  
 The seventh will bring blue devils or a dun.

## XXXIX

I don't know how it was, but he grew sick:  
 The empress was alarm'd, and her phy-  
 sician  
 (The same who physick'd Peter) found the  
 tick  
 Of his fierce pulse betoken a condition

Which augur'd of the dead, however  
*quick*  
 Itself, and show'd a feverish disposi-  
 tion;  
 At which the whole court was extremely  
 troubled,  
 The sovereign shock'd, and all his medi-  
 cines doubled.

## XL

Low were the whispers, manifold the  
 rumours,  
 Some said he had been poison'd by  
 Potemkin;  
 Others talk'd learnedly of certain tumours,  
 Exhaustion, or disorders of the same  
 kin;  
 Some said 'twas a concoction of the  
 humours,  
 Which with the blood too readily will  
 claim kin;  
 Others again were ready to maintain,  
 'Twas only the fatigue of last campaign.'

## XLI

But here is one prescription out of many:  
*'Sodæ sulphat. ʒvj. ʒfs. Mannæ optim.*  
*Aq. fervent. f. ʒ ʒfs. ʒij. tinct. Sennæ*  
*Haustus'* (and here the surgeon came  
 and cupp'd him),  
*'R. Pulv. Com. gr. iij. Ipecacuanhæ'*  
 (With more beside if Juan had not  
 stopp'd 'em).  
*'Bolis Potassæ Sulphuret. sumendus,*  
*Et haustus ter in die capiendus.'*

## XLII

This is the way physicians mend or end  
 us,  
*Secundum artem:* but although we  
 sneer  
 In health—when ill, we call them to attend  
 us,  
 Without the least propensity to jeer:  
 While that *'hiatus maxime defendendus.'*  
 To be fill'd up by spade or mattock,  
 's near,  
 Instead of gliding graciously down Lethe,  
 We tease mild Baillie, or soft Abernethy.

## XLIII

Juan demurr'd at this first notice to  
 Quit; and though death had threaten'd  
 an ejection,  
 His youth and constitution bore him  
 through,  
 And sent the doctors in a new direction.  
 But still his state was delicate: the hue  
 Of health but flicker'd with a faint re-  
 flection  
 Along his wasted cheek, and seem'd to  
 gravel  
 The faculty—who said that he must travel.



## XLIV

The climate was too cold, they said, for him,  
 Meridian-born, to bloom in. This opinion  
 Made the chaste Catherine look a little grim,  
 Who did not like at first to lose her minion;  
 But when she saw his dazzling eye wax dim,  
 And drooping like an eagle's with clipt pinion,  
 She then resolved to send him on a mission,  
 But in a style becoming his condition.

## XLV

There was just then a kind of a discussion,  
 A sort of treaty or negotiation,  
 Between the British cabinet and Russian,  
 Maintain'd with all the due prevarication  
 With which great states such things are apt to push on;  
 Something about the Baltic's navigation,  
 Hides, train-oil, tallow, and the rights of Thetis,  
 Which Britons deem their *uti possidetis*.

## XLVI

So Catherine, who had a handsome way  
 Of fitting out her favourites, conferr'd  
 This secret charge on Juan, to display  
 At once her royal splendour, and reward  
 His services. He kiss'd hands the next day,  
 Received instructions how to play his card,  
 Was laden with all kinds of gifts and honours,  
 Which show'd what great discernment  
 was the donor's.

## XLVII

But she was lucky, and luck's all. Your queens  
 Are generally prosperous in reigning;  
 Which puzzles us to know what Fortune means:  
 But to continue: though her years were waning,  
 Her climacteric teased her like her teens;  
 And though her dignity brook'd no complaining,  
 So much did Juan's setting off distress her,  
 She could not find at first a fit successor.

## XLVIII

But time, the comforter, will come at last;  
 And four-and-twenty hours, and twice  
 that number  
 Of candidates requesting to be placed,  
 Made Catherine taste next night a quiet  
 slumber:—

Not that she meant to fix again in haste,  
 Nor did she find the quantity encumber,  
 But always choosing with deliberation,  
 Kept the place open for their emulation.

## XLIX

While this high post of honour's in abeyance,  
 For one or two days, reader, we request  
 You'll mount with our young hero the conveyance  
 Which wafted him from Petersburg:  
 the best  
 Barouche, which had the glory to display  
 once  
 The fair Czarina's autocratic crest  
 When, a new Iphigene, she went to Tauris,  
 Was given to her favourite, and now bore  
 his.

## L

A bull-dog, and a bull-finch, and an ermine,  
 All private favourites of Don Juan;—  
 for  
 (Let deeper sages the true cause determine)  
 He had a kind of inclination, or  
 Weakness, for what most people deem  
 mere vermin,  
 Live animals: an old maid of threescore  
 For cats and birds more pendant ne'er  
 display'd,  
 Although he was not old, nor even a  
 maid;—

## LI

The animals aforesaid occupied  
 Their station: there were valets, secretaries,  
 In other vehicles; but at his side  
 Sat little Leila, who survived the  
 parries  
 He made 'gainst Cossacque sabres in the  
 wide  
 Slaughter of Ismail. Though my wild  
 Muse varies  
 Her note, she don't forget the infant girl  
 Whom he preserved, a pure and living  
 pearl.

## LII

Poor little thing! She was as fair as docile,  
 And with that gentle, serious character,  
 As rare in living beings as a fossile  
 Man, 'midst thy mouldy mammoths,  
 'grand Cuvier!'  
 Ill fitted was her ignorance to jostle  
 With this o'erwhelming world, where  
 all must err:  
 But she was yet but ten years old, and  
 therefore  
 Was tranquil, though she knew not why  
 or wherefore.

## LIII

Don Juan loved her, and she loved him, as  
Nor brother, father, sister, daughter  
love.

I cannot tell exactly what it was;  
He was not yet quite old enough to  
prove  
Parental feelings, and the other class,  
Call'd brotherly affection, could not  
move

His bosom,—for he never had a sister:  
Ah! if he had, how much he would have  
miss'd her!

## LIV

And still less was it sensual; for besides  
That he was not an ancient debauchee,  
(Who like sour fruit, to stir their veins  
salt tides,  
As acids rouse a dormant alkali,)  
Although (*'twill* happen as our planet  
guides)

His youth was not the chastest that  
might be,  
There was the purest Platonism at bottom  
Of all his feelings—only he forgot 'em.

## LV

Just now there was no peril of temptation;  
Heloved the infant orphan he had saved,  
As patriots (now and then) may love a  
nation;

His pride, too, felt that she was not  
enslaved  
Owing to him;—as also her salvation  
Through his means and the church's  
might be paved.

But one thing's odd, which here must be  
inserted,  
The little Turk refused to be converted.

## LVI

'Twas strange enough she should retain  
the impression

Through such a scene of change, and  
dread, and slaughter;  
But though three bishops told her the  
transgression,

She show'd a great dislike to holy water:  
She also had no passion for confession;  
Perhaps she had nothing to confess:—  
no matter

Whate'er the cause, the church made little  
of it—  
She still held out that Mahomet was a  
prophet.

## LVII

In fact, the only Christian she could bear  
Was Juan; whom she seem'd to have  
selected

In place of what her home and friends  
once were.

He naturally loved what he protected:

And thus they form'd a rather curious  
pair,

A guardian green in years, a ward con-  
nected

In neither clime, time, blood, with her  
defender;

And yet this want of ties made theirs more  
tender.

## LVIII

They journey'd on through Poland and  
through Warsaw,  
Famous for mines of salt and yokes of  
iron:

Through Courland also, which that  
famous farce saw

Which gave her dukes the graceless  
name of 'Biron.'

'Tis the same landscape which the  
modern Mars saw

Who march'd to Moscow, led by Fame,  
the siren!

To lose by one month's frost some twenty  
years

Of conquest, and his guard of grenadiers.

## LIX

Let this not seem an anti-climax:—'Oh!  
My guard! my old guard!' exclaim'd  
that god of clay.

Think of the Thunderer's falling down  
below

Carotid-artery-cutting Castlereagh!  
Alas! that glory should be chill'd by  
snow!

But should we wish to warm us on our  
way  
Through Poland, there is Kosciusko's name  
Might scatter fire through ice, like Hecla's  
flame.

## LX

From Poland they came on through  
Prussia Proper.

And Königsberg, the capital, whose  
vaunt,

Besides some veins of iron, lead, or  
copper,

Has lately been the great Professor Kant.  
Juan, who cared not a tobacco-stopper

About philosophy, pursued his jaunt  
To Germany, whose somewhat tardy  
millions

Have princes who spur more than their  
postilions.

## LXI

And thence through Berlin, Dresden, and  
the like,

Until he reach'd the castellated  
Rhine:—

Ye glorious Gothic scenes! how much ye  
strike

All phantasies, not even excepting mine!

# DON JUAN

[CANTO X

A grey wall, a green ruin, rusty pike,  
Make my soul pass the equinoctial line  
Between the present and past worlds, and  
hover  
Upon their airy confines, half-seas-over.

## LXII

But Juan posted on through Mannheim,  
Bonn,  
Which Drachenfels frowns over like a  
spectre  
Of the good feudal times for ever gone,  
On which I have not time just now to  
lecture.

From thence he was drawn onwards to  
Cologne,  
A city which presents to the inspector  
Eleven thousand maidenheads of bone,  
The greatest number flesh hath ever known.

## LXIII

From thence to Holland's Hague and  
Helvoetsluys,  
That water-land of Dutchmen and of  
ditches,  
Where juniper expresses its best juice,  
The poor man's sparkling substitute  
for riches.  
Senates and sages have condemn'd its use—  
But to deny the mob a cordial, which is  
Too often all the clothing, meat, or fuel,  
Good government has left them, seems  
but cruel.

## LXIV

Here he embark'd, and with a flowing sail  
Went bounding for the island of the free,  
Towards which the impatient wind blew  
half a gale;  
High dash'd the spray, the bows dipp'd  
in the sea,  
And sea-sick passengers turn'd somewhat  
pale;  
But Juan, season'd, as he well might be,  
By former voyages, stood to watch the  
skiffs,  
Which pass'd, or catch the first glimpse of  
the cliffs.

## LXV

At length they rose, like a white wall  
along  
The blue sea's border; and Don Juan  
felt—  
What even young strangers feel a little  
strong  
At the first sight of Albion's chalky  
belt—  
A kind of pride that he should be among  
Those haughty shopkeepers, who  
sternly dealt  
Their goods and edicts out from pole to  
pole  
And made the very billows pay them toll.

## LXVI

I've no great cause to love that spot of  
earth,  
Which holds what *might have been* the  
noblest nation;  
But though I owe it little but my birth,  
I feel a mix'd regret and veneration  
For its decaying fame and former worth.  
Seven years (the usual term of trans-  
portation)  
Of absence lay one's old resentments level,  
When a man's country's going to the devil.

## LXVII

Alas! could she but fully, truly, know  
How her great name is now through-  
out abhorr'd;  
How eager all the earth is for the blow  
Which shall lay bare her bosom to the  
sword;  
How all the nations deem her their worst  
foe,  
That worse than *worst of foes*, the once  
adored  
False friend, who held out freedom to  
mankind,  
And now would chain them, to the very  
*mind*;—

## LXVIII

Would she be proud, or boast herself the  
free,  
Who is but first of slaves? The nations are  
In prison,—but the gaoler, what is he?  
No less a victim to the bolt and bar.  
Is the poor privilege to turn the key  
Upon the captive, freedom? He's as far  
From the enjoyment of the earth and air  
Who watches o'er the chain, as they who  
wear.

## LXIX

Don Juan now saw Albion's earliest  
beauties,  
Thy cliffs, *dear* Dover! harbour, and  
hotel;  
Thy custom-house, with all its delicate  
duties;  
Thy waiters running mucks at every bell;  
Thy packets, all whose passengers are  
booties  
To those who upon land or water dwell;  
And last, not least, to strangers unin-  
structed,  
Thy long, long bills, whence nothing is  
deducted.

## LXX

Juan, though careless, young, and  
*magnifique*,  
And rich in rubles, diamonds, cash, and  
credit,  
Who did not limit much his bills per week,  
Yet stared at this a little, though he paid  
it—

(His *Maggior Duomo*, a smart, subtle  
Greek,  
Before him summ'd the awful scroll and  
read it):  
But, doubtless, as the air, though seldom  
sunny,  
Is free, the respiration's worth the money.

## LXXI

On with the horses! Off to Canterbury!  
Tramp, tramp o'er pebble, and splash,  
splash through puddle;  
Hurrah! how swiftly speeds the post so  
merry!  
Not like slow Germany, wherein they  
muddle  
Along the road, as if they went to bury  
Their fare; and also pause besides, to  
fuddle,  
With 'schnapps'—sad dogs! whom  
'Hundsfoot,' or 'Verflucker,'  
Affect no more than lightning a conductor.

## LXXII

Now there is nothing gives a man such  
spirits,  
Leavening his blood as cayenne doth a  
curry,  
As going at full speed—no matter where its  
Direction be, so 'tis but in a hurry,  
And merely for the sake of its own merits;  
For the less cause there is for all this  
flurry,  
The greater is the pleasure in arriving  
And the great *end* of travel—which is  
driving.

## LXXIII

They saw at Canterbury the cathedral;  
Black Edward's helm, and Becket's  
bloody stone,  
Were pointed out as usual by the bedral,  
In the same quaint, uninterested tone:—  
There's glory again for you, gentle reader!  
All  
Ends in a rusty casque and dubious bone,  
Half-solved into these sodas or magnesias,  
Which form that bitter draught, the  
human species.

## LXXIV

The effect on Juan was of course sublime:  
He breathed a thousand Cressys, as he  
saw  
That casque, which never stoop'd except  
to Time.  
Even the bold Churchman's tomb  
excited awe,  
Who died in the then great attempt to climb  
O'er kings, who now at least *must talk*  
of law  
Before they butcher. Little Leila gazed,  
And ask'd why such a structure had been  
raised;

## LXXV

And being told it was 'God's house,' she  
said  
He was well lodged, but only wonder'd  
how  
He suffer'd Infidels in his homestead,  
The cruel Nazarenes, who had laid low  
His holy temples in the lands which bred  
The True Believers;—and her infant  
brow  
Was bent with grief that Mahomet should  
resign  
A mosque so noble, flung like pearls to  
swine.

## LXXXVI

On! on! through meadows, managed like  
a garden,  
A paradise of hops and high pro-  
duction;  
For, after years of travel by a bard in  
Countries of greater heat, but lesser  
suction,  
A green field is a sight which makes him  
pardon  
The absence of that more sublime con-  
struction  
Which mixes up vines, olives, precipices,  
Glaciers, volcanos, oranges, and ices.

## LXXXVII

And when I think upon a pot of beer—  
But I won't weep!—and so drive on,  
postilions!  
As the smart boys spurr'd fast in their career,  
Juan admired these highways of free  
millions;  
A country in all senses the most dear  
To foreigner or native, save some silly  
ones,  
Who 'kick against the pricks' just at this  
juncture,  
And for their pains get only a fresh puncture.

## LXXXVIII

What a delightful thing's a turnpike road!  
So smooth, so level, such a mode of  
shaving  
The earth, as scarce the eagle in the broad  
Air can accomplish, with his wide wings  
waving.  
Had such been cut in Phaeton's time, the god  
Had told his son to satisfy his craving  
With the York mail;—but onward as we  
roll,  
*Surgit amari aliquid*—the toll!

## LXXXIX

Alas! how deeply painful is all payment!  
Take lives, take wives, take aught except  
men's purses.  
As Machiavel shows those in purple  
raiment,  
Such is the shortest way to general curses.

They hate a murderer much less than a claimant  
 On that sweet ore which everybody nurses.—  
 Kill a man's family, and he may brook it,  
 But keep your hands out of his breeches' pocket:

LXXX

So said the Florentine; ye monarchs, hearken  
 To your instructor. Juan now was borne,  
 Just as the day began to wane and darken,  
 O'er the high hill, which looks with pride or scorn  
 Toward the great city.—Ye who have a spark in  
 Your veins of Cockney spirit, smile or mourn  
 According as you take things well or ill;  
 Bold Britons, we are now on Shooter's Hill!

LXXXI

The sun went down, the smoke rose up, as from  
 A half-unquench'd volcano, o'er a space  
 Which well beseem'd the 'Devil's drawing-room,'  
 As some have qualified that wondrous place:  
 But Juan felt, though not approaching home,  
 As one who, though he were not of the race,  
 Revered the soil, of those true sons the mother,  
 Who butcher'd half the earth, and bullied t'other.

LXXXII

A mighty mass of brick, and smoke, and shipping,  
 Dirty and dusky, but as wide as eye  
 Could reach, with here and there a sail just skipping  
 In sight, then lost amidst the forestry  
 Of masts; a wilderness of steeples peeping  
 On tiptoe through their sea-coal canopy;  
 A huge, dun cupola, like a foolscap crown  
 On a fool's head—and there is London Town.

LXXXIII

But Juan saw not this: each wreath of smoke  
 Appeared to him but as the magic vapour  
 Of some alchymic furnace, from whence broke  
 The wealth of worlds (a wealth of tax and paper):

The gloomy clouds, which o'er it as a yoke  
 Are bow'd, and put the sun out like a taper,  
 Were nothing but the natural atmosphere,  
 Extremely wholesome, though but rarely clear.

LXXXIV

He paused—and so will I; as doth a crew  
 Before they give their broadside. By and by,  
 My gentle countrymen, we will renew  
 Our old acquaintance; and at least I'll try  
 To tell you truths *you* will not take as true,  
 Because they are so;—a male Mrs. Fry,  
 With a soft besom will I sweep your halls,  
 And brush a web or two from off the walls.

LXXXV

Oh Mrs. Fry! Why go to Newgate? Why  
 Preach to *poor* rogues? And wherefore not begin  
 With Carlton, or with other houses? Try  
 Your hand at harden'd and imperial sin.  
 To mend the people's an absurdity,  
 A jargon, a mere philanthropic din,  
 Unless you make their betters better:—  
 Fy!  
 I thought you had more religion, Mrs. Fry.

LXXXVI

Teach *them* the decencies of good three-score;  
 Cure *them* of tours, hussar and high-land dresses;  
 Tell *them* that youth once gone returns no more,  
 That hired huzzas redeem no land's distresses;  
 Tell them Sir William Curtis is a bore,  
 Too dull even for the dullest of excesses,  
 The witless Falstaff of a hoary Hal,  
 A fool whose bells have ceased to ring at all.

LXXXVII

Tell them, though it may be perhaps too late  
 On life's worn confine, jaded, bloated, sated,  
 To set up vain pretences of being *great*,  
 'Tis not so to be *good*; and be it stated,  
 The worthiest kings have ever loved least state;  
 And tell them—But you won't, and I have prated  
 Just now enough; but by and by I'll prattle  
 Like Roland's horn in Roncesvalles' battle.

## CANTO THE ELEVENTH

## I

WHEN Bishop Berkeley said 'there was no matter,

And proved it—'twas no matter what he said:

They say his system 'tis in vain to batter,  
Too subtle for the airiest human head;  
And yet who can believe it? I would shatter

Gladly all matters down to stone or lead,

Or adamant, to find the world a spirit,  
And wear my head, denying that I wear it.

## II

What a sublime discovery 'twas to make the

Universe universal egotism,  
That all's ideal—all *ourselves*! I'll stake the

World (be it what you will) that *that's* no schism:

Oh Doubt!—if thou be'st Doubt, for which some take thee,

But which I doubt extremely—thou sole prism

Of the Truth's rays, spoil not my draught of spirit!

Heaven's brandy, though our brain can hardly bear it.

## III

For ever and anon comes Indigestion  
(Not the most 'dainty Ariel'), and perplexes

Our soarings with another sort of question:

And that which after all my spirit vexes,  
Is, that I find no spot where man can rest eye on,

Without confusion of the sorts and sexes,

Of beings, stars, and this unriddled wonder,

The world, which at the worst's a *glorious* blunder—

## IV

If it be chance; or if it be according  
To the old text, still better:—lest it should

Turn out so, we'll say nothing 'gainst the wording,

As several people think such hazards rude.

They're right; our days are too brief for affording

Space to dispute what *no one* ever could  
Decide, and *everybody one day* will  
Know very clearly—or at least lie still.

## V

And therefore will I leave off meta-physical

Discussion, which is neither here nor there:

If I agree that what is, is; then this I call  
Being quite perspicuous and extremely fair;

The truth is, I've grown lately rather phthetical:

I don't know what the reason is—the air  
Perhaps; but as I suffer from the shocks  
Of illness, I grow much more orthodox.

## VI

The first attack at once proved the Divinity

(But *that* I never doubted, nor the Devil);

The next, the Virgin's mystical virginity;

The third, the usual Origin of Evil;

The fourth at once establish'd the whole Trinity

On so uncontrovertible a level,

That I devoutly wish'd the three were four  
On purpose to believe so much the more.

## VII

To our theme.—The man who has stood  
on the Acropolis

And look'd down over Attica; or he

Who has sail'd where picturesque Constantinople is,

Or seen Timbuctoo, or hath taken tea  
In small-eyed China's crockery-ware metropolis,

Or sat amidst the bricks of Nineveh,  
May not think much of London's first appearance—

But ask him what he thinks of it a year hence?

## VIII

Don Juan had got out on Shooter's Hill;  
Sunset the time, the place the same declivity

Which looks along that vale of good and ill

Where London streets ferment in full activity;

While everything around was calm and still,

Except the creak of wheels, which on their pivot he

Heard,—and that bee-like, bubbling, busy hum

Of cities, that boil over with their scum:—

## IX

I say, Don Juan, wrapt in contemplation,  
Walk'd on behind his carriage, o'er the summit,

And lost in wonder of so great a nation,  
Gave way to 't, since he could not overcome it.

'And here,' he cried, 'is Freedom's  
chosen station;  
Here peals the people's voice, nor can  
entomb it  
Racks, prisons, inquisitions; resurrection  
Awaits it, each new meeting or election.

## x

'Here are chaste wives, pure lives; here  
people pay  
But what they please; and if that things  
be dear,  
'Tis only that they love to throw away  
Their cash, to show how much they  
have a year.

Here laws are all inviolate; none lay  
Traps for the traveller; every highway's  
clear;  
Here—he was interrupted by a knife,  
With—'Damn your eyes! your money or  
your life!'

## xi

These freeborn sounds proceeded from  
four pads  
In ambush laid, who had perceived him  
loiter  
Behind his carriage; and, like handy lads,  
Had seized the lucky hour to recon-  
noitre,  
In which the heedless gentleman who  
gads  
Upon the road, unless he prove a fighter,  
May find himself within that isle of riches  
Exposed to lose his life as well as breeches.

## xii

Juan, who did not understand a word  
Of English, save their shibboleth, 'God  
damn!  
And even that he had so rarely heard,  
He sometimes thought 'twas only their  
'Salām,  
Or 'God be with you!'—and 'tis not  
absurd  
To think so: for half English as I am  
(To my misfortune), never can I say  
I heard them wish 'God with you,' save  
that way;—

## xiii

Juan yet quickly understood their gesture,  
And being somewhat choleric and  
sudden,  
Drew forth a pocket-pistol from his  
vesture,  
And fired it into one assailant's  
pudding—  
Who fell, as rolls an ox o'er in his pasture,  
And roar'd out, as he writhed his native  
mud in,  
Unto his nearest follower or henchman,  
'Oh Jack! I'm floor'd by that 'ere bloody  
Frenchman!'

## xiv

On which Jack and his train set off at  
speed,  
And Juan's suite, late scatter'd at a  
distance,  
Came up, all marvelling at such a deed,  
And offering, as usual, late assistance.  
Juan, who saw the moon's late minion  
bleed  
As if his veins would pour out his exis-  
tence,  
Stood calling out for bandages and lint,  
And wish'd he had been less hasty with  
his flint.

## xv

'Perhaps,' thought he, 'it is the country's  
wont  
To welcome foreigners in this way: now  
I recollect some innkeepers who don't  
Differ, except in robbing with a bow,  
In lieu of a bare blade and brazen front.  
But what is to be done? I can't allow  
The fellow to lie groaning on the road:  
So take him up; I'll help you with the  
load.'

## xvi

But ere they could perform this pious  
duty,  
The dying man cried, 'Hold! I've got  
my gruel!  
Oh! for a glass of *max*! We've miss'd our  
booty;  
Let me die where I am!' And as the  
fuel  
Of life shrunk in his heart, and thick and  
sooty  
The drops fell from his death-wound,  
and he drew ill  
His breath,—he from his swelling throat  
untied  
A kerchief, crying 'Give Sal that!'—and  
died.

## xvii

The cravat stain'd with bloody drops fell  
down  
Before Don Juan's feet: he could not  
tell  
Exactly why it was before him thrown,  
Nor what the meaning of the man's  
farewell.  
Poor Tom was once a kiddy upon town,  
A thorough varmint, and a *real* swell,  
Full flash, all fancy, until fairly diddled,  
His pockets first and then his body riddled.

## xviii

Don Juan, having done the best he could  
In all the circumstances of the case,  
As soon as 'Crownner's quest' allow'd,  
pursued  
His travels to the capital apace;—

Esteeming it a little hard he should  
 In twelve hours' time, and very little  
 space,  
 Have been obliged to slay a free-born  
 native  
 In self-defence: this made him meditative.

## XIX

He from the world had cut off a great man,  
 Who in his time had made heroic bustle.  
 Who in a row like Tom could lead the  
 van,  
 Booze in the ken, or at the spellken  
 hustle?  
 Who queer a flat? Who (spite of Bow-  
 street's ban)  
 On the high toby-spice so flash the  
 muzzle?  
 Who on a lark, with black-eyed Sal (his  
 blowing),  
 So prime, so swell, so nutty, and so  
 knowing?

## XX

But Tom's no more—and so no more of  
 Tom.  
 Heroes must die; and by God's blessing  
 'tis  
 Not long before the most of them go home.  
 Hail! Thamis, hail! Upon thy verge it is  
 That Juan's chariot, rolling like a drum  
 In thunder, holds the way it can't well  
 miss,  
 Through Kennington and all the other  
 'tons,  
 Which make us wish ourselves in town at  
 once;—

## XXI

Through Groves, so call'd as being void of  
 trees,  
 (Like *lucus* from *no* light); through  
 prospects named  
 Mount Pleasant, as containing nought to  
 please,  
 Nor much to climb; through little boxes  
 framed  
 Of bricks, to let the dust in at your ease,  
 With 'To be let,' upon their doors pro-  
 claim'd;  
 Through 'Rows' most modestly call'd  
 'Paradise,'  
 Which Eve might quit without much  
 sacrifice;—

## XXII

Through coaches, drays, choked turn-  
 pikes, and a whirl  
 Of wheels, and roar of voices, and con-  
 fusion;  
 Here taverns wooing to a pint of 'purl,'  
 There mails fast flying off like a  
 delusion;

There barbers' blocks with periwigs in  
 curl  
 In windows; here the lamplighter's  
 infusion  
 Slowly distill'd into the glimmering glass  
 (For in those days we had not got to  
 gas—);

## XXIII

Through this, and much, and more, is the  
 approach  
 Of travellers to mighty Babylon:  
 Whether they come by horse, or chaise,  
 or coach,  
 With slight exceptions, all the ways seem  
 one.  
 I could say more, but do not choose to  
 encroach  
 Upon the Guide-book's privilege. The  
 sun  
 Had set some time, and night was on the  
 ridge  
 Of twilight, as the party cross'd the bridge.

## XXIV

That's rather fine, the gentle sound of  
 Thamis—  
 Who vindicates a moment, too, his  
 stream—  
 Though hardly heard through multi-  
 farious 'damme's.'  
 The lamps of Westminster's more  
 regular gleam,  
 The breadth of pavement, and yon shrine  
 where fame is  
 A spectral resident—whose pallid beam  
 In shape of moonshine hovers o'er the  
 pile—  
 Make this a sacred part of Albion's isle.

## XXV

The Druid's groves are gone—so much  
 the better;  
 Stonehenge is not—but what the devil  
 is it?—  
 But Bedlam still exists with its sage fetter,  
 That madmen may not bite you on a  
 visit;  
 The Bench too seats or suits full many a  
 debtor;  
 The Mansion-House, too (though some  
 people quizz it),  
 To me appears a stiff yet grand erection;  
 But then the Abbey's worth the whole  
 collection.

## XXVI

The line of lights, too, up to Charing  
 Cross,  
 Pall Mall, and so forth, have a corusca-  
 tion  
 Like gold as in comparison to dross,  
 Match'd with the Continent's illumina-  
 tion,



Whose cities Night by no means deigns to gloss.

The French were not yet a lamp-lighting nation,  
And when they grew so—on their new-found lantern,  
Instead of wicks, they made a wicked man turn.

## XXVII

A row of gentlemen along the streets  
Suspended, may illuminate mankind,  
As also bonfires made of country-seats;  
But the old way is best for the purblind:  
The other looks like phosphorus on sheets,  
A sort of *ignis fatuus* to the mind,  
Which, though 'tis certain to perplex and frighten,  
Must burn more mildly ere it can enlighten.

## XXVIII

But London's so well lit, that if Diogenes  
Could recommence to hunt his *honest man*,  
And found him not amidst the various progenies  
Of this enormous city's spreading spawn,  
'Twere not for want of lamps to aid his dodging his  
Yet undiscover'd treasure. What I can,  
I've done to find the same throughout life's journey,  
But see the world is only one attorney.

## XXIX

Over the stones still rattling, up Pall Mall,  
Through crowds and carriages, but waxing thinner  
As thunder'd knockers broke the long-seal'd spell  
Of doors 'gainst duns, and to an early dinner  
Admitted a small party as night fell,—  
Don Juan, our young diplomatic sinner,  
Pursued his path, and drove past some hotels,  
St. James's Palace and St. James's 'Hells.'

## XXX

They reach'd the hotel: forth stream'd from the front door  
A tide of well-clad waiters, and around  
The mob stood, and as usual several score  
Of those pedestrian Paphians who abound  
In decent London when the daylight's o'er;  
Commodious but immoral, they are found  
Useful, like Malthus, in promoting marriage.—  
But Juan now is stepping from his carriage

## XXXI

Into one of the sweetest of hotels,  
Especially for foreigners—and mostly  
For those whom favour or whom fortune swells,  
And cannot find a bill's small items costly.  
There many an envoy either dwelt or dwells  
(The den of many a diplomatic lost lie),  
Until to some conspicuous square they pass,  
And blazon o'er the door their names in brass.

## XXXII

Juan, whose was a delicate commission,  
Private, though publicly important, bore  
No title to point out with due precision  
The exact affair on which he was sent o'er.  
'Twas merely known, that on a secret mission  
A foreigner of rank had graced our shore,  
Young, handsome, and accomplish'd, who was said  
(In whispers) to have turn'd his sovereign's head.

## XXXIII

Some rumour also of some strange adventures  
Had gone before him, and his wars and loves;  
And as romantic heads are pretty painters,  
And, above all, an Englishwoman's roves  
Into the excursive, breaking the indentures  
Of sober reason, wheresoe'er it moves,  
He found himself extremely in the fashion,  
Which serves our thinking people for a passion.

## XXXIV

I don't mean that they are passionless, but quite  
The contrary; but then 'tis in the head;  
Yet as the consequences are as bright  
As if they acted with the heart instead,  
What after all can signify the site  
Of ladies' lucubrations? So they lead  
In safety to the place for which you start,  
What matters if the road be head or heart?

## XXXV

Juan presented in the proper place,  
To proper placemen, every Russ credential,  
And was received with all the due grimace  
By those who govern in the mood potential,

Who, seeing a handsome stripling with  
 smooth face,  
 Thought (what in state affairs is most  
 essential)  
 That they as easily might *do* the youngster,  
 As hawks may pounce upon a woodland  
 songster.

## XXXVI

They err'd, as aged men will do; but by  
 And by we'll talk of that; and if we  
 don't,  
 'Twill be because our notion is not high  
 Of politicians and their double front,  
 Who live by lies, yet dare not boldly lie:—  
 Now what I love in women is, they  
 won't  
 Or can't do otherwise than lie, but do it  
 So well, the very truth seems falsehood to  
 it.

## XXXVII

And, after all, what is a lie? 'Tis but  
 The truth in masquerade; and I defy  
 Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put  
 A fact without some leaven of a lie.  
 The very shadow of true Truth would shut  
 Up annals, revelations, poesy,  
 And prophecy—except it should be dated  
 Some years before the incidents related.

## XXXVIII

Praised be all liars and all lies! Who now  
 Can tax my mild Muse with mis-  
 anthropy?  
 She rings the world's 'Te Deum,' and her  
 brow  
 Blushes for those who will not:—but  
 to sigh  
 Is idle; let us like most others bow,  
 Kiss hands, feet, any part of majesty,  
 After the good example of 'Green Erin,'  
 Whose Shamrock now seems rather worse  
 for wearing.

## XXXIX

Don Juan was presented, and his dress  
 And mien excited general admiration—  
 I don't know which was more admired or  
 less:  
 One monstrous diamond drew much  
 observation,  
 Which Catherine in a moment of '*ivresse*'  
 (In love or brandy's fervent fermenta-  
 tion)  
 Bestow'd upon him, as the public learn'd;  
 And, to say truth, it had been fairly earn'd.

## XL

Besides the ministers and underlings,  
 Who must be courteous to the  
 accredited  
 Diplomats of rather wavering kings,  
 Until their royal riddle's fully read,

The very clerks,—those somewhat dirty  
 springs  
 Of office, or the house of office, fed  
 By foul corruption into streams,—even  
 they  
 Were hardly rude enough to earn their pay:

## XLI

And insolence no doubt is what they are  
 Employ'd for, since it is their daily  
 labour,  
 In the dear offices of peace or war;  
 And should you doubt, pray ask of your  
 next neighbour,  
 When for a passport, or some other bar  
 To freedom, he applied (a grief and a  
 bore),  
 If he found not in this spawn of taxborn  
 riches,  
 Like lap-dogs, the least civil sons of  
 b——s.

## XLII

But Juan was received with much '*em-  
 pressement*':—  
 These phrases of refinement I must  
 borrow  
 From our next neighbour's land, where,  
 like a chessman,  
 There is a move set down for joy or  
 sorrow,  
 Not only in mere talking, but the press.  
 Man  
 In islands is, it seems, downright and  
 thorough,  
 More than on continents—as if the sea  
 (See Billingsgate) made even the tongue  
 more free.

## XLIII

And yet the British '*Damme*'s rather  
 Attic;  
 Your continental oaths are but inconti-  
 nent,  
 And turn on things which no aristocratic  
 Spirit would name, and therefore even  
 I won't anent  
 This subject quote; as it would be schis-  
 matic  
 In *politesse*, and have a sound affronting  
 in't;—  
 But '*Damme*'s quite ethereal, though too  
 daring—  
 Platonic blasphemy, the soul of swearing.

## XLIV

For downright rudeness, ye may stay at  
 home;  
 For true or false politeness (and scarce  
 that  
 Now) you may cross the blue deep and  
 white foam—  
 The first the emblem (rarely though) of  
 what

# DON JUAN

[CANTO XI

You leave behind, the next of much you  
come

To meet. However, 'tis no time to chat  
On general topics: poems must confine  
Themselves to unity, like this of mine.

## XLV

In the great world,—which, being interpreted,  
Meaneth the west or worst end of a  
city,

And about twice two thousand people  
bred  
By no means to be very wise or witty,  
But to sit up while others lie in bed,  
And look down on the universe with  
pity,—

Juan, as an inveterate patrician,  
Was well received by persons of condition.

## XLVI

He was a bachelor, which is a matter  
Of import both to virgin and to bride,  
The former's hymeneal hopes to flatter;  
And (should she not hold fast by love  
or pride)

'Tis also of some moment to the latter:  
A rib's a thorn in a wed gallant's side,  
Requires decorum, and is apt to double  
The horrid sin—and what's still worse,  
the trouble.

## XLVII

But Juan was a bachelor—of arts,  
And parts, and hearts: he danced and  
sung, and had

An air as sentimental as Mozart's  
Softest of melodies; and could be sad  
Or cheerful, without any 'flaws or starts,'  
Just at the proper time: and though a lad,  
Had seen the world—which is a curious  
sight,

And very much unlike what people write.

## XLVIII

Fair virgins blush'd upon him; wedded  
dames

Bloom'd also in less transitory hues;  
For both commodities dwell by the  
Thames,

The painting and the painted; youth,  
ceruse,  
Against his heart prefer'd their usual  
claims,

Such as no gentleman can quite refuse;  
Daughters admired his dress, and pious  
mothers

Inquired his income, and if he had  
brothers.

## XLIX

The milliners who furnish 'drapery Misses'  
Throughout the season, upon speculation

Of payment ere the honeymoon's last  
kisses

Have waned into a crescent's coruscation,

Thought such an opportunity as this is,  
Of a rich foreigner's initiation,  
Not to be overlook'd—and gave such  
credit,

That future bridegrooms swore, and  
sigh'd, and paid it.

## L

The Blues, that tender tribe, who sigh o'er  
sonnets,

And with the pages of the last Review  
Line the interior of their heads or bonnets,  
Advanced in all their azure's highest  
hue:

They talk'd bad French or Spanish, and  
upon its  
Late authors ask'd him for a hint or  
two;

And which was softest, Russian or  
Castilian?

And whether in his travels he saw Ilion?

## LI

Juan, who was a little superficial,  
And not in literature a great Draw-  
cansir,

Examined by this learned and especial  
Jury of matrons, scarce knew what to  
answer:

His duties warlike, loving, or official,  
His steady application as a dancer,  
Had kept him from the brink of Hippo-  
crene,

Which now he found was blue instead of  
green.

## LII

However, he replied at hazard, with  
A modest confidence and calm as-  
surance,

Which lent his learned lucubrations pith,  
And pass'd for arguments of good  
endurance.

That prodigy, Miss Araminta Smith  
(Who at sixteen translated 'Hercules  
Furens'

Into as furious English), with her best  
look,

Set down his sayings in her common-  
place book.

## LIII

Juan knew several languages—as well  
He might—and brought them up with  
skill, in time

To save his fame with each accomplish'd  
belle,

Who still regretted that he did not  
rhyme.

There wanted but this requisite to swell  
 His qualities (with them) into sublime:  
 Lady Fitz-Frisky, and Miss Mævia  
 Mannish,  
 Both long'd extremely to be sung in  
 Spanish.

## LIV

However, he did pretty well, and was  
 Admitted as an aspirant to all  
 The coteries, and, as in Banquo's glass,  
 At great assemblies or in parties small,  
 He saw ten thousand living authors pass,  
 That being about their average numeral;  
 Also the eighty 'greatest living poets,'  
 As every paltry magazine can show *it's*.

## LV

In twice five years the 'greatest living  
 poet,'

Like to the champion in the fisty ring,  
 Is call'd on to support his claim, or show it,  
 Although 'tis an imaginary thing.  
 Even I—albeit I'm sure I did not know it,  
 Nor sought of foolscap subjects to be  
 king,—

Was reckon'd, a considerable time,  
 The grand Napoleon of the realms of  
 rhyme.

## LVI

But Juan was my Moscow, and Faliero  
 My Leipsic, and my Mont Saint Jean  
 seems Cain:

*La Belle Alliance* of dunces down at zero,  
 Now that the Lion's fall'n, may rise  
 again:

But I will fall at least as fell my hero;  
 Nor reign at all, or as a *monarch* reign;  
 Or to some lonely isle of gaolers go,  
 With turncoat Southey for my turnkey  
 Lowe.

## LVII

Sir Walter reign'd before me; Moore and  
 Campbell

Before and after: but now grown more  
 holy,

The Muses upon Sion's hill must ramble  
 With poets almost clergymen, or  
 wholly:

And Pegasus has a psalmodic amble  
 Beneath the very Reverend Rowley  
 Powley,

Who shoes the glorious animal with stilts,  
 A modern Ancient Pistol—by the hilts!

## LVIII

Still he excels that artificial hard  
 Labourer in the same vineyard, though  
 the vine

Yields him but vinegar for his reward,—  
 That neutralised dull Dorus of the  
 Nine;

That swarthy Sporus, neither man nor bard;  
 That ox of verse, who *ploughs* for every  
 line:—

Cambyses' roaring Romans beat at least  
 The howling Hebrews of Cybele's priest.—

## LIX

Then there's my gentle Euphues; who,  
 they say,

Sets up for being a sort of *moral me*;  
 He'll find it rather difficult some day

To turn out both, or either, it may be.  
 Some persons think that Coleridge hath  
 the sway;

And Wordsworth has supporters, two  
 or three;

And that deep-mouth'd Bæotian 'Savage  
 Landor'

Has taken for a swan rogue Southey's  
 gander.

## LX

John Keats, who was kill'd off by one  
 critique,

Just as he really promised something  
 great,

If not intelligible, without Greek

Contrived to talk about the Gods of late,  
 Much as they might have been supposed  
 to speak.

Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;  
 'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
 Should let itself be snuff'd out by an article.

## LXI

The list grows long of live and dead pre-  
 tenders

To that which none will gain—or none  
 will know

The conqueror at least; who, ere Time  
 renders

His last award, will have the long grass  
 grow

Above his burnt-out brain, and sapless  
 cinders.

If I might augur, I should rate but low  
 Their chances;—they're too numerous,

like the thirty

Mock tyrants, when Rome's annals wax'd  
 but dirty.

## LXII

This is the literary *lower* empire,  
 Where the prætorian bands take up the  
 matter;—

A 'dreadful trade,' like his who 'gathers  
 samphire,'

The insolent soldiery to soothe and  
 flatter,

With the same feelings as you'd coax a  
 vampire.

Now, were I once at home, and in good  
 satire,

I'd try conclusions with those Janizaries,  
 And show them *what* an intellectual war is.

## LXIII

I think I know a trick or two, would turn  
 Their flanks;—but it is hardly worth  
 my while  
 With such small gear to give myself  
 concern:  
 Indeed I've not the necessary bile;  
 My natural temper's really aught but  
 stern,  
 And even my Muse's worst reproof's  
 a smile;  
 And then she drops a brief and modern  
 curtsy,  
 And glides away, assured she never hurts  
 ye.

## LXIV

My Juan, whom I left in deadly peril  
 Amongst live poets and *blue* ladies,  
 pass'd  
 With some small profit through that field  
 so sterile,  
 Being tired in time, and neither least  
 nor last,  
 Left it before he had been treated very  
 ill;  
 And henceforth found himself more  
 gaily class'd  
 Amongst the higher spirits of the day,  
 The sun's true son, no vapour, but a  
 ray.

## LXV

His morns he pass'd in business—which  
 dissected,  
 Was like all business, a laborious  
 nothing  
 That leads to lassitude, the most infected  
 And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal  
 clothing,  
 And on our sofas makes us lie dejected,  
 And talk in tender horrors of our  
 loathing  
 All kinds of toil, save for our country's  
 good—  
 Which grows no better, though 'tis time  
 it should.

## LXVI

His afternoons he pass'd in visits,  
 luncheons,  
 Lounging, and boxing; and the twilight  
 hour  
 In riding round those vegetable puncheons  
 Call'd 'Parks,' where there is neither  
 fruit nor flower  
 Enough to gratify a bee's slight munch-  
 ings;  
 But after all it is the only 'bower'  
 (In Moore's phrase) where the fashionable  
 fair  
 Can form a slight acquaintance with fresh  
 air.

## LXVII

Then dress, then dinner, then awakes the  
 world!  
 Then glare the lamps, then whirl the  
 wheels, then roar  
 Through street and square fast flashing  
 chariots hurl'd  
 Like harness'd meteors; then along the  
 floor  
 Chalk mimics painting; then festoons are  
 twirl'd;  
 Then roll the brazen thunders of the  
 door,  
 Which opens to the thousand happy few  
 An earthly Paradise of *Or Molu*.

## LXVIII

There stands the noble hostess, nor shall  
 sink  
 With the three-thousandth curtsy;  
 there the waltz,  
 The only dance which teaches girls to  
 think,  
 Makes one in love even with its very  
 faults.  
 Saloon, room, hall, o'erflow beyond their  
 brink,  
 And long the latest of arrivals halts,  
 'Midst royal dukes and dames condemn'd  
 to climb,  
 And gain an inch of staircase at a time.

## LXIX

Thrice happy he who, after a survey  
 Of the good company, can win a corner,  
 A door that's *in* or boudoir *out* of the way,  
 Where he may fix himself like small  
 'Jack Horner,'  
 And let the Babel round run as it may,  
 And look on as a mourner, or a scorner,  
 Or an approver, or a mere spectator,  
 Yawning a little as the night grows later.

## LXX

But this won't do, save by and by; and he  
 Who, like Don Juan, takes an active  
 share,  
 Must steer with care through all that  
 glittering sea  
 Of gems and plumes and pearls and  
 silks, to where  
 He deems it is his proper place to be;  
 Dissolving in the waltz to some soft air,  
 Or prouder prancing with mercurial skill,  
 Where Science marshals forth her own  
 quadrille.

## LXXI

Or, if he dance not, but hath higher views  
 Upon an heiress or his neighbour's  
 bride,  
 Let him take care that that which he  
 pursues  
 Is not at once too palpably descried.

Full many an eager gentleman oft rues  
His haste; impatience is a blundering  
guide,  
Amongst a people famous for reflection,  
Who like to play the fool with circumspec-  
tion.

## LXXII

But, if you can contrive, get next at  
supper;  
Or if forestall'd, get opposite and  
ogle:—  
Oh, ye ambrosial moments! always upper  
In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle,  
Which sits for ever upon memory's  
crupper,  
The ghost of vanish'd pleasures once in  
vogue! Ill  
Can tender souls relate the rise and fall  
Of hopes and fears which shake a single  
ball.

## LXXIII

But these precautionary hints can touch  
Only the common run, who must  
pursue,  
And watch, and ward; whose plans a word  
too much  
Or little overturns; and not the few  
Or many (for the number's sometimes  
such)  
Whom a good mien, especially if new,  
Or fame, or name, for wit, war, sense, or  
nonsense,  
Permits whate'er they please, or *did* not  
long since.

## LXXIV

Our hero, as a hero, young and handsome,  
Noble, rich, celebrated, and a stranger,  
Like other slaves of course must pay his  
ransom,  
Before he can escape from so much  
danger  
As will environ a conspicuous man. Some  
Talk about poetry, and 'rack and man-  
ger,'  
And ugliness, disease, as toil and  
trouble;—  
I wish they knew the life of a young noble.

## LXXV

They are young, but know not youth—it  
is anticipated;  
Handsome but wasted, rich without a  
sou;  
Their vigour in a thousand arms is dissi-  
pated;  
Their cash comes *from*, their wealth  
goes *to* a Jew;  
Both senates see their nightly votes par-  
ticipated  
Between the tyrant's and the tribunes'  
crew;

And having voted, dined, drank, gamed,  
and whored,  
The family vault receives another lord.

## LXXVI

'Where is the world?' cries Young, at  
*eighty*—'Where  
The world in which a man was born?'  
Alas!  
Where is the world of *eight* years past?  
'Twas *there*—  
I look for it—'tis gone, a globe of glass!  
Crack'd, shiver'd, vanish'd, scarcely  
gazed on, ere  
A silent change dissolves the glittering  
mass.  
Statesmen, chiefs, orators, queens,  
patriots, kings,  
And dandies, all are gone on the wind's  
wings.

## LXXVII

Where is Napoleon the Grand? God  
knows:  
Where little Castlereagh? The devil  
can tell:  
Where Grattan, Curran, Sheridan, all  
those  
Who bound the bar or senate in their  
spell?  
Where is the unhappy Queen, with all her  
woes?  
And where the Daughter, whom the  
Isles loved well?  
Where are those martyr'd saints the Five  
per Cents?  
And where—oh, where the devil are the  
Rents?

## LXXVIII

Where's Brummel? Dish'd. Where's Long  
Pole Wellesley? Diddled.  
Where's Whitbread? Romilly? Where's  
George the Third?  
Where is his will? (That's not so soon  
unriddled.)  
And where is 'Fum' the Fourth, our  
'royal bird'?  
Gone down, it seems, to Scotland to be  
fiddled  
Unto by Sawney's violin, we have heard:  
'Caw me, caw thee'—for six months hath  
been hatching  
This scene of royal itch and loyal scratch-  
ing.

## LXXIX

Where is Lord This? And where my Lady  
That?  
The Honourable Mistresses and  
Misses?  
Some laid aside like an old Opera hat,  
Married, unmarried, and remarried  
(this is

# DON JUAN

[CANTO XI

An evolution oft performed of late).

Where are the Dublin shouts—and  
London hisses?

Where are the Grenvilles? Turn'd as  
usual. Where

My friends the Whigs? Exactly where  
they were.

LXXX

Where are the Lady Carolines and Fran-  
ceses?

Divorced or doing thereanent. Ye  
annals

So brilliant, where the list of routs and  
dances is,—

Thou Morning Post, sole record of the  
panels

Broken in carriages, and all the phantasies  
Of fashion,—say what streams now fill  
those channels?

Some die, some fly, some languish on the  
Continent,

Because the times have hardly left them  
*one* tenant.

LXXXI

Some who once set their caps at cautious  
dukes,

Have taken up at length with younger  
brothers:

Some heiresses have bit at sharpers' hooks:  
Some maids have been made wives,

some merely mothers:  
Others have lost their fresh and fairy  
looks:

In short, the list of alterations bothers.  
There's little strange in this, but some-  
thing strange is

The unusual quickness of these common  
changes.

LXXXII

Talk not of seventy years as age; in seven  
I have seen more changes, down from  
monarchs to

The humblest individual under heaven,  
Than might suffice a moderate century  
through.

I knew that nought was lasting, but now  
even

Change grows too changeable, without  
being new:

Nought's permanent among the human  
race,

Except the Whigs *not* getting into place.

LXXXIII

I have seen Napoleon, who seem'd quite  
a Jupiter,

Shrink to a Saturn. I have seen a Duke  
(No matter which) turn politician  
stupider,

If that can well be, than his wooden  
look;

But it is time that I should hoist my 'blue  
Peter,'

And sail for a new theme:—I have  
seen—and shook

To see it—the king hiss'd, and then caressed;  
But don't pretend to settle which was  
best.

LXXXIV

I have seen the Landholders without a  
rap—

I have seen Joanna Southcote—I have  
seen

The House of Commons turn'd to a tax-  
trap—

I have seen that sad affair of the late  
Queen—

I have seen crowns worn instead of a fool's  
cap—

I have seen a Congress doing all that's  
mean—

I have seen some nations, like o'erloaded  
asses,

Kick off their burthens—meaning the  
high classes.

LXXXV

I have seen small poets, and great prosers,  
and

Interminable—*not eternal*—speakers—  
I have seen the funds at war with house  
and land—

I have seen the country gentlemen turn  
squeakers—

I have seen the people ridden o'er like  
sand

By slaves on horseback—I have seen  
malt liquors

Exchanged for 'thin potations' by John  
Bull—

I have seen John half detect himself a  
fool.—

LXXXVI

But '*carpe diem*,' Juan, '*carpe, carpe*!'  
To-morrow sees another race as gay

And transient, and devour'd by the same  
harp.

'Life's a poor player,'—then 'play out  
the play,

Ye villains!' and above all keep a sharp  
eye

Much less on what you do than what  
you say:

Be hypocritical, be cautious, be  
Not what you *seem*, but always what you  
*see*.

LXXXVII

But how shall I relate in other cantos  
Of what befell our hero in the land,

Which 'tis the common cry and lie to  
vaunt as

A moral country? But I hold my hand—

For I disdain to write an Atalanta;  
 But 'tis as well at once to understand  
 You are *not* a moral people, and you know  
 it  
 Without the aid of too sincere a poet.

## LXXXVIII

What Juan saw and underwent shall be  
 My topic, with of course the due  
 restriction  
 Which is required by proper courtesy;  
 And recollect the work is only fiction,  
 And that I sing of neither mine nor me,  
 Though every scribe, in some slight  
 turn of diction,  
 Will hint allusions never *meant*. Ne'er  
 doubt  
*This*—when I speak, I *don't hint*, but  
*speak out*.

## LXXXIX

Whether he married with the third or  
 fourth  
 Offspring of some sage husband-  
 hunting countess,  
 Or whether with some virgin of more  
 worth  
 (I mean in Fortune's matrimonial  
 bounties),  
 He took to regularly peopling Earth,  
 Of which your lawful, awful wedlock  
 fount is,—  
 Or whether he was taken in for damages,  
 For being too excursive in his homages,—

## XC

Is yet within the unread events of time.  
 Thus far, go forth, thou lay, which I will  
 back  
 Against the same given quantity of rhyme,  
 For being as much the subject of attack  
 As ever yet was any work sublime,  
 By those who love to say that white is  
 black.  
 So much the better!—I may stand alone,  
 But would not change my free thoughts  
 for a throne.

## CANTO THE TWELFTH

## I

Of all the barbarous middle ages, that  
 Which is most barbarous is the middle  
 age  
 Of man! it is—I really scarce know what;  
 But when we hover between fool and  
 sage,  
 And don't know justly what we would be  
 at—  
 A period something like a printed page,  
 Black letter upon foolscap, while our hair  
 Grows grizzled, and we are not what we  
 were;—

## II

Too old for youth,—too young, at thirty-  
 five,  
 To herd with boys, or hoard with good  
 threescore,—  
 I wonder people should be left alive;  
 But since they are, that epoch is a bore:  
 Love lingers still, although 'twere late to  
 wive:  
 And as for other love, the illusion's  
 o'er;  
 And money, that most pure imagina-  
 tion,  
 Gleams only through the dawn of its  
 creation.

## III

O Gold! Why call we misers miserable?  
 Theirs is the pleasure that can never  
 pall;  
 Theirs is the best bower anchor, the chain  
 cable  
 Which holds fast other pleasures great  
 and small.  
 Ye who but see the saving man at table,  
 And scorn his temperate board, as none  
 at all,  
 And wonder how the wealthy can be  
 sparing,  
 Know not what visions spring from each  
 cheeseparing.

## IV

Love or lust makes man sick, and wine  
 much sicker;  
 Ambition rends, and gaming gains a  
 loss;  
 But making money, slowly first, then  
 quicker,  
 And adding still a little through each  
 cross  
 (Which *will* come over things), beats love  
 or liquor,  
 The gamester's counter, or the states-  
 man's *dross*.  
 O Gold! I still prefer thee unto paper,  
 Which makes bank credit like a bank of  
 vapour.

## V

Who hold the balance of the world? Who  
 reign  
 O'er congress, whether royalist or  
 liberal?  
 Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain?  
 (That make old Europe's journals  
 squeak and gibber all).  
 Who keep the world, both old and new,  
 in pain  
 Or pleasure? Who make politics run  
 glibber all?  
 The shade of Buonaparte's noble daring?  
 Jew Rothschild, and his fellow-Christian,  
 Baring.



## VI

Those, and the truly liberal Lafitte,  
Are the true lords of Europe. Every  
loan  
Is not a merely speculative hit,  
But seats a nation or upsets a throne.  
Republics also get involved a bit;  
Columbia's stock hath holders not  
unknown  
On 'Change, and even thy silver soil, Peru,  
Must get itself discounted by a Jew.

## VII

Why call the miser miserable? as  
I said before: the frugal life is his,  
Which in a saint or cynic ever was  
The theme of praise: a hermit would  
not miss  
Canonization for the self-same cause,  
And wherefore blame gaunt wealth's  
austerities?  
Because, you'll say, nought calls for such  
a trial:—  
Then there's more merit in his self-denial.

## VIII

He is your only poet;—passion, pure  
And sparkling on from heap to heap,  
displays,  
*Possess'd*, the ore, of which *mere hopes*  
allure  
Nations athwart the deep: the golden  
rays  
Flash up in ingots from the mine obscure:  
On him the diamond pours its brilliant  
blaze,  
While the mild emerald's beam shades  
down the dies  
Of other stones, to soothe the miser's eyes.

## IX

The lands on either side are his; the ship  
From Ceylon, Inde, or far Cathay,  
unloads  
For him the fragrant produce of each trip;  
Beneath his cars of Ceres groan the  
roads,  
And the vine blushes like Aurora's lip;  
His very cellars might be kings' abodes;  
While he, despising every sensual call,  
Commands—the intellectual lord of *all*.

## X

Perhaps he hath great projects in his mind,  
To build a college, or to found a race,  
A hospital, a church,—and leave behind  
Some dome surmounted by his meagre  
face:  
Perhaps he fain would liberate mankind  
Even with the very ore which makes  
them base;  
Perhaps he would be wealthiest of his  
nation,  
Or revel in the joys of calculation.

## XI

But whether all, or each, or none of  
these  
May be the hoarder's principle of  
action,  
The fool will call such mania a disease:—  
What is his *own*? Go—look at each  
transaction,  
Wars, revels, loves—do these bring men  
more ease  
Than the mere plodding through each  
'vulgar fraction'?  
Or do they benefit mankind? Lean miser!  
Let spendthrifts' heirs inquire of yours—  
who's wiser?

## XII

How *beauteous* are *rouleaus*! how charm-  
ing chests  
Containing ingots, bags of dollars, coins  
(Not of old victors, all whose heads and  
crests  
Weigh not the thin ore where their  
visage shines,  
But) of fine unclipt gold, where dully rests  
Some likeness, which the glittering  
cirque confines,  
Of modern, reigning, sterling, stupid  
stamp:  
Yes! ready money is Aladdin's lamp.

## XIII

'Love rules the camp, the court, the grove,  
—for love  
Is heaven, and heaven is love':—so  
sings the bard;  
Which it were rather difficult to prove  
(A thing with poetry in general hard).  
Perhaps there may be something in 'the  
grove,'  
At least it rhymes to 'love:' but I'm  
prepared  
To doubt (no less than landlords of their  
rental)  
If 'courts' and 'camps' be quite so senti-  
mental.

## XIV

But if Love don't, *Cash* does, and *Cash*  
alone:  
Cash rules the grove, and fells it too  
beside;  
Without cash, camps were thin, and  
courts were none;  
Without cash, Malthus tells you—  
'take no brides.'  
So Cash rules Love the ruler, on his own  
High ground, as virgin Cynthia sways  
the tides:  
And as for 'Heaven being Love,' why not  
say *honey*  
Is wax? Heaven is not Love, 'tis *Matri-*  
*mony*.

## XV

Is not all love prohibited whatever,  
 Excepting marriage? which is love, no  
 doubt,  
 After a sort; but somehow people never  
 With the same thought the two words  
 have help'd out.  
 Love may exist *with* marriage, and *should*  
 ever,  
 And marriage also may exist without;  
 But love *sans* banns is both a sin and shame,  
 And ought to go by quite another name.

## XVI

Now if the 'court,' and 'camp,' and  
 'grove,' be not  
 Recruited all with constant married men,  
 Who never coveted their neighbour's lot,  
 I say *that* line's a lapsus of the pen;—  
 Strange too in my *buon camerado* Scott,  
 So celebrated for his morals, when  
 My Jeffrey held him up as an example  
 To me;—of which these morals are a sample.

## XVII

Well, if I don't succeed, I *have* succeeded,  
 And that's enough; succeeded in my  
 youth,  
 The only time when much success is  
 needed:  
 And my success produced what I, in  
 sooth,  
 Cared most about; it need not now be  
 pleaded—  
 Whate'er it was, 'twas mine; I've paid,  
 in truth,  
 Of late, the penalty of such success,  
 But have not learn'd to wish it any less.

## XVIII

That suit in Chancery,—which some  
 persons plead  
 In an appeal to the unborn, whom they,  
 In the faith of their procreative creed,  
 Baptize posterity, or future clay,—  
 To me seems but a dubious kind of reed  
 To lean on for support in any way;  
 Since odds are that posterity will know  
 No more of them, than they of her, I trow.

## XIX

Why, I'm posterity—and so are you;  
 And whom do we remember? Not a  
 hundred.  
 Were every memory written down all true,  
 The tenth or twentieth name would be  
 but blundered;  
 Even Plutarch's Lives have but pick'd out  
 a few,  
 And 'gainst those few your annalists  
 have thunder'd;  
 And Mitford in the nineteenth century  
 Gives, with Greek truth, the good old  
 Greek the lie.

## XX

Good people all, of every degree,  
 Ye gentle readers and ungente writers,  
 In this twelfth Canto 'tis my wish to be  
 As serious as if I had for inditers  
 Malthus and Wilberforce:—the last set  
 free  
 The Negroes, and is worth a million  
 fighters;  
 While Wellington has but enslaved the  
 Whites,  
 And Malthus does the thing 'gainst which  
 he writes.

## XXI

I'm serious—so are all men upon paper;  
 And why should I not form my specula-  
 tion,  
 And hold up to the sun my little taper?  
 Mankind just now seem wrapt in  
 meditation  
 On constitutions and steam-boats of  
 vapour;  
 While sages write against all pro-  
 creation,  
 Unless a man can calculate his means  
 Of feeding brats the moment his wife  
 weans.

## XXII

That's noble! That's romantic! For my  
 part,  
 I think that 'Philo-genitiveness' is—  
 (Now here's a word quite after my own  
 heart,  
 Though there's a shorter a good deal  
 than this  
 If that politeness set it not apart;  
 But I'm resolved to say nought that's  
 amiss)—  
 I say, methinks that 'Philo-genitiveness'  
 Might meet from men a little more forgive-  
 ness.

## XXIII

And now to business.—O my gentle Juan!  
 Thou art in London—in that pleasant  
 place,  
 Where every kind of mischief's daily brew-  
 ing,  
 Which can await warm youth in its wild  
 race.  
 'Tis true, that thy career is not a new one;  
 Thou art no novice in the headlong  
 chase  
 Of early life; but this is a new land,  
 Which foreigners can never understand.

## XXIV

What with a small diversity of climate,  
 Of hot or cold, mercurial or sedate,  
 I could send forth my mandate like a  
 primate  
 Upon the rest of Europe's social state;

## DON JUAN

[CANTO XII

But thou art the most difficult to rhyme at,  
Great Britain, which the Muse may  
penetrate.  
All countries have their 'Lions,' but in  
thee  
There is but one superb menagerie.

XXX

But I am sick of politics. Begin,  
'*Paulo Majora.*' Juan, undecided  
Amongst the paths of being 'taken in,'  
Above the ice had like a skater glided:  
When tired of play, he flirted without sin  
With some of those fair creatures who  
have prided  
Themselves on innocent tentalisation,  
And hate all vice except its reputation.

XXVI

But these are few, and in the end they  
make  
Some devilish escapade or stir, which  
shows  
That even the purest people may mistake  
Their way through virtue's primrose  
paths of snows;  
And then men stare, as if a new ass spake  
To Balaam, and from tongue to ear  
o'erflows  
Quicksilver small talk, ending (if you note  
it)  
With the kind world's amen—'Who  
would have thought it?'

XXVII

The little Leila, with her Orient eyes,  
And taciturn Asiatic disposition,  
(Which saw all Western things with small  
surprise,  
To the surprise of people of condition,  
Who think that novelties are butterflies  
To be pursued as food for inanition,)  
Her charming figure and romantic history  
Became a kind of fashionable mystery.

XXVIII

The women much divided—as is usual  
Amongst the sex in little things or great.  
Think not, fair creatures, that I mean to  
abuse you all—  
I have always liked you better than I  
state:  
Since I've grown moral, still I must accuse  
you all  
Of being apt to talk at a great rate;  
And now there was a general sensation  
Amongst you, about Leila's education.

XXIX

In one point only were you settled—and  
You had reason; 'twas that a young  
child of grace,  
As beautiful as her own native land,  
And far away, the last bud of her race,

Howe'er our friend Don Juan might com-  
mand  
Himself for five, four, three, or two  
years' space,  
Would be much better taught beneath the  
eye  
Of peeresses whose follies had run dry.

XXX

So first there was a generous emulation,  
And then there was a general competi-  
tion,  
To undertake the orphan's education.  
As Juan was a person of condition,  
It had been an affront on this occasion  
To talk of a subscription or petition;  
But sixteen dowagers, ten unwed she  
sages,  
Whose tale belongs to 'Hallam's Middle  
Ages,'

XXXI

And one or two sad, separate wives, with-  
out  
A fruit to bloom upon their withering  
bough—  
Begg'd to bring up the little girl, and  
'out,'—  
For that's the phrase that settles all  
things now,  
Meaning a virgin's first blush at a rout,  
And all her points as thorough-bred to  
show:  
And I assure you, that like virgin honey  
Tastes their first season (mostly if they  
have money).

XXXII

How all the needy honourable misters,  
Each out-at-elbow peer, or desperate  
dandy,  
The watchful mothers, and the careful  
sisters,  
(Who, by the by, when clever, are more  
handy  
At making matches, where 'tis gold that  
glisters,  
Than their *he* relatives), like flies o'er  
candy  
Buzz round 'the Fortune' with their busy  
battery,  
To turn her head with waltzing and with  
flattery!

XXXIII

Each aunt, each cousin, hath her specula-  
tion;  
Nay, married dames will now and then  
discover  
Such pure disinterestedness of passion,  
I've known them court an heiress for  
their lover.

'*Tantène!*' Such the virtues of high station,  
Even in the hopeful Isle, whose outlet's  
'Dover!'

While the poor rich wretch, object of these cares,  
Has cause to wish her sire had had male heirs.

## XXXIV

Some are soon bagg'd, and some reject three dozen.

'Tis fine to see them scattering refusals  
And wild dismay o'er every angry cousin  
(Friends of the party), who begin  
accusals

Such as—'Unless Miss (Blank) meant to have chosen

Poor Frederick, why did she accord perusals

To his billets? *Why* waltz with him? *Why*, I pray,

Look *yes* last night, and yet say *no* to-day?

## XXXV

'*Why?*—*Why?*—*Besides*, Fred really was *attach'd*;

'Twas not her fortune—he has enough without:

The time will come she'll wish that she had snatch'd

So good an opportunity, no doubt:—  
But the old Marchioness some plan had hatch'd,

As I'll tell Aurea at to-morrow's rout:  
And after all poor Frederick may do better—

Pray did you see her answer to his letter?'

## XXXVI

Smart uniforms and sparkling coronets  
Are spurn'd in turn, until her turn arrives,

After male loss of time, and hearts, and bets  
Upon the sweepstakes for substantial wives;

And when at last the pretty creature gets  
Some gentleman, who fights, or writes, or drives,

It soothes the awkward squad of the rejected  
To find how very badly she selected.

## XXXVII

For sometimes they accept some long pursuer,

Worn out with importunity; or fall  
(But here perhaps the instances are fewer)

To the lot of him who scarce pursued at all.

A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure  
(If 'tis not vain examples to recall)

To draw a high prize: now, howe'er he got her, I

See nought more strange in this than t'other lottery.

## XXXVIII

I, for my part—(one 'modern instance' more,

'True, 'tis a pity—pity 'tis, 'tis true')—  
Was chosen from out an amatory score,

Albeit my years were less discreet than few;

But though I also had reform'd before  
Those became one who soon were to be two,

I'll not gainsay the generous public's voice,

That the young lady made a monstrous choice.

## XXXIX

Oh, pardon my digression—or at least  
Peruse! 'Tis always with a moral end

That I dissert, like grace before a feast:  
For like an aged aunt, or tiresome friend,

A rigid guardian, or a zealous priest,  
My Muse by exhortation means to mend

All people, at all times, and in most places,  
Which puts my Pegasus to these grave paces.

## XL

But now I'm going to be immoral; now  
I mean to show things really as they are,

Not as they ought to be: for I avow,  
That till we see what's what in fact,

we're far  
From much improvement with that virtuous plough

Which skims the surface, leaving scarce a scar

Upon the black loam long manured by Vice,

Only to keep its corn at the old price.

## XLI

But first of little Leila we'll dispose;  
For like a day-dawn she was young and pure,

Or like the old comparison of snows,  
Which are more pure than pleasant to be sure.

Like many people everybody knows,  
Don Juan was delighted to secure

A goodly guardian for his infant charge,  
Who might not profit much by being at large.

## XLII

Besides, he had found out he was no tutor  
(I wish that others would find out the same),

And rather wish'd in such things to stand neuter,

For silly wards will bring their guardians blame:

So when he saw each ancient dame a suitor

To make his little wild Asiatic tame,  
Consulting 'the Society for Vice  
Suppression,' Lady Pinchbeck was his  
choice.

## XLIII

Olden she was—but had been very young;  
Virtuous she was—and had been, I  
believe;  
Although the world has such an evil  
tongue  
That—but my chaster ear will not  
receive

An echo of a syllable that's wrong;  
In fact, there's nothing makes me so  
much grieve,  
As that abominable tittle-tattle,  
Which is the cude schew'd by human cattle.

## XLIV

Moreover I've remark'd (and I was once  
A slight observer in a modest way),  
And so may every one except a dunce,  
That ladies in their youth a little gay,  
Besides their knowledge of the world, and  
sense

Of the sad consequence of going astray,  
Are wiser in their warnings 'gainst the woe  
Which the mere passionless can never  
know.

## XLV

While the harsh prude indemnifies her  
virtue

By railing at the unknown and envied  
passion,  
Seeking far less to save you than to hurt  
you,

Or, what's still worse, to put you out of  
fashion,—

The kinder veteran with calm words will  
court you,

Entreating you to pause before you  
dash on;

Expounding and illustrating the riddle  
Of epic Love's beginning, end, and middle.

## XLVI

Now whether it be thus, or that they are  
stricter,

As better knowing why they should be so,  
I think you'll find from many a family  
picture,

That daughters of such mothers as may  
know

The world by experience rather than by  
lecture,

Turn out much better for the Smithfield  
Show

Of vestals brought into the marriage mart,  
Than those bred up by prudes without a  
heart.

## XLVII

I said that Lady Pinchbeck had been talk'd  
about—

As who has not, if female, young, and  
pretty?

But now no more the ghost of Scandal  
stalk'd about;

She merely was deem'd amiable and  
witty,

And several of her best *bons-mots* were  
hawk'd about:

Then she was given to charity and pity,  
And pass'd (at least the latter years of life)  
For being a most exemplary wife.

## XLVIII

High in high circles, gentle in her own,  
She was the mild reprover of the young,  
Whenever—which means every day—  
they'd shown

An awkward inclination to go wrong.  
The quantity of good she did's unknown,  
Or at the least would lengthen out my  
song:

In brief, the little orphan of the East  
Had raised an interest in her, which  
increased.

## XLIX

Juan, too, was a sort of favourite with her,  
Because she thought him a good heart  
at bottom,

A little spoil'd, but not so altogether;  
Which was a wonder, if you think who  
got him,

And how he had been toss'd, he scarce  
knew whither:

Though this might ruin others, it did  
not him,

At least entirely—for he had seen too  
many

Changes in youth, to be surprised at any.

## L

And these vicissitudes tell best in youth;  
For when they happen at a riper age,

People are apt to blame the Fates, for-  
sooth,

And wonder Providence is not more  
sage.

Adversity is the first path to truth:  
He who hath proved war, storm, or

woman's rage,  
Whether his winters be eighteen or eighty,

Hath won the experience which is deem'd  
so weighty.

## LI

How far it profits is another matter.—  
Our hero gladly saw his little charge

Safe with a lady, whose last grown-up  
daughter

Being long married, and thus set at  
large,

Had left all the accomplishments she  
taught her  
To be transmitted, like the Lord  
Mayor's barge,  
To the next comer; or—as it will tell  
More Muse-like—like to Cytherea's shell.

## LVII

I call such things transmission; for there is  
A floating balance of accomplishment,  
Which forms a pedigree from Miss to Miss,  
According as their minds or backs are  
bent.

Some waltz; some draw; some fathom the  
abyss

Of metaphysics; others are content  
With music; the most moderate shine as  
wits;

While others have a genius turn'd for fits.

## LVIII

But whether fits, or wits, or harpsichords,  
Theology, fine arts, or finer stays,  
May be the baits for gentlemen or lords  
With regular descent, in these our days,  
The last year to the new transfers its  
hoards;

New vestals claim men's eyes with the  
same praise

Of 'elegant' *et cætera*, in fresh batches—  
All matchless creatures, and yet bent on  
matches.

## LVII

But now I will begin my poem. 'Tis  
Perhaps a little strange, if not quite new,  
That from the first of Cantos up to this  
I've not begun what we have to go  
through.

These first twelve books are merely  
flourishes,

*Preludios*, trying just a string or two  
Upon my lyre, or making the pegs sure;  
And when so, you shall have the overture.

## LV

My Muses do not care a pinch of rosin  
About what's call'd success, or not  
succeeding:

Such thoughts are quite below the strain  
they have chosen;

'Tis a 'great moral lesson' they are  
reading.

I thought, at setting off, about two dozen  
Cantos would do; but at Apollo's  
pleading,

If that my Pegasus should not be  
founder'd,

I think to canter gently through a hundred.

## LVI

Don Juan saw that microcosm on stilts,  
Yclept the Great World; for it is the  
least,

Although the highest: but as swords have  
hilts

By which their power of mischief is  
increased,

When man in battle or in quarrel tilts,  
Thus the low world, north, south, or  
west, or east,

Must still obey the high—which is their  
handle,

Their moon, their sun, their gas, their  
farthing candle.

## LVII

He had many friends who had many wives,  
and was

Well look'd upon by both, to that extent  
Of friendship which you may accept or  
pass,

It does nor good, nor harm: being  
merely meant

To keep the wheels going of the higher  
class,

And draw them nightly when a ticket's  
sent;

And what with masquerades, and fêtes,  
and balls,

For the first season such a life scarce palls.

## LVIII

A young unmarried man, with a good name  
And fortune, has an awkward part to  
play;

For good society is but a game,  
'The royal game of Goose,' as I may  
say,

Where everybody has some separate aim,  
An end to answer, or a plan to lay—

The single ladies wishing to be double,  
The married ones to save the virgins  
trouble.

## LIX

I don't mean this as general, but particular  
Examples may be found of such  
pursuits:

Though several also keep their perpendi-  
cular

Like poplars, with good principles for  
roots;

Yet many have a method more *reticular*—  
'Fishers for men,' like sirens with soft  
lutes:

For talk six times with the same single lady,  
And you may get the wedding dresses ready.

## LX

Perhaps you'll have a letter from the  
mother,

To say her daughter's feelings are tre-  
pann'd;

Perhaps you'll have a visit from the  
brother,

All strut, and stays, and whiskers, to  
demand

What 'your intentions are?'—One way  
or other  
It seems the virgin's heart expects your  
hand:

And between pity for her case and yours,  
You'll add to Matrimony's list of cures.

## LXI

I've known a dozen weddings made even  
*thus*,

And some of them high names: I have  
also known

Young men who—though they hated to  
discuss

Pretensions which they never dream'd  
to have shown—

Yet neither frighten'd by a female fuss,  
Nor by mustachios moved, were let alone,  
And lived, as did the broken-hearted fair,  
In happier plight than if they form'd a pair.

## LXII

There's also nightly, to the uninitiated,  
A peril—not indeed like love or  
marriage,

But not the less for this to be depreciated:  
It is—I meant and mean not to dis-  
parage

The show of virtue even in the vitiated—  
It adds an outward grace unto their  
carriage—

But to denounce the amphibious sort of  
harlot,

*Couleur de rose*, who's neither white nor  
scarlet.

## LXIII

Such is your cold coquette, who can't say  
'No,'

And won't say 'Yes,' and keeps you on  
and off-ing

On a lee-shore, till it begins to blow—  
Then sees your heart wreck'd with an  
inward scoffing.

This works a world of sentimental woe,  
And sends new Werters yearly to their  
coffin;

But yet is merely innocent flirtation,  
Not quite adultery, but adulteration.

## LXIV

'Ye gods, I grow a talker!' Let us prate.  
The next of perils, though I place it  
*sternest*,

Is when, without regard to 'church or state,'  
A wife makes or takes love in upright  
earnest.

Abroad, such things decide few women's  
fate—

(Such, early traveller! is the truth thou  
learnest)—

But in old England, when a young bride  
errs,

Poor thing! Eve's was a trifling case to  
hers.

## LXV

For 'tis a low, newspaper, humdrum, law-  
suit

Country, where a young couple of the  
same ages

Can't form a friendship, but the world  
o'erawes it.

Then there's the vulgar trick of those  
d—d damages!

A verdict—grievous foe to those who  
cause it!—

Forms a sad climax to romantic  
homages;

Besides those soothing speeches of the  
pleaders,

And evidences which regale all readers.

## LXVI

But they who blunder thus are raw  
beginners;

A little genial sprinkling of hypocrisy  
Has saved the fame of thousand splendid  
sinners,

The loveliest oligarchs of our gyno-  
cracy;

You may see such at all the balls and  
dinners,

Among the proudest of our aristocracy,  
So gentle, charming, charitable, chaste—

And all by having *tact* as well as taste.

## LXVII

Juan, who did not stand in the predica-  
ment

Of a mere novice, had one safeguard  
more;

For he was sick—no, 'twas not the word  
*sick* I meant—

But he had seen so much good love  
before,

That he was not in heart so very weak;—  
I meant

But thus much, and no sneer against the  
shore

Of white cliffs, white necks, blue eyes,  
bluer stockings,

Tithes, taxes, duns, and doors with double  
knockings.

## LXVIII

But coming young from lands and scenes  
romantic,

Where lives, not lawsuits, must be  
risk'd for Passion,

And Passion's self must have a spice of  
frantic,

Into a country where 'tis half a fashion,  
Seem'd to him half commercial, half

pedantic,

Howe'er he might esteem this moral  
nation:

Besides (alas! his taste—forgive and pity!)  
At *first* he did not think the women pretty.

## LXIX

I say at *first*—for he found out at *last*,  
 But by degrees, that they were fairer far  
 Than the more glowing dames whose lot  
 is cast  
 Beneath the influence of the eastern star.  
 A further proof we should not judge in  
 haste;  
 Yet inexperience could not be his bar  
 To taste:—the truth is, if men would confess,  
 That novelties *please* less than they  
*impress*.

## LXX

Though travell'd, I have never had the  
 luck to  
 Trace up those shuffling negroes, Nile  
 or Niger,  
 To that impracticable place Timbuctoo,  
 Where Geography finds no one to oblige  
 her  
 With such a chart as may be safely stuck  
 to—  
 For Europe ploughs in Afric like '*bos  
 piger*':  
 But if I *had been* at Timbuctoo, there  
 No doubt I should be told that black is  
 fair.

## LXXI

It is. I will not swear that black is white;  
 But I suspect in fact that white is black,  
 And the whole matter rests upon eye-  
 sight.  
 Ask a blind man, the best judge. You'll  
 attack  
 Perhaps this new position—but I'm right;  
 Or if I'm wrong, I'll not be ta'en  
 aback:—  
 He hath no morn nor night, but all is dark  
 Within; and what seest thou? A dubious  
 spark.

## LXXII

But I'm relapsing into metaphysics,  
 That labyrinth, whose clue is of the same  
 Construction as your cures for hectic  
 phthisis,  
 Those bright moths fluttering round a  
 dying flame:  
 And this reflection brings me to plain  
 physics,  
 And to the beauties of a foreign dame,  
 Compared with those of our pure pearls of  
 price,  
 Those polar summers, *all* sun, and some  
 ice.

## LXXIII

Or say they are like virtuous mermaids,  
 whose  
 Beginnings are fair faces, ends mere  
 fishes;—

Not that there's not a quantity of those  
 Who have a due respect for their own  
 wishes.  
 Like Russians rushing from hot baths to  
 snows  
 Are they, at bottom virtuous even when  
 vicious;  
 They warm into a scrape, but keep of course,  
 As a reserve, a plunge into remorse.

## LXXIV

But this has nought to do with their out-  
 sides.  
 I said that Juan did not think them pretty  
 At the first blush; for a fair Briton hides  
 Half her attractions—probably from  
 pity—  
 And rather calmly into the heart glides,  
 Than storms it as a foe would take a  
 city;  
 But once *there* (if you doubt this, prithee try)  
 She keeps it for you like a true ally.

## LXXV

She cannot step as does an Arab barb,  
 Or Andalusian girl from mass returning,  
 Nor wear as gracefully as Gauls her garb,  
 Nor in her eye Ausonia's glance is burn-  
 ing;  
 Her voice, though sweet, is not so fit to war-  
 ble those *bravuras* (which I still am  
 learning  
 To like, though I have been seven years in  
 Italy,  
 And have, or had, an ear that served me  
 prettily);—

## LXXVI

She cannot do these things, nor one or two  
 Others, in that off-hand and dashing  
 style  
 Which takes so much—to give the devil  
 his due;  
 Nor is she quite so ready with her smile,  
 Nor settles all things in one interview  
 (A thing approved as saving time and  
 toil);—  
 But though the soil may give you time and  
 trouble,  
 Well cultivated, it will render double.

## LXXVII

And if in fact she takes to a *grande  
 passion*,  
 It is a very serious thing indeed:  
 Nine times in ten 'tis but caprice or  
 fashion,  
 Coquetry, or a wish to take the lead,  
 The pride of a mere child with a new sash  
 on,  
 Or wish to make a rival's bosom bleed:  
 But the *tenth* instance will be a tornado,  
 For there's no saying what they will or  
 may do.



## LXXVIII

The reason's obvious: if there's an *éclat*,  
 They lose their caste at once, as do the  
 Parias;  
 And when the delicacies of the law  
 Have fill'd their papers with their com-  
 ments various,  
 Society, that china without flaw,  
 (The hypocrite!) will banish them like  
 Marius,  
 To sit amidst the ruins of their guilt:  
 For Fame's a Carthage not so soon  
 rebuilt.

## LXXIX

Perhaps this is as it should be;—it is  
 A comment on the Gospel's 'Sin no  
 more,  
 And be thy sins forgiven';—but upon this  
 I leave the saints to settle their own  
 score.  
 Abroad, though doubtless they do much  
 amiss,  
 An erring woman finds an opener door  
 For her return to Virtue—as they call  
 That lady, who should be at home to all.

## LXXX

For me, I leave the matter where I find it,  
 Knowing that such uneasy virtue leads  
 People some ten times less in fact to mind  
 it,  
 And care but for discoveries, and not  
 deeds.  
 And as for chastity, you'll never bind it  
 By all the laws the strictest lawyer  
 pleads,  
 But aggravate the crime you have not  
 prevented,  
 By rendering desperate those who had  
 else repented.

## LXXXI

But Juan was no casuist, nor had ponder'd  
 Upon the moral lessons of mankind:  
 Besides, he had not seen of several  
 hundred  
 A lady altogether to his mind.  
 A little *blasé*—'tis not to be wonder'd  
 At, that his heart had got a tougher  
 rind:  
 And though not vainer from his past  
 success,  
 No doubt his sensibilities were less.

## LXXXII

He also had been busy seeing sights—  
 The Parliament and all the other  
 houses;  
 Had sat beneath the gallery at nights,  
 To hear debates whose thunder *roused*  
 (not *rouses*)

The world to gaze upon those northern  
 lights,  
 Which flash'd as far as where the musk-  
 bull browses;  
 He had also stood at times behind the  
 throne—  
 But Grey was not arrived, and Chatham  
 gone.

## LXXXIII

He saw, however, at the closing session,  
 That noble sight, when *really* free the  
 nation,  
 A king in constitutional possession  
 Of such a throne as is the proudest  
 station,  
 Though despots know it not—till the pro-  
 gression  
 Of freedom shall complete their educa-  
 tion.  
 'Tis not mere splendour makes the show  
 august  
 To eye or heart—it is the people's trust.

## LXXXIV

There, too, he saw (whate'er he may be  
 now)  
 A Prince, the prince of princes at the  
 time,  
 With fascination in his very bow,  
 And full of promise, as the spring of  
 prime.  
 Though royalty was written on his brow,  
 He had *then* the grace, too, rare in  
 every clime,  
 Of being, without alloy of fop or beau,  
 A finish'd gentleman from top to toe.

## LXXXV

And Juan was received, as hath been said,  
 Into the best society; and there  
 Occurr'd what often happens, I'm afraid,  
 However disciplined and debonnaire:—  
 The talent and good humour he display'd,  
 Besides the mark'd distinction of his  
 air,  
 Exposed him, as was natural, to tempta-  
 tion,  
 Even though himself avoided the occasion.

## LXXXVI

But what, and where, with whom, and  
 when, and why,  
 Is not to be put hastily together;  
 And as my object is morality  
 (Whatever people say), I don't know  
 whether  
 I'll leave a single reader's eyelid dry,  
 But harrow up his feelings till they  
 wither,  
 And hew out a huge monument of pathos,  
 As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.

## LXXXVII

Here the twelfth Canto of our introduction  
Ends. When the body of the book's  
begun,  
You'll find it of a different construction  
From what some people say 'twill be  
when done;  
The plan at present's simply in concoction.  
I can't oblige you, reader, to read on;  
That's your affair, not mine: a real spirit  
Should neither court neglect, nor dread  
to bear it.

## LXXXVIII

And if my thunderbolt not always rattles,  
Remember, reader! you have had  
before  
The worst of tempests and the best of  
battles,  
That e'er were brew'd from elements or  
gore,  
Besides the most sublime of—Heaven  
knows what else;  
An usurer could scarce expect much  
more—  
But my best canto, save one on astronomy,  
Will turn upon 'political economy.'

## LXXXIX

That is your present theme for popularity:  
Now that the public hedge hath scarce  
a stake,  
It grows an act of patriotic charity,  
To show the people the best way to  
break.  
My plan (but I, if but for singularity,  
Reserve it) will be very sure to take.  
Meantime, read all the national-debt  
sinkers,  
And tell me what you think of our great  
thinkers.

## CANTO THE THIRTEENTH

## I

I NOW mean to be serious;—it is time,  
Since laughter now-a-days is deem'd  
too serious;  
A jest at Vice by Virtue's call'd a crime,  
And critically held as deleterious:  
Besides, the sad's a source of the sublime,  
Although when long a little apt to  
weary us;  
And therefore shall my lay soar high and  
solemn,  
As an old temple dwindled to a column.

## II

The Lady Adeline Amundeville  
('Tis an old Norman name, and to be  
found  
In pedigrees, by those who wander still  
Along the last fields of that Gothic  
ground)

Was high-born, wealthy by her father's  
will,  
And beauteous, even where beauties  
most abound,  
In Britain—which of course true patriots  
find  
The goodliest soil of body and of mind.

## III

I'll not gainsay them; it is not my cue;  
I'll leave them to their taste, no doubt  
the best:  
An eye's an eye, and whether black or  
blue,  
Is no great matter, so 'tis in request;  
'Tis nonsense to dispute about a hue—  
The kindest may be taken as a test.  
The fair sex should be always fair; and no  
man  
Till thirty, should perceive there's a plain  
woman.

## IV

And after that serene and somewhat dull  
Epoch, that awkward corner turn'd for  
days  
More quiet, when our moon's no more at  
full,  
We may presume to criticise or praise;  
Because indifference begins to lull  
Our passions, and we walk in wisdom's  
ways;  
Also because the figure and the face  
Hint, that 'tis time to give the younger  
place.

## V

I know that some would fain postpone  
this era,  
Reluctant as all placemen to resign  
Their post; but theirs is merely a chimera,  
For they have pass'd life's equinoctial  
line:  
But then they have their claret and  
Madeira  
To irrigate the dryness of decline;  
And county meetings, and the parliament,  
And debt, and what not, for their solace  
sent.

## VI

And is there not religion, and reform,  
Peace, war, the taxes, and what's called  
the 'Nation'?  
The struggle to be pilots in a storm?  
The landed and the monied specula-  
tion?  
The joys of mutual hate to keep them  
warm,  
Instead of love, that mere hallucina-  
tion?  
Now hatred is by far the longest pleasure;  
Men love in haste, but they detest at  
leisure.

## VII

Rough Johnson, the great moralist,  
 profess'd,  
 Right honestly, 'he liked an honest  
 hater!'—

The only truth that yet has been confest  
 Within these latest thousand years or  
 later.

Perhaps the fine old fellow spoke in  
 jest:—

For my part, I am but a mere spectator,  
 And gaze where'er the palace or the hovel  
 is,

Much in the mode of Goethe's Mephisto-  
 pheles;

## VIII

But neither love nor hate in much excess;  
 Though 'twas not once so. If I sneer  
 sometimes,

It is because I cannot well do less,  
 And now and then it also suits my  
 rhymes.

I should be very willing to redress  
 Men's wrongs, and rather check than  
 punish crimes,

Had not Cervantes, in that too true tale  
 Of Quixote, shown how all such efforts  
 fail.

## IX

Of all tales 'tis the saddest—and more sad,  
 Because it makes us smile: his hero's  
 right,  
 And still pursues the right;—to curb the  
 bad

His only object, and 'gainst odds to fight  
 His guerdon: 'tis his virtue makes him mad!  
 But his adventures form a sorry sight;—  
 A sorrier still is the great moral taught  
 By that real epic unto all who have  
 thought.

## X

Redressing injury, revenging wrong,  
 To aid the damsel and destroy the catiff;  
 Opposing singly the united strong,  
 From foreign yoke to free the helpless  
 native:—

Alas! must noblest views, like an old song,  
 Be for mere fancy's sport a theme  
 creative,

A jest, a riddle, Fame through thick and  
 thin sought!

And Socrates himself but Wisdom's  
 Quixote?

## XI

Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away;  
 A single laugh demolish'd the right arm  
 Of his own country;—seldom since that  
 day

Has Spain had heroes. While Romance  
 could charm,

The world gave ground before her bright  
 array;

And therefore have his volumes done  
 such harm,

That all their glory, as a composition,  
 Was dearly purchased by his land's perdi-  
 tion.

## XII

I'm 'at my old lunes'—digression, and  
 forget

The Lady Adeline Amundeville;  
 The fair most fatal Juan ever met,

Although she was not evil nor meant  
 ill;

But Destiny and Passion spread the net  
 (Fate is a good excuse for our own will),  
 And caught them;—what do they *not*  
 catch methinks?

But I'm not Ædipus, and life's a Sphinx.

## XIII

I tell the tale as it is told, nor dare  
 To venture a solution: '*Davus sum!*'  
 And now I will proceed upon the pair.

Sweet Adeline, amidst the gay world's  
 hum,

Was the Queen-Bee, the glass of all that's  
 fair;

Whose charms made all men speak,  
 and women dumb.

The last's a miracle, and such was  
 reckon'd,

And since that time there has not been a  
 second.

## XIV

Chaste was she, to detraction's despera-  
 tion,

And wedded unto one she had loved  
 well—

A man known in the councils of the  
 nation,

Cool, and quite English, imperturbable,  
 Though apt to act with fire upon occasion.

Proud of himself and her: the world  
 could tell

Nought against either, and both seem'd  
 secure—

She in her virtue, he in his hauteur.

## XV

It chanced some diplomatical relations,  
 Arising out of business, often brought

Himself and Juan in their mutual stations  
 Into close contact. Though reserved,

nor caught  
 By specious seeming, Juan's youth, and

patience,  
 And talent, on his haughty spirit

wrought,  
 And form'd a basis of esteem, which ends

In making men what courtesy calls friends.

## XVI

And thus Lord Henry, who was cautious as  
 Reserve and pride could make him, and  
 full slow  
 In judging men—when once his judgment  
 was  
 Determined, right or wrong, on friend  
 or foe,  
 Had all the pertinacity pride has,  
 Which knows no ebb to its imperious  
 flow,  
 And loves or hates, disdaining to be guided,  
 Because its own good pleasure hath  
 decided.

## XVII

His friendships, therefore, and no less  
 aversions,  
 Though oft well founded, which con-  
 firm'd but more  
 His prepossessions, like the laws of  
 Persians  
 And Medes, would ne'er revoke what  
 went before.  
 His feelings had not those strange fits, like  
 tertians,  
 Of common likings, which make some  
 deplore  
 What they should laugh at—the mere ague  
 still  
 Of men's regard, the fever or the chill.

## XVIII

'Tis not in mortals to command success:  
 But *do you more*, Sempronius—*don't*  
 deserve it,  
 And take my word, you won't have any less.  
 Be wary, watch the time, and always  
 serve it;  
 Give gently way, when there's too great a  
 press;  
 And for your conscience only learn to  
 nerve it,  
 For, like a racer, or a boxer training,  
 'Twill make, if proved, vast efforts without  
 paining.

## XIX

Lord Henry also liked to be superior,  
 As most men do, the little or the great;  
 The very lowest find out an inferior,  
 At least they think so, to exert their state  
 Upon: for there are very few things wearier  
 Than solitary Pride's oppressive weight,  
 Which mortals generously would divide,  
 By bidding others carry while they ride.

## XX

In birth, in rank, in fortune likewise equal,  
 O'er Juan he could no distinction claim;  
 In years he had the advantage of time's  
 sequel;  
 And, as he thought, in country much  
 the same—

Because bold Britons have a tongue and  
 free quill,  
 At which all modern nations vainly aim;  
 And the Lord Henry was a great debater,  
 So that few members kept the House up  
 later.

## XXI

These were advantages: and then he  
 thought—  
 It was his foible, but by no means sinis-  
 ter—  
 That few or none more than himself had  
 caught  
 Court mysteries, having been himself a  
 minister:  
 He liked to teach that which he had been  
 taught,  
 And greatly shone whenever there had  
 been a stir;  
 And reconciled all qualities which grace  
 man,  
 Always a patriot, and sometimes a place-  
 man.

## XXII

He liked the gentle Spaniard for his  
 gravity;  
 He almost honour'd him for his  
 docility;  
 Because, though young, he acquiesced  
 with suavity,  
 Or contradicted but with proud  
 humility.  
 He knew the world, and would not see  
 depravity  
 In faults which sometimes show the  
 soil's fertility,  
 If that the weeds o'erlive not the first  
 crop—  
 For then they are very difficult to stop.

## XXIII

And then he talk'd with him about  
 Madrid,  
 Constantinople, and such distant  
 places;  
 Where people always did as they were bid,  
 Or did what they should not with  
 foreign graces.  
 Of coursers also spake they: Henry rid  
 Well, like most Englishmen, and loved  
 the races;  
 And Juan, like a true-born Andalusian,  
 Could back a horse, as despots ride a  
 Russian.

## XXIV

And thus acquaintance grew, at noble  
 routs,  
 And diplomatic dinners, or at other—  
 For Juan stood well both with Ins and  
 Outs,  
 As in freemasonry a higher brother.

Upon his talent Henry had no doubts;  
His manner show'd him sprung from a  
high mother;  
And all men like to show their hospitality  
To him whose breeding matches with his  
quality.

## XXV

At Blank-Blank Square;—for we will  
break no squares  
By naming streets: since men are so  
ensorious,  
And apt to sow an author's wheat with  
tares,  
Reaping allusions private and in-  
glorious,  
Where none were dreamt of, unto love's  
affairs,  
Which were, or are, or are to be  
notorious,  
That therefore do I previously declare,  
Lord Henry's mansion was in Blank-  
Blank Square.

## XXVI

Also there bin another pious reason  
For making squares and streets  
anonymous;  
Which is, that there is scarce a single  
season  
Which doth not shake some very  
splendid house  
With some slight heart-quake of domestic  
treason—  
A topic scandal doth delight to rouse:  
Such I might stumble over unawares,  
Unless I knew the very chastest squares.

## XXVII

'Tis true, I might have chosen Piccadilly,  
A place where peccadillos are unknown;  
But I have motives, whether wise or silly,  
For letting that pure sanctuary alone.  
Therefore I name not square, street, place,  
until I  
Find one where nothing naughty can be  
shown,  
A vestal shrine of innocence of heart:  
Such are—but I have lost the London  
Chart.

## XXVIII

At Henry's mansion then, in Blank-Blank  
Square,  
Was Juan a *recherché*, welcome guest,  
As many other noble scions were;  
And some who had but talent for their  
crest;  
Or wealth, which is a passport everywhere;  
Or even mere fashion, which indeed's  
the best  
Recommendation; and to be well drest  
Will very often supersede the rest.

## XXIX

And since 'there's safety in a multitude  
Of counsellors,' as Solomon has said,  
Or some one for him, in some sage,  
grave mood;—  
Indeed we see the daily proof display'd  
In senates, at the bar, in wordy feud,  
Where'er collective wisdom can parade,  
Which is the only cause that we can guess  
Of Britain's present wealth and happi-  
ness;—

## XXX

But as 'there's safety' grafted in the number  
'Of counsellors' for men,—thus for the  
sex  
A large acquaintance lets not Virtue  
slumber;  
Or should it shake, the choice will more  
perplex—  
Variety itself will more encumber.  
'Midst many rocks we guard more  
against wrecks;  
And thus with women: howsoe'er it  
shocks some's  
Self-love, there's safety in a crowd of  
coxcombs.

## XXXI

But Adeline had not the least occasion  
For such a shield, which leaves but little  
merit  
To virtue proper, or good education.  
Her chief resource was in her own high  
spirit,  
Which judged mankind at their due  
estimation;  
And for coquetry, she disdain'd to wear  
it:  
Secure of admiration, its impression  
Was faint as of an every-day possession.

## XXXII

To all she was polite without parade;  
To some she show'd attention of that kind  
Which flatters, but is flattery convey'd  
In such a sort as cannot leave behind  
A trace unworthy either wife or maid;—  
A gentle, genial courtesy of mind,  
To those who were, or pass'd for meri-  
torious,  
Just to console sad glory for being glorious;

## XXXIII

Which is in all respects, save now and then,  
A dull and desolate appendage. Gaze  
Upon the shades of those distinguish'd men  
Who were or are the puppet-shows of  
praise,  
The praise of persecution. Gaze again  
On the most favour'd; and amidst the  
blaze  
Of sunset halos o'er the laurel-brow'd,  
What can ye recognize?—a gilded cloud.

## XXXIV

There also was of course in Adeline  
That calm patrician polish in the  
address,  
Which ne'er can pass the equinoctial line  
Of anything which nature would express;  
Just as a mandarin finds nothing fine,—  
At least his manner suffers not to guess,  
That anything he views can greatly please.  
Perhaps we have borrow'd this from the  
Chinese—

## XXXV

Perhaps from Horace: his '*Nil admirari*'  
Was what he call'd the 'Art of Happiness'—  
An art on which the artists greatly vary,  
And have not yet attain'd to much  
success.  
However, 'tis expedient to be wary:  
Indifference certes don't produce dis-  
tress;  
And rash enthusiasm in good society  
Were nothing but a moral inebriety.

## XXXVI

But Adeline was not indifferent: for  
(Now for a common-place!) beneath the  
snow,  
As a volcano holds the lava more  
Within—*et cætera*. Shall I go on?—No,  
I hate to hunt down a tired metaphor,  
So let the often-used volcano go.  
Poor thing! How frequently, by me and  
others,  
It hath been stirr'd up till its smoke quite  
smothers!

## XXXVII

I'll have another figure in a trice:—  
What say you to a bottle of champagne?  
Frozen into a very vinous ice,  
Which leaves few drops of that  
immortal rain,  
Yet in the very centre, past all price,  
About a liquid glassful will remain;  
And this is stronger than the strongest grape  
Could e'er express in its expanded shape:

## XXXVIII

'Tis the whole spirit brought to a quint-  
essence;  
And thus the chilliest aspects may  
concentre  
A hidden nectar under a cold presence.  
And such are many—though I only  
meant her  
From whom I now deduce these moral  
lessons,  
On which the Muse has always sought  
to enter.  
And your cold people are beyond all price,  
When once you've broken their con-  
founded ice.

## XXXIX

But after all they are a North-West  
Passage  
Unto the glowing India of the soul;  
And as the good ships sent upon that  
message  
Have not exactly ascertain'd the Pole  
(Though Parry's efforts look a lucky  
presage),  
Thus gentlemen may run upon a shoal;  
For if the Pole's not open, but all frost  
(A chance still), 'tis a voyage or vessel lost.

## XL

And young beginners may as well com-  
mence  
With quiet cruising o'er the ocean  
Woman;  
While those who are not beginners should  
have sense  
Enough to make for port, ere Time  
shall summon  
With his grey signal-flag; and the past  
tense,  
The dreary '*Fuimus*' of all things  
human,  
Must be declined, while life's thin thread's  
spun out  
Between the gaping heir and gnawing  
gout.

## XLI

But heaven must be diverted; its diversion  
Is sometimes truculent—but never  
mind;  
The world upon the whole is worth the  
assertion  
(If but for comfort) that all things are  
kind:  
And that same devilish doctrine of the  
Persian,  
Of the 'Two Principles', but leaves behind  
As many doubts as any other doctrine  
Has ever puzzled faith withal, or yoked  
her in.

## XLII

The English winter—ending in July,  
To recommence in August—now was  
done.  
'Tis the postilion's paradise: wheels fly;  
On roads, east, south, north, west, there  
is a run.  
But for post-horses who finds sympathy?  
Man's pity for himself, or for his son,  
Always premising that said son at college  
Has not contracted much more debt than  
knowledge.

## XLIII

The London winter's ended in July—  
Sometimes a little later. I don't err  
In this: whatever other blunders lie  
Upon my shoulders, here I must aver

My Muse a glass of *Weatherology*;

For parliament is our barometer:

Let radicals its other acts attack,

Its sessions form our only almanack.

## XLIV

When its quicksilver's down at zero,—lo!

Coach, chariot, luggage, baggage,  
equipage!

Wheels whirl from Carlton palace to

Soho,

And happiest they who horses can  
engage;

The turnpikes glow with dust; and Rotten

Row

Sleeps from the chivalry of this bright  
age;

And tradesmen, with long bills and longer  
faces,

Sigh—as the postboys fasten on the traces.

## XLV

They and their bills, 'Arcadians both,' are  
left

To the Greek kalends of another session.

Alas! to them of ready cash bereft,

What hope remains? Of *hope* the full  
possession

Or generous draft, conceded as a gift,

At a long date—till they can get a fresh  
one—

Hawk'd about at a discount, small or  
large;

Also the solace of an overcharge.

## XLVI

But these are trifles. Downward flies my  
lord,

Nodding beside my lady in his carriage.

Away! away! 'Fresh horses!' are the  
word,

And changed as quickly as hearts after  
marriage;

The obsequious landlord hath the change  
restored;

The postboys have no reason to  
disparage

Their fee; but ere the water'd wheels may  
hiss hence,

The ostler pleads too for a reminiscence.

## XLVII

'Tis granted; and the valet mounts the  
dickey—

That gentleman of lords and gentlemen;

Also my lady's gentlewoman, tricky,  
Trick'd out, but modest more than

poet's pen

Can paint,—'*Così viaggino i Ricchi*!'

(Excuse a foreign slipslop now and then,

If but to show I've travell'd: and what's  
travel,

Unless it teaches one to quote and cavil?)

## XLVIII

The London winter and the country  
summer

Were well nigh over. 'Tis perhaps a  
pity,

When nature wears the gown that doth  
become her.

To lose those best months in a sweaty  
city,

And wait until the nightingale grows  
dumber,

Listening debates not very wise or  
witty,

Ere patriots their true *country* can remem-  
ber;—

But there's no shooting (save grouse) till  
September.

## XLIX

I've done with my tirade. The world was  
gone;

The twice two thousand, for whom  
earth was made,

Were vanish'd to be what they call alone—

That is, with thirty servants for parade,  
As many guests, or more; before whom

groan

As many covers, duly, daily laid.

Let none accuse old England's hospi-  
tality—

Its quantity is but condensed to quality.

## L

Lord Henry and the Lady Adeline

Departed like the rest of their compeers,

The peerage, to a mansion very fine;

The Gothic Babel of a thousand years.

None than themselves could boast a  
longer line,

Where time through heroes and through  
beauties steers;

And oaks as olden as their pedigree  
Told of their sires, a tomb in every tree.

## LI

A paragraph in every paper told

Of their departure: such is modern  
fame:

'Tis pity that it takes no further hold  
Than an advertisement, or much the

same;

When, ere the ink be dry, the sound grows  
cold.

The Morning Post was foremost to  
proclaim—

'Departure, for his country seat, to-day,  
Lord H. Amundeville and Lady A.

## LII

'We understand the splendid host intends  
To entertain, this autumn, a select

And numerous party of his noble friends;

'Midst whom we have heard, from  
sources quite correct,

The Duke of D—— the shooting season  
spends,  
With many more by rank and fashion  
deck'd;  
Also a foreigner of high condition,  
The envoy of the secret Russian mission.'

## LIII

And thus we see—who doubts the Morn-  
ing Post?

(Whose articles are like the 'Thirty-  
nine,'  
Which those most swear to who believe  
them most)—

Our gay Russ Spaniard was ordain'd  
to shine,  
Deck'd by the rays reflected from his host,  
With those who, Pope says, 'greatly  
daring dine.'—  
'Tis odd, but true,—last war the News  
abounded  
More with these dinners than the kill'd or  
wounded;—

## LIV

As thus: 'On Thursday there was a grand  
dinner;

Present, Lords A.B.C.'—Earls, dukes,  
by name  
Announced with no less pomp than  
victory's winner:

Then underneath, and in the very same  
Column: date, 'Falmouth. There has  
lately been here  
The Slap-dash regiment, so well known  
to fame,

Whose loss in the late action we regret:  
The vacancies are fill'd up—see Gazette.'

## LV

To Norman Abbey whirl'd the noble  
pair,—

An old, old monastery once, and now  
Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare  
Mix'd Gothic, such as artists all allow  
Few specimens yet left us can compare

Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,  
Because the monks preferr'd a hill behind,  
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

## LVI

It stood embosom'd in a happy valley,  
Crown'd by high woodlands, where the  
Druid oak

Stood, like Caractacus, in act to rally  
His host, with broad arms 'gainst the  
thunderstroke,

And from beneath his boughs were seen  
to sally

The dappled foresters; as day awoke,  
The branching stag swept down with all  
his herd,

To quaff a brook which murmur'd like a  
bird.

## LVII

Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,  
Broad as transparent, deep, and  
freshly fed

By a river, which its soften'd way did take  
In currents through the calmer water  
spread

Around: the wildfowl nestled in the brake  
And sedges, brooding in their liquid  
bed:

The woods sloped downwards to its brink,  
and stood

With their green faces fix'd upon the flood.

## LVIII

Its outlet dash'd into a deep cascade,  
Sparkling with foam, until again sub-  
siding,

Its shriller echoes—like an infant made  
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding  
Into a rivulet: and thus allay'd,  
Pursued its course, now gleaming, and  
now hiding

Its windings through the woods; now  
clear, now blue,

According as the skies their shadows  
threw.

## LIX

A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile  
(While yet the church was Rome's)  
stood half apart

In a grand arch, which once screen'd  
many an aisle.

These last had disappear'd—a loss to  
art:

The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,  
And kindled feelings in the roughest  
heart,

Which mourn'd the power of time's or  
tempest's march,

In gazing on that venerable arch.

## LX

Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,  
Twelve saints had once stood sanctified  
in stone;

But these had fallen, not when the friars  
fell,

But in the war which struck Charles  
from his throne,

When each house was a fortalice—as tell  
The annals of full many a line undone,—  
The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain  
For those who knew not to resign or reign.

## LXI

But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,  
The Virgin-Mother of the God-born  
Child,

With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd  
round;

Spared by some chance when all beside  
was spoil'd;



She made the earth below seem holy ground.

This may be superstition, weak or wild,  
But even the faintest relics of a shrine  
Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

## LXII

A mighty window, hollow in the centre,  
Shorn of its glass of thousand colour-  
ings,  
Through which the deepen'd glories once  
could enter,  
Streaming from off the sun like seraph's  
wings,

Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now  
fainter,

The gale sweeps through its fretwork,  
and oft sings

The owl his anthem, where the silenced  
quire

Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like  
fire.

## LXIII

But in the noontide of the moon, and when  
The wind is winged from one point of  
heaven,

There moans a strange unearthly sound,  
which then

Is musical—a dying accent driven

Through the huge arch, which soars and  
sinks again.

Some deem it but the distant echo given  
Back to the night wind by the waterfall,  
And harmonised by the old choral wall:

## LXIV

Others, that some original shape, or form  
Shaped by decay perchance, hath given  
the power

(Though less than that of Memnon's  
statue, warm

In Egypt's rays, to harp at a fix'd hour)

To this grey ruin, with a voice to charm  
Sad, but serene, it sweeps o'er tree or  
tower;

The cause I know not, nor can solve; but  
such

The fact:—I've heard it,—once perhaps  
too much.

## LXV

Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play'd,  
Symmetrical, but deck'd with carvings  
quaint—

Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,  
And here perhaps a monster, there a  
saint:

The spring gush'd through grim mouths  
of granite made,

And sparkled into basins, where it spent  
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,  
Like man's vain glory, and his vainer  
troubles.

## LXVI

The mansion's self was vast and venerable,  
With more of the monastic than has  
been

Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still  
were stable,

The cells, too, and refectory, I ween:

An exquisite small chapel had been able,  
Still unimpair'd, to decorate the scene;  
The rest had been reform'd, replaced, or  
sunk,

And spoke more of the baron than the  
monk.

## LXVII

Huge halls, long galleries, spacious  
chambers, join'd

By no quite lawful marriage of the arts,  
Might shock a connoisseur; but when  
combined,

Form'd a whole which, irregular in parts,  
Yet left a grand impression on the mind,  
At least of those whose eyes are in their  
hearts:

We gaze upon a giant for his stature,  
Nor judge at first if all be true to nature.

## LXVIII

Steel barons, molten the next generation  
To silken rows of gay and garter'd earls,

Glanced from the walls in goodly pre-  
servation:

And Lady Marys blooming into girls,  
With fair long locks, had also kept their  
station:

And countesses mature in robes and  
pearls:

Also some beauties of Sir Peter Lely,  
Whose drapery hints we may admire  
them freely.

## LXIX

Judges in very formidable ermine

Were there, with brows that did not  
much invite

The accused to think their lordships would  
determine

His cause by leaning much from might  
to right:

Bishops, who had not left a single sermon;  
Attorneys-general, awful to the sight,

As hinting more (unless our judgments  
warp us)

Of the 'Star Chamber' than of 'Habeas  
Corpus.'

## LXX

Generals, some all in armour, of the old  
And iron time, ere lead had ta'en the  
lead;

Others in wigs of Marlborough's martial  
fold,

Huger than twelve of our degenerate  
breed:

Lordlings, with staves of white or keys of gold:

Nimrods, whose canvas scarce contain'd the steed;  
And here and there some stern high patriot stood,  
Who could not get the place for which he sued.

## LXXI

But ever and anon, to soothe your vision,  
Fatigued with these hereditary glories,  
There rose a Carlo Dolce or a Titian,  
Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's:  
Here danced Albano's boys, and here the sea shone  
In Vernet's ocean lights; and there the stories  
Of martyrs awed, as Spagnoletto tainted  
His brush with all the blood of all the sainted.

## LXXII

Here sweetly spread a landscape of Lorraine;  
There Rembrandt made his darkness equal light,  
Or gloomy Caravaggio's gloomier stain  
Bronzed o'er some lean and stoic anchorite:—  
But, lo! a Teniers woos, and not in vain,  
Your eyes to revel in a livelier sight:  
His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish  
Or Dutch with thirst—What, ho! a flask of Rhenish.

## LXXIII

O reader! if that thou canst read,—and know,  
'Tis not enough to spell, or even to read,  
To constitute a reader; there must go  
Virtues of which both you and I have need.  
Firstly, begin with the beginning—(though  
That clause is hard); and secondly, proceed:  
Thirdly, commence not with the end—or, sinning  
In this sort, end at last with the beginning.

## LXXIV

But reader, thou hast patient been of late,  
While I, without remorse of rhyme, or fear,  
Have built and laid out ground at such a rate,  
Dan Phœbus takes me for an auctioneer.  
That poets were so from their earliest date,  
By Homer's 'Catalogue of ships' is clear;  
But a mere modern must be moderate—  
I spare you then the furniture and plate.

## LXXV

The mellow autumn came, and with it came  
The promised party, to enjoy its sweets.  
The corn is cut, the manor full of game;  
The pointer ranges, and the sportsman beats  
In russet jacket;—lynx-like is his aim;  
Full grows his bag, and wonderful his feats.  
Ah, nutbrown partridges! Ah, brilliant pheasants!  
And ah, ye poachers!—'Tis no sport for peasants.

## LXXVI

An English autumn, though it hath no vines,  
Blushing with Bacchant coronals along  
The paths, o'er which the far festoon entwines  
The red grape in the sunny lands of song,  
Hath yet a purchased choice of choicest wines;  
The claret light, and the Madeira strong;  
If Britain mourn her bleakness, we can tell her,  
The very best of vineyards is the cellar.

## LXXVII

Then, if she hath not that serene decline  
Which makes the southern autumn's day appear  
As if 'twould to a second spring resign  
The season, rather than to winter drear,—  
Of in-door comforts still she hath a mine,—  
The sea-coal fires, the 'earliest of the year';  
Without doors, too, she may compete in mellow,  
As what is lost in green is gain'd in yellow.

## LXXVIII

And for the effeminate *villeggiatura*—  
Rife with more horns than hounds—she hath the chase,  
So animated that it might allure a  
Saint from his beads to join the jocund race;  
Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura,  
And wear the Melton jacket for a space:  
If she hath no wild boars, she hath a tame  
Preserve of bores, who ought to be made game.

## LXXIX

The noble guests, assembled at the Abbey,  
Consisted of—we give the sex the *pas*—  
The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke; the Countess Crabby;  
The Ladies Scilly, Busey;—Miss Eclat,

Miss Bombazeen, Miss Mackstay, Miss  
O'Tabby,  
And Mrs. Rabbi, the rich banker's  
squaw;  
Also the honourable Mrs. Sleep,  
Who look'd a white lamb, yet was a black  
sheep:

## LXXX

With other Countesses of Blank—but  
rank;  
At once the 'lie' and the *élite* of  
crowds;  
Who pass like water filter'd in a tank,  
All purged and pious from their native  
clouds;  
Or paper turn'd to money by the Bank:  
No matter how or why, the passport  
shrouds  
The *passée* and the past; for good  
society  
Is no less famed for tolerance than piety,—

## LXXXI

That is, up to a certain point; which point  
Forms the most difficult in punctua-  
tion.  
Appearances appear to form the joint  
On which it hinges in a higher station;  
And so that no explosion cry 'Aroint  
Thee, witch!' or each Medea has her  
Jason;  
Or (to the point with Horace and with  
Pulci)  
'*Omne tulit punctum, quæ miscuit utile  
dulci.*'

## LXXXII

I can't exactly trace their rule of right,  
Which hath a little leaning to a lottery.  
I've seen a virtuous woman put down  
quite  
By the mere combination of a coterie;  
Also a so-so matron boldly fight  
Her way back to the world by dint of  
plottery,  
And shine the very *Siria* of the spheres,  
Escaping with a few slight, scarless sneers.

## LXXXIII

I have seen more than I'll say:—but we  
will see  
How our '*villeggiatura*' will get on.  
The party might consist of thirty-three  
Of highest caste—the Brahmins of the  
*ton*.  
I have named a few, not foremost in  
degree,  
But ta'en at hazard as the rhyme may  
run,  
By way of sprinkling, scatter'd amongst  
these  
There also were some Irish absentees.

## LXXXIV

There was Parolles, too, the legal bully,  
Who limits all his battles to the bar  
And senate: when invited elsewhere, truly,  
He shows more appetite for words than  
war.  
There was the young bard Rackrhyme,  
who had newly  
Come out and glimmer'd as a six weeks'  
star.  
There was Lord Pyrrho, too, the great  
freethinker;  
And Sir John Pottledeep, the mighty  
drinker.

## LXXXV

There was the Duke of Dash, who was a—  
duke,  
'Ay, every inch a' duke; there were  
twelve peers  
Like Charlemagne's—and all such peers  
in *look*  
And *intellect*, that neither eyes nor  
ears  
For commoners had ever them mistook.  
There were the six Miss Rawbolds—  
pretty dears!  
All song and sentiment; whose hearts were  
set  
Less on a convent than a coronet.

## LXXXVI

There were four Honourable Misters,  
whose  
Honour was more before their names  
than after;  
There was the *preux Chevalier de la  
Ruse*,  
Whom France and Fortune lately  
deign'd to waft here,  
Whose chiefly harmless talent was to  
amuse;  
But the clubs found it rather serious  
laughter,  
Because—such was his magic power to  
please—  
The dice seem'd charm'd, too, with his re-  
partees.

## LXXXVII

There was Dick Dubious, the metaphysi-  
cian,  
Who loved philosophy and a good  
dinner;  
Angle, the *soi-disant* mathematician;  
Sir Henry Silvercup, the great race-  
winner.  
There was the Reverend Rodomont Pre-  
cision,  
Who did not hate so much the sin as  
sinner;  
And Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet,  
Good at all things, but better at a bet.

## LXXXVIII

There was Jack Jargon, the gigantic  
guardsman;  
And General Fireface, famous in the  
field,  
A great tactician, and no less a swordsman,  
Who ate, last war, more Yankees than  
he kill'd.  
There was the waggish Welsh Judge,  
Jefferies Hardsman,  
In his grave office so completely skill'd,  
That when a culprit came for condemna-  
tion,  
He had his judge's joke for consolation.

## LXXXIX

Good company's a chess-board—there  
are kings,  
Queens, bishops, knights, rooks, pawns;  
the world's a game;  
Save that the puppets pull at their own  
strings,  
Methinks gay Punch hath something  
of the same.  
My Muse, the butterfly hath but her wings,  
Not stings, and flits through ether with-  
out aim,  
Alighting rarely:—were she but a hornet,  
Perhaps there might be vices which would  
mourn it.

## XC

I had forgotten—but must not forget—  
An orator, the latest of the session,  
Who had deliver'd well a very set  
Smooth speech, his first and maidenly  
transgression  
Upon debate: the papers echoed yet  
With his *début*, which made a strong  
impression,  
And rank'd with what is every day dis-  
play'd—  
'The best first speech that ever yet was made.'

## XCI

Proud of his 'Hear him!' proud, too, of  
his vote  
And lost virginity of oratory,  
Proud of his learning (just enough to quote),  
He revell'd in his Ciceronian glory:  
With memory excellent to get by rote,  
With wit to hatch a pun or tell a story,  
Graced with some merit, and with more  
effrontery,  
'His country's pride,' he came down to the  
country.

## XCII

There also were two wits by acclamation,  
Longbow from Ireland, Strongbow  
from the Tweed,  
Both lawyers and both men of education;  
But Strongbow's wit was of more  
polish'd breed;

Longbow was rich in an imagination  
As beautiful and bounding as a steed,  
But sometimes stumbling over a potato,—  
While Strongbow's best things might have  
come from Cato.

## XCIII

Strongbow was like a new-tuned harpsi-  
chord;  
But Longbow wild as an Æolian harp,  
With which the winds of heaven can claim  
accord,  
And make a music, whether flat or  
sharp.  
Of Strongbow's talk you would not change  
a word:  
At Longbow's phrases you might some-  
times carp:  
Both wits—one born so, and the other  
bred,  
This by his heart—his rival by his head.

## XCIV

If all these seem a heterogeneous mass  
To be assembled at a country seat,  
Yet think, a specimen of every class  
Is better than a humdrum tête-à-tête.  
The days of Comedy are gone, alas!  
When Congreve's fool could vie with  
Molière's *bête*:  
Society is smooth'd to that excess,  
That manners hardly differ more than  
dress.

## XCV

Our ridicules are kept in the back ground—  
Ridiculous enough, but also dull;  
Professions, too, are no more to be found  
Professional; and there is nought to  
cull  
Of folly's fruit; for though your fools  
abound,  
They're barren, and not worth the pains  
to pull.  
Society is now one polish'd horde,  
Form'd of two mighty tribes, the *Bores*  
and *Bored*.

## XCVI

But from being farmers, we turn gleaners,  
gleaning  
The scanty but right-well thresh'd ears  
of truth;  
And, gentle reader! when you gather  
meaning,  
You may be Boaz, and I—modest Ruth.  
Further I'd quote, but Scripture inter-  
vening  
Forbids. A great impression in my  
youth  
Was made by Mrs. Adams, where she cries  
'That Scriptures out of church are blas-  
phemies.'

## XCVII

But what we can we glean in this vile age  
Of chaff, although our gleanings be not  
grist.

I must not quite omit the talking sage,  
Kit-Cat, the famous Conversationist,  
Who, in his common-place book, had a  
page

Prepared each morn for evenings.

'List, oh list!'

'Alas, poor ghost!'—What unexpected  
woes

Await those who have studied their *bons-  
mots*!

## XCVIII

Firstly, they must allure the conversation

By many windings to their clever clinch;  
And secondly, must let slip no occasion,

Nor *bate* (abate) their hearers of an *inch*,  
But take anell—and make a great sensation,

If possible; and thirdly, never flinch  
When some smart talker puts them to the  
test,

But seize the last word, which no doubt's  
the best.

## XCIX

Lord Henry and his lady were the hosts;  
The party we have touch'd on were the  
guests.

Their table was a board to tempt even  
ghosts  
To pass the Styx for more substantial  
feasts.

I will not dwell upon *ragoûts* or roasts,  
Albeit all human history attests

That happiness for man—the hungry sin-  
ner!—

Since Eve ate apples, much depends on  
dinner.

## C

Witness the lands which 'flow'd with milk  
and honey,'

Held out unto the hungry Israelites:  
To this we have added since, the love of  
money,

The only sort of pleasure which requites.  
Youth fades, and leaves our days no  
longer sunny;

We tire of mistresses and parasites;  
But oh, ambrosial cash! Ah! who would  
lose thee?

When we no more can use, or even abuse  
thee!

## CI

The gentlemen got up betimes to shoot,  
Or hunt: the young, because they liked  
the sport—

The first thing boys like after play and fruit;  
The middle-aged, to make the day more  
short;

For *ennui* is a growth of English root,  
Though nameless in our language:—we  
retort

The fact for words, and let the French  
translate

That awful yawn which sleep cannot abate.

## CII

The elderly walk'd through the library,  
And tumbled books, or criticised the  
pictures,

Or saunter'd through the gardens piteous-  
ly,

And made upon the hot-house several  
strictures,

Or rode a nag which trotted not too high,  
Or on the morning papers read their  
lectures,

Or on the watch their longing eyes would fix,  
Longing at sixty for the hour of six.

## CIII

But none were *géné*. the great hour of  
union

Was rung by dinner's knell; till then all  
were

Masters of their own time—or in commu-  
nion,

Or solitary, as they chose to bear  
The hours, which how to pass is but to few  
known.

Each rose up at his own, and had to  
spare

What time he chose for dress, and broke  
his fast

When, where, and how he chose for that  
repast.

## CIV

The ladies—some rouged, some a little  
pale—

Met the morn as they might. If fine,  
they rode,

Or walk'd; if foul, they read, or told a tale,  
Sung, or rehearsed the last dance from  
abroad;

Discuss'd the fashion which might next  
prevail,

And settled bonnets by the newest code,  
Or cramm'd twelve sheets into one little  
letter,

To make each correspondent a new debtor.

## CV

For some had absent lovers, all had friends.  
The earth has nothing like a she epistle,

And hardly heaven—because it never ends.  
I love the mystery of a female missal,

Which, like a creed, ne'er says all it in-  
tends,

But full of cunning as Ulysses' whistle,  
When he allured poor Dolon:—you had  
better

Take care what you reply to such a letter.

## CVI

Then there were billiards; cards, too, but  
*no dice*;—  
 Save in the clubs no man of honour  
 plays;—  
 Boats when 'twas water, skating when  
 'twas ice,  
 And the hard frost destroy'd the scent-  
 ing days:  
 And angling, too, that solitary vice,  
 Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says:  
 The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his  
 gullet  
 Should have a hook, and a small trout to  
 pull it.

## CVII

With evening came the banquet and the  
 wine;  
 The conversation; the duet,  
 Attuned by voices more or less divine  
 (My heart or head aches with the mem-  
 ory yet).  
 The four Miss Rawbolds in a glee would  
 shine;  
 But the two youngest loved more to be  
 set  
 Down to the harp—because to music's  
 charms  
 They added graceful necks, white hands  
 and arms.

## CVIII

Sometimes a dance (though rarely on field  
 days,  
 For then the gentlemen were rather  
 tired)  
 Display'd some sylph-like figures in its  
 maze;  
 Then there was small-talk ready when  
 required;  
 Flirtation—but decorous; the mere praise  
 Of charms that should or should not be  
 admired.  
 The hunters fought their fox-hunt o'er  
 again,  
 And then retreated soberly—at ten.

## CIX

The politicians, in a nook apart,  
 Discuss'd the world, and settled all the  
 spheres;  
 The wits watch'd every loophole for their  
 art,  
 To introduce a *bon-mot* head and  
 ears;  
 Small is the rest of those who would be  
 smart,  
 A moment's good thing may have cost  
 them years  
 Before they find an hour to introduce it;  
 And then, even *then*, some bore may make  
 them lose it.

## CX

But all was gentle and aristocratic  
 In this our party; polish'd, smooth, and  
 cold,  
 As Phidian forms cut out of marble Attic.  
 There now are no Squire Westerns as  
 of old;  
 And our Sophias are not so emphatic,  
 But fair as then, or fairer to behold.  
 We have no accomplish'd blackguards,  
 like Tom Jones,  
 But gentlemen in stays, as stiff as stones.

## CXI

They separated at an early hour;  
 That is, ere midnight—which is Lon-  
 don's noon;  
 But in the country ladies seek their bower  
 A little earlier than the waning moon.  
 Peace to the slumbers of each folded  
 flower—  
 May the rose call back its true colour  
 soon!  
 Good hours of fair cheeks are the fairest  
 tinters,  
 And lower the price of rouge—at least  
 some winters.

## CANTO THE FOURTEENTH

## I

If from great nature's or our own abyss  
 Of thought we could but snatch a cer-  
 tainty,  
 Perhaps mankind might find the path they  
 miss—  
 But then 'twould spoil much good philo-  
 sophy.  
 One system eats another up, and this  
 Much as old Saturn ate his progeny;  
 For when his pious consort gave him  
 stones  
 In lieu of sons, of these he made no bones.

## II

But System doth reverse the Titan's break-  
 fast,  
 And eats her parents, albeit the digestion  
 Is difficult. Pray tell me, can you make fast,  
 After due search, your faith to any  
 question?  
 Look back o'er ages, ere unto the stake fast  
 You bind yourself, and call some mode  
 'the best one.  
 Nothing more true than *not* to trust your  
 senses;  
 And yet what are your other evidences?

## III

For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,  
 Admit, reject, condemn; and what know  
*you*,  
 Except perhaps that you were born to die?  
 And both may after all turn out untrue.

An age may come, Font of Eternity,  
When nothing shall be either old or new.  
Death, so call'd, is a thing which makes  
men weep,  
And yet a third of life is pass'd in sleep.

## IV

A sleep without dreams, after a rough day  
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet  
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent  
clay!

The very Suicide that pays his debt  
At once without instalments (an old way  
Of paying debts, which creditors regret),  
Lets out impatiently his rushing breath,  
Less from disgust of life than dread of  
death.

## V

'Tis round him, near him, here, there,  
everywhere,  
And there's a courage which grows out  
of fear,  
Perhaps of all most desperate, which will  
dare  
The worst to *know* it:—when the moun-  
tains rear  
Their peaks beneath your human foot, and  
there  
You look down o'er the precipice, and  
drear

The gulf of rock yawns,—you can't gaze a  
minute,  
Without an awful wish to plunge within it.

## VI

'Tis true, you don't—but, pale and struck  
with terror,  
Retire: but look into your past im-  
pression!  
And you will find, though shuddering at  
the mirror  
Of your own thoughts, in all their self-  
confession,  
The lurking bias, be it truth or error,  
To the *unknown*; a secret prepossession,  
To plunge with all your fears—but where?  
You know not,  
And that's the reason why you do—or  
do not.

## VII

But what's this to the purpose? you will say.  
Gent. reader, nothing; a mere specula-  
tion,  
For which my sole excuse is—'tis my way;  
Sometimes *with* and sometimes without  
occasion,  
I write what's uppermost, without delay;  
This narrative is not meant for narra-  
tion,  
But a mere airy and fantastic basis,  
To build up common things with common  
places.

## VIII

You know, or don't know, that great  
Bacon saith,  
'Fling up a straw, 'twill show the way  
the wind blows;'  
And such a straw, borne on by human  
breath,  
Is poesy, according as the mind glows;  
A paper kite which flies 'twixt life and  
death,  
A shadow which the onward soul be-  
hind throws:  
And mine's a bubble, not blown up for  
praise,  
But just to play with, as an infant plays.

## IX

The world is all before me—or behind;  
For I have seen a portion of that same,  
And quite enough for me to keep in  
mind;—  
Of passions, too, I have proved enough  
to blame,  
To the great pleasure of our friends, man-  
kind,  
Who like to mix some slight alloy with  
fame;  
For I was rather famous in my time,  
Until I fairly knock'd it up with rhyme.

## X

I have brought this world about my ears,  
and eke  
The other; that's to say, the clergy—  
who  
Upon my head have bid their thunders  
break  
In pious libels by no means a few.  
And yet I can't help scribbling once a week,  
Tiring old readers, nor discovering new.  
In youth I wrote because my mind was full,  
And *now* because I feel it growing dull.

## XI

But 'why then publish?'—There are no  
rewards,  
Of fame or profit when the world grows  
weary.  
I ask in turn,—Why do you play at cards?  
Why drink? Why read?—To make  
some hour less dreary.  
It occupies me to turn back regards  
On what I've seen or ponder'd, sad or  
cheery;  
And what I write I cast upon the stream,  
To swim or sink—I have had at least my  
dream.

## XII

I think that were I *certain* of success,  
I hardly could compose another line:  
So long I've battled either more or less,  
That no defeat can drive me from the  
Nine.

This feeling 'tis not easy to express,  
And yet 'tis not affected, I opine.  
In play, there are two pleasures for your  
choosing—  
The one is winning, and the other losing.

## XIII

Besides, my Muse by no means deals in  
fiction:  
She gathers a repertory of facts,  
Of course with some reserve and slight  
restriction,  
But mostly sings of human things and  
acts—  
And that's one cause she meets with con-  
tradiction;  
For too much truth, at first sight, ne'er  
attracts;  
And were her object only what's call'd  
glory,  
With more ease too she'd tell a different  
story.

## XIV

Love, war, a tempest—surely there's  
variety:  
Also a seasoning slight of lucubration;  
A bird's-eye-view, too, of that wild,  
Society;  
A slight glance thrown on men of every  
station.  
If you have nought else, here's at least  
satiety,  
Both in performance and in prepara-  
tion;  
And though these lines should only line  
portmanteaus,  
Trade will be all the better for these  
Cantos.

## XV

The portion of this world which I at  
present  
Have taken up to fill the following ser-  
mon,  
Is one of which there's no description  
recent:  
The reason why, is easy to determine:  
Although it seems both prominent and  
pleasant,  
There is a sameness in its gems and  
ermine,  
A dull and family likeness through all  
ages,  
Of no great promise for poetic pages.

## XVI

With much to excite, there's little to exalt;  
Nothing that speaks to all men and all  
times;  
A sort of varnish over every fault;  
A kind of common-place, even in their  
crimes;

Factitious passions, wit without much salt,  
A want of that true nature which  
sublimes  
Whate'er it shows with truth; a smooth  
monotony  
Of character, in those at least who have  
got any.

## XVII

Sometimes, indeed, like soldiers off parade,  
They break their ranks and gladly leave  
the drill;  
But then the roll-call draws them back  
afraid,  
And they must be or seem what they  
were: still  
Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade:  
But when of the first sight you have had  
your fill,  
It palls—at least it did so upon me,  
This paradise of pleasure and ennui.

## XVIII

When we have made our love, and gamed  
our gaming,  
Drest, voted, shone, and, may be, some-  
thing more;  
With dandies dined; heard senators de-  
claiming;  
Seen beauties brought to market by the  
score,  
Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely  
taming;  
There's little left but to be bored or  
bore.  
Witness those *ci-devant jeunes hommes*  
who stem  
The stream, nor leave the world which  
leaveth them.

## XIX

'Tis said—indeed a general complaint—  
That no one has succeeded in describing  
The *monde*, exactly as they ought to paint:  
Some say, that authors only snatch, by  
bribing  
The porter, some slight scandals strange  
and quaint,  
To furnish matter for their moral  
gibing;  
And that their books have but one style in  
common—  
My lady's prattle, filter'd through her  
woman.

## XX

But this can't well be true, just now; for  
writers  
Are grown of the *beau monde* a part  
potential:  
I've seen them balance even the scale with  
fighters,  
Especially when young, for that's essen-  
tial.



Why do their sketches fail them as inditers  
Of what they deem themselves most  
consequential,  
The *real* portrait of the highest tribe?  
'Tis that, in fact, there's little to describe.

## XXI

'*Haud ignara loquor*,' these are *Nugæ*,  
*'quarum*  
*Pars parva fui*,' but still art and part.  
Now I could much more easily sketch a  
harem,  
A battle, wreck, or history of the heart,  
Than these things; and besides, I wish to  
spare 'em,  
For reasons which I choose to keep  
apart.  
'*Vetabo Cereris sacrum qui vulgarit*—'  
Which means, that vulgar people must  
not share it.

## XXII

And therefore what I throw off is ideal—  
Lower'd, leaven'd, like a history of free-  
masons  
Which bears the same relation to the real,  
As Captain Parry's voyage may do to  
Jason's.  
The grand *arcantum's* not for men to see  
all;  
My music has some mystic diapasons;  
And there is much which could not be  
appreciated  
In any manner by the uninitiated.

## XXIII

Alas! worlds fall—and woman, since she  
fell'd  
The world (as, since that history, less  
polite  
Than true, hath been a creed so strictly  
held),  
Has not yet given up the practice quite.  
Poor thing of usages! coerced, compell'd,  
Victim when wrong, and martyr oft  
when right,  
Condemn'd to child-bed, as men for their  
sins  
Have shaving too entail'd upon their  
chins,—

## XXIV

A daily plague, which in the aggregate  
May average on the whole with parturi-  
tion.  
But as to women, who can penetrate  
The real sufferings of their she con-  
dition?  
Man's very sympathy with their estate  
Has much of selfishness, and more sus-  
picion.  
Their love, their virtue, beauty, education,  
But form good housekeepers, to breed a  
nation.

## XXV

All this were very well, and can't be better;  
But even this is difficult, Heaven knows,  
So many troubles from her birth beset her,  
Such small distinction between friends  
and foes,  
The gilding wears so soon from off her  
fetter,  
That—but ask any woman if she'd  
choose  
(Take her at thirty, that is) to have been  
Female or male? a schoolboy or a queen?

## XXVI

'Petticoat influence' is a great reproach,  
Which even those who obey would fain  
be thought  
To fly from, as from hungry pikes a roach;  
But since beneath it upon earth we are  
brought,  
By various joltings of life's hackney coach,  
I for one venerate a petticoat—  
A garment of a mystical sublimity,  
No matter whether russet, silk, or dimity.

## XXVII

Much I respect, and much I have adored,  
In my young days, that chaste and  
goodly veil,  
Which holds a treasure, like a miser's  
hoard,  
And more attracts by all it doth con-  
ceal—  
A golden scabbard on a Damasque sword,  
A loving letter with a mystic seal,  
A cure for grief—for what can ever rankle  
Before a petticoat and peeping ankle?

## XXVIII

And when upon a silent, sullen day,  
With a sirocco, for example, blowing,  
When even the sea looks dim with all its  
spray,  
And sulkily the river's ripple's flowing,  
And the sky shows that very ancient gray,  
The sober, sad antithesis to glowing,—  
'Tis pleasant, if *then* anything is pleasant,  
To catch a glimpse even of a pretty  
peasant.

## XXIX

We left our heroes and our heroines  
In that fair clime which don't depend on  
climate,  
Quite independent of the Zodiac's signs,  
Though certainly more difficult to  
rhyme at,  
Because the sun, and stars, and aught that  
shines,  
Mountains, and all we can be most  
sublime at,  
Are there oft dull and dreary as a *dun*—  
Whether a sky's or tradesman's is all one.

## XXX

An in-door life is less poetical;  
 And out-of-door hath showers, and  
 mists, and sleet,  
 With which I could not brew a pastoral.  
 But be it as it may, a bard must meet  
 All difficulties, whether great or small,  
 To spoil his undertaking, or complete,  
 And work away like spirit upon matter,  
 Embarrass'd somewhat both with fire and  
 water.

## XXXI

Juan—in this respect, at least, like saints—  
 Was all things unto people of all sorts,  
 And lived contentedly, without com-  
 plaints,  
 In camps, in ships, in cottages, or  
 courts—  
 Born with that happy soul which seldom  
 faints,  
 And mingling modestly in toils or  
 sports.  
 He likewise could be most things to all  
 women,  
 Without the coxcombry of certain *she*  
 men.

## XXXII

A fox-hunt to a foreigner is strange;  
 'Tis also subject to the double danger  
 Of tumbling first, and having in exchange  
 Some pleasant jesting at the awkward  
 stranger;  
 But Juan had been early taught to range  
 The wilds, as doth an Arab turn'd  
 avenger,  
 So that his horse, or charger, hunter, hack,  
 Knew that he had a rider on his back.

## XXXIII

And now in this new field, with some ap-  
 plause,  
 He clear'd hedge, ditch, and double  
 post, and rail,  
 And never *craned*, and made but few '*faux*  
*pas*,'  
 And only fretted when the scent 'gan  
 fail.  
 He broke, 'tis true, some statutes of the  
 laws  
 Of hunting—for the sagest youth is  
 frail;  
 Rode o'er the hounds, it may be, now and  
 then,  
 And once o'er several country gentlemen.

## XXXIV

But on the whole, to general admiration  
 He acquitted both himself and horse:  
 the squires  
 Marvell'd at merit of another nation;  
 The boors cried 'Dang it! who'd have  
 thought it?'—Sires,

The Nestors of the sporting generation,  
 Swore praises, and recall'd their former  
 fires;  
 The huntsman's self relented to a grin,  
 And rated him almost a whipper-in.

## XXXV

Such were his trophies—not of spear and  
 shield,  
 But leaps, and bursts, and sometimes  
 foxes' brushes;  
 Yet I must own,—although in this I yield  
 To patriot sympathy a Briton's blush-  
 es,—  
 He thought at heart like courtly Chester-  
 field,  
 Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales,  
 bushes,  
 And what not, though he rode beyond all  
 price,  
 Ask'd next day, 'If men ever hunted  
*twice*?'

## XXXVI

He also had a quality uncommon  
 To early risers after a long chase,  
 Who wake in winter ere the cock can sum-  
 mon  
 December's drowsy day to his dull  
 race,—  
 A quality agreeable to woman,  
 When her soft, liquid words run on  
 apace,  
 Who likes a listener, whether saint or sin-  
 ner,—  
 He did not fall asleep just after dinner;

## XXXVII

But, light and airy, stood on the alert,  
 And shone in the best part of dialogue,  
 By humouring always what they might  
 assert,  
 And listening to the topics most in  
 vogue,—  
 Now grave, now gay, but never dull or  
 pert;  
 And smiling but in secret—cunning  
 rogue!—  
 He ne'er presumed to make an error  
 clearer;—  
 In short, there never was a better hearer.

## XXXVIII

And then he danced,—all foreigners excel  
 The serious Angles in the eloquence  
 Of pantomime,—he danced, I say, right  
 well,  
 With emphasis, and also with good  
 sense—  
 A thing in footing indispensable;  
 He danced without theatrical pretence,  
 Not like a ballet-master in the van  
 Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentle-  
 man.

## XXXIX

Chaste were his steps, each kept within  
 due bound,  
 And elegance was sprinkled o'er his  
 figure;  
 Like swift Camilla, he scarce skimm'd the  
 ground,  
 And rather held in than put forth his  
 vigour;  
 And then he had an ear for music's sound,  
 Which might defy a crotchet critic's  
 rigour.  
 Such classic *pas*—sans flaws—set off our  
 hero,  
 He glanced like a personified Bolero;

## XL

Or, like a flying Hour before Aurora,  
 In Guido's famous fresco, which alone  
 Is worth a tour to Rome, although no  
 more a  
 Remnant were there of the old world's  
 sole throne.  
 The '*tout ensemble*' of his movements  
 wore a  
 Grace of the soft ideal, seldom shown,  
 And ne'er to be described; for to the colour  
 Of bands and prozers, words are void of  
 colour.

## XLI

No marvel then he was a favourite;  
 A full-grown Cupid, very much ad-  
 mired;  
 A little spoilt, but by no means so quite;  
 At least he kept his vanity retired.  
 Such was his tact, he could alike delight  
 The chaste, and those who are not so  
 much inspired.  
 The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke, who loved  
*tracasserie*,  
 Began to treat him with some small *aga-  
 cerie*.

## XLII

She was a fine and somewhat full-blown  
 blonde,  
 Desirable, distinguish'd, celebrated  
 For several winters in the grand, *grand  
 monde*.  
 I'd rather not say what might be related  
 Of her exploits, for this were ticklish  
 ground;  
 Besides there might be falsehood in  
 what's stated;  
 Her late performance had been a dead set  
 At Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

## XLIII

This noble personage began to look  
 A little black upon this new flirtation;  
 But such small licences must lovers brook,  
 Mere freedoms of the female corpora-  
 tion.

Woe to the man who ventures a rebuke!  
 'Twill but precipitate a situation  
 Extremely disagreeable, but common  
 To calculators when they count on woman.

## XLIV

The circle smiled, then whisper'd, and then  
 sneer'd;  
 The misses bridled, and the matrons  
 frown'd;  
 Some hoped things might not turn out as  
 they fear'd;  
 Some would not deem such women  
 could be found;  
 Some ne'er believed one half of what they  
 heard;  
 Some look'd perplex'd, and others look'd  
 profound;  
 And several pitied with sincere regret  
 Poor Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

## XLV

But what is odd, none ever named the  
 duke,  
 Who, one might think, was something  
 in the affair:  
 True, he was absent, and, 'twas rumour'd,  
 took  
 But small concern about the when, or  
 where,  
 Or what his consort did: if he could brook  
 Her gaieties, none had a right to stare:  
 Theirs was that best of unions, past all  
 doubt,  
 Which never meets, and therefore can't fall  
 out.

## XLVI

But, oh! that I should ever pen so sad a line!  
 Fired with an abstract love of virtue, she,  
 My Dian of the Ephesians, Lady Adeline,  
 Began to think the duchess' conduct free;  
 Regretting much that she had chosen so  
 bad a line,  
 And waxing chiller in her courtesy,  
 Look'd grave and pale to see her friend's  
 fragility,  
 For which most friends reserve their sensi-  
 bility.

## XLVII

There's nought in this bad world like  
 sympathy;  
 'Tis so becoming to the soul and face,  
 Sets to soft music the harmonious sigh,  
 And robes sweet friendship in a Brussels  
 lace.  
 Without a friend, what were humanity,  
 To hunt our errors up with a good grace?  
 Consoling us with—'Would you had  
 thought twice!  
 Ah! if you had but follow'd my advice!'

## XLVIII

O Job! you had two friends: one's quite enough,  
 Especially when we are ill at ease;  
 They're but bad pilots when the weather's rough,  
 Doctors less famous for their cures than fees.  
 Let no man grumble when his friends fall off,  
 As they will do like leaves at the first breeze:  
 When your affairs come round, one way or t'other,  
 Go to the coffee-house, and take another.

## XLIX

But this is not my maxim: had it been,  
 Some heart-aches had been spared me:  
 yet I care not—  
 I would not be a tortoise in his screen  
 Of stubborn shell, which waves and weather wear not;  
 'Tis better on the whole to have felt and seen  
 That which humanity may bear, or bear not;  
 'Twill teach discernment to the sensitive,  
 And not to pour their ocean in a sieve.

## L

Of all the horrid, hideous notes of woe,  
 Sadder than owl-songs or the midnight blast,  
 Is that portentous phrase, 'I told you so,'  
 Utter'd by friends, those prophets of the past,  
 Who, 'stead of saying what you *now* should do,  
 Own they foresaw that you would fall at last,  
 And solace your slight lapse 'gainst *bonos mores*,  
 With a long memorandum of old stories.

## LI

The Lady Adeline's serene severity  
 Was not confined to feeling for her friend,  
 Whose fame she rather doubted with posterity,  
 Unless her habits should begin to mend:  
 But Juan also shared in her austerity,  
 But mix'd with pity, pure as e'er was penn'd:  
 His inexperience moved her gentle ruth,  
 And (as her junior by six weeks) his youth.

## LII

These forty days' advantage of her years—  
 And hers were those which can face calculation,  
 Boldly referring to the list of peers  
 And noble births, nor dread the enumeration—

Gave her a right to have maternal fears  
 For a young gentleman's fit education;  
 Though she was far from that leap year,  
 whose leap,  
 In female dates, strikes Time all of a heap.

## LIII

This may be fix'd at somewhere before thirty—  
 Say seven-and-twenty; for I never knew  
 The strictest in chronology and virtue  
 Advance beyond, while they could pass for new.  
 O Time! why dost not pause? Thy scythe, so dirty  
 With rust, should surely cease to hack and hew.  
 Reset it: shave more smoothly, also slower,  
 If but to keep thy credit as a mower.

## LIV

But Adeline was far from that ripe age,  
 Whose ripeness is but bitter at the best:  
 'Twas rather her experience made her sage,  
 For she had seen the world and stood its test,  
 As I have said in—I forget what page;  
 My Muse despises reference, as you have guess'd  
 By this time;—but strike six from seven-and-twenty,  
 And you will find her sum of years in plenty.

## LV

At sixteen she came out; presented, vaunted,  
 She put all coronets into commotion:  
 At seventeen, too, the world was still enchanted  
 With the new Venus of their brilliant ocean:  
 At eighteen, though below her feet still panted  
 A hecatomb of suitors with devotion,  
 She had consented to create again  
 That Adam, call'd 'the happiest of men.'

## LVI

Since then she had sparkled through three glowing winters,  
 Admired, adored; but also so correct,  
 That she had puzzled all the acutest hinters,  
 Without the apparel of being circum-spect:  
 They could not even glean the slightest splinters  
 From off the marble, which had no defect.  
 She had also snatch'd a moment since her marriage  
 To bear a son and heir—and one miscarriage.

## LVII

Fondly the wheeling fire-flies flew around  
her,

Those little glitterers of the London night;  
But none of these possess'd a sting to  
wound her—

She was a pitch beyond a coxcomb's  
flight.

Perhaps she wish'd an aspirant pro-  
founder;

But whatsoe'er she wish'd, she acted right;  
And whether coldness, pride, or virtue,  
dignify

A woman, so she's good, what *does* it signify?

## LVIII

I hate a motive, like a lingering bottle  
Which with the landlord makes too long  
a stand,

Leaving all claretless the unmoisten'd  
throttle,

Especially with politics on hand;  
I hate it, as I hate a drove of cattle,

Who whirl the dust as simooms whirl  
the sand;

I hate it, as I hate an argument,  
A laureate's ode, or servile peer's 'con-  
tent.'

## LIX

'Tis sad to hack into the roots of things,  
They are so much intertangled with the  
earth;

So that the branch a goodly verdure flings,  
I reckon not if an acorn gave it birth.

To trace all actions to their secret springs  
Would make indeed some melancholy  
mirth;

But this is not at present my concern,  
And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.

## LX

With the kind view of saving an *éclat*,

Both to the duchess and diplomatist,

The Lady Adeline, as soon's she saw

That Juan was unlikely to resist—

(For foreigners don't know that a *faux pas*

In England ranks quite on a different list

From those of other lands unblest with

juries,

Whose verdict for such sin a certain cure

is;—)

## LXI

The Lady Adeline resolved to take

Such measures as she thought might  
best impede

The further progress of this sad mistake.

She thought with some simplicity indeed;

But innocence is bold even at the stake,

And simple in the world, and doth not  
need

Nor use those palisades by dames erected,

Whose virtue lies in never being detected.

## LXII

It was not that she fear'd the very worst:

His Grace was an enduring, married  
man,

And was not likely all at once to burst

Into a scene, and swell the clients' clan

Of Doctors' Commons: but she dreaded  
first

The magic of her Grace's talisman,

And next a quarrel (as he seem'd to fret)

With Lord Augustus Fitz-Plantagenet.

## LXIII

Her Grace, too, pass'd for being an *intri-  
gante*,

And somewhat *méchante* in her amor-  
ous sphere:

One of those pretty, precious plagues,  
which haunt

A lover with caprices soft and dear,

That like to *make* a quarrel, when they can't

Find one, each day of the delightful year;

Bewitching, torturing, as they freeze or  
glow,

And—what is worst of all—won't let you  
go;

## LXIV

The sort of thing to turn a young man's  
head,

Or make a Werter of him in the end.

No wonder then a purer soul should dread

This sort of chaste *liaison* for a friend;

It were much better to be wed or dead,

Than wear a heart a woman loves to  
rend.

'Tis best to pause, and think, ere you rush  
on,

If that a '*bonne fortune*' be really '*bonne*.'

## LXV

And first, in the o'erflowing of her heart,  
Which really knew or thought it knew

no guile,

She call'd her husband now and then apart,

And bade him counsel Juan. With a

smile

Lord Henry heard her plans of artless art

To wean Don Juan from the siren's wile;

And answer'd, like a statesman or a

prophet,

In such guise that she could make nothing  
of it.

## LXVI

Firstly, he said, 'he never interfered

In anybody's business but the king's':

Next, that 'he never judged from what  
appear'd,

Without strong reason, of those sort of  
things';

Thirdly, that 'Juan had more brain than  
beard,

And was not to be held in leading-  
strings';

And fourthly, what need hardly be said  
twice,  
'That good but rarely came from good  
advice.'

## LXVII

And, therefore, doubtless to approve the  
truth  
Of the last axiom, he advised his spouse  
To leave the parties to themselves, for-  
sooth—  
At least as far as *bienséance* allows:  
That time would temper Juan's faults of  
youth;  
That young men rarely made monastic  
vows;  
That opposition only more attaches—  
But here a messenger brought in des-  
patches:

## LXVIII

And being of the council call'd 'the Privy,'  
Lord Henry walk'd into his cabinet,  
To furnish matter for some future Livy  
To tell how he reduced the nation's  
debt;  
And if their full contents I do not give ye,  
It is because I do not know them yet;  
But I shall add them in a brief appendix,  
To come between mine epic and its index.

## LXIX

But ere he went, he added a slight hint,  
Another gentle common-place or two,  
Such as are coin'd in conversation's mint,  
And pass, for want of better, though  
not new:  
Then broke his packet, to see what was  
in't,  
And having casually glanced it through,  
Retired: and, as he went out, calmly kiss'd  
her,  
Less like a young wife than an aged sister.

## LXX

He was a cold, good, honourable man,  
Proud of his birth, and proud of every-  
thing;  
A goodly spirit for a state divan,  
A figure fit to walk before a king;  
Tall, stately, form'd to lead the courtly van  
On birthdays, glorious with a star and  
string;  
The very model of a chamberlain—  
And such I mean to make him when I  
reign.

## LXXI

But there was something wanting on the  
whole—  
I don't know what, and therefore can-  
not tell—  
Which pretty women—the sweet souls!—  
call *soul*.  
*Certes* it was not body; he was well

Proportion'd, as a poplar or a pole,  
A handsome man, that human miracle;  
And in each circumstance of love or war  
Had still preserved his perpendicular.

## LXXII

Still there was something wanting, as I've  
said—  
That undefinable '*Je ne sais quoi*,'  
Which, for what I know, may of yore have  
led  
To Homer's Iliad, since it drew to Troy  
The Greek Eve, Helen, from the Spartan's  
bed;  
Though on the whole, no doubt, the  
Dardan boy  
Was much inferior to King Menelaüs:—  
But thus it is some women will betray us.

## LXXIII

There is an awkward thing which much  
perplexes,  
Unless like wise Tiresias we had proved  
By turns the difference of the several sexes;  
Neither can show quite *how* they would  
be loved.  
The sensual for a short time but connects  
us—  
The sentimental boasts to be unmoved;  
But both together form a kind of centaur,  
Upon whose back 'tis better not to venture.

## LXXIV

A something all-sufficient for the *heart*  
Is that for which the sex are always seeking:  
But how to fill up that same vacant part?  
There lies the rub—and this they are but  
weak in.  
Frail mariners afloat without a chart,  
They run before the wind through high  
seas breaking;  
And when they have made the shore  
through every shock,  
'Tis odd, or odds, it may turn out a rock.

## LXXV

There is a flower call'd 'Love in Idleness,'  
For which see Shakespeare's ever-  
blooming garden;—  
I will not make his great description less,  
And beg his British godship's humble  
pardon,  
If, in my extremity of rhyme's distress,  
I touch a single leaf where he is war-  
den;—  
But though the flower is different, with the  
French  
Or Swiss Rousseau, cry '*Voilà la Per-  
venche!*'

## LXXVI

Eureka! I have found it! What I mean  
To say is, not that love is idleness,  
But that in love such idleness has been  
An accessory, as I have cause to guess.

Hard labour's an indifferent go-between;  
Your men of business are not apt to  
express  
Much passion, since the merchant-ship,  
the Argo,  
Convey'd Medea as her supercargo.

## LXXVII

'*Beatus ille procul!*' from '*negotiis*,'  
Saith Horace: the great little poet's  
wrong;  
His other maxim, '*Noscitur à sociis*,'  
Is much more to the purpose of his song;  
Though even that were sometimes too  
ferocious,  
Unless good company be kept too long;  
But, in his teeth, whate'er their state or  
station,  
Thrice happy they who *have* an occupa-  
tion!

## LXXXIII

Adam exchanged his Paradise for plough-  
ing,  
Eve made up millinery with fig leaves—  
The earliest knowledge from the tree so  
knowing,  
As far as I know, that the church re-  
ceives:  
And since that time it need not cost much  
showing,  
That many of the ills o'er which man  
grieves,  
And still more women, spring from not  
employing  
Some hours to make the remnant worth  
enjoying.

## LXXX

And hence high life is oft a dreary void,  
A rack of pleasures, where we must  
invent  
A something wherewithal to be annoy'd.  
Bards may sing what they please about  
*Content*;  
*Contented*, when translated, means but  
cloy'd;  
And hence arise the woes of sentiment,  
Blue-devils, and blue-stockings, and ro-  
mances  
Reduced to practice, and perform'd like  
dances.

## LXXX

I do declare, upon an affidavit,  
Romances I ne'er read like those I have  
seen;  
Nor, if unto the world I ever gave it,  
Would some believe that such a tale had  
been:  
But such intent I never had, nor have it;  
Some truths are better kept behind a  
screen,  
Especially when they would look like lies;  
I therefore deal in generalities.

## LXXXI

'An oyster may be cross'd in love,'—and  
why?  
Because he mopeth idly in his shell,  
And heaves a lonely subterraqueous sigh,  
Much as a monk may do within his cell:  
And *à-propos* of monks, their piety  
With sloth hath found it difficult to  
dwell;  
Those vegetables of the Catholic creed  
Are apt exceedingly to run to seed.

## LXXXII

O Wilberforce! thou man of black renown,  
Whose merit none enough can sing or  
say,  
Thou hast struck one immense Colossus  
down,  
Thou moral Washington of Africa!  
But there's another little thing, I own,  
Which you should perpetrate some  
summer's day,  
And set the other half of earth to rights;  
You have freed the *blacks*—now pray shut  
up the whites.

## LXXXIII

Shut up the bald-coot bully Alexander!  
Ship off the Holy Three to Senegal;  
Teach them that 'sauce for goose is sauce  
for gander,'  
And ask them how *they* like to be in  
thrall?  
Shut up each high heroic salamander,  
Who eats fire gratis (since the pay's but  
small);  
Shut up—no, *not* the King, but the Pavilion,  
Or else 'twill cost us all another million.

## LXXXIV

Shut up the world at large, let Bedlam out;  
And you will be perhaps surprised to find  
All things pursue exactly the same route,  
As now with those of *soi-disant* sound  
mind.  
This I could prove beyond a single doubt,  
Were there a jot of sense among man-  
kind;  
But till that *point d'appui* is found, alas!  
Like Archimedes, I leave earth as 'twas.

## LXXXV

Our gentle Adeline had one defect—  
Her heart was vacant, though a splendid  
mansion;  
Her conduct had been perfectly correct,  
As she had seen nought claiming its ex-  
pansion.  
A wavering spirit may be easier wreck'd,  
Because 'tis frailer, doubtless, than a  
stanch one;  
But when the latter works its own undoing,  
Its inner crash is like an earthquake's ruin.

## LXXXVI

She loved her lord, or thought so; but *that*  
love

Cost her an effort, which is a sad toil,  
The stone of Sysiphus, if once we move  
Our feelings 'gainst the nature of the  
soil.

She had nothing to complain of, or re-  
prove,

No bickerings, no connubial turmoil:  
Their union was a model to behold,  
Serene and noble,—conjugal, but cold.

## LXXXVII

There was no great disparity of years,  
Though much in temper; but they never  
clash'd:

They moved like stars united in their  
spheres,

Or like the Rhone by Leman's waters  
wash'd,

Where mingled, and yet separate appears  
The river from the lake, all blueely dash'd  
Through the serene and placid glassy  
deep,

Which fain would lull its river-child to  
sleep.

## LXXXVIII

Now when she once had ta'en an interest  
In anything, however she might flatter  
Herself that her intentions were the best,  
Intense intentions are a dangerous  
matter:

Impressions were much stronger than she  
guess'd,

And gather'd as they run like growing  
water

Upon her mind: the more so, as her breast  
Was not at first too readily impress'd.

## LXXXIX

But when it was, she had that lurking  
demon

Of double nature, and thus doubly  
named—

Firmness yclept in heroes, kings, and sea-  
men,

That is, when they succeed; but greatly  
blamed

As *obstinacy*, both in men and women,  
Whene'er their triumph pales, or star is  
tamed:—

And 'twill perplex the casuist in morality  
To fix the due bounds of this dangerous  
quality.

## XC

Had Buonaparte won at Waterloo,  
It had been firmness; now 'tis perti-  
nacity:

Must the event decide between the two?  
I leave it to your people of sagacity

To draw the line between the false and  
true,

If such can e'er be drawn by man's  
capacity:

My business is with Lady Adeline,  
Who in her way too was a heroine.

## XCI

She knew not her own heart; then how  
should I?

I think not she was *then* in love with  
Juan:

If so, she would have had the strength to fly  
The wild sensation, unto her a new one:

She merely felt a common sympathy  
(I will not say it was a false or true one)

In him, because she thought he was in  
danger,—

Her husband's friend, her own, young,  
and a stranger.

## XCII

She was, or thought she was, his friend—  
and this

Without the farce of friendship, or ro-  
mance

Of platonism, which leads so oft amiss  
Ladies who have studied friendship but  
in France,

Or Germany, where people *purely* kiss.  
To thus much Adeline would not ad-  
vance;

But of such friendship as man's may to  
man be

She was as capable as woman can be.

## XCIII

No doubt the secret influence of the sex  
Will there, as also in the ties of blood,

An innocent predominance annex,  
And tune the concord to a finer mood.

If free from passion, which all friendship  
checks,

And your true feelings fully understood,  
No friend like to a woman earth discovers,

So that you have not been nor will be  
lovers.

## XCIV

Love bears within its breast the very  
germ

Of change; and how should this be  
otherwise?

That violent things more quickly find a  
term

Is shown through nature's whole analog-  
ies;

And how should the most fierce of all be  
firm?

Would you have endless lightning in the  
skies?

Methinks Love's very title says enough:  
How should 'the tender passion' e'er be  
tough?



## DON JUAN

[CANTO XIV

XCv

Alas! by all experience, seldom yet  
(I merely quote what I have heard from  
many)

Had lovers not some reason to regret  
The passion which made Solomon a  
zany.

I've also seen some wives (not to forget  
The marriage state, the best or worst of  
any)

Who were the very paragons of wives,  
Yet made the misery of at least two lives.

XCvI

I've also seen some female *friends* ('tis odd,  
But true—as, if expedient, I could prove)  
That faithful were through thick and thin,  
abroad,

At home, far more than ever yet was  
Love—

Who did not quit me when Oppression trod  
Upon me; whom no scandal could re-  
move;

Who fought, and fight, in absence, too,  
my battles,

Despite the snake Society's loud rattles.

XCvII

Whether Don Juan and chaste Adeline  
Grew friends in this or any other sense,  
Will be discuss'd hereafter, I opine:  
At present I am glad of a pretence  
To leave them hovering, as the effect is fine,  
And keeps the atrocious reader in *sus-  
pense*:

The surest way for ladies and for books  
To bait their tender or their tenter hooks.

XCvIII

Whether they rode, or walk'd, or studied  
Spanish,

To read Don Quixote in the original,  
A pleasure before which all others vanish;  
Whether their talk was of the kind call'd  
'small,'

Or serious, are the topics I must banish  
To the next Canto; where perhaps I shall  
Say something to the purpose, and display  
Considerable talent in my way.

XCIX

Above all, I beg all men to forbear

Anticipating aught about the matter:  
They'll only make mistakes about the fair,  
And Juan too, especially the latter.

And I shall take a much more serious air  
Than I have yet done, in this epic satire.  
It is not clear that Adeline and Juan  
Will fall; but if they do, 'twill be their ruin.

C

But great things spring from little:—  
Would you think,  
That in our youth, as dangerous a passion

As e'er brought man and woman to the  
brink

Of ruin, rose from such a slight occasion,  
As few would ever dream could form the  
link

Of such a sentimental situation?  
You'll never guess, I'll bet you millions,  
milliards—

It all sprung from a harmless game at  
billiards.

CI

'Tis strange,—but true; for truth is always  
strange;

Stranger than fiction: if it could be told,  
How much would novels gain by the ex-  
change!

How differently the world would men  
behold!

How oft would vice and virtue places change!  
The new world would be nothing to the  
old,

If some Columbus of the moral seas  
Would show mankind their souls' anti-  
podes.

CII

What 'antres vast and deserts idle' then  
Would be discover'd in the human soul!

What icebergs in the hearts of mighty men,  
With self-love in the centre as their pole!  
What Anthropophagi are nine or ten  
Of those who hold the kingdoms in  
control!

Were things but only call'd by their right  
name,

Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.

## CANTO THE FIFTEENTH

I

Ah!—What should follow slips from my  
reflection;

Whatever follows ne'ertheless may be  
As *à-propos* of hope or retrospection,  
As though the lurking thought had  
follow'd free.

All present life is but an interjection,  
An 'Oh!' or 'Ah!' of joy or misery,  
Or a 'Ha! ha!' or 'Bah!'—a yawn, or  
'Pooh!'

Of which perhaps the latter is most true.

II

But, more or less, the whole's a syncopé  
Or a *singultus*—emblems of emotion,

That grand antithesis to great *ennui*,  
Wherewith we break our bubbles on the  
ocean,

That watery outline of eternity,  
Or miniature at least, as is my notion,  
Which ministers unto the soul's delight,  
In seeing matters which are out of sight.

## III

But all are better than the sigh suppress,  
 Corroding in the cavern of the heart,  
 Making the countenance a masque of rest,  
 And turning human nature to an art.  
 Few men dare show their thoughts of  
 worst or best;  
 Dissimulation always sets apart  
 A corner for herself; and therefore fiction  
 Is that which passes with least contradiction.

## IV

Ah! who can tell? Or rather, who cannot  
 Remember, without telling, passion's  
 errors?  
 The drainer of oblivion, even the sot,  
 Hath got *blue devils* for his morning  
 mirrors:  
 What though on Lethe's stream he seem to  
 float,  
 He cannot sink his tremours or his terrors;  
 The ruby glass that shakes within his hand  
 Leaves a sad sediment of Time's worst  
 sand.

## V

And as for love—O love!—We will pro-  
 ceed.  
 The Lady Adeline Amundeville,  
 A pretty name as one would wish to read,  
 Must perch harmonious on my tuneful  
 quill.  
 There's music in the sighing of a reed;  
 There's music in the gushing of a rill;  
 There's music in all things, if men had  
 ears:  
 Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.

## VI

The Lady Adeline, right honourable,  
 And honour'd, ran a risk of growing less  
 so;  
 For few of the soft sex are very stable  
 In their resolves—alas! that I should  
 say so;  
 They differ as wine differs from its label,  
 When once decanted;—I presume to  
 guess so,  
 But will not swear: yet both upon occasion,  
 Till old, may undergo adulteration.

## VII

But Adeline was of the purest vintage,  
 The unmingled essence of the grape;  
 and yet  
 Bright as a new napoleon from its mintage,  
 Or glorious as a diamond richly set;  
 A page where Time should hesitate to  
 print age,  
 And for which Nature might forego her  
 debt—  
 Sole creditor whose process doth involve  
 in't  
 The luck of finding everybody solvent.

## VIII

O Death! thou dunnest of all duns! thou  
 daily  
 Knockest at doors, at first with modest  
 tap,  
 Like a meek tradesman when, approach-  
 ing palely,  
 Some splendid debtor he would take by  
 sap:  
 But oft denied, as patience 'gins to fail, he  
 Advances with exasperated rap,  
 And (if let in) insists, in terms unhandsome,  
 On ready money, or 'a draft on Ransom.'

## IX

Whate'er thou takest, spare awhile poor  
 Beauty!  
 She is so rare, and thou hast so much  
 prey.  
 What though she now and then may slip  
 from duty,  
 The more's the reason why you ought to  
 stay;  
 Gaunt Gourmand! with whole nations for  
 your booty,  
 You should be civil in a modest way:  
 Suppress, then, some slight feminine dis-  
 eases,  
 And take as many heroes as Heaven pleases.

## X

Fair Adeline, the more ingenuous  
 Where she was interested (as was said),  
 Because she was not apt, like some of us,  
 To like too readily, or too high bred  
 To show it—(points we need not now dis-  
 cuss)—  
 Would give up artlessly both heart and  
 head  
 Unto such feelings as seem'd innocent,  
 For objects worthy of the sentiment.

## XI

Some parts of Juan's history, which  
 Rumour,  
 That live gazette, had scatter'd to dis-  
 figure,  
 She had heard; but women hear with more  
 good humour  
 Such aberrations than we men of rigour:  
 Besides, his conduct, since in England,  
 grew more  
 Strict, and his mind assumed a manlier  
 vigour;  
 Because he had, like Alcibiades,  
 The art of living in all climes with ease.

## XII

His manner was perhaps the more seduc-  
 tive,  
 Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to  
 seduce;  
 Nothing affected, studied, or constructive  
 Of coxcombry or conquest: no abuse

# DON JUAN

[CANTO XV

Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective,  
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,  
And seem to say, 'Resist us if you can'—  
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

## XIII

They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it;  
As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.  
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it;  
In fact, his manner was his own alone:  
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,  
In listening merely to his voice's tone.  
The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice  
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

## XIV

By nature soft, his whole address held off  
Suspicion; though not timid, his regard  
Was such as rather seem'd to keep aloof,  
To shield himself than put you on your guard:  
Perhaps 'twas hardly quite assured enough,  
But modesty's at times its own reward.  
Like virtue; and the absence of pretension  
Will go much farther than there's need to mention.

## XV

Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud;  
Insinuating without insinuation;  
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,  
Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;  
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,  
So as to make them feel he knew his station  
And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,  
He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority—

## XVI

That is, with men: with women he was what  
They pleased to make or take him for;  
and their  
Imagination's quite enough for that:  
So that the outline's tolerably fair,  
They fill the canvas up—and '*verbum sat*.'  
If once their phantasies be brought to bear  
Upon an object, whether sad or playful,  
They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael.

## XVII

Adeline, no deep judge of character,  
Was apt to add a colouring from her own:

'Tis thus the good will amiably err,  
And eke the wise, as has been often shown.  
Experience is the chief philosopher,  
But saddest when his science is well known;  
And persecuted sages teach the schools  
Their folly in forgetting there are fools.

## XVIII

Was it not so, great Locke? and greater Bacon?  
Great Socrates? And thou, Diviner still,  
Whose lot it is by man to be mistaken,  
And thy pure creed made sanction of all ill?  
Redeeming worlds to be by bigots shaken,  
How was thy toil rewarded? We might fill  
Volumes with similar sad illustrations,  
But leave them to the conscience of the nations.

## XIX

I perch upon a humbler promontory,  
Amidst life's infinite variety:  
With no great care for what is nicknamed glory,  
But speculating as I cast mine eye  
On what may suit or may not suit my story,  
And never straining hard to versify,  
I rattle on exactly as I'd talk  
With anybody in a ride or walk.

## XX

I don't know that there may be much ability  
Shown in this sort of desultory rhyme;  
But there's a conversational facility,  
Which may round off an hour upon a time.  
Of this I'm sure at least, there's no servility  
In mine irregularity of chime,  
Which rings what's uppermost of new or hoary,  
Just as I feel the *Improvvisatore*.

## XXI

'*Omnia vult belle Matho dicere—dic aliquando  
Et bene, dic neutrum, dic aliquando male.*'  
The first is rather more than mortal can do;  
The second may be sadly done or gaily;  
The third is still more difficult to stand to;  
The fourth we hear, and see, and say too, daily:  
The whole together is what I could wish  
To serve in this conundrum of a dish.

## XXII

A modest hope—but modesty's my forte,  
And pride my feeble:—let us ramble on.  
I meant to make this poem very short,  
But now I can't tell where it may not run.

No doubt, if I had wish'd to pay my court  
To critics, or to hail the *setting* sun  
Of tyranny of all kinds, my concision  
Were more;—but I was born for opposi-  
tion.

## XXIII

But then 'tis mostly on the weaker side;  
So that I verily believe if they  
Who now are basking in their full-blown  
pride  
Were shaken down and 'dogs had had  
their day,'

Though at the first I might perchance deride  
Their tumble, I should turn the other  
way,

And wax an ultra-royalist in loyalty,  
Because I hate even democratic royalty.

## XXIV

I think I should have made a decent spouse,  
If I had never proved the soft condition;  
I think I should have made monastic vows,  
But for my own peculiar superstition:  
'Gainst rhyme I never should have knock'd  
my brows,

Nor broken my own head, nor that of  
Priscian,

Nor worn the motley mantle of a poet,  
If some one had not told me to forego it.

## XXV

But *laissez aller*—knights and dames I  
sing,

Such as the times may furnish. 'Tis a  
flight

Which seems at first to need no lofty wing,  
Plumed by Longinus or the Stagyrite:

The difficulty lies in colouring  
(Keeping the due proportions still in sight)

With nature manners which are artificial,  
And rend'ring general that which is especial.

## XXVI

The difference is, that in the days of old  
Men made the manners; manners now  
make men—

Pinn'd like a flock, and fleeced too in their  
fold,

At least nine, and a ninth beside of ten.  
Now this at all events must render cold

Your writers, who must either draw again  
Days better drawn before, or else assume  
The present, with their common-place cos-  
tume.

## XXVII

We'll do our best to make the best on't:—  
March!

March, my Muse! If you cannot fly,  
yet flutter;

And when you may not be sublime, be  
arch,

Or starch, as are the edicts statesmen  
utter.

We surely may find something worth re-  
search:

Columbus found a new world in a  
cutter,

Or brigantine, or pink, of no great ton-  
nage,

While yet America was in her non-age.

## XXVIII

When Adeline, in all her growing sense  
Of Juan's merits and his situation,

Felt on the whole an interest intense,—  
Partly perhaps because a fresh sensa-  
tion,

Or that he had an air of innocence,  
Which is for innocence a sad tempta-  
tion—

As women hate half measures, on the whole,  
She 'gan to ponder how to save his soul.

## XXIX

She had a good opinion of advice,  
Like all who give and eke receive it gratis,

For which small thanks are still the market  
price,

Even where the article at highest rate is:  
She thought upon the subject twice or  
thrice,

And morally decided, the best state is  
For morals, marriage; and this question  
carried,

She seriously advised him to get married.

## XXX

Juan replied, with all becoming deference,  
He had a predilection for that tie;

But that, at present, with immediate refer-  
ence

To his own circumstances, there might  
lie

Some difficulties, as in his own preference,  
Or that of her to whom he might apply:

That still he'd wed with such or such a lady,  
If that they were not married all already.

## XXXI

Next to the making matches for herself,  
And daughters, brothers, sisters, kith or  
kin,

Arranging them like books on the same  
shelf,

There's nothing women love to dabble in  
More (like a stock-holder in growing pelf)

Than match-making in general: 'tis no  
sin

Certes, but a preventative, and therefore  
That is, no doubt, the only reason where-  
fore.

## XXXII

But never yet (except of course a miss  
Unwed, or mistress never to be wed,

Or wed already, who object to this)  
Was there chaste dame who had not in  
her head

Some drama of the marriage unities,  
Observed as strictly both at board and bed  
As those of Aristotle, though sometimes  
They turn out melodramas or pantomimes

## xxxiii

They generally have some only son  
Some heir to a large property, some friend  
Of an old family, some gay Sir John,  
Or grave Lord George, with whom perhaps might end  
A line, and leave posterity undone,  
Unless a marriage was applied to mend  
The prospect and their morals: and besides,  
They have at hand a blooming glut of brides.

## xxxiv

From these they will be careful to select,  
For this an heiress, and for that a beauty;  
For one a songstress who hath no defect,  
For to'ther one who promises much duty;  
For this a lady no one can reject,  
Whose sole accomplishments were quite a booty;  
A second for her excellent connexions;  
A third, because there can be no objections.

## xxxv

When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd marriage  
In his harmonious settlement—(which flourishes  
Strangely enough as yet without mis-  
carriage,  
Because it breeds no more mouths than it nourishes,  
Without those sad expenses which dis-  
parage  
What Nature naturally most encourages)—  
Why call'd he 'Harmony' a state sans wedlock?  
Now here I have got the preacher at a dead lock.

## xxxvi

Because he either meant to sneer at harmony  
Or marriage, by divorcing them thus oddly,  
But whether reverend Rapp learn'd this in Germany  
Or no, 'tis said his sect is rich and godly,  
Pious and pure, beyond what I can term any  
Of ours, although they propagate more broadly.  
My objection's to his title, not his ritual,  
Although I wonder how it grew habitual.

## xxxvii

But Rapp is the reverse of zealous matrons,  
Who favour, *malgré* Malthus, generation—  
Professors of that genial art, and patrons  
Of all the modest part of propagation;  
Which after all at such a desperate rate runs,  
That half its produce tends to emigration,  
That sad result of passions and potatoes—  
Two weeds which pose our economic Catos.

## xxxviii

Had Adeline read Malthus? I can't tell;  
I wish she had: his book's the eleventh commandment,  
Which says, 'Thou shalt not marry,' unless well:  
This he (as far as I can understand) meant.  
'Tis not my purpose on his views to dwell,  
Nor canvass what 'so eminent a hand' meant;  
But certes it conducts to lives ascetic,  
Or turning marriage into arithmetic.

## xxxix

But Adeline, who probably presumed  
That Juan had enough of maintenance,  
Or *separate* maintenance, in case 'twas doom'd—  
As on the whole it is an even chance  
That bridegrooms, after they are fairly groom'd,  
May retrograde a little in the dance  
Of marriage—(which might form a painter's fame,  
Like Holbein's 'Dance of Death'—but 'tis the same);—

## xl

But Adeline determined Juan's wedding  
In her own mind, and that's enough for woman;  
But then, with whom? There was the sage Miss Reading,  
Miss Raw, Miss Flaw, Miss Showman,  
and Miss Knowman,  
And the two fair co-heiresses Giltbedding.  
She deem'd his merits something more than common:  
All these were unobjectionable matches,  
And might go on, if well wound up, like watches.

## xli

There was Miss Millpond, smooth as summer's sea,  
That usual paragon, an only daughter,  
Who seem'd the cream of equanimity,  
Till skimm'd—and then there was some milk and water,

With a slight shade of blue too, it might be  
 Beneath the surface; but what did it  
 matter?  
 Love's riotous, but marriage should have  
 quiet,  
 And being consumptive, live on a milk diet.

## XLII

And then there was the Miss Audacia  
 Shoestring,  
 A dashing *demoiselle* of good estate,  
 Whose heart was fix'd upon a star or blue  
 string;  
 But whether English dukes grew rare of  
 late,  
 Or that she had not harp'd upon the true  
 string,  
 By which such sirens can attract our great,  
 She took up with some foreign younger  
 brother,  
 A Russ or Turk—the one's as good as  
 t'other.

## XLIII

And then there was—but why should I go  
 on,  
 Unless the ladies should go off?—there  
 was  
 Indeed a certain fair and fairy one,  
 Of the best class, and better than her  
 class,—  
 Aurora Raby, a young star who shone  
 O'er life, too sweet an image for such  
 glass,  
 A lovely being, scarcely form'd or moulded,  
 A rose with all its sweetest leaves yet folded;

## XLIV

Rich, noble, but an orphan; left an only  
 Child to the care of guardians good and  
 kind;  
 But still her aspect had an air so lonely!  
 Blood is not water; and where shall we  
 find  
 Feelings of youth like those which over-  
 thrown lie  
 By death, when we are left, alas! behind,  
 To feel, in friendless palaces, a home  
 Is wanting, and our best ties in the tomb?

## XLV

Early in years, and yet more infantine  
 In figure, she had something of sublime  
 In eyes which sadly shone, as seraphs'  
 shine.  
 All youth—but with an aspect beyond  
 time;  
 Radiant and grave—as pitying man's de-  
 cline;  
 Mournful—but mournful of another's  
 crime,  
 She look'd as if she sat by Eden's door,  
 And grieved for those who could return no  
 more.

## XLVI

She was a Catholic, too, sincere, austere,  
 As far as her own gentle heart allow'd,  
 And deem'd that fallen worship far more  
 dear  
 Perhaps because 'twas fallen: her sires  
 were proud  
 Of deeds and days when they had fill'd the  
 ear  
 Of nations, and had never bent or bow'd  
 To novel power; and as she was the last,  
 She held their old faith and old feelings fast.

## XLVII

She gazed upon a world she scarcely knew,  
 As seeking not to know it; silent, lone,  
 As grows a flower, thus quietly she grew,  
 And kept her heart serene within its  
 zone.  
 There was awe in the homage which she  
 drew;  
 Her spirit seem'd as seated on a throne  
 Apart from the surrounding world, and  
 strong  
 In its own strength—most strange in one  
 so young!

## XLVIII

Now it so happen'd, in the catalogue  
 Of Adeline, Aurora was omitted,  
 Although her birth and wealth had given  
 her vogue,  
 Beyond the charmers we have already  
 cited;  
 Her beauty also seem'd to form no clog  
 Against her being mention'd as well fitted,  
 By many virtues, to be worth the trouble  
 Of single gentlemen who would be double.

## XLIX

And this omission, like that of the bust  
 Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius,  
 Made Juan wonder, as no doubt he must.  
 This he express'd half smiling and half  
 serious;  
 When Adeline replied with some disgust,  
 And with an air, to say the least, im-  
 perious,  
 She marvel'd 'what he saw in such a baby  
 As that prim, silent, cold Aurora Raby?'

## L

Juan rejoin'd—'She was a Catholic,  
 And therefore fittest, as of his persuasion;  
 Since he was sure his mother would fall  
 sick,  
 And the Pope thunder excommunication,  
 If——' But here Adeline, who seem'd to  
 pique  
 Herself extremely on the inoculation  
 Of others with her own opinions, stated—  
 As usual—the same reason which she late  
 did.

## LI

And wherefore not? A reasonable reason,  
If good, is none the worse for repetition;  
If bad, the best way's certainly to tease on,  
And amplify: you lose much by con-  
cision,  
Whereas insisting in or out of season  
Convinces all men, even a politician;  
Or—what is just the same—it wearies out.  
So the end's gain'd, what signifies the  
route?

## LII

Why Adeline had this slight prejudice—  
For prejudice it was—against a creature  
As pure as sanctity itself from vice,  
With all the added charm of form and  
feature,  
For me appears a question far too nice,  
Since Adeline was liberal by nature;  
But nature's nature, and has more caprices  
Than I have time, or will, to take to pieces.

## LIII

Perhaps she did not like the quiet way  
With which Aurora on those baubles  
look'd,  
Which charm most people in their earlier  
day:  
For there are few things by mankind less  
brook'd,  
And womankind too, if we so may say,  
Than finding thus their genius stand  
rebuked,  
Like 'Antony's by Cæsar,' by the few  
Who look upon them as they ought to do.

## LIV

It was not envy—Adeline had none;  
Her place was far beyond it, and her  
mind.  
It was not scorn—which could not light on  
one  
Whose greatest *fault* was leaving few to  
find.  
It was not jealousy, I think: but shun  
Following the *ignes fatui* of mankind.  
It was not—but 'tis easier far, alas!  
To say what it was *not* than what it was.

## LV

Little Aurora deem'd she was the theme  
Of such discussion. She was there a  
guest;  
A beauteous ripple of the brilliant stream  
Of rank and youth, though purer than  
the rest,  
Which flow'd on for a moment in the beam  
Time sheds a moment o'er each spark-  
ling crest.  
Had she known this, she would have  
calmly smiled—  
She had so much, or little, of the child.

## LVI

The dashing and proud air of Adeline  
Imposed not upon her: she saw her  
blaze  
Much as she would have seen a glow-  
worm shine,  
Then turn'd unto the stars for loftier rays.  
Juan was something she could not divine,  
Being no sibyl in the new world's ways;  
Yet she was nothing dazzled by the meteor,  
Because she did not pin her faith on fea-  
ture.

## LVII

His fame too,—for he had that kind of fame  
Which sometimes plays the deuce with  
womankind,  
A heterogeneous mass of glorious blame,  
Half virtues and whole vices being com-  
bined;  
Faults which attract because they are not  
tame;  
Follies trick'd out so brightly that they  
blind:—  
These seals upon her wax made no im-  
pression,  
Such was her coldness or her self-posses-  
sion.

## LVIII

Juan knew nought of such a character—  
High, yet resembling not his lost Haidée;  
Yet each was radiant in her proper sphere:  
The island girl, bred up by the lone sea,  
More warm, as lovely, and not less sin-  
cere,  
Was Nature's all: Aurora could not be,  
Nor would be thus:—the difference in  
them  
Was such as lies between a flower and gem.

## LIX

Having wound up with this sublime com-  
parison,  
Methinks we may proceed upon our  
narrative,  
And, as my friend Scott says, 'I sound my  
warison';  
Scott, the superlative of my compara-  
tive—  
Scott, who can paint your Christian knight  
or Saracen,  
Serf, lord, man, with such skill as none  
would share it, if  
There had not been one Shakspeare and  
Voltaire,  
Of one or both of whom he seems the heir.

## LX

I say, in my slight way I may proceed  
To play upon the surface of humanity.  
I write the world, nor care if the world  
read,  
At least for this I cannot spare its vanity.

My Muse hath bred, and still perhaps may breed

More foes by this same scroll: when I began it, I  
Thought that it might turn out so—*now* I know it,  
But still I am, or was, a pretty poet.

## LXI

The conference or congress (for it ended  
As congresses of late do) of the Lady  
Adeline and Don Juan rather blended  
Some acids with the sweets—for she was heady;

But, ere the matter could be marr'd or mended,

The silvery bell rang, not for 'dinner ready,'  
But for that hour, call'd *half-hour*, given to dress,  
Though ladies' robes seem scant enough for less.

## LXII

Great things were now to be achieved at table,

With massy plate for armour, knives and forks  
For weapons; but what Muse since Homer's able  
(His feasts are not the worst part of his works)

To draw up in array a single day-bill  
Of modern dinners? where more mystery lurks,

In soups or sauces, or a sole *ragoût*,  
Than witches, b—ches, or physicians, brew.

## LXIII

There was a goodly '*soupe à la bonne femme*,'  
Though God knows whence it came from; there was, too,

A turbot for relief of those who cram,  
Relieved with '*dindon à la Périgieux*:'  
There also was—the sinner that I am!  
How shall I get this gourmand stanza through?—

'*Soupe à la Beauveau*,' whose relief was dory,  
Relieved itself by pork, for greater glory.

## LXIV

But I must crowd all into one grand mess,  
Or mass; for should I stretch into detail,  
My Muse would run much more into excess,  
Than when some squeamish people deem her frail;

But though a '*bonne vivante*,' I must confess

Her stomach's not her peccant part;  
this tale

However doth require some slight refec-  
tion,

Just to relieve her spirits from dejection.

## LXV

Fowls 'à la Condé,' slices eke of salmon,  
With 'sauces *Génévoises*,' and haunch of venison:

Wines, too, which might again have slain young Ammon—

A man like whom I hope we sha'n't see many soon;

They also set a glazed Westphalian ham on,

Whereon Apicius would bestow his benison;

And then there was champagne with foaming whirls,

As white as Cleopatra's melted pearls.

## LXVI

Then there was God knows what 'à l'Allemande,'

'A l'Espagnole,' 'timballe,' and 'salpicon'—

With things I can't withstand or understand,

Though swallow'd with much zest upon the whole;

And '*entremets*' to piddle with at hand,  
Gently to lull down the subsiding soul;

While great Lucullus' *Rome triumphal* muffles—

(*There's fame*)—young partridge fillets,  
deck'd with truffles.

## LXVII

What are the *fillets* on the victor's brow  
To these? They are rags or dust. Where is the arch

Which nodded to the nation's spoils below?  
Where the triumphal chariots' haughty march?

Gone to where victories must like dinners go.

Farther I shall not follow the research:  
But oh! ye modern heroes with your car-  
tridges,

When will your names lend lustre e'en to partridges?

## LXVIII

Those truffles too are no bad accessories,  
Follow'd by '*petits puits d'amour*'—a dish

Of which perhaps the cookery rather varies,

So every one may dress it to his wish,  
According to the best of dictionaries,

Which encyclopedise both flesh and fish;  
But even sans *confitures*, it no less true is,

There's pretty picking in those *petits puits*.

## LXIX

The mind is lost in mighty contemplation  
Of intellect expanded on two courses;

And indigestion's grand multiplication  
Requires arithmetic beyond my forces



# DON JUAN

[CANTO XV]

Who would suppose, from Adam's simple  
ration,

That cookery could have call'd forth  
such resources,

As form a science and a nomenclature  
From out the commonest demands of  
nature?

LXX

The glasses jingled, and the palates tingled;  
The diners of celebrity dined well;

The ladies with more moderation mingled  
In the feast, pecking less than I can tell;

Also the younger men too: for a springald  
Can't, like ripeage, in *gourmandise* excel,

But thinks less of good eating than the  
whisper

(When seated next him) of some pretty  
lisper.

LXXI

Alas! I must leave undescribed the *gibier*,  
The *salmi*, the *consommé*, the *purée*,

All which I use to make my rhymes run  
glibber

Than could roast beef in our rough  
John Bull way:

I must not introduce even a spare rib here,  
'Bubble and squeak' would spoil my  
liquid lay,

But I have dined, and must forego, alas!  
The chaste description even of a 'bécasse';

LXXII

And fruits, and ice, and all that art refines  
From nature for the service of the  
*gout*—

*Taste* or the *gout*,—pronounce it as in-  
clines

Your stomach? Ere you dine, the  
French will do;

But *after*, there are sometimes certain signs  
Which prove plain English truer of the  
two.

Hast ever *had* the *gout*? I have not had it—  
But I may have, and you too, reader,

dread it.

LXXIII

The simple olives, best allies of wine,  
Must I pass over in my bill of fare?

I must, although a favourite *plat* of mine  
In Spain, and Lucca, Athens, every-  
where:

On them and bread 'twas oft my luck to dine,  
The grass my table-cloth, in open air,

On Sunium or Hymettus, like Diogenes,  
Of whom half my philosophy the progeny is.

LXXIV

Amidst this tumult of fish, flesh, and fowl,  
And vegetables, all in masquerade,

The guests were placed according to their  
roll,

But various as the various meats dis-  
play'd:

Don Juan sat next an 'à l'Espagnole'—  
No damsel, but a dish, as hath been said:

But so far like a lady, that 'twas drest  
Superbly, and contain'd a world of zest.

LXXV

By some odd chance too, he was placed  
between

Aurora and the Lady Adeline—  
A situation difficult, I ween,

For man therein, with eyes and heart, to  
dine.

Also the conference which we have seen  
Was not such as to encourage him to  
shine,

For Adeline, addressing few words to him,  
With two transcendent eyes seem'd to look  
through him.

LXXVI

I sometimes almost think that eyes have  
ears:

This much is sure, that, out of earshot,  
things

Are somehow echoed to the pretty dears,  
Of which I can't tell whence their know-  
ledge springs.

Like that same mystic music of the spheres,  
Which no one hears, so loudly though  
it rings,

'Tis wonderful how oft the sex have heard  
Long dialogues—which pass'd without a  
word!

LXXVII

Aurora sat with that indifference  
Which piques a *preux chevalier*—as it  
ought:

Of all offences that's the worst offence,  
Which seems to hint you are not worth  
a thought.

Now Juan, though no coxcomb in pretence,  
Was not exactly pleased to be so caught;

Like a good ship entangled among ice,  
And after so much excellent advice.

LXXVIII

To his gay nothings, nothing was replied,  
Or something which was nothing, as  
urbanity

Required. Aurora scarcely look'd aside,  
Nor even smiled enough for any vanity.

The devil was in the girl! Could it be  
pride?

Or modesty, or absence, or inanity?  
Heaven knows! But Adeline's malicious  
eyes

Sparkled with her successful prophecies,

LXXIX

And look'd as much as if to say, 'I said it';  
A kind of triumph I'll not recommend,

Because it sometimes, as I have seen or  
read it,

Both in the case of lover and of friend,

Will pique a gentleman, for his own credit,  
To bring what was a jest to a serious end:  
For all men prophesy what *is* or *was*,  
And hate those who won't let them come  
to pass.

## LXXX

Juan was drawn thus into some attentions,  
Slight but select, and just enough to  
express,  
To females of perspicuous comprehen-  
sions,  
That he would rather make them more  
than less.  
Aurora at the last (so history mentions,  
Though probably much less a fact than  
guess)  
So far relax'd her thoughts from their  
sweet prison,  
As once or twice to smile, if not to listen.

## LXXXI

From answering she began to question:  
this  
With her was rare; and Adeline, who  
as yet  
Thought her predictions went not much  
amiss,  
Began to dread she'd thaw to a co-  
quette—  
So very difficult, they say, it is  
To keep extremes from meeting, when  
once set  
In motion; but she here too much refined—  
Aurora's spirit was not of that kind.

## LXXXII

But Juan had a sort of winning way,  
A proud humility, if such there be,  
Which show'd such deference to what  
females say,  
As if each charming word were a decree.  
His tact, too, temper'd him from grave to  
gay,  
And taught him when to be reserved or  
free;  
He had the art of drawing people out,  
Without their seeing what he was about.

## LXXXIII

Aurora, who in her indifference  
Confounded him in common with the  
crowd  
Of flatterers, though she deem'd he had  
more sense  
Than whispering foplings, or than wits  
loud—  
Commenced (from such slight things will  
great commence)  
To feel that flattery which attracts the  
proud  
Rather by deference than compliment,  
And wins even by a delicate dissent.

## LXXXIV

And then he had good looks;—that point  
was carried  
*Nem. con.* amongst the women, which I  
grieve  
To say leads oft to *crim. con.* with the  
married—  
A case which to the juries we may leave,  
Since with digressions we too long have  
tarried.  
Now though we know of old that looks  
deceive,  
And always have done, somehow these  
good looks  
Make more impression than the best of  
books.

## LXXXV

Aurora, who look'd more on books than  
faces,  
Was very young, although so very sage,  
Admiring more Minerva than the Graces,  
Especially upon a printed page.  
But Virtue's self, with all her tightest laces,  
Has not the natural stays of strict old  
age;  
And Socrates, that model of all duty,  
Own'd to a *penchant*, though discreet, for  
beauty.

## LXXXVI

And girls of sixteen are thus far Socratic,  
But innocently so, as Socrates;  
And really, if the sage sublime and Attic  
At seventy years had phantasies like  
these,  
Which Plato in his dialogues dramatic  
Has shown, I know not why they should  
displease  
In virgins—always in a modest way,  
Observe; for that with me's a *sine quâ*.

## LXXXVII

Also observe, that, like the great Lord Coke  
(See Littleton), whene'er I have ex-  
press'd  
Opinions two, which at first sight may look  
Twin opposites, the second is the best.  
Perhaps I have a third too, in a nook,  
Or none at all—which seems a sorry jest:  
But if a writer should be quite consistent,  
How could he possibly show things exist-  
tent?

## LXXXVIII

If people contradict themselves, can I  
Help contradicting them, and everybody,  
Even my veracious self?—But that's a lie:  
I never did so, never will—how should I?  
He who doubts all things nothing can  
deny:  
Truth's fountains may be clear—her  
streams are muddy,  
And cut through such canals of contra-  
diction,  
That she must often navigate o'er fiction.

## LXXXIX

Apologue, fable, poesy, and parable,  
Are false, but may be render'd also true,  
By those who sow them in a land that's  
arable.

'Tis wonderful what fable will not do!  
'Tis said it makes reality more bearable:  
But what's reality? Who has its clue?  
Philosophy? No; she too much rejects.  
Religion? Yes; but which of all her sects?

## XC

Some millions must be wrong, that's  
pretty clear;

Perhaps it may turn out that all were  
right.

God help us! Since we have need on our  
career

To keep our holy beacons always bright,  
'Tis time that some new prophet should  
appear,

Or *old* indulge man with a second sight.  
Opinions wear out in some thousand  
years,

Without a small refreshment from the  
spheres.

## XCI

But here again, why will I thus entangle  
Myself with metaphysics? None can  
hate

So much as I do any kind of wrangle;

And yet, such is my folly, or my fate,  
I always knock my head against some  
angle

About the present, past, or future state—  
Yet I wish well to Trojan and to Tyrian,  
For I was bred a moderate Presbyterian.

## XCII

But though I am a temperate theologian,

And also meek as a metaphysician,  
Impartial between Tyrian and Trojan

As Eldon on a lunatic commission,  
In politics my duty is to show John  
Bull something of the lower world's con-  
dition.

It makes my blood boil like the springs of  
Hecla,

To see men let these scoundrel sovereigns  
break law.

## XCIII

But politics, and policy, and piety,  
Are topics which I sometimes introduce,  
Not only for the sake of their variety,

But as subservient to a moral use;  
Because my business is to *dress* society,  
And stuff with *sage* that very verdant  
goose.

And now, that we may furnish with some  
matter all

Tastes, we are going to try the super-  
natural.

## XCIV

And now I will give up all argument;  
And positively henceforth no tempta-  
tion

Shall 'fool me to the top up of my bent';—

Yes, I'll begin a thorough reformation.

Indeed, I never knew what people meant

By deeming that my Muse's conversa-  
tion

Was dangerous;—I think she is as harm-  
less

As some who labour more and yet may  
charm less.

## XCV

Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?

No; but you have heard—I understand  
—be dumb!

And don't regret the time you may have  
lost,

For you have got that pleasure still to  
come:

And do not think I mean to sneer at most

Of these things, or by ridicule benumb

That source of the sublime and the mys-  
terious:—

For certain reasons my belief is serious.

## XCVI

Serious? You laugh;—you may. that will  
I not;

My smiles must be sincere or not at all.

I say I do believe a haunted spot

Exists—and where? That shall I not  
recall,

Because I'd rather it should be forgot,

'Shadows the soul of Richard' may  
appal.

In short, upon that subject I've some  
qualms very

Like those of the philosopher of Malms-  
bury.

## XCVII

The night—(I sing by night—sometimes  
an owl,

And now and then a nightingale)—is dim,

And the loud shriek of sage Minerva's fowl

Rattles around me her discordant hymn:

Old portraits from old walls upon me  
scowl—

I wish to heaven they would not look so  
grim;

The dying embers dwindle in the grate—

I think too that I have sat up too late:

## XCVIII

And therefore, though 'tis by no means  
my way

To rhyme at noon—when I have other  
things

To think of, if I ever think—I say

I feel some chilly midnight shudderings,

And prudently postpone, until mid-day,  
Treating a topic which, alas! but brings  
Shadows;—but you must be in my con-  
dition  
Before you learn to call this superstition.

## XCIX

Between two worlds life hovers like a star,  
'Twixt night and morn, upon the hori-  
zon's verge.  
How little do we know that which we are!  
How less what we may be! The eternal  
surge  
Of time and tide rolls on, and bears afar  
Our bubbles; as the old burst, new emerge,  
Lash'd from the foam of ages; while the  
graves  
Of empires heave but like some passing  
waves.

## CANTO THE SIXTEENTH

## I

THE antique Persians taught three useful  
things,  
To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the  
truth.  
This was the mode of Cyrus, best of  
kings—  
A mode adopted since by modern youth.  
Bows have they, generally with two strings,  
Horses they ride without remorse or  
ruth;  
At speaking truth perhaps they are less  
clever,  
But draw the long bow better now than  
ever.

## II

The cause of this effect, or this defect,—  
'For this effect defective comes by  
cause,'—  
Is what I have not leisure to inspect;  
But this I must say in my own applause,  
Of all the Muses that I recollect,  
Whate'er may be her follies or her flaws,  
In some things, mine's beyond all contra-  
diction  
The most sincere that ever dealt in fiction.

## III

And as she treats all things, and ne'er re-  
treats  
From anything, this epic will contain  
A wilderness of the most rare conceits,  
Which you might elsewhere hope to  
find in vain.  
'Tis true there be some bitters with the  
sweets,  
Yet mix'd so slightly, that you can't  
complain,  
But wonder they so few are, since my tale is  
'*De rebus cunctis et quibusdam aliis.*'

## IV

But of all truths which she has told, the  
most  
True is that which she is about to tell.  
I said it was a story of a ghost—  
What then? I only know it so befell.  
Have you explored the limits of the coast,  
Where all the dwellers of the earth must  
dwell?  
'Tis time to strike such puny doubters  
dumb as  
The sceptics who would not believe  
Columbus.

## V

Some people would impose now with  
authority,  
Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffry's  
Chronicle;  
Men whose historical superiority  
Is always greatest at a miracle.  
But Saint Augustine has the great priority,  
Who bids all men believe the impossible,  
*Because 'tis so.* Who nibble, scribble,  
quibble, he  
Quiets at once with '*quia impossibile.*'

## VI

And therefore, mortals, cavil not at all;  
Believe:—if 'tis improbable, you *must*,  
And if it is impossible, you *shall*:  
'Tis always best to take things upon  
trust.  
I do not speak profanely, to recall  
Those holier mysteries which the wise  
and just  
Receive as gospel, and which grow more  
rooted,  
As all truths must, the more they are dis-  
puted:

## VII

I merely mean to say what Johnson said,  
That in the course of some six thousand  
years,  
All nations have believed that from the  
dead  
A visitant at intervals appears;  
And what is strangest upon this strange  
head,  
Is, that whatever bar the reason rears  
'Gainst such belief, there's something  
stronger still  
In its behalf, let those deny who will.

## VIII

The dinner and the *soirée* too were done,  
The supper too discuss'd, the dames  
admired,  
The banqueteers had dropp'd off one by  
one—  
The song was silent, and the dance ex-  
pired:

# DON JUAN

[CANTO XVI

The last thin petticoats were vanish'd, gone  
Like fleecy clouds into the sky retired,  
And nothing brighter gleam'd through the  
saloon  
Than dying tapers—and the peeping moon.

## IX

The evaporation of a joyous day  
Is like the last glass of champagne,  
without  
The foam which made its virgin bumper  
gay;  
Or like a system coupled with a doubt;  
Or like a soda bottle when its spray  
Has sparkled and let half its spirit out;  
Or like a billow left by storms behind,  
Without the animation of the wind;

## X

Or like an opiate, which brings troubled  
rest,  
Or none; or like—like nothing that I  
know  
Except itself;—such is the human breast;  
A thing, of which similitudes can show  
No real likeness,—like the old Tyrian vest  
Dyed purple, none at present can tell  
how,  
If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.  
So perish every tyrant's robe piece-meal!

## XI

But next to dressing for a rout or ball,  
Undressing is a woe; our *robe de  
chambre*  
May sit like that of Nessus, and recall  
Thoughts quite as yellow, but less clear  
than amber.  
Titus exclaim'd, 'I've lost a day!' Of all  
The nights and days most people can  
remember,  
(I have had of both, some not to be dis-  
dain'd.)  
I wish they'd state how many they have  
gain'd.

## XII

And Juan, on retiring for the night,  
Felt restless, and perplex'd, and com-  
promised:  
He thought Aurora Raby's eyes more  
bright  
Than Adeline (such is advice) advised;  
If he had known exactly his own plight,  
He probably would have philosophised;  
A great resource to all, and ne'er denied  
Till wanted; therefore Juan only sigh'd.

## XIII

He sigh'd;—the next resource is the full  
moon,  
Where all sighs are deposited; and now  
It happen'd luckily, the chaste orb shone  
As clear as such a climate will allow;

And Juan's mind was in the proper tone  
To hail her with the apostrophe—'O  
thou!'  
Of amatory egotism the *Tuism*,  
Which further to explain would be a truism.

## XIV

But lover, poet, or astronomer,  
Shepherd, or swain, whoever may be-  
hold,  
Feel some abstraction when they gaze on  
her;  
Great thoughts we catch from thence  
(besides a cold  
Sometimes, unless my feelings rather  
err);  
Deep secrets to her rolling light are  
told;  
The ocean's tides and mortals' brains she  
sways,  
And also hearts, if there be truth in lays.

## XV

Juan felt somewhat pensive, and disposed  
For contemplation rather than his pil-  
low:  
The Gothic chamber, where he was en-  
closed,  
Let in the rippling sound of the lake's  
billow,  
With all the mystery by midnight caused:  
Below his window waved (of course) a  
willow;  
And he stood gazing out on the cascade  
That flash'd and after darken'd in the  
shade.

## XVI

Upon his table or his toilet,—*which*  
Of these is not exactly ascertain'd,—  
(I state this, for I am cautious to a pitch  
Of nicety, where a fact is to be gain'd.)  
A lamp burn'd high, while he leant from  
a niche,  
Where many a Gothic ornament re-  
main'd,  
In chisell'd stone and painted glass, and  
all  
That time has left our fathers of their hall.

## XVII

Then, as the night was clear though cold,  
he threw  
His chamber door wide open—and  
went forth  
Into a gallery, of a sombre hue,  
Long, furnish'd with old pictures of  
great worth,  
Of knights and dames heroic and chaste too,  
As doubtless should be people of high  
birth.  
But by dim lights the portraits of the dead  
Have something ghastly, desolate, and  
dread.

## XVIII

The forms of the grim knight and pictured saint  
 Look living in the moon; and as you turn  
 Backward and forward to the echoes faint  
 Of your own footsteps—voices from the urn  
 Appear to wake, and shadows wild and quaint  
 Start from the frames which fence their aspects stern,  
 As if to ask how you can dare to keep  
 A vigil there, where all but death should sleep.

## XIX

And the pale smile of beauties in the grave,  
 The charms of other days, in starlight gleams,  
 Glimmer on high; their buried locks still wave  
 Along the canvas; their eyes glance like dreams  
 On ours, or spars within some dusky cave,  
 But death is imaged in their shadowy beams.  
 A picture is the past; even ere its frame  
 Be gilt, who sate hath ceased to be the same.

## XX

As Juan mused on mutability,  
 Or on his mistress—terms synonymous—  
 No sound except the echo of his sigh  
 Or step ran sadly through that antique house;  
 When suddenly he heard, or thought so, nigh,  
 A supernatural agent—or a mouse,  
 Whose little nibbling rustle will embarrass  
 Most people as it plays along the arras.

## XXI

It was no mouse, but lo! a monk, array'd  
 In cowl and beads, and dusky garb, appear'd,  
 Now in the moonlight, and now lapsed in shade,  
 With steps that trod as heavy, yet unheard;  
 His garments only a slight murmur made;  
 He moved as shadowy as the sisters weird,  
 But slowly; and as he passed Juan by,  
 Glanced, without pausing, on him a bright eye.

## XXII

Juan was petrified; he had heard a hint  
 Of such a spirit in these halls of old,  
 But thought, like most men, there was nothing in't  
 Beyond the rumour which such spots unfold,

Coin'd from surviving superstition's mint,  
 Which passes ghosts in currency like gold,  
 But rarely seen, like gold compared with paper.

And did he see this? or was it a vapour?

## XXIII

Once, twice, thrice pass'd, repass'd—the thing of air,  
 Or earth beneath, or heaven, or t'other place;  
 And Juan gazed upon it with a stare,  
 Yet could not speak or move; but, on its base  
 As stands a statue, stood: he felt his hair  
 Twine like a knot of snakes around his face;  
 He tax'd his tongue for words, which were not granted,  
 To ask the reverend person what he wanted.

## XXIV

The third time, after a still longer pause,  
 The shadow pass'd away—but where? the hall  
 Was long, and thus far there was no great cause  
 To think his vanishing unnatural:  
 Doors there were many, through which, by the laws  
 Of physics, bodies whether short or tall  
 Might come or go; but Juan could not state  
 Through which the spectre seem'd to evaporate.

## XXV

He stood—how long he knew not, but it seem'd  
 An age—expectant, powerless, with his eyes  
 Strain'd on the spot where first the figure gleam'd,  
 Then by degrees recall'd his energies,  
 And would have pass'd the whole off as a dream,  
 But could not wake; he was, he did surmise,  
 Waking already, and return'd at length  
 Back to his chamber, shorn of half his strength.

## XXVI

All there was as he left it: still his taper  
 Burnt, and not blue, as modest tapers use,  
 Receiving sprites with sympathetic vapour;  
 He rubb'd his eyes, and they did not refuse  
 Their office; he took up an old newspaper;  
 The paper was right easy to peruse;  
 He read an article the king attacking;  
 And a long eulogy of 'patent blacking.'

## XXVII

This savour'd of this world; but his hand  
shook:

He shut his door, and after having read  
A paragraph, I think about Horne Tooke,  
Undrest, and rather slowly went to bed.  
There, couch'd all snugly on his pillow's  
nook,

With what he had seen his phantasy he  
fed;  
And though it was no opiate, slumber  
crept  
Upon him by degrees, and so he slept.

## XXVIII

He woke betimes; and, as may be sup-  
posed,  
Ponder'd upon his visitant or vision,  
And whether it ought not to be disclosed,  
At risk of being quizz'd for superstition.  
The more he thought, the more his mind  
was posed;

In the mean time, his valet, whose pre-  
cision  
Was great, because his master brook'd no  
less,  
Knock'd to inform him it was time to  
dress.

## XXIX

He dress'd; and like young people he was  
wont

To take some trouble with his toilet,  
but  
This morning rather spent less time upon 't;  
Aside his very mirror soon was put;

His curls fell negligently o'er his front,  
His clothes were not curb'd to their  
usual cut,

His very neckcloth's Gordian knot was  
tied

Almost an hair's breadth too much on one  
side.

## XXX

And when he walk'd down into the saloon,  
He sate him pensive o'er a dish of tea,  
Which he perhaps had not discover'd  
soon,

Had it not happen'd scalding hot to be,  
Which made him have recourse unto his  
spoon;

So much *distract* he was, that all could see  
That something was the matter—Adeline  
The first—but *what* she could not well  
divine.

## XXXI

She look'd, and saw him pale, and turn'd  
as pale

Herself; then hastily look'd down, and  
mutter'd

Something, but *what's* not stated in my tale.  
Lord Henry said, his muffin was ill-  
butter'd;

The Duchess of Fitz-Fulke play'd with her  
veil,

And look'd at Juan hard, but nothing  
utter'd.

Aurora Raby with her large dark eyes  
Survey'd him with a kind of calm surprise.

## XXXII

But seeing him all cold and silent still,  
And everybody wondering more or  
less,

Fair Adeline inquired 'If he were ill?'  
He started, and said, 'Yes—no—rather  
—yes.'

The family physician had great skill,  
And being present, now began to ex-  
press

His readiness to feel his pulse and tell  
The cause, but Juan said, 'He was quite  
well.'

## XXXIII

'Quite well; yes,—no.'—These answers  
were mysterious,

And yet his looks appear'd to sanction  
both,

However they might savour of delirious;  
Something like illness of a sudden  
growth

Weigh'd on his spirit, though by no means  
serious:

But for the rest, as he himself seem'd  
loth

To state the case, it might be ta'en for  
granted

It was not the physician that he wanted.

## XXXIV

Lord Henry, who had now discuss'd his  
chocolate,

Also the muffin whereof he complain'd,  
Said, Juan had not got his usual look  
elate,

At which he marvell'd, since it had not  
rain'd;

Then ask'd her Grace what news were of  
the duke of late?

*Her* Grace replied, *his* Grace was rather  
pain'd

With some slight, light, hereditary twinges  
Of gout, which rusts aristocratic hinges.

## XXXV

Then Henry turn'd to Juan, and address'd  
A few words of condolence on his state:

'You look,' quoth he, 'as if you had had  
your rest

Broke in upon by the Black Friar of late.'  
'What Friar?' said Juan; and he did his  
best

To put the question with an air sedate,  
Or careless; but the effort was not valid  
To hinder him from growing still more  
pallid.

## XXXVI

'Oh! have you never heard of the Black Friar?

The spirit of these walls?'—'In truth not I.'

'Why Fame—but Fame you know's sometimes a liar—

Tells an odd story, of which by and by: Whether with time the spectre has grown shyer,

Or that our sires had a more gifted eye For such sights, though the tale is half believed,

The Friar of late has not been oft perceived.

## XXXVII

'The last time was——'—'I pray,' said Adeline—

(Who watch'd the changes of Don Juan's brow,

And from its context thought she could divine

Connexions stronger than he chose to avow

With this same legend)—'if you but design To jest, you'll choose some other theme just now,

Because the present tale has oft been told, And is not much improved by growing old.'

## XXXVIII

'Jest!' quoth Milor; 'why, Adeline, you know

That we ourselves—'twas in the honey-moon—

Saw——'—'Well, no matter, 'twas so long ago;

But, come, I'll set your story to a tune.' Graceful as Dian when she draws her bow,

She seiz'd her harp, whose strings were kindled soon

As touch'd, and plaintively began to play The air of 'Twas a Friar of Orders Gray.'

## XXXIX

'But add the words,' cried Henry, 'which you made;

For Adeline is half a poetess,' Turning round to the rest, he smiling said.

Of course the others could not but express

In courtesy their wish to see display'd By one *three* talents, for there were no less—

The voice, the words, the harper's skill, at once,

Could hardly be united by a dunce.

## XL

After some fascinating hesitation,— The charming of these charmers, who seem bound,

I can't tell why, to this dissimulation,— Fair Adeline, with eyes fix'd on the ground

At first, then kindling into animation, Added her sweet voice to the lyric sound,

And sang with much simplicity,—a merit Not the less precious, that we seldom hear it.

## 1

Beware! beware! of the Black Friar, Who sitteth by Norman stone,

For he mutters his prayer in the midnight air,

And his mass of the days that are gone. When the Lord of the Hill, Amundeville,

Made Norman Church his prey, And expell'd the friars, one friar still

Would not be driven away.

## 2

Though he came in his might, with King Henry's right,

To turn church lands to lay, With sword in hand, and torch to light

Their walls, if they said nay; A monk remain'd, unchased, unchain'd,

And he did not seem form'd of clay, For he's seen in the porch, and he's seen

in the church, Though he is not seen by day.

## 3

And whether for good, or whether for ill, It is not mine to say;

But still with the house of Amundeville He abideth night and day.

By the marriage-bed of their lords, 'tis said, He flits on the bridal eve;

And 'tis held as faith, to their bed of death He comes—but not to grieve.

## 4

When an heir is born, he's heard to mourn, And when aught is to befall

That ancient line, in the pale moonshine He walks from hall to hall.

His form you may trace, but not his face, 'Tis shadow'd by his cowl;

But his eyes may be seen from the folds between,

And they seem of a parted soul.

## 5

But beware! beware! of the Black Friar, He still retains his sway,

For he is yet the Church's heir, Whoever may be the lay.

Amundeville is lord by day, But the monk is lord by night;

Nor wine nor wassail could raise a vassal To question that friar's right.

## 6

Say nought to him as he walks the hall, And he'll say nought to you;

He sweeps along in his dusky pall, As o'er the grass the dew.



# DON JUAN

[CANTO XVI

Then grammarcy! for the Black Friar;  
Heaven sain him! fair or foul,  
And whatso'er may be his prayer,  
Let ours be for his soul.

XL I

The lady's voice ceased, and the thrilling  
wires  
Died from the touch that kindled them  
to sound;  
And the pause follow'd, which when song  
expires  
Pervades a moment those who listen  
round;  
And then of course the circle much admires,  
Nor less applauds, as in politeness bound,  
The tones, the feeling, and the execution,  
To the performer's diffident confusion.

XLII

Fair Adeline, though in a careless way,  
As if she rated such accomplishment  
As the mere pastime of an idle day,  
Pursued an instant for her own content,  
Would now and then, as 'twere *without*  
display,  
Yet *with* display in fact, at times relent  
To such performances with haughty smile,  
To show she *could*, if it were worth her  
while.

XLIII

Now this (but we will whisper it aside)  
Was—pardon the pedantic illustration—  
Trampling on Plato's pride with greater  
pride,  
As did the Cynic on some like occasion:  
Deeming the sage would be much mortified,  
Or thrown into a philosophic passion,  
For a spoil carpet—but the 'Attic bee'  
Was much consoled by his own repartee.

XLIV

Thus Adeline would throw into the shade  
(By doing easily, whene'er she chose,  
What dilettanti do with vast parade)  
Their sort of *half profession*; for it grows  
To something like this when too oft display'd;  
And that it is so, everybody knows,  
Who have heard Miss That or This, or  
Lady T'other,  
Show off—to please their company or  
mother.

XLV

Oh! the long evenings of duets and trios!  
The admirations and the speculations  
The 'Mamma Mia's!' and the 'Amor  
Mio's!'  
The 'Tanti palpiti's' on such occasions:

The 'Lasciami's,' and quavering 'Ad-  
dio's!'  
Amongst our own most musical of  
nations;  
With 'Tu mi chamas's' from Portingale,  
To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.

XLVI

In Babylon's *bravuras*—as the home  
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray  
Highlands,  
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that  
roam  
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,  
The calestures of music which o'ercome  
All mountaineers with dreams that they  
are nigh lands,  
No more to be beheld but in such visions—  
Was Adeline well versed, as compositions.

XLVII

She also had a twilight tinge of 'Blue,'  
Could write rhymes, and compose more  
than she wrote,  
Made epigrams occasionally too  
Upon her friends, as everybody ought.  
But still from that sublimer azure hue,  
So much the present dye, she was remote;  
Was weak enough to deem Pope a great  
poet,  
And what was worse, was not ashamed to  
show it.

XLVIII

Aurora—since we are touching upon taste,  
Which now-a-days is the thermometer  
By whose degrees all characters are  
class'd—  
Was more Shakspearian, if I do not err.  
The worlds beyond this world's perplex-  
ing waste  
Had more of her existence, for in her  
There was a depth of feeling to embrace  
Thoughts, boundless, deep, but silent too  
as Space.

XLIX

Not so her gracious, graceful, graceless  
Grace,  
The full-grown Hebe of Fitz-Fulke,  
whose mind,  
If she had any, was upon her face,  
And that was of a fascinating kind.  
A little turn for mischief you might trace  
Also thereon,—but that's not much;  
we find  
Few females without some such gentle  
leaven,  
For fear we should suppose us quite in  
heaven.

L

I have not heard she was at all poetic,  
Though once she was seen reading the  
*Bath Guide*,  
And Hayley's *Triumphs*, which she deem'd  
pathetic,

Because she said *her temper* had been  
 tried  
 So much, the bard had really been pro-  
 phetic  
 Of what she had gone through with—  
 since a bride.  
 But of all verse, what most insured her  
 praise  
 Were sonnets to herself, or *bouts rimés*.

## LI

'Twere difficult to say what was the object  
 Of Adeline, in bringing this same lay  
 To bear on what appear'd to her the sub-  
 ject  
 Of Juan's nervous feelings on that day.  
 Perhaps she merely had the simple project  
 To laugh him out of his supposed dis-  
 may;  
 Perhaps she might wish to confirm him  
 in it,  
 Though why I cannot say—at least this  
 minute.

## LII

But so far the immediate effect  
 Was to restore him to his self-propriety,  
 A thing quite necessary to the elect,  
 Who wish to take the tone of their  
 society:  
 In which you cannot be too circumspect,  
 Whether the mode be persiflage or piety,  
 But wear the newest mantle of hypocrisy,  
 On pain of much displeasing the gyno-  
 cracy.

## LIII

And therefore Juan now began to rally  
 His spirits, and without more explana-  
 tion  
 To jest upon such themes in many a sally.  
 Her Grace, too, also seized the same  
 occasion,  
 With various similar remarks to tally,  
 But wish'd for a still more detail'd  
 narration  
 Of this same mystic friar's curious doings,  
 About the present family's deaths and  
 woings.

## LIV

Of these few could say more than has been  
 said;  
 They pass'd as such things do, for  
 superstition  
 With some, while others, who had more  
 in dread  
 The theme, half credited the strange  
 tradition;  
 And much was talk'd on all sides on that  
 head:  
 But Juan, when cross-question'd on the  
 vision,  
 Which some supposed (though he had not  
 avow'd it)  
 Had stirr'd him, answer'd in a way to  
 cloud it.

## LV

And then, the mid-day having worn to  
 one,  
 The company prepared to separate;  
 Some to their several pastimes, or to none,  
 Some wondering 'twas so early, some  
 so late.  
 There was a goodly match too, to be run  
 Between some greyhounds on my lord's  
 estate,  
 And a young race-horse of old pedigree,  
 Match'd for the spring, whom several  
 went to see.

## LVI

There was a picture-dealer who had  
 brought  
 A special Titian, warranted original,  
 So precious that it was not to be bought,  
 Though princes the possessor were  
 besieging all.  
 The king himself had cheapen'd it, but  
 thought  
 The civil list he deigns to accept (oblig-  
 ing all  
 His subjects by his gracious acceptance)—  
 Too scanty, in these times of low taxation.

## LVII

But as Lord Henry was a connoisseur,—  
 The friend of artists, if not arts,—the  
 owner,  
 With motives the most classical and pure,  
 So that he would have been the very  
 donor,  
 Rather than seller, had his wants been fewer,  
 So much he deem'd his patronage an  
 honour,  
 Had brought the *capo d'opera*, not for sale,  
 But for his judgment—never known to fail.

## LVIII

There was a modern Goth, I mean a  
 Gothic  
 Bricklayer of Babel, call'd an architect,  
 Brought to survey these grey walls, which  
 though so thick,  
 Might have from time acquired some  
 slight defect;  
 Who, after rummaging the Abbey through  
 thick  
 And thin, produced a plan whereby to  
 erect  
 New buildings of correctest conformation,  
 And throw down old, which he call'd  
 restoration.

## LIX

The cost would be a trifle—an 'old song,'  
 Set to some thousands ('tis the usual  
 burden  
 Of that same tune, when people hum it  
 long)—  
 The price would speedily repay its  
 worth in

An edifice no less sublime than strong,  
 By which Lord Henry's good taste  
 would go forth in  
 Its glory, through all ages shining sunny,  
 For Gothic daring shown in English money.

## LX

There were two lawyers busy on a  
 mortgage  
 Lord Henry wish'd to raise for a new  
 purchase;  
 Also a lawsuit upon tenures burgage,  
 And one on tithes, which sure are  
 Discord's torches,  
 Kindling Religion till she throws down  
 her gage,  
 'Untying' squires 'to fight against the  
 churches';  
 There was a prize ox, a prize pig, and  
 ploughman,  
 For Henry was a sort of Sabine showman.

## LXI

There were two poachers caught in a steel  
 trap,  
 Ready for gaol, their place of con-  
 valescence;  
 There was a country girl in a close cap  
 And scarlet cloak (I hate the sight to  
 see, since—  
 Since—since—in youth, I had the sad  
 mishap—  
 But luckily I have paid few parish fees  
 since):  
 That scarlet cloak, alas! unclosed with  
 rigour  
 Presents the problem of a double figure.

## LXII

A reel within a bottle is a mystery,  
 One can't tell how it e'er got in or out;  
 Therefore the present piece of natural  
 history  
 I leave to those who are fond of solving  
 doubt;  
 And merely state, though not for the con-  
 sistory,  
 Lord Henry was a justice, and that Scout  
 The constable, beneath a warrant's banner,  
 Had bagg'd this poacher upon Nature's  
 manor.

## LXIII

Now justices of peace must judge all pieces  
 Of mischief of all kinds, and keep the  
 game  
 And morals of the country from caprices  
 Of those who have not a licence for the  
 same;  
 And of all things, excepting tithes and leases,  
 Perhaps these are most difficult to tame:  
 Preserving partridges and pretty wenches  
 Are puzzles to the most precautionous  
 benches.

## LXIV

The present culprit was extremely pale,  
 Pale as if painted so; her cheek being red  
 By nature, as in higher dames less hale  
 'Tis white, at least when they just rise  
 from bed.  
 Perhaps she was ashamed of seeming frail,  
 Poor soul! for she was country born  
 and bred,  
 And knew no better in her immorality  
 Than to wax white—for blushes are for  
 quality.

## LXV

Her black, bright, downcast, yet *espiègle*  
 eye,  
 Had gather'd a large tear into its corner,  
 Which the poor thing at times essay'd to  
 dry,  
 For she was not a sentimental mourner  
 Parading all her sensibility,  
 Nor insolent enough to scorn the  
 scorner,  
 But stood in trembling, patient tribula-  
 tion,  
 To be call'd up for her examination.

## LXVI

Of course these groups were scatter'd here  
 and there,  
 Not nigh the gay saloon of ladies gent.  
 The lawyers in the study; and in air  
 The prize pig, ploughman, poachers;  
 the men sent  
 From town, viz. architect and dealer, were  
 Both busy (as a general in his tent  
 Writing despatches) in their several  
 stations,  
 Exulting in their brilliant lucubrations.

## LXVII

But this poor girl was left in the great hall,  
 While Scout, the parish guardian of the  
 frail,  
 Discuss'd (he hated beer yclept the  
 'small')  
 A mighty mug of *moral* double ale.  
 She waited until Justice could recall  
 Its kind attentions to their proper pale,  
 To name a thing in nomenclature rather  
 Perplexing for most virgins—a child's  
 father.

## LXVIII

You see here was enough of occupation  
 For the Lord Henry, link'd with dogs  
 and horses.  
 There was much bustle too, and prepara-  
 tion  
 Below stairs on the score of second  
 courses;  
 Because, as suits their rank and situation,  
 Those who in counties have great land  
 resources

Have 'public days,' when all men may  
carouse,  
Though not exactly what's call'd 'open  
house.'

## LXIX

But once a week or fortnight, *uninvited*  
(Thus we translate a *general invitation*),  
All country gentlemen, esquired or  
knighted,  
May drop in without cards, and take  
their station  
At the full board, and sit alike delighted  
With fashionable wines and conversa-  
tion;  
And, as the isthmus of the grand con-  
nexion,  
Talk o'er themselves the past and next  
election.

## LXX

Lord Henry was a great electioneerer,  
Burrowing for boroughs like a rat or  
rabbit.  
But county contests cost him rather  
dearer,  
Because the neighbouring Scotch Earl  
of Giftgabbit  
Had English influence, in the self-same  
sphere here;  
His son, the Honourable Dick Diced-  
rabbit,  
Was member for the 'other interest'  
(meaning  
The same self-interest, with a different  
leaning).

## LXXI

Courteous and cautious therefore in his  
county,  
He was all things to all men, and  
dispensed  
To some civility, to others bounty,  
And promises to all—which last com-  
menced  
To gather to a somewhat large amount,  
he  
Not calculating how much they con-  
densed;  
But what with keeping some, and break-  
ing others,  
His word had the same value as another's.

## LXXII

A friend to freedom and freeholders—yet  
No less a friend to government—he  
held,  
That he exactly the just medium hit  
'Twixt place and patriotism—albeit  
compell'd,  
Such was his sovereign's pleasure, (though  
unfit,  
He added modestly, when rebels rail'd,)  
To hold some sinecures he wish'd abolish'd,  
But that with them all law would be  
demolish'd.

## LXXIII

He was 'free to confess'—(whence comes  
this phrase?  
Is't English? No—'tis only parlia-  
mentary)  
That innovation's spirit now-a-days  
Had made more progress than for the  
last century.  
He would not tread a factious path to  
praise,  
Though for the public weal disposed to  
venture high;  
As for his place, he could but say this of it,  
That the fatigue was greater than the profit.

## LXXIV

Heaven, and his friends, knew that a  
private life  
Had ever been his sole and whole  
ambition;  
But could he quit his king in times of  
strife,  
Which threaten'd the whole country  
with perdition?  
When demagogues would with a butcher's  
knife  
Cut through and through (oh! damnable  
incision!)  
The Gordian or the Geordi-an knot.  
whose strings  
Have tied together commons, lords, and  
kings.

## LXXV

Sooner 'come Place into the Civil List  
And champion him to the utmost—'  
he would keep it,  
Till duly disappointed or dismiss'd:  
Profit he cared not for, let others reap  
it;  
But should the day come when place  
ceased to exist,  
The country would have far more cause  
to weep it:  
For how could it go on? Explain who  
can!  
He gloried in the name of Englishman.

## LXXVI

He was as independent—ay, much more—  
Than those who were not paid for  
independence,  
As common soldiers, or a common—  
shore,  
Have in their several arts or parts  
ascendace  
O'er the irregulars in lust or gore,  
Who do not give professional atten-  
dance.  
Thus on the mob all statesmen are as eager  
To prove their pride, as footmen to a  
beggar.

# DON JUAN

[CANTO XVI

LXXXVII

All this (save the last stanza) Henry said,  
And thought. I say no more—I've said  
too much;

For all of us have either heard or read—  
Off—or upon the hustings—some slight  
such

Hints from the independent heart or head  
Of the official candidate. I'll touch  
No more on this—the dinner-bell hath  
rung.

And grace is said; the grace I *should* have  
*sung*—

LXXXVIII

But I'm too late, and therefore must make  
play.

'Twas a great banquet, such as Albion  
old

Was wont to boast—as if a glutton's tray  
Were something very glorious to behold.

But 'twas a public feast and public day,—  
Quite full, right dull, guests hot, and  
dishes cold,

Great plenty, much formality, small cheer,  
And everybody out of their own sphere.

LXXXIX

The squires familiarly formal, and  
My lords and ladies proudly con-  
descending;

The very servants puzzling how to hand  
Their plates—without it might be too  
much bending

From their high places by the sideboard's  
stand—

Yet, like their master's, fearful of  
offending.

For any deviation from the graces  
Might cost both man and master too—  
their places.

LXXX

There were some hunters bold, and  
coursers keen,

Whose hounds ne'er err'd, nor grey-  
hounds deign'd to lurch;

Some deadly shots too, Septembrizers, seen  
Earliest to rise, and last to quit the search  
Of the poor partridge through his stubble  
screen.

There were some massy members of the  
church,

Takers of tithes, and makers of good  
matches,

And several who sung fewer psalms than  
catches.

LXXXI

There were some country wags too—and,  
alas!

Some exiles from the town, who had  
been driven

To gaze, instead of pavement, upon grass,  
And rise at nine in lieu of long eleven.

And lo! upon that day it came to pass,  
I sate next that o'erwhelming son of  
heaven,

The very powerful parson, Peter Pith,  
The loudest wit I e'er was deafen'd with.

LXXXII

I knew him in his livelier London days,  
A brilliant diner-out, though but a  
curate;

And not a joke he cut but earn'd its praise,  
Until preferment, coming at a sure rate,  
(O Providence! how wondrous are thy ways!  
Who would suppose thy gifts some-  
times obdurate?)

Gave him, to lay the devil who looks o'er  
Lincoln,

A fat fen vicarage, and nought to think on.

LXXXIII

His jokes were sermons, and his sermons  
jokes;

But both were thrown away amongst  
the fens;

For wit hath no great friend in aguish folks.  
No longer ready ears and short-hand  
pens

Imbided the gay *bon-mot*, or happy hoax:  
The poor priest was reduced to com-  
mon sense,

Or to coarse efforts very loud and long,  
To hammer a hoarse laugh from the thick  
throng.

LXXXIV

There *is* a difference, says the song, 'be-  
tween

A beggar and a queen,' or was (of late  
The latter worse used of the two we've  
seen—

But we'll say nothing of affairs of  
state);

A difference 'twixt a bishop and a dean,'  
A difference between crockery ware and  
plate,

As between English beef and Spartan  
broth—

And yet great heroes have been bred by  
both.

LXXXV

But of all nature's discrepancies, none  
Upon the whole is greater than the  
difference

Beheld between the country and the town,  
Of which the latter merits every preference

From those who have few resources of  
their own,

And only think, or act, or feel, with  
reference

To some small plan of interest or ambi-  
tion—

Both which are limited to no condition.

## LXXXVI

But *En avant!* The light loves languish  
o'er

Long banquets and too many guests,  
although  
A slight repast makes people love much  
more,

Bacchus and Ceres being, as we know,  
Even from our grammar upwards, friends  
of yore

With vivifying Venus, who doth owe  
To these the invention of champagne and  
truffles:

Temperance delights her, but long fasting  
ruffles.

## LXXXVII

Dully pass'd o'er the dinner of the day;  
And Juan took his place, he knew not  
where,

Confused, in the confusion, and *distrain*,  
And sitting as if nail'd upon his chair:  
Though knives and forks clang'd round  
as in a fray,

He seem'd unconscious of all passing  
there,

Till some one, with a groan, express a wish  
(Unheeded twice) to have a fin of fish.

## LXXXVIII

On which, at the *third* asking of the banns,  
Hestarted; and perceiving smiles around  
Broadening to grins, he colour'd more  
than once,

And hastily—as nothing can confound  
A wise man more than laughter from a  
dunce—

Inflicted on the dish a deadly wound,  
And with such hurry, that, ere he could  
curb it,

He had paid his neighbour's prayer with  
half a turbot.

## LXXXIX

This was no bad mistake, as it occur'd,  
The supplicator being an amateur;

But others, who were left with scarce a  
third,

Were angry—as they well might, to be  
sure.

They wonder'd how a young man so absurd  
Lord Henry at his table should endure;  
And this, and his not knowing how much  
oats

Had fall'n last market, cost his host three  
votes.

## XC

They little knew, or might have sympa-  
thised,

That he the night before had seen a  
ghost,

A prologue which but slightly harmonised  
With the substantial company engross'd

By matter, and so much materialised,  
That one scarce knew at what to marvel  
most

Of two things—*how* (the question rather  
odd is)

Such bodies could have souls, or souls  
such bodies.

## XCI

But what confused him more than smile or  
stare,

From all the 'squires and 'squiresses  
around,

Who wonder'd at the abstraction of his air,  
Especially as he had been renown'd

For some vivacity among the fair,  
Even in the country circle's narrow  
bound—

(For little things upon my lord's estate  
Were good small talk for others still less  
great)—

## XCII

Was, that he caught Aurora's eye on his,  
And something like a smile upon her  
cheek.

Now this he really rather took amiss;  
In those who rarely smile, their smile  
bespeaks

A strong external motive; and in this  
Smile of Aurora's there was nought to  
pique,

Or hope, or love, with any of the wiles  
Which some pretend to trace in ladies'  
smiles.

## XCIII

'Twas a mere quiet smile of contempla-  
tion,

Indicative of some surprise and pity;  
And Juan grew carnation with vexation,  
Which was not very wise, and still less

witty,  
Since he had gain'd at least her observa-  
tion,

A most important outwork of the city—  
As Juan should have known, had not his  
senses

By last night's ghost been driven from  
their defences.

## XCIV

But what was bad, she did not blush in  
turn,

Nor seem embarrass'd—quite the con-  
trary;

Her aspect was as usual, still—*not* stern—  
And she withdrew, but cast not down,  
her eye,

Yet grew a little pale—with what? con-  
cern?

I know not; but her colour ne'er was  
high—

Though sometimes faintly flush'd—and  
always clear,

As deep seas in a sunny atmosphere.

## XCV

But Adeline was occupied by fame  
 This day; and watching, witching, con-  
 descending  
 To the consumers of fish, fowl, and game,  
 And dignity with courtesy so blending,  
 As all must blend whose part it is to aim  
 (Especially as the sixth year is ending)  
 At their lord's, son's, or similar con-  
 nexion's  
 Safe conduct through the rocks of re-  
 elections.

## XCVI

Though this was most expedient on the  
 whole,  
 And usual—Juan, when he cast a glance  
 On Adeline while playing her grand *rôle*,  
 Which she went through as though it  
 were a dance,  
 Betraying only now and then her soul  
 By a look scarce perceptibly askance  
 (Of weariness or scorn), began to feel  
 Some doubt how much of Adeline was  
*real*;

## XCVII

So well she acted all and every part  
 By turns—with that vivacious versatility,  
 Which many people take for want of  
 heart.  
 They err—'tis merely what is call'd  
 mobility,  
 A thing of temperament and not of art,  
 Though seeming so, from its supposed  
 facility;  
 And false—though true; for surely they're  
 sincerest  
 Who are strongly acted on by what is  
 nearest.

## XCVIII

This makes your actors, artists, and  
 romancers,  
 Heroes sometimes, though seldom—  
 sages never:  
 But speakers, bards, diplomatists, and  
 dancers,  
 Little that's great, but much of what is  
 clever;  
 Most orators, but very few financiers,  
 Though all Exchequer chancellors  
 endeavour,  
 Of late years, to dispense with Cocker's  
 rigours,  
 And grow quite figurative with their  
 figures.

## XCIX

The poets of arithmetic are they  
 Who, though they prove not two and  
 two to be  
 Five, as they might do in a modest way,  
 Have plainly made it out that four are  
 three,

Judging by what they take, and what they  
 pay.

The Sinking Fund's unfathomable sea,  
 That most unliquidating liquid, leaves  
 The debt unsunk, yet sinks all it receives.

## C

While Adeline dispensed her airs and  
 graces,  
 The fair Fitz-Fulke seem'd very much  
 at ease;  
 Though too well bred to quiz men to their  
 faces,  
 Her laughing blue eyes with a glance  
 could seize  
 The ridicules of people in all places—  
 That honey of your fashionable bees—  
 And store it up for mischievous enjoy-  
 ment;  
 And this at present was her kind employ-  
 ment.

## CI

However, the day closed, as days must  
 close;  
 The evening also waned—and coffee  
 came.  
 Each carriage was announced, and ladies  
 rose,  
 And curtsying off, as curtsies country  
 dame,  
 Retired: with most unfashionable bows  
 Their docile esquires also did the same,  
 Delighted with their dinner and their host,  
 But with the Lady Adeline the most.

## CII

Some praised her beauty: others her great  
 grace;  
 The warmth of her politeness, whose  
 sincerity  
 Was obvious in each feature of her face,  
 Whose traits were radiant with the rays  
 of verity.  
 Yes: *she* was truly worthy *her* high place!  
 No one could envy *her* deserved  
 prosperity.  
 And then her dress—what beautiful  
 simplicity  
 Draperied her form with curious felicity!

## CIII

Meanwhile sweet Adeline deserved their  
 praises,  
 By an impartial indemnification  
 For all her past exertion and soft phrases,  
 In a most edifying conversation,  
 Which turn'd upon their late guests'  
 miens and faces,  
 And families, even to the last relation;  
 Their hideous wives, their horrid selves  
 and dresses,  
 And truculent distortion of their tresses.

## CIV

True, *she* said little—'twas the rest that broke  
 Forth into universal epigram;  
 But then 'twas to the purpose what she spoke:  
 Like Addison's 'faint praise,' so wont to damn,  
 Her own but served to set off every joke,  
 As music chimes in with a melodrame.  
 How sweet the task to shield an absent friend!  
 I ask but this of mine, to——not defend.

## CV

There were but two exceptions to this keen  
 Skirmish of wits o'er the departed; one  
 Aurora, with her pure and placid mien;  
 And Juan, too, in general behind none  
 In gay remark on what he had heard or seen.  
 Sate silent now, his usual spirits gone:  
 In vain he heard the others rail or rally,  
 He would not join them in a single sally.

## CVI

'Tis true he saw Aurora look as though  
 She approved his silence; she perhaps mistook  
 Its motive for that charity we owe  
 But seldom pay the absent, nor would  
 look  
 Farther; it might or it might not be so.  
 But Juan, sitting silent in his nook,  
 Observing little in his reverie,  
 Yet saw this much, which he was glad to see.

## CVII

The ghost at least had done him this much good,  
 In making him as silent as a ghost,  
 If in the circumstances which ensued  
 He gain'd esteem where it was worth the most;  
 And certainly Aurora had renew'd  
 In him some feelings he had lately lost,  
 Or harden'd; feelings which, perhaps ideal,  
 Are so divine, that I must deem them real:—

## CVIII

The love of higher things and better days;  
 The unbounded hope, and heavenly ignorance  
 Of what is call'd the world, and the world's ways;  
 The moments when we gather from a glance  
 More joy than from all future pride or praise,  
 Which kindle manhood, but can ne'er entrance  
 The heart in an existence of its own,  
 Of which another's bosom is the zone.

## CIX

Who would not sigh *Αἶ αἶ τῶν Κυθέρων*  
 That *hath* a memory, or that *had* a heart?  
 Alas! *her* star must fade like that of Dian:  
 Ray fades on ray, as years on years depart.  
 Anacreon only had the soul to tie an  
 Unwithering myrtle round the un-  
 blunted dart  
 Of Eros: but though thou hast play'd us  
 many tricks,  
 Still we respect thee, '*Alma Venus Gene-  
 trix!*'

## CX

And full of sentiments, sublime as billows  
 Heaving between this world and worlds  
 beyond,  
 Don Juan, when the midnight hour of  
 pillows  
 Arrived, retired to his; but to despond  
 Rather than rest. Instead of poppies,  
 willows  
 Waved o'er his couch; he meditated,  
 fond  
 Of those sweet bitter thoughts which  
 banish sleep,  
 And make the worldling sneer, the young-  
 ling weep.

## CXI

The night was as before: he was undrest,  
 Saving his night-gown, which is an  
 undress;  
 Completely *sans culotte*, and without  
 vest;  
 In short, he hardly could be clothed with  
 less:  
 But apprehensive of his spectral guest,  
 He sate with feelings awkward to  
 express  
 (By those who have not had such visita-  
 tions),  
 Expectant of the ghost's fresh operations.

## CXII

And not in vain he listen'd;—Hush!  
 what's that?  
 I see—I see—Ah, no!—'tis not—yet 'tis—  
 Ye powers! it is the—the—the—Pooh!  
 the cat!  
 The devil may take that stealthy pace  
 of his!  
 So like a spiritual pit-a-pat,  
 Or tiptoe of an amatory Miss,  
 Gliding the first time to a *rendezvous*,  
 And dreading the chaste echoes of her  
 shoe.

## CXIII

Again—what is't? The wind? No, no,—  
 this time  
 It is the sable Friar as before,  
 With awful footsteps regular as rhyme,  
 Or (as rhymes may be in these days)  
 much more.



## DON JUAN

[CANTO XVI

Again through shadows of the night sub-  
lime,  
When deep sleep fell on men, and the  
world wore  
The starry darkness round her like a girdle  
Spangled with gems—the monk made his  
blood curdle.

### CXIV

A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass,  
Which sets the teeth on edge; and a  
slight clatter  
Like showers which on the midnight gusts  
will pass,  
Sounding like very supernatural water,  
Came over Juan's ear, which throb'd, alas!  
For immaterialism's a serious matter;  
So that even those whose faith is the most  
great  
In souls immortal, shun them *tête-à-tête*.

### CXV

Were his eyes open?—Yes! and his mouth  
too.  
Surprise has this effect—to make one  
dumb,  
Yet leave the gate which eloquence slips  
through  
As wide, as if a long speech were to  
come.  
Nigh and more nigh the awful echoes  
drew,  
Tremendous to a mortal tympanum:  
His eyes were open, and (as was before  
Stated) his mouth. What open'd next?—  
the door.

### CXVI

It open'd with a most infernal creak,  
Like that of hell. 'Lasciate ogni  
speranza  
Voi ch' entrate!' The hinge seem'd to  
speak,  
Dreadful as Dante's rima, or this  
stanza;  
Or—but all words upon such themes are  
weak:  
A single shade's sufficient to entrance a  
Hero—for what is substance to a spirit?  
Or how is't *matter* trembles to come near  
it?

### CXVII

The door flew wide, not swiftly,—but, as  
fly  
The sea-gulls, with a steady, sober  
flight—  
And then swung back; nor close—but  
stood awry,  
Half letting in long shadows on the  
light,  
Which still in Juan's candlesticks burn'd  
high,  
For he had two, both tolerably bright,

And in the doorway, darkening darkness,  
stood  
The sable Friar in his solemn hood.

### CXVIII

Don Juan shook, as erst he had been shaken  
The night before; but being sick of  
shaking,  
He first inclined to think he had been mis-  
taken;  
And then to be ashamed of such  
mistaking;  
His own internal ghost began to awaken  
Within him, and to quell his corporal  
quaking—  
Hinting that soul and body on the whole  
Were odds against a disembodied soul.

### CXIX

And then his dread grew wrath, and his  
wrath fierce,  
And he arose, advanced—the shade  
retreated;  
But Juan, eager now the truth to pierce,  
Followed, his veins no longer cold, but  
heated,  
Resolved to thrust the mystery *carte* and  
*tierce*,  
At whatsoever risk of being defeated:  
The ghost stopp'd, menaced, then retired,  
until  
He reach'd the ancient wall, then stood  
stone still.

### CXX

Juan put forth one arm—Eternal powers!  
It touch'd no soul, nor body, but the  
wall,  
On which the moonbeams fell in silvery  
showers,  
Chequer'd with all the tracery of the  
hall;  
He shudder'd, as no doubt the bravest  
cowers  
When he can't tell what 'tis that doth  
appal.  
How odd, a single hobgoblin's nonentity  
Should cause more fear than a whole  
host's identity!

### CXXI

But still the shade remain'd; the blue eyes  
glared,  
And rather variably for stony death;  
Yet one thing rather good the grave had  
spared,  
The ghost had a remarkably sweet  
breath:  
A straggling curl show'd he had been  
fairhair'd;  
A red lip, with two rows of pearls beneath,  
Gleam'd forth, as through the casement's  
ivy shroud  
The moon peep'd, just escaped from a  
grey cloud.

CXXII

And Juan, puzzled, but still curious,  
thrust

His other arm forth—Wonder upon  
wonder!

It press'd upon a hard but glowing bust,  
Which beat as if there was a warm  
heart under.

He found, as people on most trials must,  
That he had made at first a silly blunder,  
And that in his confusion he had  
caught

Only the wall, instead of what he  
sought.

CXXIII

The ghost, if ghost it were, seem'd a sweet  
soul

As ever lurk'd beneath a holy hood:  
A dimpled chin, a neck of ivory, stole  
Forth into something much like flesh  
and blood;

Back fell the sable frock and dreary cowl,  
And they reveal'd—alas! that e'er they  
should!

In full, voluptuous, but *not o'ergrown*  
bulk,  
The phantom of her frolic Grace—Fitz-  
Fulke!

# NOTES

## HOURS OF IDLENESS

Page 2, col. 1.

‘ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.’ The author claims the indulgence of the reader more for this piece than, perhaps, any other in the collection; but as it was written at an earlier period than the rest (being composed at the age of fourteen), and his first essay, he preferred submitting it to the indulgence of his friends in its present state, to making either addition or alteration.

Page 3, col. 2.

‘On Marston.’] The battle of Marston Moor, where the adherents of Charles I. were defeated.

Page 3, col. 2.

‘With Rupert, ‘gainst traitors contending.’] Son of the Elector Palatine, and nephew to Charles I. He afterwards commanded the fleet in the reign of Charles II.

Page 9, col. 1.

TO THE DUKE OF DORSET.] In looking over my papers to select a few additional poems for this second edition, I found the above lines, which I had totally forgotten, composed in the summer of 1805, a short time previous to my departure from Harrow. They were addressed to a young school-fellow of high rank, who had been my frequent companion in some rambles through the neighbouring country: however, he never saw the lines, and most probably never will. As, on a re-perusal, I found them not worse than some other pieces in the collection, I have now published them, for the first time, after a slight revision.

Page 9, col. 1.

‘Bade thee obey, and gave me to command.’] At every public school the junior boys are completely subservient to the upper forms till they attain a seat in the higher classes. From this state of probation, very properly, no rank is exempt; but after a certain period, they command in turn those who succeed.

Page 9, col. 1.

‘Though passive tutors, fearful to dispraise.’] Allow me to disclaim any personal allusions, even the most distant. I merely mention generally what is too often the weakness of preceptors.

Page 10, col. 2.

‘Oh! could Le Sage’s demon’s gift.’] The Diable Boiteux of Le Sage, where Asmodeus, the demon, places Don Cleofas on an elevated situation, and unroofs the houses for inspection.

Page 11, col. 1.

‘Who reads false quantities in Seale.’] Seale’s publication on Greek Metres displays considerable talent and ingenuity, but, as might be expected in so difficult a work, is not remarkable for accuracy.

Page 11, col. 1.

‘In barbarous Latin doom’d to wrangle.’] The Latin of the schools is of the *canine species*, and not very intelligible.

Page 11, col. 1.

‘The square of the hypothenuse.’] The discovery of Pythagoras, that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides of a right-angled triangle.

Page 11, col. 1.

‘A numerous crowd, array’d in white.’] On a saint’s day the students wear surplices in chapel.

Page 12, col. 1.

‘I fancied that Mossop himself was outshone.’] Mossop, a contemporary of Garrick, famous for his performance of Zanga.

Page 12, col. 2.

‘Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.’]

‘Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.’

SHAKESPEARE.

Page 12, col. 2.

‘Woman, thy vows are traced in sand.’] The last line is almost a literal translation from a Spanish proverb.

Page 13, col. 2.

‘And hurtling o’er thy lovely head.’] This word is used by Gray in his poem to the Fatal Sisters:—

‘Iron-sleet of arrowy shower  
Hurries in the darken’d air.’

Page 14, col. 2.

‘In law an infant, and in years a boy.’] In law every person is an infant who has not attained the age of twenty-one.

Page 15, col. 2.

‘To form the place of assignation.’] In the above little piece the author has been accused by some *candid readers* of introducing the name of a lady from whom he was some hundred miles distant at the time this was written; and poor Juliet, who has slept so long in ‘the tomb of all the Capulets,’ has been converted, with a trifling alteration of her name, into an English damsel walking in a garden of their own creation, during the month of *December*, in a village where the author never passed a winter. Such has been the candour of some ingenious critics. He would advise these *liberal* commentators on taste and arbiters of decorum to read *Shakespeare*.

Page 16, col. 1.

‘But curse my fate for ever after.’] Having heard that a very severe and indelicate censure has been passed on the above poem, I beg leave to reply in a quotation from an admired work, ‘Carr’s Stranger in France:’—‘As we were contemplating a painting on a large scale, in which, among other figures, is the uncovered whole length of a warrior, a prudish-looking lady, who seemed to have touched the age of desperation, after having attentively surveyed it through her glass, observed to her party, that there was a great deal of indecorum

## NOTES TO HOURS OF IDLENESS

in that picture. Madame S. shrewdly whispered in my ear "that the indecorum was in the remark."

Page 16, col. 1.

'OSCAR OF ALVA.'] The catastrophe of this tale was suggested by the story of 'Jeronymo and Lorenzo,' in the first volume of Schiller's 'Armenian, or the Ghost-Seer.' It also bears some resemblance to a scene in the third act of 'Macbeth.'

Page 21, col. 2.

'Creusa's lust but wanting to the dame.'] The mother of Iulus, lost on the night when Troy was taken.

Page 24, col. 2.

'Ah! hapless dame! no sire bewails.'] Medea, who accompanied Jason to Corinth, was deserted by him for the daughter of Creon, king of that city. The chorus, from which this is taken, here addresses Medea; though a considerable liberty is taken with the original, by expanding the idea, as also in some other parts of the translation.

Page 24, col. 2.

'Who ne'er unlocks with silver key.'] The original is 'Καθάρων ἀνοίξαντι κλῆ ἥρα φρενῶν;' literally 'disclosing the bright key of the mind.'

Page 24, col. 2.

'MAGNUS his ample front sublime uprears.'] No reflection is here intended against the person mentioned under the name of Magnus. He is merely represented as performing an unavoidable function of his office. Indeed, such an attempt could only recoil upon myself; as that gentleman is now as much distinguished by his eloquence, and the dignified propriety with which he fills his situation, as he was in his younger days for wit and conviviality.

Page 25, col. 1.

'Th' ATHENIAN's glowing style, or Tully's fire.'] Demosthenes.

Page 25, col. 2.

'Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunc's, or Porson's note.'] The present Greek professor at Trinity College, Cambridge: a man whose powers of mind and writings may, perhaps, justify their preference.

Page 25, col. 2.

'Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour.'] Since this was written, Lord Henry Petty [now Marquis of Lansdowne] has lost his place, and subsequently (I had almost said consequently) the honour of representing the University. A fact so glaring requires no comment.

Page 28, col. 1.

'Sweet scene of my youth! seat of Friendship and Truth.'] Harrow.

Page 29, col. 2.

'LACHIN Y GAIR.'] *Lachin y Gair*, or, as it is pronounced in the Erse, *Loch na Garr*, towers proudly pre-eminent in the Northern Highlands, near Invercauld. One of our modern tourists mentions it as the highest mountain, perhaps, in Great Britain. Be this as it may, it is certainly one of the most sublime and picturesque amongst our 'Caledonian Alps.' Its appearance is of a dusky hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal snows. Near Lachin y Gair I spent some of the early part

of my life, the recollection of which has given birth to these stanzas.

Page 29, col. 2.

'My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid.'] This word is erroneously pronounced *plad*: the proper pronunciation (according to the Scotch) is shown by the orthography.

Page 29, col. 2.

'Ill-starr'd, though brave, did no visions foreboding.'] I allude here to my maternal ancestors, 'the Gordons,' many of whom fought for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better known by the name of the Pretender. This branch was nearly allied by blood, as well as attachment, to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of Huntley, married the Princess Annabella Stuart, daughter of James I. of Scotland. By her he left four sons: the third, Sir William Gordon, I have the honour to claim as one of my progenitors.

Page 29, col. 2.

'Ah! were you destined to die at Culloiden.'] Whether any perished in the battle of Culloiden, I am not certain; but, as many fell in the insurrection, I have used the name of the principal action, '*pars pro toto*.'

Page 29, col. 2.

'You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar.'] A tract of the Highlands so called. There is also a Castle of Braemar.

Page 30, col. 1.

'A Pylades in every friend?'] It is hardly necessary to add, that Pylades was the companion of Orestes, and a partner in one of those friendships which, with those of Achilles and Patroclus, Nisus and Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been handed down to posterity as remarkable instances of attachments, which in all probability never existed beyond the imagination of the poet, or the page of an historian, or modern novelist.

Page 31, col. 1.

'ELEGY ON NEWSTEAD ABBEY.'] As one poem on this subject is already printed, the author had, originally, no intention of inserting the following. It is now added at the particular request of some friends.

Page 31, col. 1.

'Religion's shrine! repentant HENRY's pride!'] Henry II. founded Newstead soon after the murder of Thomas à Becket.

Page 31, col. 2.

'No mail-clad serfs, obedient to their lord.'] This word is used by Walter Scott, in his poem, 'The Wild Huntsman;' synonymous with vassal.

Page 31, col. 2.

'In grim array the crimson cross demand.'] The red cross was the badge of the Crusaders.

Page 31, col. 2.

'Soon as the gloaming spreads her waning shade.'] As 'gloaming,' the Scottish word for twilight, is far more poetical, and has been recommended by many eminent literary men, particularly by Dr. Moore in his Letters to Burns, I have ventured to use it on account of its harmony.

## NOTES TO HOURS OF IDLENESS

Page 31, col. 2.

'Or matin orisons to Mary paid.'] The priory was dedicated to the Virgin.

Page 32, col. 1.

'Another HENRY the kind gift recalls.'] At the dissolution of the monasteries, Henry VIII. bestowed Newstead Abbey on Sir John Byron.

Page 32, col. 1.

'An abbey once, a regal fortress now.'] Newstead sustained a considerable siege in the war between Charles I. and his parliament.

Page 32, col. 1.

'Trembling she snatch'd him from th' unequal strife.'] Lord Byron and his brother Sir William held high commands in the royal army. The former was general-in-chief in Ireland, lieutenant of the Tower, and governor to James, Duke of York, afterwards the unhappy James II.; the latter had a principal share in many actions.

Page 32, col. 1.

'To lead the band where godlike FALKLAND fell.'] Lucius Cary, Lord Viscount Falkland, the most accomplished man of his age, was killed at the Battle of Newbury, charging in the ranks of Lord Byron's regiment of Cavalry.

Page 32, col. 2.

'Loathing the offering of so dark a death.'] This is an historical fact. A violent tempest occurred immediately subsequent to the death or interment of Cromwell, which occasioned many disputes between his partisans and the cavaliers: both interpreted the circumstance into divine interposition; but whether as approbation or condemnation, we leave to the casuists of that age to decide. I have made such use of the occurrence as suited the subject of my poem.

Page 33, col. 1.

'The legal ruler now resumes the helm.'] Charles II.

Page 35, col. 1.

'PROBUS, the pride of science, and the boast.'] Dr. Drury. This most able and excellent man retired from his situation in March, 1805, after having resided thirty-five years at Harrow; the last twenty as head-master; an office he held with equal honour to himself and advantage to the very extensive school over which he presided. Panegyric would here be superfluous: it would be useless to enumerate qualifications which were never doubted. A considerable contest took place between three rival candidates for his vacant chair: of this I can only say,

*Si mea cum vestris valuissent vota, Pelasgi?  
Non foret ambiguus tanti certaminis hæres.*

Page 37, col. 2.

'As speakers each supports an equal name.'] This alludes to the public speeches delivered at the school where the author was educated.

Page 38, col. 2.

'And Love, without his pinion, smiled on Youth.'] 'L'Amitié est l'Amour sans ailes,' is a French proverb.

Page 38, col. 2.

ENTITLED 'THE COMMON LOT.'] Written by

James Montgomery, author of the 'Wanderer in Switzerland,' &c.

Page 38, col. 2.

'The hero rolls the tide of war.'] No particular hero is here alluded to. The exploits of Bayard, Nemours, Edward the Black Prince, and, in more modern times, the fame of Marlborough, Frederick the Great, Count Saxe, Charles of Sweden, &c., are familiar to every historical reader, but the exact places of their birth are known to a very small proportion of their admirers.

Page 40, col. 1.

'AN IMITATION OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN.'] It may be necessary to observe, that the story, though considerably varied in the catastrophe, is taken from 'Nisus and Euryalus,' of which episode a translation is already given in the present volume.

Page 41, col. 2.

'Tears of the storm.'] I fear Laing's late edition has completely overthrown every hope that Macpherson's Ossian might prove the transition of a series of poems complete in themselves; but, while the imposture is discovered, the merit of the work remains undisputed, though not without faults—particularly, in some parts, turgid and bombastic diction.—The present humble imitation will be pardoned by the admirers of the original as an attempt, however inferior, which evinces an attachment to their favourite author.

Page 42, col. 1.

'Seat of my youth! thy distant spire.'] Harrow.

Page 44, col. 2.

'The cumbrous pomp of Saxon pride.'] Sassenach or Saxon, a Gaelic word, signifying either Lowland or English.

Page 45, col. 1.

'To flee away, and be at rest.'] 'And I said, Oh! that I had wings like a dove; for then would I fly away and be at rest.'—*Psalms* lv. 6. This verse also constitutes a part of the most beautiful anthem in our language.

Page 45, col. 1.

'And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven of snow!'] Morven, a lofty mountain in Aberdeenshire. 'Gormal of snow' is an expression frequently to be found in Ossian.

Page 45, col. 1.

'Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd below.'] This will not appear extraordinary to those who have been accustomed to the mountains. It is by no means uncommon, on attaining the top of Ben-e-vis, Ben-y-bourd, &c., to perceive, between the summit and the valley, clouds pouring down rain, and occasionally accompanied by lightning, while the spectator literally looks down upon the storm, perfectly secure from its effects.

Page 45, col. 1.

'I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide.'] The Dee is a beautiful river, which rises near Mar Lodge, and falls into the sea at New Aberdeen.

Page 45, col. 2.

'I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Colbreen.'] Colbreen is a mountain near the verge of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of Dee Castle.

## NOTES TO OCCASIONAL PIECES

Page 46, col. 2.

'As void of wit and moral.'] These stanzas were written soon after the appearance of a severe critique in a northern review on a new publication of the British Anacreon.

Page 47, col. 1.

'I really will not fight them.'] A bard [Moore] (horresco referens) defied his reviewer [Jeffrey] to mortal combat. If this example becomes prevalent, our periodical censors must be dipped in the river Styx: for what else can secure them from the numerous host of their enraged assailants?

### OCCASIONAL PIECES

Page 48, col. 1.

'Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy.'] Harrow.

Page 51, col. 2.

'ON REVISITING HARROW.'] Some years ago, when at Harrow, a friend of the author engraved on a particular spot the names of both, with a few additional words, as a memorial. Afterwards, on receiving some real or imagined injury, the author destroyed the frail record before he left Harrow. On revisiting the place in 1807, he wrote under it these stanzas.

Page 59, col. 2.

'WRITTEN AFTER SWIMMING FROM SESTOS TO ABYDOS.'] On the 3rd of May, 1810, while the Salsette (Captain Bathurst) was lying in the Dardanelles, Lieutenant Ekenhead, of that frigate, and the writer of these rhymes, swam from the European shore to the Asiatic—by the by, from Abydos to Sestos would have been more correct. The whole distance, from the place whence we started to our landing on the other side, including the length we were carried by the current, was computed by those on board the frigate at upwards of four English miles, though the actual breadth is barely one. The rapidity of the current is such that no boat can row directly across, and it may, in some measure be estimated from the circumstance of the whole distance being accomplished by one of the parties, in an hour and five, and by the other in an hour and ten minutes. The water was extremely cold, from the melting of the mountain snows. About three weeks before, in April, we had made an attempt; but, having ridden all the way from the Troad the same morning, and the water being of an icy chillness, we found it necessary to postpone the completion till the frigate anchored below the castles, when we swam the straits, as just stated, entering a considerable way above the European, and landing below the Asiatic, fort. Chevalier says that a young Jew swam the same distance for his mistress; and Oliver mentions its having been done by a Neapolitan; but our consul, Tarragona, remembered neither of these circumstances, and tried to dissuade us from the attempt. A number of the Salsette's crew were known to have accomplished a greater distance; and the only thing that surprised me was that, as doubts had been entertained of the truth of Leander's story, no traveller had ever endeavoured to ascertain its practicability.

Page 60, col. 1.

'Ζών μοι, σὺς ἀγαθῶ.'] Romaic expression of tenderness: If I translate it, I shall affront the gentlemen, as it may seem that I supposed they could not; and if I do not, I may affront the ladies.

For fear of any misconception on the part of the latter, I shall do so, begging pardon of the learned. It means, 'My life, I love you!' which sounds very prettily in all languages, and is as much in fashion in Greece at this day as, Juvenal tells us, the two first words were amongst the Roman ladies, whose erotic expressions were all Hellenised.

Page 60, col. 1.

'By all the token-flowers that tell.'] In the East (where ladies are not taught to write, lest they should scribble assignments) flowers, cinders, pebbles, &c. convey the sentiments of the parties by that universal deputy of Mercury—an old woman. A cinder says, 'I burn for thee; a bunch of flowers tied with hair, 'Take me and fly; but a pebble declares—what nothing else can.

Page 60, col. 1.

'Though I fly to Istambol.'] Constantinople.

Page 60, col. 2.

'Δεῖτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων.'] The song *Δεῖτε παῖδες*, &c. was written by Riga, who perished in the attempt to revolutionise Greece. This translation is as literal as the author could make it in verse. It is of the same measure as that of the original.

Page 60, col. 2.

'And the seven-hill'd city seeking.'] Constantinople, 'Ἑπτὰλόφος.'

Page 61, col. 2.

'Ὁραύτατι Χάνδη, &c.'] The song from which this is taken is a great favourite with the young girls of Athens of all classes. Their manner of singing it is by verses in rotation, the whole number present joining in the chorus. I have heard it frequently at our 'χόροι, in the winter of 1810-11. The air is plaintive and pretty.

Page 68, col. 1.

'VERSES FOUND IN A SUMMER-HOUSE AT HALES-OWEN.'] In Warwickshire.

Page 68, col. 1.

'His hours in whistling spent, "for want of thought."'] See Cymon and Iphigenia.

Page 73, col. 2.

'The rapture of the strife.'] 'Certaminis gaudia.' The expression of Attila in his harangue to his army previous to the battle of Chalons, given in Cassiodorus.

Page 74, col. 2.

'Thou Timour! in his captive's cage.'] The cage of Bajazet, by order of Tamerlane.

Page 74, col. 2.

'Or, like the thief of fire from heaven.'] Prometheus.

Page 74, col. 2.

'The very Fiend's arch mock.']

——— 'The very fiend's arch mock—  
To lip a wanton and suppose her chaste.'

SHAKESPEARE.

Page 84, col. 2.

'Turning rivers into blood.'] See Rev. chap. viii. ver. 7, &c. 'The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, &c.

## NOTES TO ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Ver. 8, 'And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea; and the third part of the sea became blood,' &c. Ver. 10, 'And the third angel sounded, and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp; and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters.' Ver. 11, 'And the name of the star is called *Wormwood*;' and the third part of the waters became *wormwood*; and many men died of the waters because they were made bitter.'

Page 84, col. 2.

'Whose realm refused thee ev'n a tomb.' Murat's remains are said to have been torn from the grave and burnt.

Page 85, col. 2.

'FROM THE FRENCH.] 'All wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Buonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreating permission to accompany him, even in the most menial capacity, which could not be admitted.'

Page 85, col. 2.

'Blessing him they served so well.' 'At Waterloo one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon ball, to wrench it off with the other, and throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades, "Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à la mort!" There were many other instances of the like: this you may, however, depend on as true.'—*Private Letter from Brussels*.

Page 86, col. 1.

'Of three bright colours, each divine.' The tricolour.

Page 94, col. 1.

'Like to the Pontic monarch of old days.' Mithridates of Pontus.

Page 97, col. 1.

'The worthy rival of the wondrous *Three*!' Fox—Pitt—Burke.

Page 99, col. 1.

'Leman! these names are worthy of thy shore.' Geneva, Ferney, Copet, Lausanne.

Page 99, col. 1.

'ROMANCE MUY DOLOROSO DEL SITIO Y TOMA DE ALHAMA.' The effect of the original ballad—which existed both in Spanish and Arabic—was such, that it was forbidden to be sung by the Moors, on pain of death, within Granada.

Page 103, col. 2.

'For the man, "poor and shrewd."' *Vide* your letter.

### ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Page 113, col. 1.

'His creaking couplets in a tavern hall.'

IMIT. 'Semper ego auditor tantum? nunquamne, reponam,

Vexatus toties rauci Theseide Codri?'—

Juv. Sat. I.

Mr. Fitzgerald, facetiously termed by Cobbett the 'Small-Beer Poet,' inflicts his annual tribute

of verse on the Literary Fund: not content with writing, he spouts in person, after the company have imbibed a reasonable quantity of bad port, to enable them to sustain the operation.

Page 114, col. 1.

'Our task complete, like Hamet's shall be free.'] Cid Hamet Benengeli promises repose to his pen, in the last chapter of *Don Quixote*. Oh! that our voluminous gentry would follow the example of Cid Hamet Benengeli!

Page 114, col. 1.

'Fail'd to preserve the spurious farce from shame.'] This ingenious youth is mentioned more particularly, with his production, in another place.

Page 114, col. 1.

'No matter, George continues still to write.'] In the *Edinburgh Review*.

Page 114, col. 2.

'By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bæotian head.'] Messrs. Jeffrey and Lambe are the alpha and omega, the first and last, of the *Edinburgh Review*; the others are mentioned hereafter.

Page 114, col. 2.

'While these are censors, 'twould be sin to spare.']

IMIT. 'Stulta est Clementia, cum tot ubique  
—occurras peritura parcere chartæ.'

Juv. Sat. I.

Page 114, col. 2.

'Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er.'] IMIT. 'Cur tamen hoc libeat potius decurrere

campo  
Per quem magnus equos Auruncæ flexit  
alumnus:

Si vacat, et placidi rationem admittitis  
edam.' Juv. Sat. I.

Page 115, col. 2.

'From soaring Southey down to grovelling Stott.'] Stott, better known in the 'Morning Post' by the name of Hafiz. This personage is at present the most profound explorer of the bathos. I remember, when the reigning family left Portugal, a special Ode of Master Stott's, beginning thus:—(*Stott loquitur quoad Hibernia*)—

'Princely offspring of Braganza,  
Erin greets thee with a stanza,' &c.

Also a Sonnet to Rats, well worthy of the subject, and a most thundering Ode, commencing as follows:—

'Oh! for a Lay! loud as the surge  
That lashes Lapland's sounding shore.'

Lord have mercy on us! the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' was nothing to this.

Page 115, col. 2.

'Thus Lays of Minstrels—may they be the last!']—See the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel,' *passim*. Never was any plan so incongruous and absurd as the groundwork of this production. The entrance of Thunder and Lightning, prologuising to Bayes' tragedy, unfortunately takes away the merit of originality from the dialogue between Messieurs the Spirits of Flood and Fell in the first canto. Then we have the amiable William of Deloraine, 'a stark moss-trooper,' videlicet, a happy compound of poacher, sheep-stealer, and highwayman. The propriety of his magical lady's injunction not

## NOTES TO ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

to read can only be equalled by his candid acknowledgment of his independence of the trammels of spelling, although, to use his own elegant phrase, 'twas his neck-verse at Harribee,' i.e. the gallows. —The biography of Gilpin Horner, and the marvellous pedestrian page, who travelled twice as fast as his master's horse, without the aid of seven-leagued boots, are *chefs-d'œuvre* in the improvement of taste. For incident we have the invisible, but by no means sparing, box on the ear bestowed on the page, and the entrance of a knight and charger into the castle, under the very natural disguise of a wain of hay. Marmion, the hero of the latter romance, is exactly what William of Deloraine would have been, had he been able to read and write. The poem was manufactured for Messrs. Constable, Murray, and Miller, worshipful booksellers, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of money; and truly, considering the inspiration, it is a very creditable production. If Mr. Scott will write for hire, let him do his best for his paymasters, but not disgrace his genius, which is undoubtedly great, by a repetition of black-letter ballad imitations.

Page 116, col. 1.

'And bid a long "good night to Marmion."'] 'Good night to Marmion'—the pathetic and also prophetic exclamation of Henry Blount, Esquire, on the death of honest Marmion.

Page 116, col. 1.

'The single wonder of a thousand years.'] As the *Odyssey* so closely connected with the story of the *Iliad*, they may almost be classed as one grand historical poem. In alluding to Milton and Tasso, we consider the 'Paradise Lost,' and 'Giu-sa-lomme Liberata,' as their standard efforts; since neither the 'Jerusalem Conquered' of the Italian, nor the 'Paradise Regained' of the English bard, obtained a proportionate celebrity to their former poems. Query: Which of Mr. Southey's will survive?

Page 116, col. 1.

'Next see tremendous Thalaba come on.'] 'Thalaba,' Mr. Southey's second poem, is written in open defiance of precedent and poetry. Mr. S. wished to produce something novel, and succeeded to a miracle. 'Joan of Arc' was marvellous enough, but 'Thalaba' was one of those poems 'which,' in the words of Porson, 'will be read when Homer and Virgil are forgotten, but—not till then.'

Page 116, col. 2.

'Oh! Southey! Southey! cease thy varied song!'] We beg Mr. Southey's pardon: 'Madoc' disdains the degrading title of epic.' See his preface. Why is epic degraded? and by whom? Certainly the late romancers of Masters Cottle, Laureat Pye, Ogilvy, Hole, and gentle Mistress Cowley, have not exalted the epic muse; but, as Mr. Southey's poem 'disdains the appellation,' allow us to ask—has he substituted anything better in its stead? or must he be content to rival Sir Richard Blackmore in the quantity as well as quality of his verse?

Page 116, col. 2.

'Thou wilt devote old women to the devil.'] See 'The Old Woman of Berkeley,' a ballad, by Mr. Southey, wherein an aged gentwoman is carried away by Beelzebub, on a 'high-trotting horse.'

Page 116, col. 2.

"God help thee," Southey, and thy readers too.] The last line, 'God help thee,' is an evident plagiarism from the Anti-jacobin to Mr. Southey, on his Dactyls.

Page 116, col. 2.

'And quit his books, for fear of growing double.'] Lyrical Ballads, p. 4.—'The Tables Turned.' Stanza 1.

'Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks;  
Why all this toil and trouble?  
Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,  
Or surely you'll grow double.'

Page 116, col. 2.

'And, like his bard, confounded night with day.'] Mr. W. in his preface labours hard to prove, that prose and verse are much the same; and certainly his precepts and practice are strictly conformable:—

'And thus to Betty's questions he  
Made answer, like a traveller bold,  
The cock did crow, to-whoo, to-whoo,  
And the sun did shine so cold,' &c. &c.,  
p. 129.

Page 116, col. 2.

'To him who takes a pixy for a muse.'] Coleridge's Poems, p. 11, 'Songs of the Pixies, i.e. Devonshire Fairies;' p. 42 we have 'Lines to a young Lady;' and p. 52, 'lines to a young Ass.'

Page 117, col. 1.

'All hail, M.P.! from whose infernal brain.'] 'For every one knows little Matt's an M.P.' See a poem to Mr. Lewis, in 'The Statesman,' supposed to be written by Mr. Jekyll.

Page 117, col. 1.

'Hibernian Strangford! with thine eyes of blue.'] The reader, who may wish for an explanation of this, may refer to 'Strangford's Camoëns,' p. 127, note to p. 56, or to the last page of the Edinburgh Review of Strangford's Camoëns.

Page 117, col. 1.

By dressing Camoëns in a suit of lace?'] It is also to be remarked, that the things given to the public as poems of Camoëns are no more to be found in the original Portuguese than in the Song of Solomon.

Page 117, col. 2.

'That luckless music never triumph'd there.'] Hayley's two most notorious verse productions are 'Triumphs of Temper,' and 'The Triumph of Music.' He has also written much comedy in rhyme, epistles, &c. &c. As he is rather an elegant writer of notes and biography, let us recommend Pope's advice to Wycherley to Mr. H's consideration, viz. 'to convert poetry into prose,' which may be easily done by taking away the final syllable of each couplet.

Page 117, col. 2.

Sepulchral Grahame, pours his notes sublime.] Mr. Grahame has poured forth two volumes of cant, under the name of 'Sabbath Walks' and 'Biblical Pictures.'

Page 117, col. 2.

What merry sounds proceed from Oxford bells.] See Bowles's 'Sonnet to Oxford,' and 'Stanzas on hearing the Bells of Ostend.'



## NOTES TO ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Page 118, col. 1.

'Awake a louder and a loftier strain.'] 'Awake a louder, &c., is the first line in Bowles's 'Spirit of Discovery'; a very spirited and pretty dwarf-epic. Among other exquisite lines we have the following

—'A kiss

Stole on the list'ning silence, never yet  
Here heard; they trembled even as if the power,'  
&c. &c.

That is, the woods of Madeira trembled to a kiss; very much astonished, as well they might be, at such a phenomenon.

Page 118, col. 1.

'The bard sighs forth a gentle episode.'] The episode above alluded to is the story of 'Robert a Machin' and 'Anna d' Arfet,' a pair of constant lovers, who performed the kiss above mentioned, that startled the woods of Madeira.

Page 118, col. 1.

'Consult Lord Fanny, and confide in Curll.'] Curll is one of the heroes of the Dunciad, and was a bookseller. Lord Fanny is the poetical name of Lord Hervey, author of 'Lines to the Imitator of Horace.'

Page 118, col. 1.

'And do from hate what Mallet did for hire.'] Lord Bolingbroke hired Mallet to traduce Pope after his decease, because the poet had retained some copies of a work by Lord Bolingbroke—the 'Patriot King,'—which that splendid but malignant genius had ordered to be destroyed.

Page 118, col. 1.

'To rave with Dennis, and with Ralph to rhyme.'] Dennis the critic, and Ralph the rhymester.—

'Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,  
Making night hideous: answer him, ye owls!'  
DUNCIAD.

Page 118, col. 1.

'And link'd thee to the Dunciad for thy pains.'] See Bowles's late edition of Pope's works, for which he received three hundred pounds. Thus Mr. B. has experienced how much easier it is to profit by the reputation of another, than to elevate his own.

Page 118, col. 2.

'Had Cottle still adorn'd the counter's side.'] Mr. Cottle, Amos, Joseph, I don't know which, but one or both, once sellers of books they did not write, and now writers of books they do not sell, have published a pair of epics—'Alfred,' (poor Alfred! Pye has been at him too!)—'Alfred,' and the 'Fall of Cambria.'

Page 118, col. 2.

'Dull Maurice all his granite weight of leaves.'] Mr. Maurice hath manufactured the component parts of a ponderous quarto, upon the beauties of 'Richmond Hill,' and the like;—it also takes in a charming view of Turnham Green, Hammersmith, Brentford, Old and New, and the parts adjacent.

Page 118, col. 2.

'May no rude hand disturb their early sleep!'] Poor Montgomery, though praised by every English Review, has been bitterly reviled by the Edinburgh. After all, the bard of Sheffield is a man of

considerable genius. His 'Wanderer of Switzerland' is worth a thousand 'Lyrical Ballads,' and at least fifty 'degraded epics.'

Page 119, col. 1.

'Nor hunt the blood-hounds back to Arthur's seat?'] Arthur's Seat; the hill which overhangs Edinburgh.

Page 119, col. 1.

'When Little's leadless pistol met his eye.'] In 1806, Messrs. Jeffrey and Moore met at Chalk-Farm. The duel was prevented by the interference of the magistracy; and, on examination, the balls of the pistols were found to have evaporated. This incident gave occasion to much waggy in the daily prints.

Page 119, col. 2.

'The other half pursued its calm career.'] The Tweed here behaved with proper decorum; it would have been highly reprehensible in the English half of the river to have shown the smallest symptom of apprehension.

Page 119, col. 2.

'If Jeffrey died, except within her arms.'] This display of sympathy on the part of the Tolbooth (the principal prison in Edinburgh), which truly seems to have been most affected on this occasion, is much to be commended. It was to be apprehended, that the many unhappy criminals executed in the front might have rendered the edifice more callous. She is said to be of the softer sex, because her delicacy of feeling on this day was truly feminine, though, like most feminine impulses, perhaps a little selfish.

Page 119, col. 2.

'The travell'd thane, Athenian Aberdeen.'] His lordship has been much abroad, is a member of the Athenian Society, and reviewer of 'Gell's Topography of Troy.'

Page 119, col. 2.

'Herbert shall wield Thor's hammer, and sometimes.'] Mr. Herbert is a translator of Icelandic and other poetry. One of the principal pieces is a 'Song on the Recovery of Thor's Hammer:' the translation is a pleasant chant in the vulgar tongue, and endeth thus:—

'Instead of money and rings, I wot,  
The hammer's bruises were her lot.  
Thus Odin's son his hammer got.'

Page 119, col. 2.

'Smug Sydney too thy bitter page shall seek.'] The Rev. Sydney Smith, the reputed author of Peter Plymley's Letters, and sundry criticisms.

Page 119, col. 2.

'And classic Hallam, much renown'd for Greek.'] Mr. Hallam reviewed Payne Knight's 'Taste,' and was exceedingly severe on some Greek verses therein. It was not discovered that the lines were Pindar's till the press rendered it impossible to cancel the critique, which still stands an everlasting monument of Hallam's ingenuity.—*Note added to second edition.* The said Hallam is incensed because he is falsely accused, seeing that he never dined at Holland House. If this be true, I am sorry—not for having said so, but on his account, as I understand his lordship's feasts are preferable to his compositions. If he did not review Lord

## NOTES TO ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

Holland's performance, I am glad; because it must have been painful to read, and irksome to praise it. If Mr. Hallam will tell me who did review it, the real name shall find a place in the text; provided, nevertheless, the said name be of two orthodox musical syllables, and will come into the verse: till then, Hallam must stand for want of a better.

Page 119, col. 2.

'And paltry Pillans shall traduce his friend.'] Pillans is a tutor at Eton.

Page 120, col. 1.

'While gay Thalia's luckless votary, Lambe.'] The Hon. George Lambe reviewed 'Beresford's Miseries,' and is, moreover, author of a farce enacted with much applause at the Priory, Stanmore; and damned with great expedition at the late theatre, Covent Garden. It was entitled, 'Whistle for it.'

Page 120, col. 1.

'Beware lest blundering Brougham destroy the sale.'] Mr. Brougham, in No. XXV of the Edinburgh Review, throughout the article concerning Don Pedro de Cevallos, has displayed more politics than policy; many of the worthy burgesses of Edinburgh being so incensed at the infamous principles it evinces, as to have withdrawn their subscriptions.—Here followed in the first edition, —'The name of this personage is pronounced Broom in the south, but the truly northern and musical pronunciation is BROUGH-AM, in two syllables;' but for this, Lord B. substituted in the second edition:—'It seems that Mr. Brougham is not a Pict, as I supposed, but a Borderer, and his name is pronounced Broom from Trent to Tay:—so be it.'

Page 120, col. 1.

'Her son, and vanish'd in a Scottish mist.'] I ought to apologise to the worthy deities for introducing a new goddess with short petticoats to their notice: but, alas! what was to be done? I could not say Caledonia's genius, it being well known there is no such genius to be found from Clackmannan to Caithness; yet, without supernatural agency, how was Jeffrey to be saved? The national 'kelpies' are too unpoetical, and the 'brownies' and 'gude neighbours' (spirits of a good disposition) refused to extricate him. A goddess, therefore, has been called for the purpose; and great ought to be the gratitude of Jeffrey, seeing it is the only communication he ever held, or is likely to hold, with anything heavenly.

Page 120, col. 1.

'This scents its pages, and that gilds its rear.'] See the colour of the back binding of the Edinburgh Review.

Page 120, col. 1.

'Declare his landlord can at least translate!'] Lord Holland has translated some specimens of Lope de Vega, inserted in his life of the author. Both are bepraised by his *disinterested* guests.

Page 120, col. 2.

'Reforms each error, and refines the whole.'] Certain it is, her ladyship is suspected of having displayed her matchless wit in the Edinburgh Review. However that may be, we know from good authority that the manuscripts are submitted to her perusal—no doubt, for correction.

Page 120, col. 2.

'Puns, and a prince within a barrel pent.'] In the melo-drama of Tekeli, that heroic prince is clapt into a barrel on the stage; a new asylum for distressed heroes.

Page 120, col. 2.

'While Reynolds vents his "dammes!" "poohs!" and "zounds!"'] All these are favourite expressions of Mr. Reynolds, and prominent in his comedies, living and defunct.

Page 120, col. 2.

'A tragedy complete in all but words?'] Mr. T. Sheridan, the new manager of Drury Lane theatre, stripped the tragedy of Bonduca of the dialogue, and exhibited the scenes as the spectacle of Carac-tacus. Was this worthy of his sire? or of himself?

Page 121, col. 1.

'Her flight to garnish Greenwood's gay designs.'] Mr. Greenwood is, we believe, scene-painter to Drury Lane theatre—as such, Mr. Skeffington is much indebted to him.

Page 121, col. 1.

'In five facetious acts comes thundering on.'] Mr. [afterwards Sir Lumley] Skeffington is the illustrious author of the 'Sleeping Beauty;' and some comedies, particularly 'Maids and Bachelors:' Baccalaurii baculo magis quam lauro digni.

Page 121, col. 1.

'And worship Catalan's pantaloons.'] Naldi and Catalan require little notice; for the visage of the one, and the salary of the other, will enable us long to recollect these amusing vagabonds. Besides, we are still black and blue from the squeeze on the first night of the lady's appearance in trousers.

Page 121, col. 2.

'Of vice and folly, Greville and Argyle!'] To prevent any blunder, such as mistaking a street for a man, I beg leave to state that it is the institution, and not the Duke of that name, which is here alluded to. A gentleman, with whom I am slightly acquainted, lost in the Argyle Rooms several thousand pounds at backgammon. It is but justice to the manager in this instance to say, that some degree of misapprobation was manifested: but why are the implements of gaming allowed in a place devoted to the society of both sexes? A pleasant thing for the wives and daughters of those who are blest or cursed with such connexions, to hear the billiard-tables rattling in one room, and the dice in another! That this is the case I myself can testify, as a late unworthy member of an institution which materially affects the morals of the higher orders, while the lower may not even move to the sound of a tabor and fiddle without a chance of indictment for riotous behaviour.

Page 121, col. 2.

'Behold the new Petronius of the day.'] Petronius, 'Arbiter elegantiarum' to Nero, 'and a very pretty fellow in his day,' as Mr. Congreve's 'Old Bachelor' saith of Hannibal.

Page 122, col. 1.

'To live like Clodius, and like Falkland fall.'] I knew the late Lord Falkland well. On Sunday night I beheld him presiding at his own table, in all the honest pride of hospitality; on Wednesday

## NOTES TO ENGLISH BARDS AND SCOTCH REVIEWERS

morning, at three o'clock, I saw stretched before me all that remained of courage, feeling, and a host of passions. He was a gallant and successful officer: his faults were the faults of a sailor [those of dissipation]—as such, Britons will forgive them. He died like a brave man in a better cause; for had he fallen in like manner on the deck of the frigate to which he was just appointed, his last moments would have been held up by his countrymen as an example to succeeding heroes.

Page 122, col. 1.

'From silly Hafiz up to simple Bowles.'] What would be the sentiments of the Persian Anacreon, Hafiz, could he rise from his splendid sepulchre at Sheeraz (where he reposes with Ferdousi and Sadi, the oriental Homer and Catullus), and behold his name assumed by one Stott of Dromore, the most impudent and execrable of literary poachers for the daily prints?

Page 122, col. 2.

'Lord, rhymester, petit-maitre, and pamphlet-cer!'] The Earl of Carlisle has lately published an eighteenpenny pamphlet on the state of the stage, and offers his plan for building a new theatre. It is to be hoped his lordship will be permitted to bring forward anything for the stage—except his own tragedies.

Page 122, col. 2.

'And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines.']

'Doff that lion's hide,

And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs.'

*Shak. King John.*

Lord Carlisle's works, most resplendently bound, form a conspicuous ornament to his bookshelves:—

'The rest is all but leather and prunella.'

Page 122, col. 2.

'And Melville's Mantle prove a blanket too!'] 'Melville's Mantle,' a parody on 'Elijah's Mantle,' a poem.

Page 123, col. 1.

'Leave wondering comprehension far behind.'] This lovely little Jessica, the daughter of the noted Jew King, seems to be a follower of the Della Crusca school, and has published two volumes of very respectable absurdities in rhyme, as times go; besides sundry novels in the style of the first edition of the Monk.

Page 123, col. 1.

'Chain'd to the signature of O. P. Q.'] These are the signatures of various worthies who figure in the poetical departments of the newspapers.

Page 123, col. 1.

'And Capel Lofft declares 'tis quite sublime.'] Capel Lofft, Esq., the Macenas of shoemakers, and preface-writer-general to distressed versemen; a kind of gratis accoucheur to those who wish to be delivered of rhyme, but do not know how to bring forth.

Page 123, col. 1.

'Bloomfield! why not on brother Nathan too?'] See Nathaniel Bloomfield's ode, elegy, or whatever he or any one else chooses to call it, on the enclosures of 'Honington Green.'

Page 123, col. 2.

'May Moorland weavers boast Pindaric skill.'] Vide 'Recollections of a Weaver in the Moorlands of Staffordshire.'

Page 123, col. 2.

'Recall the pleasing memory of the past.'] It would be superfluous to recall to the mind of the reader the authors of 'The Pleasures of Memory' and 'The Pleasures of Hope,' the most beautiful didactic poems in our language, if we except Pope's 'Essay on Man;' but so many poetasters have started up, that even the names of Campbell and Rogers are become strange.

Page 123, col. 2.

'Bear witness, Gifford.'] Gifford, author of the Baviad and Mæviad, the first satires of the day, and translator of Juvenal.

Page 123, col. 2.

'Sotheby.'] Sotheby, translator of Wieland's Oberon and Virgil's Georgics, and author of 'Saul,' an epic poem.

Page 123, col. 2.

'Macneil.'] Macneil, whose poems are deservedly popular, particularly 'Scotland's Scraith,' and the 'Waes of War,' of which ten thousand copies were sold in one month.

Page 123, col. 2.

'Why slumbers Gifford? let us ask again.'] Mr. Gifford promised publicly that the Baviad and Mæviad should not be his last original works: let him remember, 'Mox in reluctantis dracones.'

Page 124, col. 1.

'Unhappy White! while life was in its spring.'] Henry Kirke White died at Cambridge, in October, 1806, in consequence of too much exertion in the pursuit of studies that would have matured a mind which disease and poverty could not impair, and which death itself destroyed rather than subdued. His poems abound in such beauties as must impress the reader with the liveliest regret that so short a period was allotted to talents which would have dignified even the sacred functions he was destined to assume.

Page 124, col. 1.

'And here let Shee and Genius find a place.'] Mr. Shee [afterwards President of the Royal Academy], author of 'Rhymes on Art,' and 'Elements of Art.'

Page 124, col. 2.

'Wright! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view.'] Walter Rodwell Wright, late consul-general for the Seven Islands, is author of a very beautiful poem, just published: it is entitled 'Horæ Ionicæ,' and is descriptive of the isles and the adjacent coast of Greece.

Page 124, col. 2.

'And you, associate bards! who snatch'd to light.'] The translators of the Anthology, Bland and Merivale, have since published separate poems, which evince genius that only requires opportunity to attain eminence.

Page 124, col. 2.

'False glare attracts, but more offends the eye.'] The neglect of the 'Botanic Garden' is some proof of returning taste. The scenery is its sole recommendation.

Page 125, col. 1.

Seems blessed harmony to Lamb and Lloyd.'] Messrs. Lamb and Lloyd, the most ignoble followers of Southey and Co.

## NOTES TO HINTS FROM HORACE

Page 125, col. 1.

'And thou, too, Scott! resign to minstrels rude.'] By the bye, I hope that in Mr. Scott's next poem, his hero or heroine will be less addicted to 'Gramarye,' and more to grammar, than the Lady of the Lay and her bravo, William of Deloraine.

Page 125, col. 1.

'Let Stott, Carlisle, Matilda, and the rest.'] It may be asked, why I have censured the Earl of Carlisle, my guardian and relative, to whom I dedicated a volume of puerile poems a few years ago?—The guardianship was nominal, at least as far as I have been able to discover; the relationship I cannot help, and am very sorry for it; but as his lordship seemed to forget it on a very essential occasion to me, I shall not burden my memory with the recollection. I do not think that personal differences sanction the unjust condemnation of a brother scribbler; but I see no reason why they should act as a preventive, when the author, noble or ignoble, has, for a series of years, beguiled a 'discerning public' (as the advertisements have it) with divers reams of most orthodox, imperial nonsense. Besides, I do not step aside to vituperate the earl: no—his works come fairly in review with those of other patrician literati. If, before I escaped from my teens, I said anything in favour of his lordship's paper books, it was in the way of dutiful dedication, and more from the advice of others than my own judgment, and I seize the first opportunity of pronouncing my sincere recantation. I have heard that some persons conceive me to be under obligations to Lord Carlisle: if so, I shall be most particularly happy to learn what they are, and when conferred, that they may be duly appreciated and publicly acknowledged. What I have humbly advanced as an opinion on his printed things, I am prepared to support, if necessary, by quotations from elegies, eulogies, odes, episodes, and certain facetious and dainty tragedies bearing his name and mark:—

'What can ennoble knaves, or fools, or cowards? Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.'

So says Pope. Amen!

Page 125, col. 2.

'Requires no sacred theme to bid us list.'] The 'Games of Hoyle,' well known to the votaries of whist, chess, &c., are not to be superseded by the vagaries of his poetical namesake, whose poem comprised, as expressly stated in the advertisement, all the 'plagues of Egypt.'

Page 126, col. 1.

'Himself a living libel on mankind.'] This person, who has lately betrayed the most rabid symptoms of confirmed authorship, is writer of a poem denominated the 'Art of Pleasing,' as 'lucrus a non lucendo,' containing little pleasantry and less poetry. He also acts as monthly stipendiary and collector of calumnies for the 'Satirist.' If this unfortunate young man would exchange the magazines for the mathematics, and endeavour to take a decent degree in his university, it might eventually prove more serviceable than his present salary.

Page 126, col. 1.

'Oh! dark asylum of a Vandal race!'] 'Into Cambridgeshire the Emperor Probus transported a considerable body of Vandals.'—Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. ii. p. 83. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this assertion; the breed is still in high perfection.

Page 126, col. 1.

'So lost to Phœbus, that nor Hodgson's verse.'] This gentleman's name requires no praise: the man who in translation displays unquestionable genius may be well expected to excel in original composition, of which, it is to be hoped, we shall soon see a splendid specimen.

Page 126, col. 1.

'Can make thee better, nor poor Hewson's worse.'] Hewson Clarke, *Esq.*, as it is written.

Page 126, col. 1.

'And modern Britons glory in their sires.'] The 'Aboriginal Britons,' an excellent poem, by Richards.

Page 126, col. 2.

'And old dame Portland fills the place of Pitt.'] A friend of mine being asked, why his Grace of Portland was likened to an old woman? replied, 'he supposed it was because he was past bearing.'—His Grace is now gathered to his grandmothers, where he sleeps as sound as ever; but even his sleep was better than his colleagues' waking. 1811.

Page 126, col. 2.

'Thence shall I stray through beauty's native clime.'] Georgia.

Page 126, col. 2.

'Where Kaff is clad in rocks, and crown'd with snows sublime.'] Mount Caucasus.

Page 126, col. 2.

'Let Aberdeen and Elgin still pursue.'] Lord Elgin would fain persuade us that all the figures, with and without noses, in his stoneshop, are the works of Phidias! 'Credat Judæus!'

Page 126, col. 2.

'Gell.'] Mr. Gell's *Topography of Troy and Ithaca* cannot fail to insure the approbation of every man possessed of classical taste, as well for the information Mr. Gell conveys to the mind of the reader, as for the ability and research the respective works display.

## HINTS FROM HORACE

Page 128, col. 1.

'Or low Dubost—as once the world has seen.']—In an English newspaper, which finds its way abroad wherever there are Englishmen, I read an account of this dirty dauber's caricature of Mr. H— as a 'beast,' and the consequent action, &c. The circumstance is, probably, too well known to require further comment.

Page 128, col. 2.

'To paint a rainbow, or—the river Thames.'] 'Where pure description held the place of sense.'—POPE.

Page 129, col. 1.

'But coats must claim another artisan.'] Mere common mortals were commonly content with one tailor and with one bill, but the more particular gentlemen found it impossible to confide their lower garments to the makers of their body clothes. I speak of the beginning of 1809: what reform may have since taken place I neither know, nor desire to know.

## NOTES TO HINTS FROM HORACE

Page 129, col. 2.

'As Pitt has furnish'd us a word or two.'] Mr. Pitt was liberal in his additions to our parliamentary tongue; as may be seen in many publications, particularly the Edinburgh Review.

Page 129, col. 2.

'True, some decay, yet not a few revive.'] Old ballads, old plays, and old women's stories, are at present in as much request as old wine or new speeches. In fact, this is the millennium of black letter; thanks to our Hebers, Webers, and Scotts!

Page 130, col. 1.

'You doubt—see Dryden, Pope, St. Patrick's dean,'] 'Mac Flecknoe,' the 'Dunciad,' and all Swift's lampooning ballads. Whatever their other works may be, these originated in personal feelings, and angry retort on unworthy rivals; and though the ability of these satires elevates the poetical, their poignancy detracts from the personal character of the writers.

Page 130, col. 1.

'For jest and *pun* in very middling prose.'] With all the vulgar applause and critical abhorrence of *puns*, they have Aristotle on their side; who permits them to orators, and gives them consequence by a grave disquisition.

Page 130, col. 2.

'To "hollowing Hotspur" and the sceptred sire.'] 'And in his ear I'll hollow, Mortimer!'—1 *Henry IV.*

Page 131, col. 1.

'Difficile est proprie communia dicere: tuque.'] Mde. Dacier, Mde. de Sévigné, Boileau, and others, have left their dispute on the meaning of this passage in a tract considerably longer than the poem of Horace. It is printed at the close of the eleventh volume of Madame de Sévigné's Letters, edited by Grouvelle, Paris, 1806. Presuming that all who *can* construe may venture an opinion on such subjects, particularly as so many who *can not* have taken the same liberty, I should have held my 'farthing candle' as awkwardly as another, had not my respect for the wits of Louis the Fourteenth's Augustan siècle induced me to subjoin these illustrious authorities. 1st, Boileau: 'Il est difficile de traiter des sujets qui sont à la portée de tout le monde d'une manière qui vous les rende propres, ce qui s'appelle s'approprier un sujet par le tour qu'on y donne.' 2ndly, Batteux: 'Mais il est bien difficile de donner des traits propres et individuels aux êtres purement possibles.' 3rdly, Dacier: 'Il est difficile de traiter convenablement ces caractères que tout le monde peut inventer.' Mde. de Sévigné's opinion and translation, consisting of some thirty pages, I omit, particularly as M. Grouvelle observes, 'La chose est bien remarquable, aucune de ces diverses interprétations ne paraît être la véritable.' But, by way of comfort, it seems, fifty years afterwards, 'Le lumineux Dumarsais' made his appearance, to set Horace on his legs again, 'dissiper tous les nuages, et concilier tous les dissentimens;' and some fifty years hence, somebody, still more luminous, will doubtless start up and demolish Dumarsais and his system on this weighty affair, as if he were no better than Ptolemy and Tycho, or his comments of no more consequence than astronomical calculations on the present comet. I am happy to say, 'la longueur de la dissertation' of M. D. prevents M. G. from saying

any more on the matter. A better poet than Boileau, and at least as good a scholar as Sévigné, has said,

'A little learning is a dangerous thing.' And by this comparison of comments, it may be perceived how a good deal may be rendered as perilous to the proprietors.

Page 131, col. 2.

'Beware—for God's sake, don't begin like Bowles!'] About two years ago a young man, named Townsend, was announced by Mr. Cumberland, in a review (since deceased) as being engaged in an epic poem to be entitled 'Armageddon.' The plan and specimen promise much; but I hope neither to offend Mr. Townsend, nor his friends, by recommending to his attention the lines of Horace to which these rhymes allude. If Mr. Townsend succeeds in his undertaking, as there is reason to hope, how much will the world be indebted to Mr. Cumberland for bringing him before the public! But, till that eventful day arrives, it may be doubted whether the premature display of his plan (sublime as the ideas confessedly are) has not,—by raising expectations too high, or diminishing curiosity, by developing his argument,—rather incurred the hazard of injuring Mr. Townsend's future prospects. Mr. Cumberland (whose talents I shall not depreciate by the humble tribute of my praise) and Mr. Townsend must not suppose me actuated by unworthy motives in this suggestion. I wish the author all the success he can wish himself, and shall be truly happy to see epic poetry weighed up from the bathos where it lies sunken with Southey, Cottle, Cowley (Mrs. or Abraham), Ogilvy, Wilkie, Pye, and all the 'dull of past and present days.' Even if he is not a *Milton*, he may be better than *Blackmore*; if not a *Homer*, an *Antimachus*. I should deem myself presumptuous, as a young man, in offering advice, were it not addressed to one still younger. Mr. Townsend has the greatest difficulties to encounter: but in conquering them he will find employment; in having conquered them, his reward. I know too well 'the scribbler's scoff, the critic's contumely;' and I am afraid time will teach Mr. Townsend to know them better. Those who succeed, and those who do not, must bear this alike, and it is hard to say which have most of it. I trust that Mr. Townsend's share will be from *envy*; he will soon know mankind well enough not to attribute this expression to malice.

Page 132, col. 1.

'O'er Virgil's devilish verses and his own.'] Harvey, the *circulator of the circulation* of the blood, used to fling away Virgil in his ecstasy of admiration and say, 'the book had a devil.' Now, such a character as I am copying would probably fling it away also; but rather wish that the devil had the book; not from dislike to the poet, but a well-founded horror of hexameters. Indeed, the public school penance of 'Long and Short' is enough to beget an antipathy to poetry for the residue of a man's life, and, perhaps, so far may be an advantage.

Page 132, col. 1.

'Unlucky Tavell! doom'd to daily cares.'] 'Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.' I dare say Mr. Tavell (to whom I mean no affront) will understand me; and it is no matter whether any one else does or no.—To the above events, 'quæque ipse miserrima vidi, et quorum pars magna fui,' all *times* and *terms* bear testimony.

## NOTES TO HINTS FROM HORACE

Page 132, col. 2.

'Master of arts! as *hells and clubs* proclaim.'] 'Hell,' a gaming-house so called, where you risk little, and are cheated a good deal. 'Club,' a pleasant purgatory, where you lose more, and are not supposed to be cheated at all.

Page 133, col. 1.

'A halter'd heroine Johnson sought to slay.'] 'Irene had to speak two lines with the bow-string round her neck; but the audience cried out "Murder!" and she was obliged to go off the stage alive.'—*Boswell's Johnson*.

Page 133, col. 1.

'Whose postscripts prate of dyeing "heroines blue"?' In the postscript to the 'Castle Spectre,' Mr. Lewis tells us, that though blacks were unknown in England at the period of his action, yet he has made the anachronism to set off the scene; and if he could have produced the effect 'by making his heroine blue,—I quote him—"blue he would have made her!"

Page 133, col. 2.

'Ere scenes were play'd by many a reverend clerk.'] 'The first theatrical representations, entitled "Mysteries and Moralities," were generally enacted at Christmas, by monks (as the only persons who could read), and latterly by the clergy and students of the universities. The dramatic personae were usually Adam, Pater Cœlestis, Faith, Vice, &c. &c.—See Warton's History of English Poetry.

Page 133, col. 2.

'Tis strange Benvolio suffers such a show.'] Benvolio does not bet; but every man who maintains race-horses is a promoter of all the concomitant evils of the turf. Avoiding to bet is a little pharisaical. Is it an exculpation? I think not. I never yet heard a bawd praised for chastity, because *she herself* did not commit fornication.

Page 134, col. 1.

'But find in thine, like pagan Plato's bed.'] Under Plato's pillow a volume of the *Mimes* of Sophron was found the day he died.—*Vide* Barthélemi, De Pauw, or Diogenes Laertius, if agreeable. De Pauw calls it a jest-book. Cumberland, in his *Observer*, terms it moral, like the sayings of Publius Syrus.

Page 134, col. 1.

'Yet Chesterfield, whose polish'd pen inveighs.'] His speech on the Licensing Act is one of his most eloquent efforts.

Page 134, col. 1.

'And "Estifania" gull her "Copper" spouse.'] Michael Perez, the Copper Captain, in 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife.'

Page 134, col. 1.

'And, spite of puritans and Collier's curse.'] Jerry Collier's controversy with Congreve, &c. on the subject of the drama, is too well known to require further comment.

Page 134, col. 2.

'And Simeon kicks.'] Mr. Simeon is the very bully of beliefs, and castigator of 'good works.' He is ably supported by John Stickle, a labourer in the same vineyard:—but I say no more, for,

according to Johnny in full congregation, 'No hopes for them as laughs.'

Page 134, col. 2.

'Where Baxter only "shoves."'] 'Baxter's Shove to heavy-*and* Christians,' the veritable title of a book once in good repute, and likely enough to be so again.

Page 136, col. 1.

'And keep your bushy locks a year from Blake.'] As famous a tonsor as Licinus himself, and better paid, and may, like him, be one day a senator, having a better qualification than one half of the heads he crops, viz.—independence.

Page 137, col. 1.

'For poets (says this sage and many more.')] I have not the original by me, but the Italian translation runs as follows:—'E una cosa a mio credere molto stravagante, che un padre desidera, o permetta, che suo figliuolo coltivi e perfezioni questo talento.' A little further on: 'Si trovano di rado nel Parnaso le miniere d'oro e d'argento.'—*Educazione dei Fanciulli del Signor Locke*.

Page 137, col. 1.

'Is poor as Iru.'] 'Iro pauperior:' this is the same beggar who boxed with Ulysses for a pound of kid's fry, which he lost, and half a dozen teeth besides.—See *Odyssey*, b. 18.

Page 137, col. 1.

'Or an Irish mine.'] The Irish gold mine of Wicklow, which yields just ore enough to swear by, or gild a bad guinea.

Page 137, col. 2.

'And double-barrels (damn them!) miss their mark.'] As Mr. Pope took the liberty of damning Homer, to whom he was under great obligations—'And Homer (damn him!) calls'—it may be presumed that anybody or anything may be damned in verse by poetical license; and, in case of accident, I beg leave to plead so illustrious a precedent.

Page 137, col. 2.

'Let Havard's fate o'ertake him, who, for once.'] For the story of Billy Havard's tragedy, see 'Davies's Life of Garrick.' I believe it is 'Regulus,' or 'Charles the First.' The moment it was known to be his the theatre thinned, and the bookseller refused to give the customary sum for the copyright.

Page 138, col. 1.

'Or mild Eclectics, when some, worse than Turks.'] To the Eclectic or Christian Reviewers I have to return thanks for the fervour of that charity which, in 1809, induced them to express a hope that a thing then published by me might lead to certain consequences, which, although natural enough, surely came but rashly from reverend lips. I refer them to their own pages, where they congratulated themselves on the prospect of a tilt between Mr. Jeffrey and myself, from which some great good was to accrue, provided one or both were knocked on the head. Having survived two years and a half those 'Elegies' which they were kindly preparing to review, I have no peculiar gusto to give them 'so joyful a trouble,' except indeed 'upon compulsion, Hal:' but if, as David says in the 'Rivals,' it should come to 'bloody sword and gun fighting,' we 'won't run, will we, Sir Lucius?' I do not know what I had done to

## NOTES TO HINTS FROM HORACE

these Eclectic gentlemen: my works are their lawful perquisite, to be hewn in pieces like Agag, if it seem meet unto them: but why they should be in such a hurry to kill off their author, I am ignorant.

'The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong:' and now, as these Christians have 'smote me on one cheek,' I hold them up the other; and, in return for their good wishes, give them an opportunity of repeating them. Had any other set of men expressed such sentiments, I should have smiled, and left them to the 'recording angel;' but from the pharisees of Christianity decency might be expected. I can assure these brethren, that, publican and sinner as I am, I would not have treated 'mine enemy's dog thus.' To show them the superiority of my brotherly love, if ever the Reverend Messrs. Simeon or Ramsden should be engaged in such a conflict as that in which they requested me to fall, I hope they may escape with being 'winged' only, and that Heavyside may be at hand to extract the ball.

Page 138, col. 2.

'From Corydon unkid Alex. turns.' Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexin.

Page 139, col. 1.

'And hark 'ye, Southey! pray—but don't be vex'd.' Mr. Southey has lately tied another canister to his tail in the 'Curse of Kehama,' maugre the neglect of Madoc, &c., and has in one instance had a wonderful effect. A literary friend of mine, walking out one lovely evening last summer, on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed by the cry of 'one in jeopardy;' he rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on butter-milk in an adjacent paddock), procured three rakes, one cel-spear, and a landing-net, and at last (horresco referens) pulled out—his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey's last work. Its 'alacrity of sinking' was so great, that it has never since been heard of; though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch's pastry premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner's inquest brought in a verdict of 'Felo de bibliopolâ' against a 'quarto unknown;' and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the 'Curse of Kehama' (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session, in Grub-street—Arthur, Alfred, Davidels, Richard Cœur de Lion, Exodus Exodia, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre's. The same advocates, pro and con, will be employed as are now engaged in Sir F. Burdett's celebrated cause in the Scotch courts. The public anxiously await the result, and all live publishers will be subpoenaed as witnesses.—But Mr. Southey has published the 'Curse of Kehama,'—an inviting title to quibblers. By-the-by, it is a good deal beneath Scott and Campbell, and not much above Southey, to allow the booby Ballantyne to entitle them, in the Edinburgh Annual Register (of which, by-the-by, Southey is editor), 'the grand poetical triumvirate of the day.' But, on second thoughts, it can be no great degree of praise to be the one-eyed leaders of the blind, though they might as well keep to themselves 'Scott's thirty thousand copies sold,' which must sadly discomfit poor Southey's unsale-

ables. Poor Southey, it should seem, is the 'Lepidus' of this poetical triumvirate. I am only surprised to see him in such good company.

'Such things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, But wonder how the devil *he* came there.' The trio are well defined in the sixth proposition of Euclid:—'Because, in the triangles D B C, A C B, D B is equal to A C, and B C common to both; the two sides D B, B C, are equal to the two A C, C B, each to each, and the angle D B C is equal to the angle A C B: therefore, the base D C is equal to the base A B, and the triangle D B C (Mr. Southey) is equal to the triangle A C B, the less to the greater, which is *absurd*,' &c.—The editor of the Edinburgh Register will find the rest of the theorem hard by his stabling; he has only to cross the river; 'tis the first turnpike t'other side 'Pons Asinorum.'\*

Page 139, col. 1.

'Though "Madoc," with "Pucelle," instead of punk.'] Voltaire's 'Pucelle' is not quite so immaculate as Mr. Southey's 'Joan of Arc,' and yet I am afraid the Frenchman has both more truth and poetry too on his side—(they rarely go together)—than our patriotic minstrel, whose first essay was in praise of a fanatical French strumpet, whose title of witch would be correct with the change of the first letter.

Page 139, col. 1.

'May travel back to Quito—on a trunk.'] Like Sir Bland Burgess's 'Richard,' the tenth book of which I read at Malta, on a trunk of Eyre's, 19, Cockspur-street. If this be doubted, I shall buy a portmanteau to quote from.

Page 140, col. 1.

'Fool on, as fluent as an Orpheus' head.] 'Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum, Gurgite cum medio portans (Eagrus Hebrus, Volveret Eurydicen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua; Ah, miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat; Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.' *Georgic*, iv. 523.

Page 140, col. 1.

'The cobbler-laureats.] I beg Nathaniel's pardon: he is not a cobbler; *it is a tailor*, but begged Capel Loft to sink the profession in his preface to two pair of panta—psna!—of cantos, which he wished the public to try on; but the sieve of a patron let it out, and so far saved the expense of an advertisement to his country customers.—Merry's 'Moorfields whine' was nothing to all this. The 'Della Cruscans' were people of some education, and no profession; but these Arcadians ('Arcades ambo'—bumpkins both) send out their native nonsense without the smallest alloy, and leave all the shoes and smallclothes in the parish unrepaired, to patch up Elegies on Enclosures, and Pæans to Gunpowder. Sitting on a shopboard, they describe the fields of battle, when the only blood they ever saw was shed from the finger; and an 'Essay on War' is produced by the ninth part of a 'poet.'

\* This Latin has sorely puzzled the University of Edinburgh. Ballantyne said it meant the 'Bridge of Berwick,' but Southey claimed it as half English; Scott swore it was the 'Brig of Stirling;' he had just passed two king Jameses and a dozen Douglases over it. At last it was decided by Jeffrey that it meant nothing more nor less than the 'counter of Archy Constable's shop.'

## NOTES TO THE CURSE OF MINERVA

'And own that *nine* such poets made a Tate.'  
Did Nathan ever read that line of Pope? and if he  
did, why not take it as his motto?

Page 140, col. 1.

'Sing to Capel Lofft!'] This well-meaning gentleman has spoiled some excellent shoemakers, and been accessory to the poetical undoing of many of the industrious poor. Nathaniel Bloomfield and his brother Bobby have set all Somersetshire singing; nor has the malady confined itself to one county. Pratt too (who once was wiser) has caught the contagion of patronage, and decoyed a poor fellow named Blackett into poetry; but he died during the operation, leaving one child and two volumes of 'Remains' utterly destitute. The girl, if she don't take a poetical twist, and come forth as a shoe-making Sappho, may do well; but the 'tragedies' are as rickety as if they had been the offspring of an Earl or a Seatonian prize poet. The patrons of this poor lad are certainly answerable for his end; and it ought to be an indictable offence. But this is the least they have done: for, by a refinement of barbarity, they have made the (late) man posthumously ridiculous, by printing what he would have had sense enough never to print himself. Certes these rakers of 'Remains' come under the statute against 'resurrection men.' What does it signify whether a poor dear dead dunce is to be stuck up in Surgeons' or in Stationers' Hall? Is it so bad to unearth his bones as his blunders? Is it not better to gibbet his body on a heath, than his soul in an octavo? 'We know what we are, but we know not what we may be;' and it is to be hoped we never shall know, if a man who has passed through life with a sort of éclat is to find himself a mountebank on the other side of Styx, and made, like poor Blackett, the laughing-stock of purgatory. The plea of publication is to provide for the child; now, might not some of this 'Sutor ultra Crepidam's' friends and seducers have done a decent action without inveigling Pratt into biography? And then his inscription split into so many modicums!—'To the Duchess of So-much, the Right Hon. So-and-So, and Mrs. and Miss Somebody, these volumes are,' &c. &c.—why, this is doling out the 'soft milk of dedication' in gills,—there is but a quart, and he divides it among a dozen. Why, Pratt, hadst thou not a puff left? Dost thou think six families of distinction can share this in quiet? There is a child, a book, and a dedication: send the girl to her grace, the volumes to the grocer, and the dedication to the devil.

Page 140, col. 2.

'There's plenty of the sort.'—Here will Mr. Gifford allow me to introduce once more to his notice the sole survivor, the 'ultimus Romanorum,' the last of the Cruscant!—'Edwin' the 'profound,' by our Lady of Punishment! here he is, as lively as in the days of 'well said Baviad the Correct.' I thought Fitzgerald had been the tail of poesy; but, alas! he is only the penultimate.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO THE EDITOR OF THE  
MORNING CHRONICLE.

'What reams of paper, floods of ink,'  
Do some men spoil, who never think!  
And so perhaps you 'll say of me,  
In which your readers may agree.

Still I write on, and tell you why;  
Nothing's so bad, you can't deny,  
But may instruct or entertain  
Without the risk of giving pain, &c. &c.

ON SOME MODERN QUACKS AND REFORMERS.

In tracing of the human mind  
Through all its various courses,  
Though strange, 'tis true, we often find  
It knows not its resources:

And men through life assume a part  
For which no talents they possess,  
Yet wonder that, with all their art,  
They meet no better with success, &c. &c.

Page 141, col. 1.

'If you will breed this bastard of your brains.']  
Minerva being the first by Jupiter's head-piece, and a variety of equally unaccountable parturitions upon earth, such as Madoc, &c. &c.

Page 141, col. 1.

'And furnish food for critics, or their quills.  
'A crust for the critics.'—*Bayes, in the 'Rehearsal.'*

Page 141, col. 1.

'As yawning waiters fly.'] And the 'waiters' are the only fortunate people who can 'fly' from them; all the rest, viz. the sad subscribers to the 'Literary Fund,' being compelled, by courtesy, to sit out the recitation without a hope of exclaiming, 'Sic' (that is, by choking Fitz. with bad wine, or worse poetry) 'me servavit Apollo!'

Page 141, col. 2.

"To die like Cato," leapt into the Thames!'  
On his table were found these words: 'What Cato did, and Addison approved, cannot be wrong.' But Addison did not 'approve;' and if he had, it would not have mended the matter. He had invited his daughter on the same water-party; but Miss Budgell, by some accident, escaped this last paternal attention. Thus fell the sycophant of 'Atticus,' and the enemy of Pope.

Page 141, col. 2.

'Dosed with vile drams on Sunday he was found.'] If 'dosed with,' &c. be censured as low, I beg leave to refer to the original for something still lower; and if any reader will translate 'Minxerit in patrios cineres,' &c. into a decent couplet, I will insert said couplet in lieu of the present.

## THE CURSE OF MINERVA

Page 142, col. 1.

'That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!'  
Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Page 142, col. 2.

'The queen of night asserts her silent reign.']  
The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of less duration.

Page 142, col. 2.

'The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk.'] The kiosk is a Turkish summer-house; the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the Temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes. Cephissus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

Page 143, col. 1.

'These Cecrops placed, this Pericles adorn'd.']  
This is spoken of the city in general, and not of the



## NOTES TO THE WALTZ

Acropolis in particular. The temple of Jupiter Olympius, by some supposed the Pantheon, was finished by Hadrian; sixteen columns are standing, of the most beautiful marble and architecture.

Page 143, col. 2.

‘When Venus half avenged Minerva’s shame.’] His lordship’s name, and that of one who no longer bears it, are carved conspicuously on the Parthenon; above, in a part not far distant, are the torn remnants of the basso-reliefs, destroyed in a vain attempt to remove them.

Page 143, col. 2.

‘And well I know within that bastard land.’] ‘Irish bastards,’ according to Sir Callaghan O’Brallaghan.

Page 144, col. 1.

‘And own himself an infant of fourscore.’] Mr. West, on seeing the ‘Elgin Collection’ (I suppose we shall hear of the ‘Abershaw’ and ‘Jack Sheppard’ collection) declared himself ‘a mere tyro’ in art.

Page 144, col. 1.

‘And marvel at his lordship’s “stone shop” there.’] Poor Cribb was sadly puzzled when the marbles were first exhibited at Elgin House; he asked if it was not ‘a stone shop?’—He was right; it is a shop.

Page 145, col. 1.

“‘Blest paper credit;” who shall dare to sing?’]

‘Blest paper credit! last and best supply,  
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly.’—  
POPE.

Page 145, col. 1.

‘And pirates barter all that’s left behind.’] The Deal and Dover traffickers in specie.

### THE WALTZ

Page 146, col. 1.

‘Muse of the many-twinkling feet! whose charms.’]

‘Glance their many-twinkling feet.’—GRAY.

Page 147, col. 1.

‘On Hounslow’s heath to rival Wellesley’s fame.’] To rival Lord Wellesley’s, or his nephew’s, as the reader pleases:—the one gained a pretty woman, whom he deserved, by fighting for, and the other has been fighting in the Peninsula many a long day, ‘by Shrewsbury clock,’ without gaining anything in *that* country but the title of ‘the Great Lord,’ and ‘the Lord;’ which savours of profanation, having been hitherto applied only to that Being to whom ‘*Te Deums*’ for carnage are the rankest blasphemy.—It is to be presumed the general will one day return to his Sabine farm: there

‘To tame the genius of the stubborn plain,  
Almost as quickly as he conquer’d Spain!’

The Lord Peterborough conquered continents in a summer; we do more—we contrive both to conquer and lose them in a shorter season. If the ‘Great Lord’s’ *Cincinnatus* progress in agriculture be no speedier than the proportional average of time in Pope’s couplet, it will, according to the farmer’s proverb, be ‘ploughing with dogs.’

By-the-by—one of this illustrious person’s new titles is forgotten—it is, however, worth remem-

bering—‘*Salvador del mundo!*’ *credite, poster!* If this be the appellation annexed by the inhabitants of the Peninsula to the name of a *man* who has not yet saved them—query—are they worth saving, even in this world? for, according to the mildest modifications of any Christian creed, those three words make the odds much against them in the next—‘Saviour of the world,’ quotha!—it were to be wished that he, or any one else, could save a corner of it—his country. Yet this stupid misnomer, although it shows the near connexion between superstition and impiety, so far has its use, that it proves there can be little to dread from those Catholics (inquisitorial Catholics too) who can confer such an appellation on a *Protestant*. I suppose next year he will be entitled the ‘Virgin Mary:’ if so, Lord George Gordon himself would have nothing to object to such liberal bastards of our Lady of Babylon.

Page 147, col. 2.

‘While unburnt Moscow yet had news to send.’] The patriotic arson of our amiable allies cannot be sufficiently commended—nor subscribed for. Amongst other details omitted in the various despatches of our eloquent ambassador, he did not state (being too much occupied with the exploits of Colonel C—, in swimming rivers frozen, and galloping over roads impassable) that one entire province perished by famine in the most melancholy manner, as follows:—In General Rostopchin’s consummate conflagration, the consumption of tallow and train oil was so great, that the market was inadequate to the demand; and thus one hundred and thirty-three thousand persons were starved to death, by being reduced to wholesome diet! The lamplighters of London have since subscribed a pint (of oil) a piece, and the tallow-chandlers have unanimously voted a quantity of best moulds (four to the pound), to the relief of the surviving Scythians;—the scarcity will soon, by such exertions, and a proper attention to the *quality* rather than the quantity of provision, be totally alleviated. It is said, in return, that the untouched Ukraine has subscribed sixty thousand beeves for a day’s meal to our suffering manufacturers.

Page 148, col. 1.

‘Can Egypt’s Almas—tantalising group.’] Dancing girls—who do for hire what Waltz doth gratis.

Page 148, col. 2.

‘Goats in their visage, women in their shape.’] It cannot be complained now, as in the Lady Baussière’s time, of the ‘*Sieur de la Croix*,’ that there be ‘no whiskers;’ but how far these are indications of valour in the field, or elsewhere, may still be questionable. Much may be, and hath been, avouched on both sides. In the olden time philosophers had whiskers, and soldiers none—Scipio himself was shaven—Hannibal thought his one eye handsome enough without a beard; but Adrian, the emperor, wore a beard (having warts on his chin, which neither the Empress Sabina nor even the courtiers could abide)—Turenne had whiskers, Marlborough none—Buonaparte is unwhiskered, the Regent whiskered; ‘*argal*’ greatness of mind and whiskers may or may not go together; but certainly the different occurrences, since the growth of the last mentioned, go further in behalf of whiskers than the anathema of Anselm did against long hair in the reign of Henry I.—Formerly red was a favourite colour. See Lodowick Barry’s comedy of Ram Alley, 1661; Act I, Scene I.

## NOTES TO THE BLUES, ETC.

### THE BLUES

Page 154, col. 1.

'*Ink*. I shan't go so far—I can have them at Grange's.'] Grange is or was a famous pastry-cook and fruiterer in Piccadilly.

Page 155, col. 1.

'I feel so elastic—"so buoyant—so buoyant!"'] Fact from life, with the words.

### THE VISION OF JUDGMENT

Page 168, col. 1.

'Reviewing "the ungentle craft," and then.'] See 'Life of Henry Kirke White.'

Page 168, col. 2.

'Like King Alfonso. When I thus see double.'] Alfonso, speaking of the Ptolemaean system, said that 'had he been consulted at the creation of the world, he would have spared the Maker some absurdities.'

Page 168, col. 2.

'Like lightning, off from his "melodious twang."'] See Aubrey's account of the apparition which disappeared 'with a curious perfume, and a most melodious twang;' or see the '*Antiquary*,' vol. i. p. 225.

Page 169, col. 1.

'For all corrupted things are buoy'd like corks.'] A drowned body lies at the bottom till rotten; it then floats, as most people know.

### THE AGE OF BRONZE

Page 172, col. 1.

'Hear! hear Prometheus from his rock appeal.'] I refer the reader to the first address of Prometheus in Æschylus, when he is left alone by his attendants, and before the arrival of the chorus of Sea-nymphs.

Page 173, col. 2.

'The knife of Arragon, Toledo's steel.'] The Arragonians are peculiarly dexterous in the use of this weapon, and displayed it particularly in former French wars.

Page 174, col. 2.

'Many an old woman, but no Catherine.'] The dexterity of Catherine extricated Peter (called the Great by courtesy), when surrounded by the Muslims on the banks of the river Pruth.

Page 175, col. 2.

'That nose, the hook where he suspends the world!']

'Naso suspendit adunco.'—HORACE.

The Roman applies it to one who merely was imperious to his acquaintance.

Page 178, col. 1.

'There Chateaubriand forms new books of martyrs.'] Monsieur Chateaubriand, who has not forgotten the author in the minister, received a handsome compliment at Verona from a literary sovereign: 'Ah! Monsieur C., are you related to that Chateaubriand who—who—who has written something?' (*écrit quelque chose!*) It is said that the author of *Atala* repented him for a moment of his legitimacy.

'*Taffeta*. Now for a wager—What coloured beard comes next by the window?

'*Adriana*. A black man's, I think.

'*Taffeta*. I think not so: I think a *red*, for that is most in fashion.'

There is 'nothing new under the sun;' but *red*, then a *favourite*, has now subsided into *favourite's* colour.

Page 148, col. 2.

'The court, the Regent, like herself were new.'] An anachronism—Waltz and the battle of Austerlitz are before said to have opened the ball together; the bard means (if he means anything), Waltz was not so much in vogue till the Regent attained the acmé of his popularity. Waltz, the comet, whiskers, and the new government, illuminated heaven and earth, in all their glory, much about the same time: of these the comet only has disappeared; the other three continue to astonish us still.—*Printer's Devil*.

Page 148, col. 2.

'New coins (most new) to follow those that fled.'] Amongst others a new nippence—a creditable coin now forthcoming, worth a pound, in paper, at the fairest calculation.

Page 149, col. 1.

'Each new, quite new—(except some ancient tricks).']

'Oh that *right* should thus overcome *might*!' Who does not remember the 'delicate investigation' in the '*Merry Wives of Windsor*'?—

'Ford. Pray you, come near; if I suspect without cause, why then make sport at me; then let me be your jest; I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?'

'*Mrs. Ford*. What have you to do whither they bear it?—you were best meddle with buck-washing.'

Page 149, col. 1.

'So saith the muse: my —, what say you?'] The gentle, or ferocious, reader may fill up the blank as he pleases—there are several dissyllabic names at his service (being already in the Regent's); it would not be fair to back any peculiar initial against the alphabet, as every month will add to the list now entered for the sweepstakes:—a distinguished consonant is said to be the favourite, much against the wishes of the *knowing ones*.

Page 149, col. 1.

'That spot where hearts were once supposed to be.'] 'We have changed all that,' says the Mock Doctor—'tis all gone—Asmodeus knows where. After all, it is of no great importance how women's hearts are disposed of; they have nature's privilege to distribute them as absurdly as possible. But there are also some men with hearts so thoroughly bad, as to remind us of those phenomena often mentioned in natural history; viz. a mass of solid stone—only to be opened by force—and when divided, you discover a toad in the centre, lively, and with the reputation of being venomous.

Page 149, col. 1.

'If "nothing follows all this palming work?"'] In Turkey a pertinent, here an impertinent and superfluous, question—literally put, as in the text, by a Persian to Morier, on seeing a Waltz in Pera.—*Vide Morier's Travels*.

# NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

## CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Page 180, col. 2.

'Yest! sigh'd o'er Delphi's long deserted shrine.'] The little village of Castri stands partly on the site of Delphi. Along the path of the mountain, from Chryso, are the remains of sepulchres hewn in and from the rock:—'One,' said the guide, 'of a king who broke his neck hunting.' His majesty had certainly chosen the fittest spot for such an achievement. A little above Castri is a cave, supposed the Pythian, of immense depth; the upper part of it is paved, and now a cowhouse. On the other side of Castri stands a Greek monastery; some way above which is the cleft in the rock, with a range of caverns difficult of ascent, and apparently leading to the interior of the mountain; probably to the Corycian Cavern mentioned by Pausanias. From this part descend the fountain and the 'Dews of Castalie.'

Page 184, col. 1.

'And rest ye at "Our Lady's house of woe.]" The convent of 'Our Lady of Punishment,' *Nossa Señora de Pena*, on the summit of the rock. Below, at some distance, is the Cork Convent, where St. Honorius dug his den, over which is his epitaph. From the hills, the sea adds to the beauty of the view.—*Note to 1st Edition*. Since the publication of this poem, I have been informed [by Walter Scott] of the misapprehension of the term *Nossa Señora de Pena*. It was owing to the want of the *tilde* or mark over the *n*, which alters the signification of the word: with it, *Pena* signifies a rock; without it, *Pena* has the sense I adopted. I do not think it necessary to alter the passage; as though the common acceptation affixed to it is 'Our Lady of the Rock,' I may well assume the other sense from the severities practised there.—*Note to 2nd Edition*.

Page 184, col. 1.

'Throughout this purple land, where law secures not life.]" It is a well-known fact, that in the year 1809, the assassinations in the streets of Lisbon and its vicinity were not confined by the Portuguese to their countrymen; but that Englishmen were daily butchered: and so far from redress being obtained, we were requested not to interfere if we perceived any compatriot defending himself against his allies. I was once stopped in the way to the theatre at eight o'clock in the evening, when the streets were not more empty than they generally are at that hour, opposite to an open shop, and in a carriage with a friend: had we not fortunately been armed, I have not the least doubt that we should have 'adorned a tale' instead of telling one.

Page 184, col. 2.

'Behold the hall where chiefs were late convened!]" The Convention of Cintra was signed in the palace of the Marchese Marialva.

Page 185, col. 2.

'But here the Babylonian whore hath built.]" The extent of Mafra is prodigious; it contains a palace, convent, and most superb church. The six organs are the most beautiful I ever beheld, in point of decoration: we did not hear them, but were told that their tones were correspondent to their splendour. Mafra is termed the Escorial of Portugal.

Page 186, col. 1.

'Twixt him and Lusian slave, the lowest of the low.]" As I found the Portuguese, so I have charac-

terized them. That they are since improved, at least in courage, is evident. The late exploits of Lord Wellington have effaced the follies of Cintra. He has, indeed, done wonders: he has, perhaps, changed the character of a nation, reconciled rival superstitions, and baffled an enemy who never retreated before his predecessors.—1812.

Page 186, col. 1.

'That dyed thy mountain streams with Gothic gore?]" Count Julian's daughter, the Helen of Spain. Pelagius preserved his independence in the fastnesses of the Asturias, and the descendants of his followers, after some centuries, completed their struggle by the conquest of Granada.

Page 188, col. 1.

'No! as he speeds, he chants "Vivâ el Rey!"'] 'Vivâ el Rey Fernando!' Long live King Ferdinand! is the chorus of most of the Spanish patriotic songs. They are chiefly in dispraise of the old King Charles, the Queen, and the Prince of Peace. I have heard many of them: some of the airs are beautiful. Godoy, the *Príncipe de la Paz*, of an ancient but decayed family, was born at Badajoz, on the frontiers of Portugal, and was originally in the ranks of the Spanish guards; till his person attracted the queen's eyes, and raised him to the dukedom of Alcadia, &c. &c. It is to this man that the Spaniards universally impute the ruin of their country.

Page 188, col. 1.

'Which tells you whom to shun and whom to greet.]" The red cockade, with 'Fernando Septimo' in the centre.

Page 188, col. 2.

'The ball-piled pyramid, the ever-blazing match,]" All who have seen a battery will recollect the pyramidal form in which shot and shells are piled. The Sierra Morena was fortified in every defile through which I passed in my way to Seville.

Page 189, col. 1.

'Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?]" Such were the exploits of the Maid of Saragoza, who by her valour elevated herself to the highest rank of heroines. When the author was at Seville, she walked daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders, by command of the Junta.

Page 189, col. 2.

'Denotes how soft that chin which bears his touch.]"

'Sigilla in mento impressa Amoris digitulo Vestigio demonstrant mollitudinem.—

AUL. GEL.

Page 189, col. 2.

'Match me, ye harems of the land! where now.]" This stanza was written in Turkey.

Page 189, col. 2.

'Oh, thou Parnassus! whom I now survey.]" These stanzas were written in Castri (Delphos), at the foot of Parnassus, now called *Λιακρά* (Lia-kura), Dec. 1809.

Page 190, col. 1.

'Her strength, her wealth, her site of ancient days.]" Seville was the Hispalis of the Romans.

Page 191, col. 1.

'Ask ye, Æolian shades! the reason why?]" This was written at Thebes, and consequently in the best situation for asking and answering such a question;

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

not as the birthplace of Pindar, but as the capital of Boeotia, where the first riddle was propounded and solved.

Page 192, col. 2.

'Full from the fount of Joy's delicious springs.]  
Medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid quod in ipsis floribus angat.'  
LUC.

Page 193, col. 2.

'A traitor only fell beneath the feud.'] Alluding to the conduct and death of Solano, the governor of Cadiz, in May, 1809.

Page 193, col. 2.

'War, war is still the cry, "War even to the knife!"'] 'War to the knife.' Palafox's answer to the French general at the siege of Saragoza.

Page 194, col. 2.

'And thou, my friend!—since unavailing woe.'] The Honourable John Wingfield of the Guards, who died of a fever at Coimbra (May 14, 1811). I had known him ten years, the better half of his life, and the happiest part of mine. In the short space of one month I have lost *her* who gave me being, and most of those who had made that being tolerable. To me the lines of Young are no fiction:

'Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?  
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,  
And thrice ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.'

I should have ventured a verse to the memory of the late Charles Skinner Matthews, Fellow of Downing College, Cambridge, were he not too much above all praise of mine. His powers of mind, shown in the attainment of greater honours, against the ablest candidates, than those of any graduate on record at Cambridge, have sufficiently established his fame on the spot where it was acquired; while his softer qualities live in the recollection of friends who loved him too well to envy his superiority.

Page 195, col. 1.

'And is, despite of war and wasting fire.'] Part of the Acropolis was destroyed by the explosion of a magazine during the Venetian siege.

Page 195, col. 1.

'That thoughts of thee and thine on polish'd breasts bestow.'] We can all feel, or imagine, the regret with which the ruins of cities, once the capitals of empires, are beheld: the reflections suggested by such objects are too trite to require recapitulation. But never did the littleness of man, and the vanity of his very best virtues, of patriotism to exalt, and of valour to defend, his country, appear more conspicuous than in the record of what Athens was, and the certainty of what she now is. This theatre of contention between mighty factions, of the struggles of orators, the exaltation and deposition of tyrants, the triumph and punishment of generals, is now become a scene of petty intrigue and perpetual disturbance, between the bickering agents of certain British nobility and gentry. 'The wild foxes, the owls and serpents in the ruins of Babylon,' were surely less degrading than such inhabitants. The Turks have the plea of conquest for their tyranny, and the Greeks have only suffered the fortune of war, incidental to the

bravest; but how are the mighty fallen, when two painters contest the privilege of plundering the Parthenon, and triumph in turn, according to the tenor of each succeeding firm! Sylla could but punish, Philip subdue, and Xerxes burn Athens; but it remained for the paltry antiquarian, and his despicable agents, to render her contemptible as himself and his pursuits. The Parthenon, before its destruction, in part, by fire during the Venetian siege, had been a temple, a church, and a mosque. In each point of view it is an object of regard: it changed its worshippers; but still it was a place of worship thrice sacred to devotion: its violation is a triple sacrifice. But—

'Man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven  
As make the angels weep.'

Page 195, col. 2.

'Far on the solitary shore he sleeps.'] It was not always the custom of the Greeks to burn their dead; the greater Ajax, in particular, was interred entire. Almost all the chiefs became gods after their decease; and he was indeed neglected, who had not annual games near his tomb, or festivals in honour of his memory by his countrymen, as Achilles, Brasidas, &c., and at last even Antinous, whose death was as heroic as his life was infamous.

Page 196, col. 1.

'Here, son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne.'] The temple of Jupiter Olympius, of which sixteen columns, entirely of marble, yet survive; originally there were one hundred and fifty. These columns, however, are by many supposed to have belonged to the Pantheon.

Page 196, col. 2.

'And bear these altars o'er the long-reluctant brine.'] The ship was wrecked in the Archipelago.

Page 196, col. 2.

'To rive what Goth and Turk, and Time hath spared.'] At this moment (January 3, 1810), besides what has been already deposited in London, an Hydriot vessel is in the Pyreus to receive every portable relic. Thus, as I heard a young Greek observe, in common with many of his countrymen—for, lost as they are, they yet feel on this occasion—thus may Lord Elgin boast of having ruined Athens. An Italian painter of the first eminence, named Lusieri, is the agent of devastation; and like the Greek *finder* of Verres in Sicily, who followed the same profession, he has proved the able instrument of plunder. Between this artist and the French Consul Fauvel, who wishes to rescue the remains for his own government, there is now a violent dispute concerning a car employed in their conveyance, the wheel of which—I wish they were both broken upon it!—has been locked up by the Consul, and Lusieri has laid his complaint before the Waywode. Lord Elgin has been extremely happy in his choice of Signor Lusieri. During a residence of ten years in Athens, he never had the curiosity to proceed as far as Sunium (now Cape Colonna), till he accompanied us in our second excursion. However, his works, as far as they go, are most beautiful; but they are almost all unfinished. While he and his patrons confine themselves to tasting medals, appreciating cameos, sketching columns, and cheapening gems, their little absurdities are as harmless as insect or fox-hunting, maiden speechifying, barouche-driving,

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

or any such pastime; but when they carry away three or four shiploads of the most valuable and massy relics that time and barbarism have left to the most injured and most celebrated of cities: when they destroy, in a vain attempt to tear down, those works which have been the admiration of ages, I know no motive which can excuse, no name which can designate, the perpetrators of this dastardly devastation. It was not the least of the crimes laid to the charge of Verres, that he had plundered Sicily, in the manner since imitated at Athens. The most unblushing impudence could hardly go further than to affix the name of its plunderer to the walls of the Acropolis; while the wanton and useless defacement of the whole range of the basso-relievos, in one compartment of the temple, will never permit that name to be pronounced by an observer without execration.

On this occasion I speak impartially: I am not a collector or admirer of collections, consequently no rival; but I have some early prepossession in favour of Greece, and do not think the honour of England advanced by plunder, whether of India or Attica.

Another noble Lord has done better, because he has done less: but some others, more or less noble, yet 'all honourable men,' have done *best*, because, after a deal of excavation and execration, bribery to the Waywode, mining and countermining, they have done nothing at all. We had such ink-shed, and wine-shed, which almost ended in bloodshed! Lord E.'s 'prig'—see Jonathan Wild for the definition of 'priggism'—quarrelled with another *Gropius*\* by name (a very good name too for his business), and muttered something about satisfaction, in a verbal answer to a note of the poor Prussian: this was stated at table to Gropius, who laughed, but could eat no dinner afterwards. The rivals were not reconciled when I left Greece. I have reason to remember their squabble, for they wanted to make me their arbitrator.

Page 196, col. 2.

'Yet felt some portion of their mother's pains.'] I cannot resist availing myself of the permission of my friend Dr. Clarke, whose name requires no comment with the public, but whose sanction will add tenfold weight to my testimony, to insert the following extract from a very obliging letter of his to me, as a note to the above lines:—'When the last of the Metopes was taken from the Parthenon, and, in moving of it, great part of the superstructure with one of the triglyphs was thrown down by the workmen whom Lord Elgin employed, the Disdar, who beheld the mischief done to the building, took his pipe from his mouth, dropped a tear, and, in a

\* This Sr. Gropius was employed by a noble Lord for the sole purpose of sketching, in which he excels; but I am sorry to say, that he has, through the abused sanction of that most respectable name, been treading at humble distance in the steps of Sr. Lusieri.—A shipful of his trophies was detained, and I believe confiscated, at Constantinople, in 1810. I am most happy to be now enabled to state, that 'this was not in his bond;' that he was employed solely as a painter, and that his noble patron disavows all connexion with him, except as an artist. If the error in the first and second edition of this poem has given the noble Lord a moment's pain, I am very sorry for it; Sr. Gropius has assumed for years the name of his agent; and though I cannot much condemn myself for sharing in the mistake of so many, I am happy in being one of the first to be undeceived. Indeed, I have as much pleasure in contradicting this as I felt regret in stating it.—*Note to third edition.*

supplicating tone of voice, said to Lusieri, *Τελοσ!*—I was present.' The Disdar alluded to was the father of the present Disdar.

Page 196, col. 2.

'Stern Alaric and Havoc on their way?'] According to Zosimus, Minerva and Achilles frightened Alaric from the Acropolis; but others relate that the Gothic king was nearly as mischievous as the Scottish peer.—See Chandler.

Page 197, col. 1.

'The well-reved guns, the netted canopy.'] To prevent blocks or splinters from falling on deck during action.

Page 199, col. 1.

'But not in silence pass Calypso's isles.'] Goza is said to have been the island of Calypso.

Page 200, col. 1.

'Land of Albania! let me bend mine eyes.'] Albania comprises part of Macedonia, Illyria, Chaonia, and Epirus. Iskander is the Turkish word for Alexander; and the celebrated Scanderbeg (Lord Alexander) is alluded to in the third and fourth lines of the thirty-eighth stanza. I do not know whether I am correct in making Scanderbeg the countryman of Alexander, who was born at Pella in Macedon, but Mr. Gibbon terms him so, and adds Pyrrhus to the list, in speaking of his exploits.

Of Albania Gibbon remarks that a country 'within sight of Italy is less known than the interior of America.' Circumstances, of little consequence to mention, led Mr. Hobhouse and myself into that country before we visited any other part of the Ottoman dominions; and with the exception of Major Leake, then officially resident at Joannina, no other Englishmen have ever advanced beyond the capital into the interior, as that gentleman very lately assured me. Ali Pacha was at that time (October, 1809) carrying on war against Ibrahim Pacha, whom he had driven to Berat, a strong fortress, which he was then besieging; on our arrival at Joannina we were invited to Tepaleni, his highness's birthplace, and favourite Serai, only one day's distance from Berat; at this juncture the Vizier had made it his head-quarters. After some stay in the capital, we accordingly followed; but though furnished with every accommodation, and escorted by one of the Vizier's secretaries, we were nine days (on account of the rains) in accomplishing a journey which, on our return, barely occupied four. On our route we passed two cities, Argyrocastro and Libochabo, apparently little inferior to Yanina in size; and no pencil or pen can ever do justice to the scenery in the vicinity of Zitta and Delvinachi, the frontier village of Epirus and Albania Proper.

On Albania and its inhabitants I am unwilling to descant, because this will be done so much better by my fellow-traveller, in a work which may probably precede this in publication, than I as little wish to follow as I would to anticipate him. But some few observations are necessary to the text. The Arnauts, or Albanese, struck me forcibly by their resemblance to the Highlanders of Scotland, in dress, figure, and manner of living. Their very mountains seemed Caledonian, with a kinder climate. The kilt, though white; the spare, active form; their dialect, Celtic in its sound, and their hardy habits, all carried me back to Morven. No nation are so detested and dreaded by their neigh-

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

bours as the Albanese; the Greeks hardly regard them as Christians, or the Turks as Moslems; and in fact they are a mixture of both, and sometimes neither. Their habits are predatory—all are armed; and the red-shawled Arnaouts, the Montenegrins, Chimariots, and Gegdes, are treacherous; the others differ somewhat in garb, and essentially in character. As far as my own experience goes, I can speak favourably. I was attended by two, an Infidel and a Mussulman, to Constantinople and every other part of Turkey which came within my observation; and more faithful in peril, or indefatigable in service, are rarely to be found. The Infidel was named Basilius, the Moslem, Dervish Tahiri; the former a man of middle age, and the latter about my own. Basili was strictly charged by Ali Pacha in person to attend us; and Dervish was one of fifty who accompanied us through the forests of Acarnania to the banks of Achelous, and onward to Messalonghi in Ætolia. There I took him into my own service, and never had occasion to repent it till the moment of my departure.

When, in 1810, after the departure of my friend Mr. Hobhouse for England, I was seized with a severe fever in the Morea, these men saved my life by frightening away my physician, whose throat they threatened to cut if I was not cured within a given time. To this consolatory assurance of posthumous retribution, and a resolute refusal of Dr. Romanelli's prescriptions, I attributed my recovery. I had left my last remaining English servant at Athens; my dragoman was as ill as myself, and my poor Arnaouts nursed me with an attention which would have done honour to civilisation. They had a variety of adventures; for the Moslem, Dervish, being a remarkably handsome man, was always squabbling with the husbands of Athens; inasmuch that four of the principal Turks paid me a visit of remonstrance at the Convent, on the subject of his having taken a woman from the bath—whom he had lawfully bought, however—a thing quite contrary to etiquette. Basili also was extremely gallant amongst his own persuasion, and had the greatest veneration for the church, mixed with the highest contempt of churchmen, whom he cuffed upon occasion in a most heterodox manner. Yet he never passed a church without crossing himself; and I remember the risk he ran in entering St. Sophia, in Stambol, because it had once been a place of his worship. On remonstrating with him on his inconsistent proceedings, he invariably answered, 'Our church is holy, our priests are thieves;' and then he crossed himself as usual, and boxed the ears of the first 'papas' who refused to assist in any required operation, as was always found to be necessary where a priest had any influence with the Cogia Bashi of his village. Indeed, a more abandoned race of miscreants cannot exist than the lower orders of the Greek clergy.

When preparations were made for my return, my Albanians were summoned to receive their pay. Basili took his with an awkward show of regret at my intended departure, and marched away to his quarters with his bag of piastres. I sent for Dervish, but for some time he was not to be found; at last he entered, just as Signor Logotheti, father to the ci-devant Anglo-consul of Athens, and some other of my Greek acquaintances, paid me a visit. Dervish took the money, but on a sudden dashed it to the ground; and clapping his hands, which he raised to his forehead, rushed out of the room weeping bitterly. From that moment to the hour of my embarkation, he continued his lamentations, and all our efforts to console him only produced

this answer, '*Μ'ἀφειλε.*' 'He leaves me.' Signor Logotheti, who never wept before for anything less than the loss of a para (about the fourth of a farthing), melted; the padre of the convent, my attendants, my visitors—and I verily believe that even Sterne's 'foolish fat scullion' would have left her 'fishkettle' to sympathise with the unaffected and unexpected sorrow of this barbarian.

For my own part, when I remembered that, a short time before my departure from England, a noble and most intimate associate had excused himself from taking leave of me because he had to attend a relation 'to a milliner's,' I felt no less surprised than humiliated by the present occurrence and the past recollection. That Dervish would leave me with some regret was to be expected; when master and man have been scrambling over the mountains of a dozen provinces together, they are unwilling to separate; but his present feelings, contrasted with his native ferocity, improved my opinion of the human heart. I believe this almost feudal fidelity is frequent amongst them. One day, on our journey over Parnassus, an Englishman in my service gave him a push in some dispute about the baggage, which he unfortunately mistook for a blow; he spoke not, but sat down leaning his head upon his hands. Foreseeing the consequences, we endeavoured to explain away the affront, which produced the following answer:—'*I have been a robber: I am a soldier: no captain ever struck me: you are my master, I have eaten your bread, but by that bread!* (a usual oath,) had it been otherwise, I would have stabbed the dog, your servant, and gone to the mountains.' So the affair ended, but from that day forward he never thoroughly forgave the thoughtless fellow who insulted him. Dervish excelled in the dance of his country, conjectured to be a remnant of the ancient Pyrrhic: be that as it may, it is manly, and requires wonderful agility. It is very distinct from the stupid Romaika, the dull round-about of the Greeks, of which our Athenian party had so many specimens.

The Albanians in general (I do not mean the cultivators of the earth in the provinces, who have also that appellation, but the mountaineers) have a fine cast of countenance; and the most beautiful women I ever beheld, in stature and in features, we saw *levelling the road* broken down by the torrents between Delvinachi and Libochabo. Their manner of walking is truly theatrical; but this strut is probably the effect of the capote, or cloak, depending from one shoulder. Their long hair reminds you of the Spartans, and their courage in desultory warfare is unquestionable. Though they have some cavalry amongst the Gegdes, I never saw a good Arnaout horseman; my own preferred the English saddles, which, however, they could never keep. But on foot they are not to be subdued by fatigue.

Page 200, col. 1.

'Where sad Penelope o'erlook'd the wave.'] Ithaca.

Page 200, col. 1.

'Childe Harold hail'd Leucadia's cape afar.'] Leucadia, now Santa Maura. From the promontory (the Lover's Leap) Sappho is said to have thrown herself.

Page 200, col. 2.

'Actium, Lepanto, fatal Trafalgar.'] Actium and Trafalgar need no further mention. The battle of Lepanto, equally bloody and considerable, but less known, was fought in the Gulf of Patras. Here the author of Don Quixote lost his left hand.

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Page 201, col. 1.

'Did many a Roman chief and Asian king.'] It is said, that, on the day previous to the battle of Actium, Antony had thirteen kings at his levee.

Page 201, col. 1.

'Look where the second Cæsar's trophies rose.'] Nicopolis, whose ruins are most extensive, is at some distance from Actium, where the wall of the Hippodrome survives in a few fragments. These ruins are large masses of brickwork, the bricks of which are joined by interstices of mortar, as large as the bricks themselves, and equally durable.

Page 201, col. 2.

'He pass'd bleak Pindus, Acherusia's lake.'] According to Pouqueville, the lake of Yanina: but Pouqueville is always out.

Page 201, col. 2.

'To greet Albania's chief, whose dread command.'] The celebrated Ali Pacha. Of this extraordinary man there is an incorrect account in Pouqueville's Travels.

Page 201, col. 2.

'Hurl their defiance far, nor yield, unless to gold.'] Five thousand Suliotes, among the rocks and in the castle of Suli, withstood thirty thousand Albanians for eighteen years; the castle at last was taken by bribery. In this contest there were several acts performed not unworthy of the better days of Greece.

Page 201, col. 2.

'Monastic Zitz! from thy shady brow.'] The convent and village of Zitz are four hours journey from Joannina, or Yanina, the capital of the Pachalik. In the valley the river Kalamas (once the Acheron) flows, and, not far from Zitz, forms a fine cataract. The situation is perhaps the finest in Greece, though the approach to Delvinachi and parts of Acarnania and Ætolia may contest the palm. Delphi, Parnassus, and, in Attica, even Cape Colonna and Port Rapti, are very inferior: as also every scene in Ionia, or the Troad: I am almost inclined to add the approach to Constantinople; but, from the different features of the last, a comparison can hardly be made.

Page 201, col. 2.

'Here dwells the caloyer, nor rude is he.'] The Greek monks are so called.

Page 202, col. 1.

'Nature's volcanic amphitheatre.'] The Chimeri mountains appear to have been volcanic.

Page 202, col. 1.

'Nodding above; behold black Acheron!'] Now called Kalamas.

Page 202, col. 1.

'The little shepherd in his white capote.'] Albanian cloak.

Page 202, col. 2.

'The sun had sunk behind vast Tomerit.'] Anciently Mount Tomarus.

Page 202, col. 2.

'And Laos wide and fierce came roaring by.'] The river Laos was full at the time the author passed it; and, immediately above Trepaleen, was to the eye as wide as the Thames at Westminster;

\* The Albanese, particularly the women, are frequently termed 'Caliriotēs,' for what reason I inquired in vain.

at least in the opinion of the author and his fellow-traveller. In the summer it must be much narrower. It certainly is the finest river in the Levant; neither Achelous, Alpheus, Acheron, Scamander, nor Cayster, approached it in breadth or beauty.

Page 204, col. 1.

'And fellow-countrymen have stood aloof—'] Alluding to the wreckers of Cornwall.

Page 204, col. 2.

'The feast was done, the red wine circling fast.' The Albanian Mussulmans do not abstain from wine, and, indeed, very few of the others.

Page 204, col. 2.

'Each Palikar his sabre from him cast.'] Palikar, shortened when addressed to a single person, from Παλικάρ, a general name for a soldier amongst the Greeks and Albanese, who speak Romaic: it means, properly, 'a lad.'

Page 205, col. 1.

'While thus in concert they this lay half sang, half scream'd.'] As a specimen of the Albanian or Arnaout dialect of the Illyric, I here insert two of their most popular choral songs, which are generally chanted in dancing by men or women indiscriminately. The first words are merely a kind of chorus without meaning, like some in our own and all other languages.

1. Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,  
Naciarura, poposo.
2. Naciarura na civin  
Ha pen derini ti him.
3. Ha pe uderi escrotini  
Ti vin ti mar servetini.
4. Caliriote me surme  
Ea ha pe pse dua tive.
5. Buu, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo,  
Gi egem spirta esimiro
6. Caliriote vu le funde  
Ede vete tunde tunde.
7. Caliriote me surme  
Ti mi put e poi mi le.
8. Se ti puta citi mora  
Si mi ri ni veti udo gia.
9. Va le ni il che cadale  
Celo more, more celo.
10. Plu hari ti tirete  
Plu huron cia pra seti.

1. Lo, Lo, I come, I come; be thou silent.
2. I come, I run; open the door that I may enter.
3. Open the door by halves, that I may take my turban.
4. Caliriotes\* with the dark eyes, open the gate that I may enter.
5. Lo, Lo, I hear thee, my soul.
6. An Arnaout girl, in costly garb, walks with graceful pride.
7. Caliriote maid of the dark eyes, give me a kiss.
8. If I have kissed thee, what hast thou gained?  
My soul is consumed with fire.
9. Dance lightly, more gently, and gently still.
10. Make not so much dust to destroy your embroidered hose.

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

The last stanza would puzzle a commentator; the men have certainly buskins of the most beautiful texture, but the ladies (to whom the above is supposed to be addressed) have nothing under their little yellow boots and slippers but a well-turned and sometimes very white ankle. The Arnaout girls are much handsomer than the Greeks, and their dress is far more picturesque. They preserve

1. Ndi sefda tinde ulavossa  
Vettimi upri vi lofsa.
2. Ah vaisisso mi privi lofse  
Si mi rini mi la vosse.
3. Uti tasa roba stua  
Sitti eve tulati dua.
4. Roba stinori ssidua  
Qu mi sini veti dua.
5. Qurmini dua civileni  
Roba ti siarmi tildi eni.
6. Utara pisa vaisisso me simi rin ti hapti  
Eti mi bire a piste si gui dendroi tiltati.
7. Udi vura udorini udiri cicova cilti mora  
Udorini talti hollna u ede caimoni mora.

I believe the two last stanzas, as they are in a different measure, ought to belong to another ballad. An idea something similar to the thought in the last lines was expressed by Socrates, whose arm having come in contact with one of his 'ὑποκλῆται,' Critobulus or Cleobulus, the philosopher complained of a shooting pain as far as his shoulder for some days after, and therefore very properly resolved to teach his disciples in future without touching them.

Page 205, col. 1.

'TAMBOURGI! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar.]) Drummer.

Page 205, col. 1.

'Chimariot, Illyrian, and dark Suliote!'] These stanzas are partly taken from different Albanese songs, as far as I was able to make them out by the exposition of the Albanese in Romaic and Italian.

Page 205, col. 2.

'Remember the moment when Previsa fell.]) It was taken by storm from the French.

Page 205, col. 2.

'Let the yellow-hair'd.]) Yellow is the epithet given to the Russians.

Page 205, col. 2.

'Giaours.]) Infidels.

Page 205, col. 2.

'View his horsetail with dread.]) The insignia of a Pacha.

Page 205, col. 2.

'When his Delhis come dashing in blood o'er the banks.]) Horsemen, answering to our forlorn hope.

Page 205, col. 2.

'Sclitar! unsheathe then our chief's scimitar.]) Sword-bearer.

Page 205, col. 2.

'Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!]) Before I say anything about a city of which everybody, traveller or not, has thought it necessary to say something, I will request Miss Owenson, when she next borrows an Athenian heroine for her four volumes, to have the goodness to marry her to

their shape much longer also, from being always in the open air. It is to be observed, that the Arnaout is not a *written* language; the words of this song, therefore, as well as the one which follows, are spelt according to their pronunciation. They are copied by one who speaks and understands the dialect perfectly, and who is a native of Athens.

1. I am wounded by thy love, and have loved but to scorch myself.
2. Thou hast consumed me! Ah, maid! thou hast struck me to the heart.
3. I have said I wish no dowry, but thine eyes and eyelashes.
4. The accursed dowry I want not, but thee only.
5. Give me thy charms, and let the portion feed the flames.
6. I have loved thee, maid, with a sincere soul, but thou hast left me like a withered tree.
7. If I have placed my hand on thy bosom, what have I gained? my hand is withdrawn, but retains the flame.

somebody more of a gentleman than a 'Disdar Aga' (who by the by is not an Aga), the most impolite of petty officers, the greatest patron of larceny Athens ever saw (except Lord E.), and the unworthy occupant of the Acropolis, on a handsome annual stipend of 150 piastres (eight pounds sterling), out of which he has only to pay his garrison, the most ill-regulated corps in the ill-regulated Ottoman Empire. I speak it tenderly, seeing I was once the cause of the husband of 'Ida of Athens' nearly suffering the bastinado; and because the said 'Disdar' is a turbulent husband, and beats his wife; so that I exhort and beseech Miss Owenson to sue for a separate maintenance in behalf of 'Ida.' Having premised thus much, on a matter of such import to the readers of romances, I may now leave Ida, to mention her birthplace.

Setting aside the magic of the name, and all those associations which it would be pedantic and superfluous to recapitulate, the very situation of Athens would render it the favourite of all who have eyes for art or nature. The climate, to me at least, appeared a perpetual spring; during eight months I never passed a day without being as many hours on horseback: rain is extremely rare, snow never lies in the plains, and a cloudy day is an agreeable rarity. In Spain, Portugal, and every part of the East which I visited, except Ionia and Attica, I perceived no such superiority of climate to our own; and at Constantinople, where I passed May, June, and part of July (1810), you might 'damn the climate, and complain of spleen,' five days out of seven.

The air of the Morea is heavy and unwholesome, but the moment you pass the isthmus in the direction of Megara the change is strikingly perceptible. But I fear Hesiod will still be found correct in his description of a Bœotian winter.

We found at Livadia an 'esprit fort' in a Greek bishop, of all free-thinkers! This worthy hypocrite rallied his own religion with great intrepidity (but not before his flock), and talked of a mass as a 'coglioneria.' It was impossible to think better of him for this; but, for a Bœotian, he was brisk with all his absurdity. This phenomenon (with the exception indeed of Thebes, the remains of Cheronea, the plain of Platea, Orchomenus, Livadia, and its nominal cave of Trophonius) was the only remarkable thing we saw before we passed Mount Cithæron.



## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

The fountain of Dirce turns a mill: at least my companion (who, resolving to be at once cleanly and classical, bathed in it) pronounced it to be the fountain of Dirce, and anybody who thinks it worth while may contradict him. At Castri we drank of half a dozen streamlets, some not of the purest, before we decided to our satisfaction which was the true Castalian, and even that had a villainous twang, probably from the snow, though it did not throw us into an epic fever, like poor Dr. Chandler.

From Fort Phyle, of which large remains still exist, the Plain of Athens, Pentelicus, Hymettus, the Ægean, and the Acropolis, burst upon the eye at once; in my opinion, a more glorious prospect than even Cintra or Istambul. Not the view from the Troad, with Ida, the Hellespont, and the more distant Mount Athos, can equal it, though so superior in extent.

I heard much of the beauty of Arcadia, but excepting the view from the Monastery of Megaspelon (which is inferior to Zizta in a command of country), and the descent from the mountains on the way from Tripolizza to Argos, Arcadia has little to recommend it beyond the name.

'Sternitur, et dulces moriens reminiscitur Argos.' Virgil could have put this into the mouth of none but an Argive, and (with reverence be it spoken) it does not deserve the epithet. And if the Polynices of Statius, 'In mediis audit duo litora campis,' did actually hear both shores in crossing the isthmus of Corinth, he had better ears than have ever been worn in such a journey since.

'Athens,' says a celebrated topographer, 'is still the most polished city of Greece.' Perhaps it may of Greece, but not of the Greeks; for Joannina in Epirus is universally allowed, amongst themselves, to be superior in the wealth, refinement, learning, and dialect of its inhabitants. The Athenians are remarkable for their cunning; and the lower orders are not improperly characterised in that proverb, which classes them with the 'Jews of Salonica, and the Turks of the Negro-pont.'

Among the various foreigners resident in Athens, French, Italians, Germans, Ragusans, &c., there was never a difference of opinion in their estimate of the Greek character, though on all other topics they disputed with great acrimony.

M. Fauvel, the French consul, who has passed thirty years principally at Athens, and to whose talents as an artist, and manners as a gentleman, none who have known him can refuse their testimony, has frequently declared in my hearing, that the Greeks do not deserve to be emancipated; reasoning on the grounds of their 'national and individual depravity!' while he forgot that such depravity is to be attributed to causes which can only be removed by the measure he reprobates.

M. Roque, a French merchant of respectability long settled in Athens, asserted with the most amusing gravity, 'Sir, they are the same *canaille* that existed in the *days of Themistocles!*' an alarming remark to the 'Laudator temporis acti.' The ancients banished Themistocles; the moderns cheat Monsieur Roque; thus great men have ever been treated!

In short, all the Franks who are fixtures, and most of the Englishmen, Germans, Danes, &c. of passage, came over by degrees to their opinion, on much the same grounds that a Turk in England would condemn the nation by wholesale, because he was wronged by his lacquey, and overcharged by his washerwoman.

Certainly it was not a little staggering when the

Sieurs Fauvel and Lusieri, the two greatest demagogues of the day, who divide between them the power of Pericles and the popularity of Cleon, and puzzle the poor Waywode with perpetual differences, agreed in the utter condemnation, 'nulla virtute redemptum,' of the Greeks in general, and of the Athenians in particular.

For my own humble opinion, I am loth to hazard it, knowing as I do, that there be now in MS. no less than five tours of the first magnitude and of the most threatening aspect, all in typographical array, by persons of wit and honour, and regular commonplace books: but, if I may say this without offence, it seems to me rather hard to declare so positively and pertinaciously, as almost everybody has declared, that the Greeks, because they are very bad, will never be better.

Eton and Sonnini have led us astray by their panegyrics and projects: but, on the other hand, De Pauw and Thornton have debased the Greeks beyond their demerits.

The Greeks will never be independent: they will never be sovereigns as heretofore, and God forbid they ever should! but they may be subjects without being slaves. Our colonies are not independent, but they are free and industrious, and such may Greece be hereafter.

At present, like the Catholics of Ireland and the Jews throughout the world, and such other cudgelled and heterodox people, they suffer all the moral and physical ills that can afflict humanity. Their life is a struggle against truth; they are vicious in their own defence. They are so unused to kindness, that when they occasionally meet with it they look upon it with suspicion, as a dog often beaten snaps at your fingers if you attempt to caress him. 'They are ungrateful, notoriously, abominably ungrateful!'—this is the general cry. Now, in the name of Nemesis! for what are they to be grateful? Where is the human being that ever conferred a benefit on Greek or Greeks? They are to be grateful to the Turks for their fetters, and to the Franks for their broken promises and lying counsels. They are to be grateful to the artist who engraves their ruins, and to the antiquary who carries them away; to the traveller whose janissary flogs them, and to the scribbler whose journal abuses them. This is the amount of their obligations to foreigners.

### II.

FRANCISCAN CONVENT, ATHENS, *January 23, 1811.*

Amongst the remnants of the barbarous policy of the earlier ages, are the traces of bondage which yet exist in different countries; whose inhabitants, however divided in religion and manners, almost all agree in oppression.

The English have at last compassionated their negroes, and under a less bigoted government, may probably one day release their Catholic brethren; but the interposition of foreigners alone can emancipate the Greeks, who, otherwise, appear to have as small a chance of redemption from the Turks, as the Jews have from mankind in general.

Of the ancient Greeks we know more than enough; at least the younger men of Europe devote much of their time to the study of the Greek writers and history, which would be more usefully spent in mastering their own. Of the moderns, we are perhaps more neglectful than they deserve; and while every man of any pretensions to learning is tiring out his youth, and often his age, in the study of the language and of the harangues of the Athenian demagogues in favour of freedom, the real or

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

supposed descendants of these sturdy republicans are left to the actual tyranny of their masters, although a very slight effort is required to strike off their chains.

To talk, as the Greeks themselves do, of their rising again to their pristine superiority, would be ridiculous: as the rest of the world must resume its barbarism, after re-asserting the sovereignty of Greece; but there seems to be no very great obstacle, except in the apathy of the Franks, to their becoming an useful dependency, or even a free state, with a proper guarantee;—under correction, however, be it spoken, for many and well-informed men doubt the practicability even of this.

The Greeks have never lost their hope, though they are now more divided in opinion on the subject of their probable deliverers. Religion recommends the Russians; but they have twice been deceived and abandoned by that power, and the dreadful lesson they received after the Muscovite desertion in the Morea has never been forgotten. The French they dislike; although the subjugation of the rest of Europe will, probably, be attended by the deliverance of continental Greece. The islanders look to the English for succour, as they have very lately possessed themselves of the Ionian republic, Corfu excepted. But whoever appear with arms in their hands will be welcome; and when that day arrives, Heaven have mercy on the Ottomans; they cannot expect it from the Giaours.

But instead of considering what they have been, and speculating on what they may be, let us look at them as they are.

And here it is impossible to reconcile the contrariety of opinions: some, particularly the merchants, decrying the Greeks in the strongest language; others, generally travellers, turning periods in their eulogy, and publishing very curious speculations grafted on their former state, which can have no more effect on their present lot, than the existence of the Incas on the future fortunes of Peru.

One very ingenious person terms them the 'natural allies of Englishmen'; another, no less ingenious, will not allow them to be the allies of anybody, and denies their very descent from the ancients; a third, more ingenious than either, builds a Greek empire on a Russian foundation, and realises (on paper) all the chimeras of Catherine II. As to the question of their descent, what can it import whether the Mainotes are the lineal Laconians or not? or the present Athenians as indigenous as the bees of Hymettus, or as the grasshoppers, to which they once likened themselves? What Englishman cares if he be of a Danish, Saxon, Norman, or Trojan blood? or who, except a Welshman, is afflicted with a desire of being descended from Caractacus?

The poor Greeks do not so much abound in the good things of this world, as to render even their claims to antiquity an object of envy; it is very cruel, then, in Mr. Thornton to disturb them in the possession of all that time has left them; viz. their pedigree, of which they are the more tenacious, as it is all they can call their own. It would be worth while to publish together, and compare, the works of Messrs. Thornton and De Pauw, Eton and Sonnini; paradox on one side, and prejudice on the other. Mr. Thornton conceives himself to have claims to public confidence from a fourteen years' residence at Pera; perhaps he may on the subject of the Turks, but this can give him no more insight into the real state of Greece and her inhabitants, than as many years spent in Wapping into that of the Western Highlands.

The Greeks of Constantinople live in Fanal; and if Mr. Thornton did not oftener cross the Golden Horn than his brother merchants are accustomed to do, I should place no great reliance on his information. I actually heard one of these gentlemen boast of their little general intercourse with the city, and assert of himself, with an air of triumph, that he had been but four times at Constantinople in as many years.

As to Mr. Thornton's voyages in the Black Sea with Greek vessels, they gave him the same idea of Greece as a cruise to Berwick in a Scotch smack would of Johnny Groat's house. Upon what grounds then does he arrogate the right of condemning by wholesale a body of men, of whom he can know little? It is rather a curious circumstance that Mr. Thornton, who so lavishly dispraises Pouqueville on every occasion of mentioning the Turks, has yet recourse to him as authority on the Greeks, and terms him an impartial observer. Now, Dr. Pouqueville is as little entitled to that appellation as Mr. Thornton to confer it on him.

The fact is, we are deplorably in want of information on the subject of the Greeks, and in particular their literature, nor is there any probability of our being better acquainted, till our intercourse becomes more intimate, or their independence confirmed. The relations of passing travellers are as little to be depended on as the invectives of angry factors; but till something more can be attained, we must be content with the little to be acquired from similar sources.\*

However defective these may be, they are preferable to the paradoxes of men who have read superficially of the ancients, and seen nothing of the moderns, such as De Pauw; who, when he asserts that the British breed of horses is ruined by Newmarket, and that the Spartans were cowards in the field, betrays an equal knowledge of English horses and Spartan men. His 'philosophical observations' have a much better claim to the title of 'poetical.' It could not be expected that he who so liberally

\* A word *en passant* with Mr. Thornton and Dr. Pouqueville, who have been guilty between them of sadly clipping the Sultan's Turkish.

Dr. Pouqueville tells a long story of a Moslem who swallowed corrosive sublimate in such quantities that he acquired the name of '*Suleyman Yeyen*,' i.e. quoth the Doctor, '*Suleyman, the eater of corrosive sublimate*.' 'Aha,' thinks Mr. Thornton, (angry with the Doctor for the fiftieth time) 'have I caught you?'—Then, in a note twice the thickness of the Doctor's anecdote, he questions the Doctor's proficiency in the Turkish tongue, and his veracity in his own.—'For,' observes Mr. Thornton (after inflicting on us the tough participle of a Turkish verb), 'it means nothing more than "*Suleyman the eater*," and quite cashiers the supplementary '*sublimate*.' Now both are right, and both are wrong. If Mr. Thornton, when he next resides 'fourteen years in the factory,' will consult his Turkish dictionary, or ask any of his Stambouline acquaintance, he will discover that '*Suleyman yeyen*,' put together discreetly, mean the '*Swallower of sublimate*,' without any '*Suleyman*' in the case: '*Suleyma*' signifying '*corrosive sublimate*,' and not being a proper name on this occasion, although it be an orthodox name enough with the addition of *n*. After Mr. Thornton's frequent hints of profound Orientalism, he might have found this out before he sang such psalms over Dr. Pouqueville.

After this, I think 'Travellers *versus* Factors' shall be our motto, though the above Mr. Thornton has condemned '*hoc genus omne*,' for mistake and misrepresentation. 'No Sutor ultra crepidam,' 'No merchant beyond his sales.' N.B. For the benefit of Mr. Thornton 'Sutor' is not a proper name.

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

condemns some of the most celebrated institutions of the ancient, should have mercy on the modern Greeks; and it fortunately happens, that the absurdity of his hypothesis on their forefathers refutes his sentence on themselves.

Let us trust, then, that in spite of the prophecies of De Pauw, and the doubts of Mr. Thornton, there is a reasonable hope of the redemption of a race of men, who, whatever may be the errors of their religion and policy, have been amply punished by three centuries and a half of captivity.

### III.

ATHENS, FRANCISCAN CONVENT, March 17, 1811.

'I must have some talk with this learned Theban.'

Some time after my return from Constantinople to this city I received the thirty-first number of the Edinburgh Review as a great favour, and certainly at this distance an acceptable one, from the captain of an English frigate off Salamis. In that number, Art. 3, containing the review of a French translation of Strabo, there are introduced some remarks on the modern Greeks and their literature, with a short account of Coray, a co-translator in the French version. On those remarks I mean to ground a few observations; and the spot where I now write will, I hope, be sufficient excuse for introducing them in a work in some degree connected with the subject. Coray, the most celebrated of living Greeks, at least among the Franks, was born at Scio (in the Review, Smyrna is stated, I have reason to think, incorrectly), and besides the translation of Beccaria and other works mentioned by the Reviewer, has published a lexicon in Romain and French, if I may trust the assurance of some Danish travellers lately arrived from Paris; but the latest we have seen here in French and Greek is that of Gregory Zolukoglou.\* Coray has recently been involved in an unpleasant controversy with M. Gail,† a Parisian commentator and editor of some translations from the Greek poets, in consequence of the Institute having awarded him the prize for his version of Hippocrates '*Περὶ ὕδατων*,' &c., to the disparagement, and consequently displeasure, of the said Gail. To his exertions, literary and patriotic, great praise is undoubtedly due; but a part of that praise ought not to be withheld from the two brothers Zosimado (merchants settled in Leghorn), who sent him to Paris, and maintained him, for the express purpose of elucidating the ancient, and adding to the modern, researches of his countrymen. Coray, however, is not considered by his countrymen equal to some who lived in the two last centuries; more particularly Dorotheus of Mytilene, whose Hellenic writings are so much esteemed by the Greeks, that Meletius terms him '*Μετὰ τὸν Θεοκρίτῳ καὶ Ξενοφῶντι ἄριστος Ἑλλήνων*,' (P. 224, Ecclesiastical History, vol. iv.)

Panagiotis Kodrikas, the translator of Fonte-

\* I have in my possession an excellent lexicon '*ἑρμηνεύσεων*,' which I received in exchange from S. G., Esq. for a small gem: my antiquarian friends have never forgotten it, or forgiven me.

† In Gail's pamphlet against Coray, he talks of 'throwing the insolent Hellenist out of the windows.' On this a French critic exclaims, 'Ah, my God! throw an Hellenist out of the window! what sacrilege!' It certainly would be a serious business for those authors who dwell in the attics: but I have quoted the passage merely to prove the similarity of style among the controversialists of all polished countries; London or Edinburgh could hardly parallel this Parisian ebullition.

nelle, and Kamarases, who translated Ocellus Lucanus on the Universe into French, Christodoulus, and more particularly Psalida, whom I have conversed with in Joannina, are also in high repute among their literati. The last-mentioned was published in Romain and Latin a work on 'True Happiness,' dedicated to Catherine II. But Polyzois, who is stated by the Reviewer to be the only modern except Coray who has distinguished himself by a knowledge of Hellenic, if he be the Polyzois Lampanitzios of Yanina, who has published a number of editions in Romain, was neither more nor less than an itinerant vender of books; with the contents of which he had no concern beyond his name on the title page, placed there to secure his property in the publication; and he was, moreover, a man utterly destitute of scholastic acquirements. As the name, however, is not uncommon, some other Polyzois may have edited the Epistles of Aristænetus.

It is to be regretted that the system of continental blockade has closed the few channels through which the Greeks received their publications, particularly Venice and Trieste. Even the common grammars for children are become too dear for the lower orders. Amongst their original works the Geography of Meletius, Archbishop of Athens, and a multitude of theological quartos and poetical pamphlets, are to be met with: their grammars and lexicons of two, three, and four languages are numerous and excellent. Their poetry is in rhyme. The most singular piece I have lately seen is a satire in dialogue between a Russian, English, and French traveller, and the Waywode of Wallachia (or Black-bee, as they term him), an archbishop, a merchant, and Cogia Bachi (or primate), in succession; to all of whom under the Turks the writer attributes their present degeneracy. Their songs are sometimes pretty and pathetic, but their tunes generally displeasing to the ear of a Frank; the best is the famous '*Δεῦτε παῖδες τῶν Ἑλλήνων*,' by the unfortunate Riga. But from a catalogue of more than sixty authors, now before me, only fifteen can be found who have touched on any theme except theology.

I am intrusted with a commission by a Greek of Athens named Marmarotouri to make arrangements, if possible, for printing in London a translation of Barthelemi's Anacharsis in Romain, as he has no other opportunity, unless he despatches the MS. to Vienna by the Black Sea and Danube.

The Reviewer mentions a school established at Hecatonesi, and suppressed at the instigation of Sebastiani: he means Cidonies, or, in Turkish, Haivali; a town on the continent, where that institution for a hundred students and three professors still exists. It is true that this establishment was disturbed by the Porte, under the ridiculous pretext that the Greeks were constructing a fortress instead of a college: but on investigation, and the payment of some purses to the Divan, it has been permitted to continue. The principal professor, named Ueniamin, (i.e. Benjamin), is stated to be a man of talent, but a freethinker. He was born in Lesbos, studied in Italy, and is master of Hellenic, Latin, and some Frank languages: besides a smattering of the sciences.

Though it is not my intention to enter farther on this topic than may allude to the article in question, I cannot but observe that the Reviewer's lamentation over the fall of the Greeks appears singular, when he closes it with these words: '*The change is to be attributed to their misfortunes rather than to any physical degradation.*' It may be true

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

that the Greeks are not physically degenerated, and that Constantinople contained on the day when it changed masters as many men of six feet and upwards as in the hour of prosperity; but ancient history and modern politics instruct us that something more than physical perfection is necessary to preserve a state in vigour and independence; and the Greeks, in particular, are a melancholy example of the near connexion between moral degradation and national decay.

The Reviewer mentions a plan 'we believe' by Potemkin for the purification of the Romaic; and I have endeavoured in vain to procure any tidings or traces of its existence. There was an academy in St. Petersburg for the Greeks; but it was suppressed by Paul, and has not been revived by his successor.

There is a slip of the pen, and it can only be a slip of the pen, in p. 58, No. 31 of the 'Edinburgh Review,' where these words occur:—'We are told that when the capital of the East yielded to *Solyman*.—It may be presumed that this last word will, in a future edition, be altered to Mahomet II.\* The 'ladies of Constantinople,' it seems, at that period spoke a dialect, 'which would not have disgraced the lips of an Athenian.' I do not know how that might be, but am sorry to say the ladies in general, and the Athenians in particular, are much altered; being far from choice either in their dialect or expressions, as the whole Attic race are barbarous to a proverb:—

Ἦν Ἀθήνη, πρότη χώρα,  
Τὴ γαῖάνους τρέφει τῶναι.\*

In Gibbon, vol. x. p. 161, is the following sentence:—'The vulgar dialect of the city was gross and barbarous, though the compositions of the church and palace sometimes affected to copy the purity of the Attic models.' Whatever may be asserted on the subject, it is difficult to conceive that the 'ladies of Constantinople,' in the reign of the last Caesar, spoke a purer dialect than Anna Comnena wrote three centuries before: and those royal pages are not esteemed the best models of composition, although the princess γλῶτταν εἶχεν ἈΚΡΙΒῆΣ Ἀτυκίζουσαν. In the Fanal, and in Yanina, the best Greek is spoken: in the latter there is a flourishing school under the direction of Psalida.

There is now in Athens a pupil of Psalida's, who is making a tour of observation through Greece: he is intelligent, and better educated than a fellow-commoner of most colleges. I mention this as a proof that the spirit of inquiry is not dormant among the Greeks.

\* In a former number of the Edinburgh Review, 1808, it is observed: 'Lord Byron passed some of his early years in Scotland, where he might have learned that *piroch* does not mean a *basplie*; any more than *duet* means a *fiddle*.' Query.—Was it in Scotland that the young gentlemen of the Edinburgh Review learned that *Solyman* means *Mahomet II.* any more than *criticism* means *infallibility*?—but thus it is.

'Cædinus inque vicem prebentus crura sagittis.' The mistake seemed so completely a lapse of the pen from the great similarity of the two words, and the total absence of error from the former pages of the literary *lievianth* that I should have passed it over as in the text, had I not perceived in the Edinburgh Review much facetious exultation on all such detections, particularly a recent one, where words and syllables are subjects of disquisition and transposition; and the above-mentioned parallel passage in my own case irresistibly propelled me to hint how much easier it is to be critical than correct. The gentlemen, having enjoyed many a triumph on such victories, will hardly begrudge me a slight ovation for the present.

The Reviewer mentions Mr. Wright, the author of the beautiful poem 'Horæ Ionica,' as qualified to give details of these nominal Romans and degenerate Greeks; and also of their language: but Mr. Wright, though a good poet and an able man, has made a mistake where he states the Albanian dialect of the Romaic to approximate nearest to the Hellenic; for the Albanians speak a Romaic as notoriously corrupt as the Scotch of Aberdeenshire, or the Italian of Naples. Yanina, (where, next to the Fanal, the Greek is purest,) although the capital of Ali Pacha's dominions, is not in Albania, but Epirus; and beyond Delvinachi in Albania Proper up to Argyrocastro and Tepaleen (beyond which I did not advance) they spoke worse Greek than even the Athenians. I was attended for a year and a half by two of these singular mountaineers, whose mother tongue is Illyric, and I never heard them or their countrymen (whom I have seen, not only at home, but to the amount of twenty thousand in the army of Vely Pacha) praised for their Greek, but often laughed at for their provincial barbarisms.

I have in my possession about twenty-five letters, amongst which some from the Bey of Corinth, written to me by Notaras, the Cogia Bachi, and others by the dragoman of the Caimacam of the Morea (which last governs in Vely Pacha's absence), are said to be favourable specimens of their epistolary style. I also received some at Constantinople from private persons, written in a most hyperbolic style, but in the true antique character.

The Reviewer proceeds, after some remarks on the tongue in its past and present state, to a paradox (page 59) on the great mischief the knowledge of his own language has done to Coray, who, it seems, is less likely to understand the ancient Greek, because he is perfect master of the modern! This observation follows a paragraph, recommending, in explicit terms, the study of the Romaic, as 'a powerful auxiliary,' not only to the traveller and foreign merchant, but also to the classical scholar; in short, to everybody except the only person who can be thoroughly acquainted with its uses; and by a parity of reasoning, our old language is conjectured to be probably more attainable by 'foreigners' than by ourselves! Now, I am inclined to think, that a Dutch Tyro in our tongue, (albeit himself of Saxon blood) would be sadly perplexed with 'Sir Tristrem,' or any other given 'Auchinleck MS.,' with or without a grammar or glossary; and to most apprehensions it seems evident, that none but a native can acquire a competent, far less complete, knowledge of our obsolete idioms. We may give the critic credit for his ingenuity, but no more believe him than we do Smollet's Lismahago, who maintains that the purest English is spoken in Edinburgh. That Coray may err is very possible; but if he does, the fault is in the man rather than in his mother tongue, which is, as it ought to be, of the greatest aid to the native student.—Here the Reviewer proceeds to business on Strabo's translators, and here I close my remarks.

Sir W. Drummond, Mr. Hamilton, Lord Aberdeen, Dr. Clarke, Captain Leake, Mr. Gell, Mr. Walpole, and many others now in England, have all the requisites to furnish details of this fallen people. The few observations I have offered I should have left where I made them, had not the article in question, and above all the spot where I read it, induced me to advert to those pages, which the advantage of my present situation enabled me to clear, or at least to make the attempt.

I have endeavoured to waive the personal feel-

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

ings which rise in despite of me in touching upon any part of the Edinburgh Review; not from a wish to conciliate the favour of its writers, or to cancel the remembrance of a syllable I have formerly published, but simply from a sense of the impropriety of mixing up private resentments with a disquisition of the present kind, and more particularly at this distance of time and place.

Amongst an enslaved people, obliged to have recourse to foreign presses even for their books of religion, it is less to be wondered at that we find so few publications on general subjects than that we find any at all. The whole number of the Greeks, scattered up and down the Turkish empire and elsewhere, may amount, at most, to three millions; and yet, for so scanty a number, it is impossible to discover any nation with so great a proportion of books and their authors as the Greeks of the present century. 'Ay,' but say the generous advocates of oppression, who, while they assert the ignorance of the Greeks, wish to prevent them from dispelling it, 'ay, but these are mostly, if not all, ecclesiastical tracts, and consequently good for nothing.' Well! and pray what else can they write about? It is pleasant enough to hear a Frank, particularly an Englishman, who may abuse the government of his own country; or a Frenchman, who may abuse every government except his own, and who may range at will over every philosophical, religious, scientific, sceptical, or moral subject, sneering at the Greek legends. A Greek must not write on politics, and cannot touch on science for want of instruction; if he doubts, he is excommunicated and damned; therefore his countrymen are not poisoned with modern philosophy; and as to morals, thanks to the Turks! there are no such things. What then is left him, if he has a turn for scribbling? Religion and holy biography; and it is natural enough that those who have so little in this life should look to the next. It is no great wonder, then, that in a catalogue now before me of fifty-five Greek writers, many of whom were lately living, not above fifteen should have touched on anything but religion. The catalogue alluded to is contained in the twenty-sixth chapter of the fourth volume of Meletius' Ecclesiastical History.

Page 206, col. 1.

'Spirit of freedom! when on Phyle's brow.'] Phyle, which commands a beautiful view of Athens, has still considerable remains: it was seized by Thrasybulus, previous to the expulsion of the Thirty.

Page 206, col. 1.

'Trembling beneath the scourge of Turkish hand.'] The difficulties of travelling in Turkey have been much exaggerated, or rather have considerably diminished, of late years. The Mussulmans have been beaten into a kind of sullen civility very comfortable to voyagers.

It is hazardous to say much on the subject of Turks and Turkey; since it is possible to live amongst them twenty years without acquiring information, at least from themselves. As far as my own slight experience carried me, I have no complaint to make; but am indebted for many civilities (I might also say for friendship), and much hospitality, to Ali Pacha, his son Veli Pacha of the Morea, and several others of high rank in the provinces. Suleyman Aga, late Governor of Athens, and now of Thebes, was a *bon vivant*, and

as social a being as ever sat cross-legged at a tray or a table. During the carnival, when our English party were masquerading, both himself and his successor were more happy to 'receive masks,' than any dowager in Grosvenor-square.

On one occasion of his supping at the convent, his friend and visitor, the Cadi of Thebes, was carried from table perfectly qualified for any club in Christendom; while the worthy Waywode himself triumphed in his fall.

In all money transactions with the Moslems, I ever found the strictest honour, the highest disinterestedness. In transacting business with them, there are none of those dirty speculations, under the name of interest, difference of exchange, commission, &c. &c., uniformly found in applying to a Greek consul to cash bills, even on the first houses in Pera.

With regard to presents, an established custom in the East, you will rarely find yourself a loser; as one worth acceptance is generally returned by another of similar value—a horse, or a shawl.

In the capital and at court the citizens and courtiers are formed in the same school with those of Christianity; but there does not exist a more honourable, friendly, and high-spirited character than the true Turkish provincial Aga, or Moslem country gentleman. It is not meant here to designate the governors of towns, but those Agas who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess lands and houses, of more or less extent, in Greece and Asia Minor.

The lower orders are in as tolerable discipline as the rabble in countries with greater pretensions to civilization. A Moslem, in walking the streets of our country-towns, would be more incommoded in England than a Frank in a similar situation in Turkey. Regimentals are the best travelling dress.

The best accounts of the religion and different sects of Islamism, may be found in D'Osson's French; for their manners, &c. perhaps in Thornton's English. The Ottomans, with all their defects, are not a people to be despised. Equal, at least, to the Spaniards, they are superior to the Portuguese. If it be difficult to pronounce what they are, we can at least say what they are *not*: they are *not* treacherous, they are *not* cowardly, they do *not* burn heretics, they are *not* assassins, nor has an enemy advanced to their capital. They are faithful to their sultan till he becomes unfit to govern, and devout to their God without an inquisition. Were they driven from St. Sophia to-morrow, and the French or Russians enthroned in their stead, it would become a question whether Europe would gain by the exchange. England would certainly be the loser.

With regard to that ignorance of which they are so generally, and sometimes justly, accused, it may be doubted, always excepting France and England, in what useful points of knowledge they are excelled by other nations. Is it in the common arts of life? In their manufactures? Is a Turkish sabre inferior to a Toledo? or is a Turk worse clothed, or lodged, or fed and taught, than a Spaniard? Are their Pachas worse educated than a Grandee? or an Effendi than a Knight of St. Jago? I think not.

I remember Mahmoud, the grandson of Ali Pacha, asking whether my fellow-traveller and myself were in the upper or lower House of Parliament. Now, this question from a boy of ten years old proved that his education had not been neglected. It may be doubted if an English boy at that age knows the difference of the Divan from a College of Dervises; but I am very sure a Spaniard

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

does not. How little Mahmoud, surrounded, as he had been, entirely by his Turkish tutors, had learned that there was such a thing as a Parliament, it were useless to conjecture, unless we suppose that his instructors did not confine his studies to the Koran.

In all the mosques there are schools established, which are very regularly attended; and the poor are taught without the church of Turkey being put into peril. I believe the system is not yet printed (though there is such a thing as a Turkish press, and books printed on the late military institution of the Nizam Gedidd); nor have I heard whether the Mufti and the Mollas have subscribed, or the Caimacan and the Tetterdar taken the alarm, for fear the ingenious youth of the turban should be taught not to 'pray to God their way.' The Greeks also—a kind of Eastern Irish papists—have a college of their own at Maynooth,—no, at Haivali; where the heterodox receive much the same kind of countenance from the Ottoman as the Catholic college from the English legislature. Who shall then affirm that the Turks are ignorant bigots, when they thus evince the exact proportion of Christian charity which is tolerated in the most prosperous and orthodox of all possible kingdoms? But though they allow all this, they will not suffer the Greeks to participate in their privileges: no, let them fight their battles, and pay their haratch (taxes), be drubbed in this world, and damned in the next. And shall we then emancipate our Irish Helots? Mahomet forbid! We should then be bad Mussulmans, and worse Christians: at present we unite the best of both—jesuitical faith, and something not much inferior to Turkish toleration.

Page 206, col. 1.

'Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest.'] When taken by the Latins, and retained for several years.

Page 206, col. 2.

'The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil.'] Mecca and Medina were taken some time ago by the Wahabees, a sect yearly increasing.

Page 207, col. 2.

'Thy vales of evergreen, thy hills of snow.'] On many of the mountains, particularly Liakura, the snow never is entirely melted, notwithstanding the intense heat of the summer; but I never saw it lie on the plains, even in winter.

Page 207, col. 2.

'Above its prostrate brethren of the cave.'] Of Mount Pentelicus, from whence the marble was dug that constructed the public edifices of Athens. The modern name is Mount Mendeli. An immense cave, formed by the quarries, still remains, and will till the end of time.

Page 207, col. 2.

'Colonna's cliff, and gleams along the wave.'] In all Attica, if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher, the supposed scene of some of Plato's conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over 'Isles that crown the Ægean deep'; but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot

of Falconer's shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten, in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell:—

'Here in the dead of night by Lonna's steep,  
The seaman's cry was heard along the deep.'

This temple of Minerva may be seen at sea from a great distance. In two journeys which I made, and one voyage to Cape Colonna, the view from either side, by land, was less striking than the approach from the isles. In our second land excursion, we had a narrow escape from a party of Mainotes, concealed in the caverns beneath. We were told afterwards, by one of their prisoners, subsequently ransomed, that they were deterred from attacking us by the appearance of my two Albanians: conjecturing very sagaciously, but falsely, that we had a complete guard of these Arnauts at hand, they remained stationary, and thus saved our party, which was too small to have opposed any effectual resistance. Colonna is no less a resort of painters than of pirates; there

'The hiring artist plants his paltry desk,  
And makes degraded nature picturesque.'  
(See Hodgson's Lady Jane Grey, &c.)

But there Nature, with the aid of Art, has done that for herself. I was fortunate enough to engage a very superior German artist; and hope to renew my acquaintance with this and many other Levantine scenes, by the arrival of his performances.

Page 208, col. 1.

'When Marathon became a magic word.'] 'Siste Viator—heroa calcas!' was the epitaph on the famous Count Merci;—what then must be our feelings when standing on the tumulus of the two hundred (Greeks) who fell on Marathon? The principal barrow has recently been opened by Fauvel: few or no relics, as vases, &c. were found by the excavator. The plain of Marathon was offered to me for sale at the sum of sixteen thousand piastres, about nine hundred pounds! Alas! —'Expende—quot libras in duce summo—invenies!'—was the dust of Miltiades worth no more? It could scarcely have fetched less if sold by weight.

Page 212, col. 1.

'In "pride of place" here last the eagle flew.'] 'Pride of place' is a term of falconry, and means the highest pitch of flight. See Macbeth, &c.:—  
'An eagle towering in his pride of place,' &c.

Page 212, col. 1.

'Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.'] See the famous song on Harmodius and Aristogiton. The best English translation is in Bland's Anthology, by Mr. (since Lord Chief Justice) Denman:—

'With myrtle my sword will I wreath,' &c.

Page 212, col. 2.

'And all went merry as a marriage-bell.'] On the night previous to the action, it is said that a ball was given at Brussels.

Page 213, col. 1.

'And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!'] Sir Evan Cameron, and his descendant Donald, the 'gentle Lochiel' of the 'forty-five.'

Page 213, col. 1.

'And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves.'] The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakespeare's 'As You Like It.' It is also celebrated in Tacitus, as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments. I have ventured to adopt the name connected with nobler associations than those of mere slaughter.

Page 213, col. 2.

'I turn'd from all she brought to those she could not bring.' My guide from Mount St. Jean over the field seemed intelligent and accurate. The place where Major Howard fell was not far from two tall and solitary trees (there was a third cut down, or shivered in the battle), which stand a few yards from each other at a pathway's side. Beneath these he died and was buried. The body has since been removed to England. A small hollow for the present marks where it lay, but will probably soon be effaced; the plough has been upon it, and the grain is. After pointing out the different spots where Picton and other gallant men had perished, the guide said, 'Here Major Howard lay: I was near him when wounded.' I told him my relationship, and he seemed then still more anxious to point out the particular spot and circumstances. The place is one of the most marked in the field, from the peculiarity of the two trees above mentioned. I went on horseback twice over the field, comparing it with my recollection of similar scenes. As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination: I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon: and the field around Mount St. Jean and Hougoumont appears to want little but a better cause, and that undefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a celebrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned.

Page 214, col. 1.

'Like to the apples on the Dead Sea's shore.' The (fabled) apples on the brink of the lake Asphaltites were said to be fair without, and within, ashes. Vide Tacitus, *Histor. lib. v. 7.*

Page 215, col. 1.

'For sceptred cynics earth were far too wide a den.' The great error of Napoleon, 'if we have writ our annals true,' was a continued obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling for or with them; perhaps more offensive to human vanity than the active cruelty of more trembling and suspicious tyranny. Such were his speeches to public assemblies as well as individuals; and the single expression which he is said to have used on returning to Paris after the Russian winter had destroyed his army, rubbing his hands over a fire, 'This is pleasanter than Moscow,' would probably alienate more favour from his cause than the destruction and reverses which led to the remark.

Page 216, col. 1.

'What want these outlaws conquerors should have?' 'What wants that knave that a king should have?' was King James's question on meeting Johnny Armstrong and his followers in full accoutrements.—See the Ballad.

Page 217, col. 1.

'The castled crag of Drachenfels.' The castle of Drachenfels stands on the highest summit of 'the Seven Mountains, over the Rhine banks; it is in ruins, and connected with some singular tradi-

tions. It is the first in view on the road from Bonn, but on the opposite side of the river; on this bank, nearly facing it, are the remains of another, called the Jew's Castle, and a large cross, commemorative of the murder of a chief by his brother. The number of castles and cities along the course of the Rhine on both sides is very great, and their situations remarkably beautiful.

Page 218, col. 1.

The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.' The monument of the young and lamented General Marceau (killed by a rifle-ball at Alterkirchen, on the last day of the fourth year of the French republic) still remains as described. The inscriptions on his monument are rather too long, and not required: his name was enough; France adored, and her enemies admired; both wept over him. His funeral was attended by the generals and detachments from both armies. In the same grave General Hoche is interred, a gallant man also in every sense of the word; but though he distinguished himself greatly in battle, he had not the good fortune to die there: his death was attended by suspicions of poison. A separate monument (not over his body, which is buried by Marceau's) is raised for him near Andernach, opposite to which one of his most memorable exploits was performed, in throwing a bridge to an island on the Rhine. The shape and style are different from that of Marceau's, and the inscription more simple and pleasing:—'The Army of the Sambre and Meuse to its Commander-in-Chief Hoche.' This is all, and as it should be. Hoche was esteemed among the first of France's earlier generals, before Buonaparte monopolised her triumphs. He was the destined commander of the invading army of Ireland.

Page 218, col. 1.

'Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall.' Ehrenbreitstein, i.e. 'the broad stone of honour,' one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, was dismantled and blown up by the French at the truce of Leoben. It had been, and could only be, reduced by famine or treachery. It yielded to the former, aided by surprise. After having seen the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison; but the situation is commanding. General Marceau besieged it in vain for some time, and I slept in a room where I was shown a window at which he is said to have been standing observing the progress of the siege by moonlight, when a ball struck immediately below it.

Page 218, col. 2.

Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wandering ghost.' The chapel is destroyed, and the pyramid of bones diminished to a small number by the Burgundian legion in the service of France; who anxiously effaced this record of their ancestors' less successful invasions. A few still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postilions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles; a purpose for which the whiteness imbibed by the bleaching of years had rendered them in great request. Of these relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intend for them.

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Page 219, col. 1.

'Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.'] Aventicum, near Morat, was the Roman capital of Helvetia, where Avenches now stands.

Page 219, col. 1.

'And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.'] Julia Alpina, a young Aventian priestess, died soon after a vain endeavour to save her father, condemned to death as a traitor by Aulus Cæcina. Her epitaph was discovered many years ago;—it is thus:—'Julia Alpina: Hic jaceo. Infelicis patris, infelix proles. Dæx Aventiæ Sacerdos. Exorare patris necem non potui: Male mori in fatis ille erat. Vixi annos xxiii.'—I know of no human composition so affecting as this, nor a history of deeper interest. These are the names and actions which ought not to perish, and to which we turn with a true and healthy tenderness, from the wretched and glittering detail of a confused mass of conquests and battles, with which the mind is roused for a time to a false and feverish sympathy, from whence it recurs at length with all the nausea consequent on such intoxication.

Page 219, col. 1.

'In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow.'] This is written in the eye of Mont Blanc (June 3rd, 1816), which even at this distance dazzles mine.—(July 20th.) I this day observed for some time the distinct reflection of Mont Blanc and Mont Argentièr in the calm of the lake, which I was crossing in my boat; the distance of these mountains from their mirror is sixty miles.

Page 219, col. 2.

'By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.'] The colour of the Rhone at Geneva is blue, to a depth of tint which I have never seen equalled in water, salt or fresh, except in the Mediterranean and Archipelago.

Page 220, col. 2.

'This hallow'd, too, the memorable kiss.'] This refers to the account in his 'Confessions' of his passion for the Comtesse d'Houdetot (the mistress of St. Lambert), and his long walk every morning, for the sake of the single kiss which was the common salutation of French acquaintance. Rousseau's description of his feelings on this occasion may be considered as the most passionate, yet not impure, description and expression of love that ever kindled into words; which, after all, must be felt, from their very force, to be inadequate to the delineation; a painting can give no sufficient idea of the ocean.

Page 222, col. 1.

'Of earth-o'erazing mountains, and thus take.'] It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the Temple, but on the Mount. To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence,—the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearers, may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the Iliad at Sigæum and on the tumuli, or by the springs with Mount Ida above, and the plain and rivers and Archipelago around

you; and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library—this I know. Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass nor to question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the fields, and the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers. The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherever they may be, at the stated hours—of course, frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion as required); the ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication: nothing can disturb them. On me the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun; including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan. Many of the negroes of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites; some of these I had a distant view of at Patras; and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator.

Page 222, col. 2.

'The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night.'] The thunder-storm to which these lines refer occurred on the 13th of June, 1816, at midnight. I have seen, among the Acroceraunian mountains of Chimari, several more terrible, but none more beautiful.

Page 223, col. 2.

'And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought.'] Rousseau's *Héloïse*, Lettre 17, Part IV., note. 'Ces montagnes sont si hautes qu'une demi-heure après le soleil couche, leurs sommets sont éclairés de ses rayons; dont le rouge forme sur ces cimes blanches une belle couleur de rose, qu'on aperçoit de fort loin.'—This applies more particularly to the heights over Meillerie.—'J'allai à Vevay loger à la Clef, et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirais volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles: Allez à Vevay—visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez-vous sur le lac, et dites si la Nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un St. Preux; mais ne les y cherchez pas.'—*Les Confessions*, livre iv. p. 306, Lyon, ed. 1796.—In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the Lake of Geneva; and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his 'Héloïse,' I can safely say, that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it, Vevay, Chillon, Boveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Eivian, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all; the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the



## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory: it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested; and of which, though knowing ourselves a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole.—If Rousseau had never written, nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection; but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them.—I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo during a lake storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore at St. Gingo, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut trees on the lower part of the mountains. On the opposite height of Clarens is a château. The hills are covered with vineyards, and interspersed with some small but beautiful woods; one of these was named the 'Bosquet de Julie;' and it is remarkable that, though long ago cut down by the brutal selfishness of the monks of St. Bernard (to whom the land appertained), that the ground might be enclosed into a vineyard for the miserable drones of an execrable superstition, the inhabitants of Clarens still point out the spot where its trees stood, calling it by the name which consecrated and survived them. Rousseau has not been particularly fortunate in the preservation of the 'local habitations' he has given to 'airy nothings.' The Prior of Great St. Bernard has cut down some of his woods for the sake of a few casks of wine, and Buonaparte has levelled part of the rocks of Meillerie in improving the road to the Simplon. The road is an excellent one; but I cannot quite agree with a remark which I heard made, that 'La route vaut mieux que les souvenirs.'

Page 224, col. 1.

'Of names which unto you bequeath'd a name.']  
Voltaire and Gibbon.

Page 225, col. 2.

'Had I not filed my mind, which thus itself subdued.']

—'If it be thus,  
For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind.'—  
MACBETH.

Page 225, col. 2.

'O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve.']  
It is said by Rochefoucault that 'there is *always* something in the misfortunes of men's best friends not displeasing to them.'

Page 227, col. 2.

'She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean.']  
Sabellicus, describing the appearance of Venice, has made use of the above image, which would not be poetical were it not true.—'Quo fit ut qui superne urbem contempletur, turritam telluris imaginem medio Oceano figuratam se putet inspicere.'

Page 228, col. 2.

'Sparta hath many a worthier son than he.']  
The answer of the mother of Brasidas, the Lacedæmonian general, to the strangers who praised the memory of her son.

Page 229, col. 1.

'The "Planter of the Lion," which through fire.']  
That is, the Lion of St. Mark, the standard of the republic, which is the origin of the word Pantaloon—Piantaleone, Pantaleon, Pantaloon.

Page 229, col. 2.

'Redemption rose up in the Attic Muse.']  
The story is told in Plutarch's *Life of Nicias*.

Page 229, col. 2.

'And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art.']  
'Venice Preserved;' 'Mysteries of Udolpho;' 'The Ghost-Seer, or Armenian;' 'The Merchant of Venice;' 'Othello.'

Page 230, col. 1.

'But from their nature will the tannen grow.']  
*Tannen* is the plural of *tanne*, a species of fir peculiar to the Alps, which only thrives in very rocky parts, where scarcely soil sufficient for its nourishment can be found. On these spots it grows to a greater height than any other mountain tree.

Page 231, col. 1.

'Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!']  
The above description may seem fantastical or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or an Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly sufficient delineation of an August evening (the eighteenth), as contemplated in one of many rides along the banks of the Brenta, near La Mira.

Page 231, col. 2.

'Or, it may be, with demons, who impair.']  
The struggle is to the full as likely to be with demons as with our better thoughts. Satan chose the wilderness for the temptation of our Saviour. And our unsullied John Locke preferred the presence of a child to complete solitude.

Page 233, col. 1.

'Victor or vanquish'd, thou the slave of friend or foe.']  
The two stanzas XLII. and XLIII. are, with the exception of a line or two, a translation of the famous sonnet of Filicaja:—"Italia, Italia, O tu cui feo la sorte!"

Page 233, col. 1.

'Wandering in youth, I traced the path of him.']  
The celebrated letter of Servius Sulpicius to Cicero, on the death of his daughter, describes as it then was, and now is, a path which I often traced in Greece, both by sea and land, in different journeys and voyages. 'On my return from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to contemplate the prospect of the countries around me: Ægina was behind, Megara before me; Piræus on the right, Corinth on the left: all which towns, once famous and flourishing, now lie overturned and buried in their ruins. Upon this sight, I could not but think presently within myself, Alas! how do we poor mortals fret and vex ourselves if any of our friends happen to die or be killed, whose life is yet so short, when the carcases of so many noble cities lie here exposed before me in one view.'—See Middleton's *Cicero*, vol. ii, p. 371.

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

Page 233, col. 2.

'The skeleton of her Titanic form.'] It is Poggio, who, looking from the Capitoline hill upon ruined Rome, breaks forth into the exclamation, 'Ut nunc omni decore nudata, prostrata jacet, instar gigantei cadaveris corrupti atque undique exesi.'

Page 234, col. 1.

'Feeding on thy sweet cheek! while thy lips are.']

*Ὁφθαλμοῦς ἐστιάειν.*

'Atque oculos pascit uterque suos.'—OVID. *Amor.* lib. ii.

Page 236, col. 2.

'Charming the eye with dread,—a matchless cataract.'] I saw the Cascata del Marmore of Terni twice, at different periods—once from the summit of the precipice, and again from the valley below. The lower view is far to be preferred, if the traveller has time for one only; but in any point of view, either from above or below, it is worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, fall of Arpenaz, &c. are rills in comparative appearance. Of the fall of Schaffhausen I cannot speak, not yet having seen it.

Page 236, col. 2.

'An Iris sits, amidst the infernal surge.'] Of the time, place, and qualities of this kind of iris, the reader will see a short account in a note to *Manfred*. The fall looks so much like 'the hell of waters,' that Addison thought the descent alluded to by the gulf in which Alecto plunged into the infernal regions. It is singular enough, that two of the finest cascades in Europe should be artificial—this of the Velino, and the one at Tivoli. The traveller is strongly recommended to trace the Velino, at least as high as the little lake called *Pie di Lup*. The Reatine territory was the Italian Tempe (Cicer. *Epist.* ad Attic. xv. lib. iv.), and the ancient naturalists (Plin. *Hist. Nat.* lib. ii. cap. xii), amongst other beautiful varieties, remarked the daily rainbows of the lake Velinus. A scholar of great name has devoted a treatise to this district alone. See Ald. Manut. *De Reatina Urbe Agrique*, ap. Sallengre, *Thesaur.* tom. i. p. 773.

Page 237, col. 1.

'Sits on more shaggy summits, and where roar.'] In the greater part of Switzerland, the avalanches are known by the name of *lauwine*.

Page 237, col. 1.

'The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word.'] These stanzas may probably remind the reader of Ensign Northerton's remarks, 'D—n Homo,' &c.; but the reasons for our dislike are not exactly the same. I wish to express, that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason, we never can be aware of the fullness of some of the finest passages of Shakespeare ('To be, or not to be,' for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind, but of memory: so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite

palled. In some parts of the continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from any pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy; and I believe no one could, or can be, more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury, was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late, when I have erred,—and whose counsels I have but followed when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.

Page 237, col. 2.

'The Scipios' tomb contains no ashes now.'] For a comment on this and the two following stanzas, the reader may consult 'Historical Illustrations,' p. 46.

Page 238, col. 1.

'The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day.'] Orosius gives 320 for the number of triumphs. He is followed by Panvinus; and Panvinus by Mr. Gibbon and the modern writers.

Page 238, col. 2.

'Beheld him win two realms, and, happier, yield his breath.'] On the 3rd of September Cromwell gained the victory of Dunbar; a year afterwards he obtained 'his crowning mercy' of Worcester; and a few years after, on the same day, which he had ever esteemed the most fortunate for him, died.

Page 239, col. 2.

'Our senses narrow, and our reason frail.']—*Omnes pene veteres; qui nihil cognosci, nihil percipi, nihil sciri posse dixerunt; angustos sensus; imbecillos animos, brevia curricula vite; in profundo veritatem demersam; opinionibus et institutis omnia teneri; nihil veritati relinqui: deinceps omnia tenebris circumfusa esse dixerunt.*—Academ. i. 13. The eighteen hundred years which have elapsed since Cicero wrote this have not removed any of the imperfections of humanity: and the complaints of the ancient philosophers may, without injustice or affectation, be transcribed in a poem written yesterday.

Page 240, col. 1.

'There is a stern round tower of other days.'] Alluding to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, called *Capo di Bove*. See 'Historical Illustrations,' p. 200.

Page 240, col. 2.

'Heaven gives its favourites—early death; yet shed.']

*Ὁν οἱ θεοὶ φιλοῦσιν, ἀποθνήσκει νέος.  
Τὸ γὰρ θανεῖν οὐκ ἀσπρόν ἀλλ' ἀσπρὸς θανεῖν.'*

Rich. Franc. Phil. Brunck. *Poetæ Gnomici*, p. 231, edit. 1784.

Page 241, col. 2.

'There is the moral of all human tales.'] The author of the *Life of Cicero*, speaking of the

## NOTES TO CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE

opinion entertained of Britain by that orator and his contemporary Romans, has the following eloquent passage:—"From their ralleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms; how Rome, once the mistress of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty, enslaved to the most cruel as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture; while this remote country, anciently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it, from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline, and corruption of morals: till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty, losing everything that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism." (See 'History of the life of M. Tullius Cicero, sect. vi. vol. ii. p. 102.)

### Page 242, col. 1.

'To crush the imperial urn, whose ashes slept sublime.'] The column of Trajan is surmounted by St. Peter; that of Aurelius by St. Paul. See 'Historical Illustrations,' p. 214.

### Page 242, col. 2.

'Rienzi! last of Romans! While the tree.'] The name and exploits of Rienzi must be familiar to the reader of Gibbon. Some details and inedited manuscripts, relative to this unhappy hero, will be seen in the 'Historical Illustrations of the Fourth Canto,' p. 248.

### Page 244, col. 1.

'Yet let us ponder boldly—'tis a base.'] 'At all events,' says the author of the 'Academical Questions,' 'I trust, whatever may be the fate of my own speculations, that philosophy will regain that estimation which it ought to possess. The free and philosophic spirit of our nation has been the theme of admiration to the world. This was the proud distinction of Englishmen, and the luminous source of all their glory. Shall we then forget the manly and dignified sentiments of our ancestors, to prate in the language of the mother or the nurse about our good old prejudices? This is not the way to defend the cause of truth. It was not thus that our fathers maintained it in the brilliant periods of our history. Prejudice may be trusted to guard the outworks for a short space of time, while reason slumbers in the citadel; but if the latter sink into a lethargy, the former will quickly erect a standard for herself. Philosophy, wisdom, and liberty support each other: he who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot is a fool; and he who dares not is a slave.'—Vol. i, pref., pp. 14, 15.

### Page 246, col. 1.

'Like laurels on the bald first Cæsar's head.'] Suetonius informs us that Julius Cæsar was particularly gratified by that decree of the senate which enabled him to wear a wreath of laurel on all occasions. He was anxious, not to show that he was the conqueror of the world, but to hide that he was bald. A stranger at Rome would hardly have guessed at the motive, nor should we without the help of the historian.

### Page 246, col. 2.

'While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand.'] This is quoted in the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' as a proof that the Coliseum was entire, when seen by the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims at the end of the seventh, or the beginning of the eighth, century. A notice on the Coliseum may be seen in the 'Historical Illustrations,' p. 263.

### Page 246, col. 2.

'From Jove to Jesus—spared and blest by time.'] 'Though plundered of all its brass, except the ring which was necessary to preserve the aperture above; though exposed to repeated fires; though sometimes flooded by the river, and always open to the rain, no monument of equal antiquity is so well preserved as this rotundo. It passed with little alteration from the Pagan into the present worship; and so convenient were its niches for the Christian altar, that Michael Angelo, ever studious of ancient beauty, introduced their design as a model in the Catholic church.'—*Forsyth's Italy*, p. 137, 2nd edit.

### Page 246, col. 2.

'Their eyes on honour'd forms, whose busts around them close.'] The Pantheon has been made a receptacle for the busts of modern great, or, at least, distinguished men. The flood of light which once fell through the large orb above on the whole circle of divinities, now shines on a numerous assemblage of mortals, some one or two of whom have been almost deified by the veneration of their countrymen. For a notice of the Pantheon, see 'Historical Illustrations,' p. 287.

### Page 246, col. 2.

'There is a dungeon, in whose dim drear light.'] This and the three next stanzas allude to the story of the Roman daughter, which is recalled to the traveller by the site, or pretended site, of that adventure, now shown at the church of St. Nicholas in *Carcere*. The difficulties attending the full belief of the tale are stated in 'Historical Illustrations,' p. 295.

### Page 247, col. 2.

'Turn to the mole which Hadrian rear'd on high.'] The castle of St. Angelo. See 'Historical Illustrations.'

### Page 247, col. 2.

'But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome.'] This and the six stanzas have a reference to the church of St. Peter's. For a measurement of the comparative length of this basilica and the other great churches of Europe, see the pavement of St. Peter's, and the 'Classical Tour through Italy,' vol. ii. p. 125 et seq., chap. iv.

### Page 250, col. 1.

'Nations have arm'd in madness, the strange fate.'] Mary died on the scaffold; Elizabeth of a broken heart; Charles V. a hermit; Louis XIV. a bankrupt in means and glory; Cromwell of anxiety and, 'the greatest is behind,' Napoleon lives a prisoner. To these sovereigns a long but superfluous list might be added of names equally illustrious and unhappy.

### Page 250, col. 1.

'Lo, Nemi! navell'd in the woody hills.'] The village of Nemi was near the Arician retreat of Egeria, and, from the shades which embosomed the temple of Diana, has preserved to this day its distinctive appellation of *The Grove*. Nemi is but an evening's ride from the comfortable inn of Albano.

## NOTES TO THE GIAOUR

### THE GIAOUR

Page 252, col. 1.

'That tomb which, gleaming o'er the cliff.'] A tomb above the rocks on the promontory, by some supposed the sepulchre of Themistocles.

Page 253, col. 1.

'Sultana of the Nightingale.'] The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well-known Persian fable. If I mistake not, the 'Bulbul of a thousand tales' is one of his appellations.

Page 253, col. 1.

'Till the gay mariner's guitar.'] The guitar is the constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night; with a steady fair wind, and during a calm, it is accompanied always by the voice, and often by dancing.

Page 253, col. 2.

'Where cold Obstruction's apathy.']

'Ay, but to die and go we know not where,  
To lie in cold obstruction?'

Measure for Measure, Act iii. sc. 1.

Page 253, col. 2.

'The first, last look by death reveal'd!'] I trust that few of my readers have ever had an opportunity of witnessing what is here attempted in description; but those who have will probably retain a painful remembrance of that singular beauty which pervades, with few exceptions, the features of the dead, a few hours, and but for a few hours, after 'the spirit is not there.' It is to be remarked in cases of violent death by gun-shot wounds, the expression is always that of languor, whatever the natural energy of the sufferer's character; but in death from a stab the countenance preserves its traits of feeling or ferocity, and the mind its bias, to the last.

Page 254, col. 1.

'Slaves—nay, the bondsmen of a slave.'] Athens is the property of the Kislal Aga (the slave of the seraglio and guardian of the women), who appoints the Waywode. A pander and eunuch—these are not polite, yet true appellations—now governs the governor of Athens!

Page 254, col. 2.

'In echoes of the far tophaike.'] 'Tophaike,' musket. The Bairam is announced by the cannon at sunset: the illumination of the mosques, and the firing of all kinds of small arms, loaded with ball, proclaim it during the night.

Page 254, col. 2.

'Swift as the hur!d on high jerreed.'] Jerreed, or Djerrid, a blunted Turkish javelin, which is darted from horseback with great force and precision. It is a favourite exercise of the Mussulmans; but I know not if it can be called a *manly* one, since the most expert in the art are the Black Eunuchs of Constantinople. I think, next to these, a Mamlouk at Smyrna was the most skilful that came within my observation.

Page 255, col. 1.

'He came, he went, like the simoom.'] The blast of the desert, fatal to every thing living, and often alluded to in eastern poetry.

Page 255, col. 2.

'To bless the sacred "bread and salt.]" To partake of food, to break bread and salt with your host, insures the safety of the guest: even though an enemy, his person from that moment is sacred.

Page 255, col. 2.

'Since his turban was cleft by the infidel's sabre.]" I need hardly observe, that Charity and Hospitality are the first duties enjoined by Mahomet; and to say truth, very generally practised by his disciples. The first praise that can be bestowed on a chief is a panegyric on his bounty; the next, on his valour.

Page 255, col. 2.

'And silver-sheathed ataghan.]" The ataghan, a long dagger worn with pistols in the belt, in a metal scabbard, generally of silver; and among the wealthier, gilt, or of gold.

Page 255, col. 2.

'An Emir by his garb of green.]" Green is the privileged colour of the prophet's numerous pretended descendants; with them, as here, faith (the family inheritance) is supposed to supersede the necessity of good works: they are the worst of a very indifferent brood.

Page 255, col. 2.

"Ho! who art thou?"—"This low salam.]" 'Salam aleikoum! aleikoum salam!' peace be with you; be with you peace—the salutation reserved for the faithful:—to a Christian, 'Urlarula,' a good journey; or 'saban hiresem, saban serula,' good morn, good even; and sometimes, 'may your end be happy;' are the usual salutes.

Page 256, col. 1.

'The insect queen of eastern spring.]" The blue-winged butterfly of Kashmeer, the most rare and beautiful of the species.

Page 256, col. 2.

'Is like the Scorpion girt by fire.]" Alluding to the dubious suicide of the scorpion, so placed for experiment by gentle philosophers. Some maintain that the position of the sting, when turned towards the head, is merely a convulsive movement; but others have actually brought in the verdict 'Felo de se.' The scorpions are surely interested in a speedy decision of the question; as, if once fairly established as insect Catos, they will probably be allowed to live as long as they think proper, without being martyred for the sake of an hypothesis.

Page 256, col. 2.

'When Rhamazan's last sun was set.]" The cannon at sunset close the Rhamazan.

Page 256, col. 2.

By pale Phingari's trembling light.]" Phingari, the moon.

Page 256, col. 2.

'Bright as the jewel of Giamschid.]" The celebrated fabulous ruby of Sultan Giamschid, the embellisher of Istakhar; from its splendour, named Scheberag, 'the torch of night; also 'the cup of the sun,' &c. In the first edition, 'Giamschid' was written as a word of three syllables; so D'Herbelot has it; but I am told Richardson reduces it to a dissyllable, and writes 'Jamshid.' I have left in the text the orthography of the one with the pronunciation of the other.

## NOTES TO THE GIAOUR

Page 257, col. 1.

'Though on Al-Sirat's arch I stood.'] Al-Sirat, the bridge of breath, narrower than the thread of a famished spider, and sharper than the edge of a sword, over which the Mussulmans must *skate* into Paradise, to which it is the only entrance; but this is not the worst, the river beneath being hell itself, into which, as may be expected, the unskilful and tender of foot contrive to tumble with a 'facilis descensus Avernus,' not very pleasing in prospect to the next passenger. There is a shorter cut downwards for the Jews and Christians.

Page 257, col. 1.

'A soulless toy for tyrant's lust?'] A vulgar error; the Koran allots at least a third of Paradise to well-behaved women; but by far the greater number of Mussulmans interpret the text their own way, and exclude their moieties from heaven. Being enemies to Platonics, they cannot discern 'any fitness of things' in the souls of the other sex, conceiving them to be superseded by the Houris.

Page 257, col. 1.

'The young pomegranate's blossoms strew.'] An oriental simile, which may, perhaps, though fairly stolen, be deemed 'plus Arabe qu'en Arabie.'

Page 257, col. 1.

'Her hair in hyacinthine flow.'] Hyacinthine, in Arabic 'Sunbul,' as common a thought in the eastern poets as it was among the Greeks.

Page 257, col. 1.

'The loveliest bird of Franguestan!'] 'Franguestan,' Circassia.

Page 257, col. 2.

'Bismillah! now the peril's past.'] 'In the name of God,' the commencement of all the chapters of the Koran but one, and of prayer and thanksgiving.

Page 257, col. 2.

'Then curl'd his very beard with ire.'] A phenomenon not uncommon with an angry Mussulman. In 1809, the Capitan Pacha's whiskers at a diplomatic audience were no less lively with indignation than a tiger cat's, to the horror of all the dragomans; the portentous mustachios twisted, they stood erect of their own accord, and were expected every moment to change their colour, but at last condescended to subside, which, probably, saved more heads than they contained hairs.

Page 258, col. 1.

'Nor raised the craven cry, Amaun!'] 'Amaun,' quarrel, pardon.

Page 258, col. 1.

'I know him by the evil eye.'] The 'evil eye,' a common superstition in the Levant, and of which the imaginary effects are yet very singular on those who conceive themselves affected.

Page 258, col. 2.

'A fragment of his palampore.'] The flowered shawls generally worn by persons of rank.

Page 259, col. 1.

'His calpac rent—his caftan red.'] The calpac is the solid cap or centre part of the head-dress; the shawl is wound round it, and forms the turban.

Page 259, col. 1.

'A turban carved in coarsest stone.'] The turban, pillar, and inscriptive verse, decorate the

tombs of the Osmanlies, whether in the cemetery or the wilderness. In the mountains you frequently pass similar mementos; and on inquiry you are informed that they record some victim of rebellion, plunder, or revenge.

Page 259, col. 1.

'At solemn sound of "Alla Hu!"'] 'Alla Hu!' the concluding words of the Muezzin's call to prayer from the highest gallery on the exterior of the Minaret. On a still evening, when the Muezzin has a fine voice, which is frequently the case, the effect is solemn and beautiful beyond all the bells in Christendom.

Page 259, col. 1.

'They come—their kerchiefs green they wave.'] The following is part of a battle song of the Turks: —'I see—I see a dark-eyed girl of Paradise, and she waves a handkerchief, a kerchief of green; and cries aloud, "Come, kiss me, for I love thee,"' &c.

Page 259, col. 1.

'Beneath avenging Monkir's scythe.'] Monkir and Nekir are the inquisitors of the dead, before whom the corpse undergoes a slight noviciate and preparatory training for damnation. If the answers are none of the clearest, he is hauled up with a scythe and thumped down with a red-hot mace till properly seasoned, with a variety of subsidiary probations. The office of these angels is no insecure; there are but two, and the number of orthodox deceased being in a small proportion to the remainder, their hands are always full. See Relig. Ceremon. and Sale's Koran.

Page 259, col. 1.

'To wander round lost Eblis' throne.'] Eblis, the Oriental Prince of Darkness.

Page 259, col. 1.

'But first, on earth as Vampire sent.'] The Vampire superstition is still general in the Levant. Honest Tournefort tells a long story, which Mr. Southey, in the notes on Thalaba, quotes, about these 'Vroucolochas,' as he calls them. The Romaic term is 'Vardoulacha.' I recollect a whole family being terrified by the scream of a child, which they imagined must proceed from such a visitation. The Greeks never mention the word without horror. I find that 'Broucolokas' is an old legitimate Hellenic appellation—at least is so applied to Arsenius, who, according to the Greeks, was after his death animated by the Devil. The moderns, however, use the word I mention.

Page 259, col. 2.

'Thy gnashing tooth and haggard lip.'] The freshness of the face, and the wetness of the lip with blood, are the never-failing signs of a Vampire. The stories told in Hungary and Greece of these foul feeders are singular, and some of them most *incredibly* attested.

Page 261, col. 1.

'It is as if the desert bird.'] The pelican is, I believe, the bird so libelled, by the imputation of feeding her chickens with her blood.

Page 262, col. 1.

'Deep in whose darkly boding ear.'] This superstition of a second-hearing (for I never met with downright second-sight in the East) fell once under my own observation. On my third journey to Cape Colonna, early in 1811, as we passed through the defile that leads from the hamlet between Keratia

## NOTES TO THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

and Colonna, I observed Dervish Tahiri riding rather out of the path, and leaning his head upon his hand, as if in pain. I rode up and inquired. 'We are in peril,' he answered. 'What peril? we are not now in Albania, nor in the passes to Ephesus, Messalunghi, or Lepanto; there are plenty of us, well armed, and the Choriates have not courage to be thieves.'—'True, Affendi, but nevertheless the shot is ringing in my ears.'—'The shot! not a top-hat has been fired this morning.'—'I hear it notwithstanding.'—'Bom—Bom—as plainly as I hear your voice.'—'Psha!—As you please, Affendi; if it is written, so will it be.'—I left this quick-eared predestinarian, and rode up to Basili, his Christian compatriot, whose ears, though not at all prophetic, by no means relished the intelligence. We all arrived at Colonna, remained some hours, and returned leisurely, saying a variety of brilliant things, in more languages than spoiled the building of Babel, upon the mistaken seer, Romaic, Arnaout, Turkish, Italian, and English, were all exercised, in various conceits, upon the unfortunate Mussulman. While we were contemplating the beautiful prospect, Dervish was occupied about the columns. I thought he was deranged into an antiquarian, and asked him if he had become a 'Palaoastro' man? 'No,' said he, 'but these pillars will be useful in making a stand; and added other remarks, which at least evinced his own belief in his troublesome faculty of *forehearing*. On our return to Athens we heard from Leoné (a prisoner set ashore some days after) of the intended attack of the Mainotes, mentioned, with the cause of its not taking place, in the notes to Childe Harold, Canto 2nd. I was at some pains to question the man, and he described the dresses, arms, and marks of the horses of our party so accurately, that, with other circumstances, we could not doubt of his having been in 'villainous company,' and ourselves in a bad neighbourhood. Dervish became a sooth-sayer for life, and I dare say is now hearing more musketry than ever will be fired, to the great refreshment of the Arnaouts of Berat, and his native mountains.—I shall mention one trait more of this singular race. In March, 1811, a remarkably stout and active Arnaout came (I believe the fiftieth on the same errand) to offer himself as an attendant, which was declined: 'Well, Affendi,' quoth he, 'may you live!—you would have found me useful. I shall leave the town for the hills to-morrow; in the winter I return, perhaps you will then receive me.'—Dervish, who was present, remarked as a thing of course, and of no consequence, 'in the mean time he will join the Klephtes' (robbers), which was true to the letter. If not cut off, they come down in the winter, and pass it unmolested in some town, where they are often as well known as their exploits.

Page 263, col. 1.

'Looks not to priesthood for relief.' The monk's sermon is omitted. It seems to have had so little effect upon the patient, that it could have no hopes from the reader. It may be sufficient to say, that it was of a customary length (as may be perceived from the interruptions and uneasiness of the patient), and was delivered in the usual tone of all orthodox preachers.

Page 263, col. 2.

'And shining in her white symar.' 'Symar,' a shroud.

Page 264, col. 2.

'Or stay the passing pilgrim's tread.' The circumstance to which the above story relates was not

very uncommon in Turkey. A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity; he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handsomest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night! One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror, at so sudden a 'wrench from all we know, from all we love.' The fate of Phrosine, the fairest of this sacrifice, is the subject of many a Romaic and Arnaout ditty. The story in the text is one told of a young Venetian many years ago, and now nearly forgotten. I heard it by accident recited by one of the coffee-house story-tellers who abound in the Levant, and sing or recite their narratives. The additions and interpolations by the translator will be easily distinguished from the rest, by the want of Eastern imagery; and I regret that my memory has retained so few fragments of the original. For the contents of some of the notes I am indebted partly to D'Herbelot, and partly to that most Eastern, and, as Mr. Weber justly entitles it, 'sublime tale,' the 'Caliph Vathek.' I do not know from what source the author of that singular volume may have drawn his materials; some of his incidents are to be found in the 'Bibliothèque Orientale,' but for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, it far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some difficulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even Rasselas must bow before it; his 'Happy Valley' will not bear a comparison with the 'Hall of Eblis.'

### THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

Page 264, col. 1.

'Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gül in her bloom.' 'Gül,' the rose.

Page 264, col. 2.

'Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?'

'Souls made of fire, and children of the Sun,  
With whom revenge is virtue.'

YOUNG'S *Revenge*.

Page 265, col. 1.

'With Mejnoun's tale, or Sadi's song.' Mejnoun and Leila, the Romeo and Juliet of the East. Sadi, the moral poet of Persia.

Page 265, col. 1.

'Till I, who heard the deep tambour.' Tambour, Turkish drum, which sounds at sunrise, noon, and twilight.

Page 266, col. 1.

'He is an Arab to my sight.' The Turks abhor the Arabs (who return the compliment a hundred-fold) even more than they hate the Christians.

Page 266, col. 1.

'The mind, the Music breathing from her face.' This expression has met with objections. I will not refer to 'Him who hath not Music in his soul,' but merely request the reader to recollect, for ten seconds, the features of the woman whom he believes to be the most beautiful; and, if he then does not comprehend fully what is feebly expressed in the above line, I shall be sorry for us both. For

## NOTES TO THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

an eloquent passage in the latest work of the first female writer of this, perhaps of any age, on the analogy (and the immediate comparison excited by that analogy) between 'painting and music,' see vol. iii. cap. 10, *DE L'ALLEMAGNE*. And is not this connexion still stronger with the original than the copy? with the colouring of Nature than of Art? After all, this is rather to be felt than described; still I think there are some who will understand it, at least they would have done had they beheld the countenance whose speaking harmony suggested the idea; for this passage is not drawn from imagination but memory, that mirror which Affliction dashes to the earth, and looking down upon the fragments, only beholds the reflection multiplied!

Page 266, col. 2.

'But yet the line of Carasman.'] Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal land-holder in Turkey: he governs Magnesia: those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots: they serve as Spahis, according to the extent of territory, and bring a certain number into the field, generally cavalry.

Page 266, col. 2.

'And teach the messenger what fate.'] When a Pacha is sufficiently strong to resist, the single messenger, who is always the first bearer of the order for his death, is strangled instead, and sometimes five or six, one after the other, on the same errand, by command of the refractory patient; if, on the contrary, he is weak or loyal, he bows, kisses the Sultan's respectable signature, and is bowstrung with great complacency. In 1810, several of these presents were exhibited in the niche of the Seraglio gate; among others the head of the Pacha of Bagdat, a brave young man, cut off by treachery, after a desperate resistance.

Page 266, col. 2.

'Thrice clapp'd his hands, and call'd his steed.'] Clapping of the hands calls the servants. The Turks hate a superfluous expenditure of voice, and they have no bells.

Page 266, col. 2.

'Resign'd his gem-adorn'd chibouque.'] 'Chibouque,' the Turkish pipe, of which the amber mouth-piece, and sometimes the ball which contains the leaf, is adorned with precious stones, if in possession of the wealthier orders.

Page 267, col. 1.

'With Maugrabee and Mamaluke.'] 'Maugrabee,' Moorish mercenaries.

Page 267, col. 1.

'His way amid his Delis took.'] 'Delis,' bravos who form the forlorn hope of the cavalry, and always begin the action.

Page 267, col. 1.

'Careering cleave the folded felt.'] A twisted fold of felt is used for scimitar practice by the Turks, and few but Mussulman arms can cut through it at a single stroke: sometimes a tough turban is used for the same purpose. The jerreed is a game of blunt javelins, animated and graceful.

Page 267, col. 1.

'Nor heard their Ollahs wild and loud.'] 'Ollahs,' Alla il Allah, the 'Leilies,' as the Spanish

poets call them, the sound is Ollah; a cry of which the Turks, for a silent people, are somewhat profuse, particularly during the jerreed, or in the chase, but mostly in battle. Their animation in the field, and gravity in the chamber, with their pipes and combolios, form an amusing contrast.

Page 267, col. 1.

'The Persian Atar-gul's perfume.'] 'Atar-gul,' ottar of roses. The Persian is the finest.

Page 267, col. 1.

'The pictured roof and marble floor.'] The ceiling and wainscots, or rather walls, of the Mussulman apartments are generally painted, in great houses, with one eternal and highly-coloured view of Constantinople, wherein the principal feature is a noble contempt of perspective; below, arms, scimitars, &c., are, in general, fancifully and not inelegantly disposed.

Page 267, col. 2.

'A message from the Bulbul bears.'] It has been much doubted whether the notes of this 'Lover of the rose' are sad or merry; and Mr. Fox's remarks on the subject have provoked some learned controversy as to the opinions of the ancients on the subject. I dare not venture a conjecture on the point, though a little inclined to the 'errare malem,' &c., if Mr. Fox was mistaken.

Page 267, col. 2.

'Ev'n Azrael, from his deadly quiver.'] 'Azrael,' the angel of death.

Page 268, col. 1.

'Within the caves of Istakar.'] The treasures of the Pre-Adamite Sultans. See D'Herbelot, article *Istakar*.

Page 268, col. 1.

'Holds not a Musselim's control.'] 'Musselim,' a governor, the next in rank after a Pacha; a Waywode is the third; and then come the Agas.

Page 268, col. 1.

'Was he not bred in Egripo?'] 'Egripo,' the Negropont. According to the proverb, the Turks of Egripo, the Jews of Salonica, and the Greeks of Athens, are the worst of their respective races.

Page 269, col. 1.

'Ah! yonder see the Tchocadar.'] 'Tchocadar'—one of the attendants who precedes a man of authority.

Page 269, col. 2.

'Thine own "broad Hellespont" still dashes.'] The wrangling about this epithet, 'the broad Hellespont' or the 'boundless Hellespont,' whether it means one or the other, or what it means at all, has been beyond all possibility of detail. I have even heard it disputed on the spot; and not foreseeing a speedy conclusion to the controversy, amused myself with swimming across it in the mean time; and probably may again, before the point is settled. Indeed, the question as to the truth of 'the tale of Troy divine' still continues, much of it resting upon the talismanic word '*ἀμεσος*,' probably Homer had the same notion of distance that a coquette has of time; and when he talks of boundless, means half a mile; as the latter, by a like figure, when she says *eternal* attachment simply specifies three weeks.

## NOTES TO THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS

Page 269, col. 2.

'Which Ammon's son ran proudly round.'] Before his Persian invasion, and crowned the altar with laurels, &c. He was afterwards imitated by Caracalla in his race. It is believed that the last also poisoned a friend, named Festus, for the sake of new Patroclan games. I have seen the sheep feeding on the tombs of Æsietes and Antiochus: the first is in the centre of the plain.

Page 270, col. 1.

'O'er which her fairy fingers ran.'] When rubbed, the amber is susceptible of a perfume, which is slight, but *not* disagreeable.

Page 270, col. 1.

'Her mother's sainted amulet.'] The belief in amulets engraved on gems, or enclosed in gold boxes, containing scraps from the Koran, worn round the neck, wrist, or arm, is still universal in the East. The Koorsee (throne) verse in the second cap. of the Koran describes the attributes of the Most High, and is engraved in this manner, and worn by the pious, as the most esteemed and sublime of all sentences.

Page 270, col. 1.

'And by her comboloio lies.'] 'Comboloio'—a Turkish rosary. The MSS., particularly those of the Persians, are richly adorned and illuminated. The Greek females are kept in utter ignorance; but many of the Turkish girls are highly accomplished, though not actually qualified for a Christian coterie. Perhaps some of our own '*blues*' might not be the worse for *bleaching*.

Page 270, col. 2.

'In him was some young Galiongée.'] 'Galiongée'—or Galiongi, a sailor, that is, a Turkish sailor; the Greeks navigate, the Turks work the guns. Their dress is picturesque; and I have seen the Capitan Pacha, more than once, wearing it as a kind of *incog*. Their legs, however, are generally naked. The buskins described in the text as sheathed behind with silver are those of an Arnaut robber, who was my host (he had quitted the profession) at his Pyrgo, near Gastouni in the Morea; they were plated in scales one over the other, like the back of an armadillo.

Page 271, col. 1.

'So may the Koran verse display'd.'] The characters on all Turkish scimitars contain sometimes the name of the place of their manufacture, but more generally a text from the Koran, in letters of gold. Amongst those in my possession is one with a blade of singular construction: it is very broad, and the edge notched into serpentine curves like the ripple of water, or the wavering of flame. I asked the Armenian who sold it, what possible use such a figure could add: he said, in Italian, that he did not know; but the Mussulmans had an idea that those of this form gave a severer wound; and liked it because it was '*piu feroce*.' I did not much admire the reason, but bought it for its peculiarity.

Page 271, col. 1.

'But like the nephew of a Cain.'] It is to be observed, that every allusion to any thing or personage in the Old Testament, such as the Ark, or Cain, is equally the privilege of Mussulman and Jew: indeed, the former profess to be much better acquainted with the lives, true and fabulous, of the patriarchs, than is warranted by our own sacred

writ; and not content with Adam, they have a biography of Pre-Adamites. Solomon is the monarch of all necromancy, and Moses a prophet inferior only to Christ and Mahomet. Zuleika is the Persian name of Potiphar's wife; and her amour with Joseph constitutes one of the finest poems in their language. It is, therefore, no violation of costume to put the names of Cain, or Noah, into the mouth of a Moslem.

Page 271, col. 2.

'And Paswan's rebel hordes attest.'] Paswan Oglou, the rebel of Widdin: who, for the last years of his life, set the whole power of the Porte at defiance.

Page 271, col. 2.

'They gave their horse-tails to the wind.'] Horse-tail, the standard of a Pacha.

Page 271, col. 2.

'He drank one draught, nor needed more!'] Giaffir, Pacha of Argyro Castro, or Scutari, I am not sure which, was actually taken off by the Albanian Ali, in the manner described in the text. Ali Pacha, while I was in the country, married the daughter of his victim, some years after the event had taken place at a bath in Sophia, or Adrianople. The poison was mixed in the cup of coffee, which is presented before the sherbet by the bath keeper, after dressing.

Page 272, col. 2.

'I sought by turns, and saw them all.'] The Turkish notions of almost all islands are confined to the Archipelago, the sea alluded to.

Page 273, col. 1.

'The last of Lambro's patriots there.'] Lambro Canzani, a Greek, famous for his efforts, in 1789–90, for the independence of his country. Abandoned by the Russians, he became a pirate, and the Archipelago was the scene of his enterprises. He is said to be still alive at Petersburg. He and Riga are the two most celebrated of the Greek revolutionists.

Page 273, col. 1.

'To snatch the Rayahs from their fate.'] 'Rayahs,'—all who pay the capitation tax, called the 'Haratch.'

Page 273, col. 1.

'Ay! let me like the ocean-Patriarch roam.'] This first of voyages is one of the few with which the Mussulmans profess much acquaintance.

Page 273, col. 1.

'Or only know on land the Tartar's home!'] The wandering life of the Arabs, Tartars, and Turkomans, will be found well detailed in any book of Eastern travels. That it possesses a charm peculiar to itself, cannot be denied. A young French renegade confessed to Chateaubriand, that he never found himself alone, galloping in the desert, without a sensation approaching to rapture which was indescribable.

Page 273, col. 1.

'Blooming as Aden in its earliest hour.'] 'Jannat al Aden,' the perpetual abode, the Mussulman paradise.

Page 275, col. 2.

'And mourn'd above his turban-stone.'] A turban is carved in stone above the graves of *men* only,



## NOTES TO THE CORSAIR

Page 275, col. 2.

'The loud Wul-wulleh warn his distant ear?'] The death-song of the Turkish women. The 'silent slaves' are the men, whose notions of decorum forbid complaint in public.

Page 276, col. 1.

"Where is my child?"—an Echo answers—"Where?" "I came to the place of my birth, and cried, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?'" and an Echo answered, "Where are they?"—*From an Arabic MS.* The above quotation (from which the idea in the text is taken) must be already familiar to every reader; it is given in the first annotation, p. 67, of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' a poem so well known as to render a reference almost superfluous; but to whose pages all will be delighted to recur.

Page 276, col. 2.

'Will shape and syllable its sound.')

'And airy tongues that syllable men's names.'

MILTON.

For a belief that the souls of the dead inhabit the form of birds, we need not travel to the East. Lord Lyttelton's ghost story, the belief of the Duchess of Kendal, that George I. flew into her window in the shape of a raven (see 'Orford's Reminiscences'), and many other instances, bring this superstition nearer home. The most singular was the whim of a Worcester lady, who, believing her daughter to exist in the shape of a singing bird, literally furnished her pew in the cathedral with cages full of the kind; and as she was rich, and a benefactress in beautifying the church, no objection was made to her harmless folly. For this anecdote, see 'Orford's Letters.'

## THE CORSAIR

Page 277.

'The Corsair.'] The time in this poem may seem too short for the occurrences, but the whole of the Ægean isles are within a few hours' sail of the continent, and the reader must be kind enough to take the *wind* as I have often found it.

Page 281, col. 1.

'Hope withering fled, and Mercy sigh'd farewell!'] That Conrad is a character not altogether out of nature. I shall attempt to prove by some historical coincidences which I have met with since writing 'The Corsair.'

'Eccelin prisonnier,' dit Rolandini, 's'enfermoit dans un visage menaçant, il fixoit sur la terre son visage féroce, et ne donnoit point d'essor à sa profonde indignation. De toutes partes cependant les soldats et les peuples accouroient: ils vouloient voir cet homme, jadis si puissant, et la joie universelle éclatoit de toutes partes. \* \* \* Eccelin étoit d'une petite taille; mais tout l'aspect de sa personne, tous ses mouvements, indiquoient un soldat.—Son langage étoit amer, son déportement superbe—et par son seul regard, il faisoit trembler les plus hardis.'—*Sismundi*, tome iii. p. 219.

Again, 'Gizericus (Genser, king of the Vandals, the conqueror of both Carthage and Rome), staturâ mediocris, et equi casu claudicans, animo profundus, sermone rarus, luxurie contemptor, irâ turbidus, habendi cupidus, ad sollicitandas gentes providentissimus,' &c. &c.—*Jornandes de Rebus Geticis*, c. 33.

I beg leave to quote these gloomy realities to keep in countenance my Giaour and Corsair.

Page 284, col. 1.

'Of fair Olympia loved and left of old.'] Orlando Furioso, Canto x.

Page 285, col. 2.

'Around the waves' phosphoric brightness broke.'] By night, particularly in a warm latitude, every stroke of the oar, every motion of the boat or ship, is followed by a slight flash like sheet lightning from the water.

Page 286, col. 2.

'Though to the rest the sober berry's juice.'] Coffee.

Page 286, col. 2.

'The long chibouque's dissolving cloud supply.'] 'Chibouque,' pipe.

Page 286, col. 2.

'While dance the Almas to wild minstrelsy.'] Dancing girls.

Page 286, col. 2.

'Escaped, is here—himself would tell the rest.'] It has been observed, that Conrad's entering disguised as a spy is out of nature. Perhaps so. I find something not unlike it in history.—Anxious to explore with his own eyes the state of the Vandals, Majorian ventured, after disguising the colour of his hair, to visit Carthage in the character of his own ambassador; and Genserich was afterwards mortified by the discovery, that he had entertained and dismissed the Emperor of the Romans. Such an anecdote may be rejected as an improbable fiction: but it is a fiction which would not have been imagined unless in the life of a hero.—See Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, vol. vi. p. 180.

Page 287, col. 2.

'And my stern vow and order's laws oppose.'] The Dervises are in colleges, and of different orders, as the monks.

Page 288, col. 1.

'They seize that Dervise!—seize on Zatanai!'] 'Zatanai,' Satan.

Page 288, col. 2.

'He tore his beard, and foaming fled the fight.'] A common and not very novel effect of Mussulman anger. See Prince Eugene's Memoirs, page 24. 'The Seraskier received a wound in the thigh; he plucked up his beard by the roots, because he was obliged to quit the field.'

Page 289, col. 1.

'Brief time had Conrad now to greet Gulnare.'] Gulnare, a female name; it means, literally, the flower of the pomegranate.

Page 292, col. 1.

'Till even the scaffold echoes with their jest!'] In Sir Thomas More, for instance, on the scaffold, and Anne Boleyn, in the Tower, when, grasping her neck, she remarked, that it 'was too slender to trouble the headsman much.' During one part of the French Revolution, it became a fashion to leave some 'mor' as a legacy; and the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.

Page 293, col. 1.

'Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run.'] The opening lines, as far as section II., have, perhaps, little business here, and were annexed to an unpublished (though printed) poem ['The Curse of Minerva']; but they were written on the spot, in the Spring of 1814, and—I scarce know why—the reader must excuse their appearance here—if he can.

Page 294, col. 1.

'That closed their murder'd sage's latest day!'] Socrates drank the hemlock a short time before sunset (the hour of execution), notwithstanding the entreaties of his disciples to wait till the sun went down.

Page 294, col. 1.

'The queen of night asserts her silent reign.'] The twilight in Greece is much shorter than in our own country; the days in winter are longer, but in summer of shorter duration.

Page 294, col. 1.

'The gleaming turret of the gay kiosk.'] The Kiosk is a Turkish summer-house: the palm is without the present walls of Athens, not far from the temple of Theseus, between which and the tree the wall intervenes.—Cephisus' stream is indeed scanty, and Ilissus has no stream at all.

Page 295, col. 2.

'His only bends in seeming o'er his beads.'] The comboloio, or Mahometan rosary; the beads are in number ninety-nine.

Page 301, col. 2.

'And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd.'] In the Levant it is the custom to strew flowers on the bodies of the dead, and in the hands of young persons to place a nosegay.

Page 303, col. 2.

'Link'd with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.'] That the point of honour which is represented in one instance of Conrad's character has not been carried beyond the bounds of probability, may perhaps be in some degree confirmed by the following anecdote of a brother buccaneer in the year 1814:—'Our readers have all seen the account of the enterprise against the pirates of Barrataria; but few, we believe, were informed of the situation, history, or nature of that establishment. For the information of such as were unacquainted with it, we have procured from a friend the following interesting narrative of the main facts, of which he has personal knowledge, and which cannot fail to interest some of our readers:—Barrataria is a bay, or a narrow arm, of the Gulf of Mexico; it runs through a rich but very flat country, until it reaches within a mile of the Mississippi river, fifteen miles below the city of New Orleans. The bay has branches almost innumerable, in which persons can lie concealed from the severest scrutiny. It communicates with three lakes which lie on the south-west side, and these, with the lake of the same name, and which lies contiguous to the sea, where there is an island formed by the two arms of this lake and the sea. The east and west points of this island were fortified, in the year 1811, by a band of pirates, under the command of one Monsieur La Fitte. A large majority of these outlaws are of that class of the population of the state of Louisiana who fled from the island of St. Domingo

during the troubles there, and took refuge in the island of Cuba; and when the last war between France and Spain commenced, they were compelled to leave that island with the short notice of a few days. Without ceremony they entered the United States, the most of them the state of Louisiana, with all the negroes they had possessed in Cuba. They were notified by the Governor of that State of the clause in the constitution which forbade the importation of slaves; but, at the same time, received the assurance of the Governor that he would obtain, if possible, the approbation of the General Government for their retaining this property.—The island of Barrataria is situated about lat. 29 deg. 15 min., lon. 92. 30.; and is as remarkable for its health as for the superior scale and shell fish with which its waters abound. The chief of this horde, like Charles de Moor, had, mixed with his many vices, some virtues. In the year 1813, this party had, from its turpitude and boldness, claimed the attention of the Governor of Louisiana; and to break up the establishment he thought proper to strike at the head. He therefore offered a reward of 500 dollars for the head of Monsieur La Fitte, who was well known to the inhabitants of the city of New Orleans, from his immediate connexion, and his once having been a fencing-master in that city of great reputation, which art he learnt in Buonaparte's army, where he was a captain. The reward which was offered by the Governor for the head of La Fitte was answered by the offer of a reward from the latter of 15,000 for the head of the Governor. The Governor ordered out a company to march from the city to La Fitte's island, and to burn and destroy all the property, and to bring to the city of New Orleans all his banditti. This company, under the command of a man who had been the intimate associate of this bold Captain, approached very near to the fortified island, before he saw a man, or heard a sound, until he heard a whistle, not unlike a boatswain's call. Then it was he found himself surrounded by armed men who had emerged from the secret avenues which led into Bayou. Here it was that the modern Charles de Moor developed his few noble traits; for to this man, who had come to destroy his life and all that was dear to him, he not only spared his life, but offered him that which would have made the honest soldier easy for the remainder of his days; which was indignantly refused. He then, with the approbation of his captor, returned to the city. This circumstance, and some concomitant events, proved that this band of pirates was not to be taken by land. Our naval force having always been small in that quarter, exertions for the destruction of this illicit establishment could not be expected from them until augmented: for an officer of the navy, with most of the gun-boats on that station, had to retreat from an overwhelming force of La Fitte's. So soon as the augmentation of the navy authorized an attack, one was made; the overthrow of this banditti has been the result: and now this almost invulnerable point and key to New Orleans is clear of an enemy, it is to be hoped the government will hold it by a strong military force.—*American Newspaper.*

In Noble's continuation of 'Granger's Biographical History' there is a singular passage in his account of Archbishop Blackbourne; and as in some measure connected with the profession of the hero of the foregoing poem, I cannot resist the temptation of extracting it.—'There is something mysterious in the history and character of Dr.

## NOTES TO LARA

Blackbourne. The former is but imperfectly known; and report has even asserted he was a buccaneer; and that one of his brethren in that profession having asked, on his arrival in England, what had become of his old chum, Blackbourne, was answered, he is Archbishop of York. We are informed that Blackbourne was installed sub-dean of Exeter in 1694, which office he resigned in 1702; but after his successor Lewis Barnett's death, in 1704, he regained it. In the following year he became dean; and in 1714 held with it the archdeaconry of Cornwall. He was consecrated bishop of Exeter, February 24, 1716; and translated to York, November 28, 1724, as a reward, according to court scandal, for uniting George I. to the Duchess of Munster. This, however, appears to have been an unfounded calumny. As archbishop he behaved with great prudence, and was equally respectable as the guardian of the revenues of the see. Rumour whispered he retained the vices of his youth, and that a passion for the fair sex formed an item in the list of his weaknesses; but so far from being convicted by seventy witnesses, he does not appear to have been directly criminated by one. In short, I look upon these aspersions as the effects of mere malice. How is it possible a buccaneer should have been so good a scholar as Blackbourne certainly was? He who had so perfect a knowledge of the classics (particularly of the Greek tragedians), as to be able to read them with the same ease as he could Shakespeare, must have taken great pains to acquire the learned languages; and have had both leisure and good masters. But he was undoubtedly educated at Christ-church College, Oxford. He is allowed to have been a pleasant man; this, however, was turned against him, by its being said, "he gained more hearts than souls."

"The only voice that could soothe the passions of the savage (Alphonso III.) was that of an amiable and virtuous wife, the sole object of his love; the voice of Donna Isabella, the daughter of the Duke of Savoy, and the grand-daughter of Philip II. King of Spain.—Her dying words sunk deep into his memory; his fierce spirit melted into tears; and, after the last embrace, Alphonso retired into his chamber to bewail his irreparable loss, and to meditate on the vanity of human life."—*Gibbon's Miscellaneous Works*, vol. iii. p. 473.

## LARA

Page 303, col. 1.

'The Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain.'] The reader is apprised, that the name of Lara being Spanish, and no circumstance of local and natural description fixing the scene or hero of the poem to any country or age, the word 'Serf,' which could not be correctly applied to the lower classes in Spain, who were never vassals of the soil, has nevertheless been employed to designate the followers of our fictitious chieftain.

Page 318, col. 2.

'A Serf that cross'd the intervening vale.'] The event in this section was suggested by the description of the death, or rather burial, of the Duke of Gandia. The most interesting and particular account of it is given by Burchard, and is in substance as follows:—"On the eighth day of June, the Cardinal of Valenza and the Duke of Gandia, sons of the pope, supped with their mother, Vanozza, near the church of *S. Pietro ad vincula*; several other persons being present at the entertainment. A late

hour approaching, and the cardinal having reminded his brother that it was time to return to the apostolic palace, they mounted their horses or mules, with only a few attendants, and proceeded together as far as the Palace of Cardinal Ascanio Sforza, when the duke informed the cardinal that, before he returned home, he had to pay a visit of pleasure. Dismissing therefore all his attendants, excepting his *staffiero*, or footman, and a person in a mask, who had paid him a visit whilst at supper, and who, during the space of a month or thereabouts, previous to this time, had called upon him almost daily at the apostolic palace, he took this person behind him on his mule, and proceeded to the street of the Jews, where he quitted his servant, directing him to remain there until a certain hour; when, if he did not return, he might repair to the palace. The duke then seated the person in the mask behind him, and rode, I know not whither; but in that night he was assassinated, and thrown into the river. The servant, after having been dismissed, was also assaulted and mortally wounded; and although he was attended with great care, yet such was his situation, that he could give no intelligible account of what had befallen his master. In the morning, the duke not having returned to the palace, his servants began to be alarmed; and one of them informed the pontiff of the evening excursion of his sons, and that the duke had not yet made his appearance. This gave the pope no small anxiety; but he conjectured that the duke had been attracted by some courtesan to pass the night with her, and not choosing to quit the house in open day, had waited till the following evening to return home. When, however, the evening arrived, and he found himself disappointed in his expectations, he became deeply afflicted, and began to make inquiries from different persons, whom he ordered to attend him for that purpose. Amongst these was a man named Giorgio Schiavoni, who, having discharged some timber from a bark in the river, had remained on board the vessel to watch it; and being interrogated whether he had seen any one thrown into the river on the night preceding, he replied, that he saw two men on foot, who came down the street, and looked diligently about, to observe whether any person was passing. That seeing no one, they returned, and a short time afterwards two others came, and looked around in the same manner as the former: no person still appearing, they gave a sign to their companions, when a man came, mounted on a white horse, having behind him a dead body, the head and arms of which hung on one side, and the feet on the other side of the horse; the two persons on foot supporting the body, to prevent its falling. They thus proceeded towards that part where the filth of the city is usually discharged into the river, and turning the horse, with his tail towards the water, the two persons took the dead body by the arms and feet, and with all their strength flung it into the river. The person on horseback then asked if they had thrown it in; to which they replied, *Signor sì* (yes, Sir). He then looked towards the river, and seeing a mantle floating on the stream, he inquired what it was that appeared black, to which they answered, it was a mantle; and one of them threw stones upon it, in consequence of which it sunk. The attendants of the pontiff then inquired from Giorgio, why he had not revealed this to the governor of the city; to which he replied, that he had seen in his time a hundred dead bodies thrown into the river at the same place, without any inquiry being made respecting them; and that he had not, therefore,

## NOTES TO THE SIEGE OF CORINTH AND PARISINA

considered it as a matter of any importance. The fishermen and seamen were then collected, and ordered to search the river, where, on the following evening, they found the body of the duke, with his habit entire, and thirty ducats in his purse. He was pierced with nine wounds, one of which was in his throat, the others in his head, body, and limbs. No sooner was the pontiff informed of the death of his son, and that he had been thrown, like filth, into the river, than, giving way to his grief, he shut himself up in a chamber, and wept bitterly. The Cardinal of Segovia, and other attendants on the pope, went to the door, and after many hours spent in persuasions and exhortations, prevailed upon him to admit them. From the evening of Wednesday till the following Saturday the pope took no food; nor did he sleep from Thursday morning till the same hour on the ensuing day. At length, however, giving way to the entreaties of his attendants, he began to restrain his sorrow, and to consider the injury which his own health might sustain by the further indulgence of his grief.'—*ROSCOE'S Leo Tenth*, vol. i. p. 265.

### THE SIEGE OF CORINTH

Page 320, col. 1.

'And some are rebels on the hills.'] The last tidings recently heard of Dervish (one of the Arnauts who followed me) state him to be in revolt upon the mountains, at the head of some of the bands common in that country in times of trouble.

Page 320, col. 1.

'The Turcoman hath left his herd.'] The life of the Turcomans is wandering and patriarchal: they dwell in tents.

Page 321, col. 1.

'Counmouri—he whose closing scene.'] Ali Counmouri, the favourite of three Sultans, and Grand Vizier to Achmet III., after recovering Peloponnesus from the Venetians in one campaign, was mortally wounded in the next, against the Germans, at the battle of Peterwaradin (in the plain of Carlowitz), in Hungary, endeavouring to rally his guards. He died of his wounds next day. His last order was the decapitation of General Breuner, and some other German prisoners; and his last words, 'Oh that I could thus serve all the Christian dogs!' a speech and act not unlike one of Caligula. He was a young man of great ambition and unbounded presumption: on being told that Prince Eugene, then opposed to him, 'was a great general,' he said, 'I shall become a greater, and at his expense.'

Page 323, col. 2.

'There shrinks no ebb in that tideless sea.'] The reader need hardly be reminded that there are no perceptible tides in the Mediterranean.

Page 324, col. 1.

'And their white tusks crunch'd o'er the whiter skull.'] This spectacle I have seen, such as described, beneath the wall of the Seraglio at Constantinople, in the little cavities worn by the Bosphorus in the rock, a narrow terrace of which projects between the wall and the water. I think the fact is also mentioned in Hobhouse's *Travels*. The bodies were probably those of some refractory Janizaries.

Page 324, col. 1.

'And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair.'] This tuft, or long lock, is left from a superstition that Mahomet will draw them into Paradise by it.

Page 324, col. 2.

'Sent that soft and tender moan?'] I must here acknowledge a close, though unintentional, resemblance in these twelve lines to a passage in an unpublished poem of Mr. Coleridge, called 'Christabel.' It was not till after these lines were written that I heard that wild and singularly original and beautiful poem recited; and the MS. of that production I never saw till very recently, by the kindness of Mr. Coleridge himself, who, I hope, is convinced that I have not been a wilful plagiarist. The original idea undoubtedly pertains to Mr. Coleridge, whose poem has been composed above fourteen years. Let me conclude by a hope that he will not longer delay the publication of a production, of which I can only add my mite of approbation to the applause of far more competent judges.

Page 326, col. 1.

'There is a light cloud by the moon.'] I have been told that the idea expressed in this and the five following lines has been admired by those whose approbation is valuable. I am glad of it; but it is not original—at least not mine; it may be found much better expressed in pages 182–3–4 of the English version of 'Vathek' (I forget the precise page of the French), a work to which I have before referred; and never recur to, or read, without a renewal of gratification.

Page 326, col. 2.

'The horsetails are pluck'd from the ground, and the sword.'] The horsetails, fixed upon a lance, a pacha's standard.

Page 327, col. 2.

'And since the day, when in the strait.'] In the naval battle at the mouth of the Dardanelles, between the Venetians and Turks.

Page 330, col. 2.

'The jackals' troop, in gather'd cry.'] I believe I have taken a poetical licence to transplant the jackal from Asia. In Greece I never saw nor heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds. They haunt ruins, and follow armies.

### PARISINA

Page 331.

'Parisina.'] This turned out a calamitous year for the people of Ferrara, for there occurred a very tragical event in the court of their sovereign. Our annals, both printed and in manuscript, with the exception of the unpolished and negligent work of Sardi, and one other, have given the following relation of it,—from which, however, are rejected many details, and especially the narrative of Bandelli, who wrote a century afterwards, and who does not accord with the contemporary historians.

'By the above-mentioned Stella dell' Assassino, the Marquis, in the year 1405, had a son called Ugo, a beautiful and ingenuous youth. Parisina Malatesta, second wife of Niccolo, like the generality of step-mothers, treated him with little kindness, to the infinite regret of the Marquis, who regarded

## NOTES TO PARISINA

him with fond partiality. One day she asked leave of her husband to undertake a certain journey, to which he consented, but upon condition that Ugo should bear her company: for he hoped by these means to induce her, in the end, to lay aside the obstinate aversion which she had conceived against him. And indeed his intent was accomplished but too well, since, during the journey, she not only divested herself of all her hatred, but fell into the opposite extreme. After their return, the Marquis had no longer any occasion to renew his former reproofs. It happened one day that a servant of the Marquis, named Zoese, or, as some call him, Giorgio, passing before the apartments of Parisina, saw going out from them one of her chamber-maids, all terrified and in tears. Asking the reason, she told him that her mistress, for some slight offence, had been beating her; and giving vent to her rage, she added, that she could easily be revenged, if she chose to make known the criminal familiarity which subsisted between Parisina and her step-son. The servant took note of the words, and related them to his master. He was astounded thereat, but, scarcely believing his ears, he assured himself of the fact, alas! too clearly, on the 18th of May, by looking through a hole made in the ceiling of his wife's chamber. Instantly he broke into a furious rage, and arrested both of them, together with Aldobrandino Rangoni, of Modena, her gentleman, and also, as some say, two of the women of her chamber, as abettors of this sinful act. He ordered them to be brought to a hasty trial, desiring the judges to pronounce sentence, in the accustomed forms, upon the culprits. This sentence was death. Some there were that bestirred themselves in favour of the delinquents, and amongst others, Ugoccion Contrario, who was all-powerful with Niccolo, and also his aged and much-deserving minister Alberto dal Sale. Both of these, their tears flowing down their cheeks, and upon their knees, implored him for mercy; adducing whatever reasons they could suggest for sparing the offenders, besides those motives of honour and decency which might persuade him to conceal from the public so scandalous a deed. But his rage made him inflexible, and, on the instant, he commanded that sentence should be put in execution.

It was, then, in the prisons of the castle, and exactly in those frightful dungeons which are seen at this day beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, that on the night of the 21st of May were beheaded, first Ugo, and afterwards Parisina. Zoese, he that accused her, conducted the latter under his arm to the place of punishment. She, all along, fancied that she was to be thrown into a pit, and asked at every step, whether she was yet come to the spot? She was told that her punishment was the axe. She inquired what was become of Ugo, and received for answer, that he was already dead; at the which, sighing grievously, she exclaimed, "Now, then, I wish not myself to live;" and, being come to the block, she stripped herself with her own hands of all her ornaments, and, wrapping a cloth round her head, submitted to the fatal stroke, which terminated the cruel scene. The same was done with Rangoni, who, together with the others, according to two calendars in the library of St. Francesco, was buried in the cemetery of that convent. Nothing else is known respecting the women.

'The Marquis kept watch the whole of that dreadful night, and, as he was walking backwards and forwards, inquired of the captain of the castle

if Ugo was dead yet? who answered him, Yes. He then gave himself up to the most desperate lamentations, exclaiming, "Oh that I too were dead, since I have been hurried on to resolve thus against my own Ugo!" And then gnawing with his teeth a cane which he had in his hand, he passed the rest of the night in sighs and in tears, calling frequently upon his own dear Ugo. On the following day, calling to mind that it would be necessary to make public his justification, seeing that the transaction could not be kept secret, he ordered the narrative to be drawn out upon paper, and sent it to all the courts of Italy.

'On receiving this advice, the Doge of Venice, Francesco Foscari, gave orders, but without publishing his reasons, that stop should be put to the preparations for a tournament, which, under the auspices of the Marquis, and at the expense of the city of Padua, was about to take place, in the square of St. Mark, in order to celebrate his advancement to the ducal chair.

'The Marquis, in addition to what he had already done, from some unaccountable burst of vengeance, commanded that as many of the married women as were well known to him to be faithless, like his Parisina, should, like her, be beheaded. Amongst others, Barberina, or, as some call her, Laodamia Romei, wife of the court judge, underwent this sentence at the usual place of execution; that is to say, in the quarter of St. Giacomo, opposite the present fortress, beyond St. Paul's. It cannot be told how strange appeared this proceeding in a prince, who, considering his own disposition, should, as it seemed, have been in such cases most indulgent. Some, however, there were who did not fail to commend him.\*

Page 331, col. 1.

'As twilight melts beneath the moon away.'] The lines contained in this section were printed as set to music some time since, but belonged to the poem where they now appear; the greater part of which was composed prior to 'Lara.'

Page 333, col. 2.

'That should have won as haught a crest.'] Haught—haughty.—Away, *haught* man, thou art insulting me.—SHAKESPEARE.

## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

Page 337, col. 1.

'In a single night.'] Ludovico Sforza, and others.—The same is asserted of Marie Antoinette's, the wife of Louis the Sixteenth, though not in quite so short a period. Grief is said to have the same effect: to such, and not to fear, this change in *hers* was to be attributed.

Page 338, col. 2.

'From Chillon's snow-white battlement.'] The Château de Chillon is situated between Clarens and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. On its left are the entrances of the Rhone, and opposite are the heights of Meillerie and the range of Alps above Boveret and St. Gingo. Near it, on a hill behind, is a torrent: below it, washing its walls, the lake has been fathomed to the depth of 800 feet French measure: within it are a range of dungeons, in which the early reformers, and subsequently prisoners of state, were confined. Across one of the vaults is

\* FRIZZI—"History of Ferrara."

## NOTES TO MAZEPPA AND THE ISLAND

a beam black with age, on which we were informed that the condemned were formerly executed. In the cells are seven pillars, or, rather, eight, one being half merged in the wall; in some of these are rings for the fetters and the fettered: in the pavement the steps of Bonnivard have left their traces. He was confined here several years. It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his *Héloïse*, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death. The château is large, and seen along the lake for a great distance. The walls are white.

Page 340, col. 2.

'And then there was a little isle.' Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a very small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view.

### MAZEPPA

Page 342, col. 2.

'Rich as a salt or silver mine.' This comparison of a 'salt mine' may, perhaps, be permitted to a Pole, as the wealth of the country consists greatly in the salt mines.

### THE ISLAND

Page 351, col. 2.

'And bread itself is gather'd as a fruit.' The now celebrated bread-fruit, to transplant which Captain Bligh's expedition was undertaken.

Page 352, col. 1.

'How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai.' The first three sections are taken from an actual song of the Tonga Islanders, of which a prose translation is given in 'Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.' Toobonai is *not* however one of them; but was one of those where Christian and the mutineers took refuge. I have altered and added, but have retained as much as possible of the original.

Page 354, col. 1.

'As Ishmael, wafted on his desert-ship.' The 'ship of the desert' is the Oriental figure for the camel or dromedary; and they deserve the metaphor well,—the former for his endurance, the latter for his swiftness.

Page 354, col. 1.

'Beyond itself, and must retrace its way.'

'Lucullus, when frugality could charm,  
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.'—  
POPE.

Page 354, col. 2.

'Had formed his glorious namesake's counterpart.' The consul Nero, who made the unequalled march which deceived Hannibal, and defeated Asdrubal; thereby accomplishing an achievement almost unrivalled in military annals. The first intelligence of his return, to Hannibal, was the sight of Asdrubal's head thrown into his camp. When Hannibal saw this, he exclaimed with a sigh, that 'Rome would now be the mistress of the world.' And yet to this victory of Nero's it might

be owing that his imperial namesake reigned at all. But the infamy of the one has eclipsed the glory of the other. When the name of 'Nero' is heard, who thinks of the consul?—But such are human things!

Page 355, col. 2.

'And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy.' When very young, about eight years of age, after an attack of the scarlet fever at Aberdeen, I was removed by medical advice into the Highlands. Here I passed occasionally some summers, and from this period I date my love of mountainous countries. I can never forget the effect, a few years afterwards, in England, of the only thing I had long seen, even in miniature, of a mountain, in the Malvern Hills. After I returned to Cheltenham, I used to watch them every afternoon, at sunset, with a sensation which I cannot describe. This was boyish enough; but I was then only thirteen years of age, and it was in the holidays.

Page 356, col. 2.

'Sung sweetly to the rose the day's farewell.' The now well-known story of the loves of the nightingale and rose need not be more than alluded to, being sufficiently familiar to the Western as to the Eastern reader.

Page 357, col. 1.

'Than breathes his mimic murmurer in the shell.' If the reader will apply to his ear the seashell on his chimney-piece, he will be aware of what is alluded to. If the text should appear obscure, he will find in 'Gebir' the same idea better expressed in two lines. The poem I never read, but have heard the lines quoted by a more recondite reader—who seems to be of a different opinion from the editor of the Quarterly Review, who qualified it, in his answer to the Critical Reviewer of his Juvenal, as trash of the worst and most insane description. It is to Mr. Landor, the author of 'Gebir,' so qualified, and of some Latin poems, which vie with Martial or Catullus in obscenity, that the immaculate Mr. Southey addresses his declamation against impurity!

Page 357, col. 2.

'But deem him sailor or philosopher.' Hobbes, the father of Locke's and other philosophy, was an inveterate smoker,—even to pipes beyond computation.

Page 357, col. 2.

'Flock o'er the deck, in Neptune's borrow'd car.' This rough but jovial ceremony, used in crossing the line, has been so often and so well described, that it need not be more than alluded to.

Page 358, col. 2.

'"Right," quoth Ben, "that will do for the marines."' 'That will do for the marines, but the sailors won't believe it,' is an old saying; and one of the few fragments of former jealousies which still survive (in jest only) between these gallant services.

Page 359, col. 1.

'No less of human bravery than the brave!' Archidamus, king of Sparta, and son of Agesilaus, when he saw a machine invented for the casting of stones and darts, exclaimed that it was the 'grave of valour.' The same story has been told of some knights on the first application of gunpowder; but the original anecdote is in Plutarch.

## NOTES TO THE ISLAND

Page 363, col. 1.

'Whose only portal was the keyless wave.'] Of this cave (which is no fiction) the original will be found in the ninth chapter of 'Mariner's Account of the Tonga Islands.' I have taken the poetical liberty to transplant it to Toobonai, the last island where any distinct account is left of Christian and his comrades.

Page 363, col. 2.

'The fretted pinnacle, the aisle, the nave.'] This may seem too minute for the general outline (in Mariner's Account) from which it is taken. But few men have travelled without seeing something of the kind—on land, that is. Without adverting to Ellora, in Mungo Park's last journal, he mentions having met with a rock or mountain so exactly resembling a Gothic cathedral, that only minute inspection could convince him that it was a work of nature.

Page 364, col. 1.

'With each new being born or to be born.'] The reader will recollect the epigram of the Greek anthology, or its translation into most of the modern languages:—

'Whoe'er thou art, thy master see—  
He was, or is, or is to be.'

Page 364, col. 1.

'The kindling ashes to his kindled breast.'] The tradition is attached to the story of Eloisa, that when her body was lowered into the grave of Abelard (who had been buried twenty years), he opened his arms to receive her.

Page 365, col. 2.

'He tore the topmost button from his vest.'] In Thibault's account of Frederic the Second of Prussia, there is a singular relation of a young Frenchman, who with his mistress appeared to be of some rank. He enlisted and deserted at Schweidnitz; and after a desperate resistance was retaken, having killed an officer, who attempted to seize him after he was wounded, by the discharge of his musket loaded with a *button* of his uniform. Some circumstances on his court-martial raised a great interest amongst his judges, who wished to discover his real situation in life, which he offered to disclose, but to the *king* only, to whom he requested permission to write. This was refused, and Frederic was filled with the greatest indignation, from baffled curiosity or some other motive, when he understood that his request had been denied.

### THE PROPHECY OF DANTE

Page 371, col. 1.

'Midst whom my own bright Beatrice bless'd.'] The reader is requested to adopt the Italian pronunciation of Beatrice, sounding all the syllables.

Page 371, col. 1.

'My paradise had still been incomplete.']

'Che sol per le belle opre  
Che fanno in Cielo il sole a l'altre stelle  
Dentro di lui' *si crede il Paradiso*,  
Così se guardi fisso  
Pensar ben dèi ch'ogni terren' piacere.'

Canzone, in which Dante describes the person of Beatrice, Srophe third.

Page 371, col. 2.

'I would have had my Florence great and free.']

'L'Esilio che m'è dato onor mi tegno

\* \* \* \* \*

Cader tra' buoni è pur di lode degno.'

*Sonnet of Dante,*

in which he represents Right, Generosity, and Temperance as banished from among men, and seeking refuge from Love, who inhabits his bosom.

Page 371, col. 2.

'And doom this body forfeit to the fire.'] 'Ut si quis predictorum ullo tempore in fortiam dicti communis pervenerit, *talis perveniens igne comburatur, sic quod moriatur.*' Second sentence of Florence against Dante, and the fourteen accused with him. The Latin is worthy of the sentence.

Page 373, col. 1.

'Where yet my boys are, and that fatal she.'] This lady, whose name was *Gemma*, sprung from one of the most powerful Guelph families named Donati. Corso Donati was the principal adversary of the Ghibellines. She is described as being '*Admodum morosa, ut de Xantippe Socratis philosophi conjuge scriptum esse legimus*,' according to Gianozzo Manetti. But Lionardo Aretino is scandalised with Boccaccio, in his Life of Dante, for saying that literary men should not marry. 'Qui il Boccaccio non ha pazienza, e dice, le mogli esser contrarie agli studi; e non si ricorda che Socrate il più nobile filosofo che mai fosse, ebbe moglie e figliuoli e uffici della Repubblica nella sua Città; e Aristotele che, &c. &c., ebbe due mogli in varj tempi, ed ebbe figliuoli, e ricchezze assai.—E Marco Tullio—e Catone—e Varrone—e Seneca—ebbero moglie, &c. &c. It is odd that honest Lionardo's examples, with the exception of Seneca, and, for anything I know, of Aristotle, are not the most felicitous. Tully's Terentia, and Socrates' Xantippe, by no means contributed to their husbands' happiness, whatever they might do to their philosophy.—Cato gave away his wife—of Varro's we know nothing—and of Seneca's, only that she was disposed to die with him, but recovered and lived several years afterwards. But says Lionardo, 'L'uomo è animale civile, secondo piace a tutti i filosofi.' And thence concludes that the greatest proof of the *animal's civism* is 'la prima congiunzione, dalla quale moltiplicata nasce la Città.'

Page 374, col. 1.

'Nine moons shall rise o'er scenes like this and set.'] See 'Sacco di Roma,' generally attributed to Guicciardini. There is another written by a Jacopo Buonaparte.

Page 375, col. 1.

'Conquerors on foreign shores, and the far wave.'] Alexander of Parma, Spinola, Pescara, Eugene of Savoy, Montecucco.

Page 375, col. 1.

'Discoverers of new worlds, which take their name.'] Columbus, Americus Vespusius, Sebastian Cabot.

Page 375, col. 2.

'He who once enters in a tyrant's hall.'] A verse from the Greek tragedians, with which Pompey took leave of Cornelia on entering the boat in which he was slain.

## NOTES TO THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE, ETC.

Page 375, col. 2.

'A captive, sees his half of manhood gone.'] The verse and sentiment are taken from Homer.

Page 376, col. 1.

'And he, their prince, shall rank among my peers.'] Petrarch.

Page 377, col. 2.

'A dome, its image, while the base expands.'] The Cupola of St. Peter's.

Page 378, col. 1.

'His chisel bid the Hebrew, at whose word.'] The statue of Moses on the monument of Julius II.

### SONETTO

*Di Giovanni Battista Zappi*

Chi è costui, che in dura pietra scolto,  
Siede gigante; e le più illustre, e conte  
Opere dell' arte avvanza, e ha vive, e pronte  
Le labbia sì, che le parole ascolto?  
Quest' è Mosè; ben me 'l diceva il folto  
Onor del mento, e 'l doppio raggio in fronte,  
Quest' è Mosè, quando scendea del monte,  
E gran parte del Nume avea nel volto.  
Tal era allor, che le sonanti, e vaste  
Acque ei sospese a se d' intorno, e tale  
Quando il mar chiuse, e ne fè tomba altrui.  
E voi sue turbe un rio vitello alzaste?  
Alzata avete immago a questa eguale!  
Ch' era men fallo l' adorar costui.

Page 378, col. 1.

'Over the damn'd before the Judgment-throne.'] The Last Judgment, in the Sistine Chapel.

Page 378, col. 1.

'The stream of his great thoughts shall spring from me.'] I have read somewhere (if I do not err, for I cannot recollect where), that Dante was so great a favourite of Michael Angelo's, that he had designed the whole of the Divina Commedia: but that the volume containing these studies was lost by sea.

Page 378, col. 1.

'Her charms to pontiffs proud, who but employ.'] See the treatment of Michael Angelo by Julius II., and his neglect by Leo X.

Page 379, col. 1.

"'What have I done to thee, my people?'" Stern.'] 'E scrisse più volte non solamente a particolari cittadini del reggimento, ma ancora al popolo, e intra l' altre una Epistola assai lunga che comincia: "Popule mi, quid feci tibi?"' *Vita di Dante scritta da Lionardo Aretino.*

### THE MORGANTE MAGGIORE

Page 386, col. 2.

'He gave him such a punch upon the head.'] 'Gli dette in su la testa un gran punzone.' It is strange that Pulci should have literally anticipated the technical terms of my old friend and master, Jackson, and the art which he has carried to its highest pitch. 'A punch on the head,' or 'a punch in the head,'—'un punzone in su la testa,'—is the exact and frequent phrase of our best pugilists, who little dream that they are talking the purest Tuscan.

### MANFRED

Page 396, col. 1.

'It is not noon—the sunbow's rays still arch.'] This iris is formed by the rays of the sun over the lower part of the Alpine torrents: it is exactly like a rainbow come down to pay a visit, and so close that you may walk into it: this effect lasts till noon.

Page 397, col. 1.

'Eros and Anteros, at Gadara.'] The philosopher Jamblicus. The story of the raising of Eros and Anteros may be found in his Life by Eunapius. It is well told.

Page 398, col. 1.

'In words of dubious import, but fulfill'd.'] The story of Pausanias, king of Sparta (who commanded the Greeks at the battle of Platea, and afterwards perished for an attempt to betray the Lacedæmonians), and Cleonice, is told in Plutarch's Life of Cimón; and in the Laconics of Pausanias the sophist, in his description of Greece.

Page 403, col. 2.

Of undiseased mankind, the giant sons.'] 'And it came to pass, that the Sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair,' &c.—'There were giants in the earth in those days; and also after that, when the Sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown.'—*Genesis*, ch. vi. verses 2 and 4.

### MARINO FALIERO, DOGE OF VENICE

#### APPENDIX

##### NOTE A

I am obliged for the following excellent translation of the old Chronicle to Mr. F. Cohen, to whom the reader will find himself indebted for a version that I could not myself—though after many years' intercourse with Italian—have given by any means so purely and so faithfully.

### STORY OF MARINO FALIERO, DOGE XLIX. MCCCCLV

On the eleventh day of September, in the year of our Lord 1354, Marino Faliero was elected and chosen to be the Duke of the Commonwealth of Venice. He was Count of Valdemarino, in the Marches of Treviso, and a knight, and a wealthy man to boot. As soon as the election was completed, it was resolved in the Great Council, that a deputation of twelve should be despatched to Marino Faliero the Duke, who was then on his way from Rome; for when he was chosen, he was ambassador at the court of the Holy Father, at Rome,—the Holy Father himself held his court at Avignon. When Messer Marino Faliero the Duke was about to land in this city, on the 5th day of October, 1354, a thick haze came on and darkened the air: and he was enforced to land on the place of St. Mark, between the two columns, on the spot where evil-doers are put to death; and all thought that this was the worst of tokens.—Nor must I forget to write that which I have read in a chronicle. When Messer Marino Faliero was Podesta and Captain of Treviso, the Bishop delayed coming in with the holy sacrament, on a day when a procession was to take place. Now, the said Marino Faliero was so very proud and wrathful, that he



## APPENDIX TO MARINO FALIERO

buffeted the Bishop, and almost struck him to the ground: and, therefore, Heaven allowed Marino Faliero to go out of his right senses, in order that he might bring himself to an evil death.

When this Duke had held the dukedom during nine months and six days, he, being wicked and ambitious, sought to make himself Lord of Venice, in the manner which I have read in an ancient chronicle. When the Thursday arrived upon which they were wont to hunt the bull, the bull hunt took place as usual; and, according to the usage of those times, after the bull hunt had ended, they all proceeded unto the palace of the Duke, and assembled together in one of his halls; and they disported themselves with the women. And until the first bell tolled they danced, and then a banquet was served up. My Lord the Duke paid the expenses thereof, provided he had a Duchess, and after the banquet they all returned to their homes.

Now to this feast there came a certain Ser Michele Steno, a gentleman of poor estate and very young, but crafty and daring, and who loved one of the damsels of the Duchess. Ser Michele stood amongst the women upon the solajo; and he behaved indiscreetly, so that my Lord the Duke ordered that he should be kicked off the solajo; and the esquires of the Duke flung him down from the solajo accordingly. Ser Michele thought that such an affront was beyond all bearing; and when the feast was over, and all other persons had left the palace, he, continuing heated with anger, went to the hall of audience, and wrote certain unseemly words relating to the Duke and the Duchess upon the chair in which the Duke was used to sit; for in those days the Duke did not cover his chair with cloth of sendal, but he sat in a chair of wood. Ser Michele wrote thereon—*“Marin Falier, the husband of the fair wife: others kiss her, but he keeps her.”* In the morning the words were seen, and the matter was considered to be very scandalous; and the Senate commanded the Avogadori of the Commonwealth to proceed therein with the greatest diligence. A largess of great amount was immediately proffered by the Avogadori, in order to discover who had written these words. And at length it was known that Michele Steno had written them. It was resolved in the Council of Forty that he should be arrested; and he then confessed that in the fit of vexation and spite, occasioned by his being thrust off the solajo in the presence of his mistress, he had written the words. Therefore the Council debated thereon. And the Council took his youth into consideration, and that he was a lover; and therefore they adjudged that he should be kept in close confinement during two months, and that afterwards he should be banished from Venice and the state during one year. In consequence of this merciful sentence the Duke became exceedingly wroth, it appearing to him, that the Council had not acted in such a manner as was required by the respect due to his dual dignity; and he said that they ought to have condemned Ser Michele to be hanged by the neck, or at least to be banished for life.

Now it was fated that my Lord Duke Marino was to have his head cut off. And as it is necessary when any effect is to be brought about, that the cause of such effect must happen, it therefore came to pass, that on the very day after sentence had been pronounced on Ser Michele Steno, being the first day of Lent, a gentleman of the house of Barbaro, a choleric gentleman, went to the arsenal, and required certain things of the masters of the galleys. This he did in the presence of the Admiral

of the arsenal, and he, hearing the request, answered,—No, it cannot be done. High words arose between the gentleman and the Admiral, and the gentleman struck him with his fist just above the eye; and as he happened to have a ring on his finger, the ring cut the Admiral and drew blood. The Admiral, all bruised and bloody, ran straight to the Duke to complain, and with the intent of praying him to inflict some heavy punishment upon the gentleman of Cà Barbaro.—‘What wouldst thou have me do for thee?’ answered the Duke:—‘think upon the shameful gibe which hath been written concerning me: and think on the manner in which they have punished that rascal Michele Steno, who wrote it; and see how the Council of Forty respect our person.’—Upon this the Admiral answered,—‘My Lord Duke, if you would wish to make yourself a prince, and to cut all those cuckold gentlemen to pieces, I have the heart, if you do but help me, to make you prince of all this state; and then you may punish them all.’ Hearing this, the Duke said,—‘How can such a matter be brought about?’—and so they discoursed thereon.

The Duke called for his nephew, Ser Bertuccio Faliero, who lived with him in the palace, and they communed about this plot. And without leaving the place, they sent for Philip Calendaro, a seaman of great repute, and for Bertuccio Israello, who was exceedingly wily and cunning. Then taking counsel amongst themselves, they agreed to call in some others; and so, for several nights successively, they met with the Duke at home in his palace. And the following men were called in singly, to wit:—Niccolo Fagiuolo, Giovanni da Corfu, Stefano Fagiono, Niccolo dalle Bende, Niccolo Biondo, and Stefano Trivisano.—It was concerted that sixteen or seventeen leaders should be stationed in various parts of the city, each being at the head of forty men, armed and prepared; but the followers were not to know their destination. On the appointed day they were to make affrays amongst themselves here and there, in order that the Duke might have a pretence for tolling the bells of San Marco: these bells are never rung but by the order of the Duke. And at the sound of the bells, these sixteen or seventeen, with their followers, were to come to San Marco, through the streets which open upon the Piazza. And when the noble and leading citizens should come into the Piazza, to know the cause of the riot, then the conspirators were to cut them in pieces; and this work being finished, my Lord Marino Faliero the Duke was to be proclaimed the Lord of Venice. Things having been thus settled, they agreed to fulfil their intent on Wednesday, the 15th day of April, in the year 1355. So covertly did they plot, that no one ever dreamt of their machinations.

But the Lord, who hath always helped this most glorious city, and who, loving its righteousness and holiness, hath never forsaken it, inspired one Beltramo Bergamasco to be the cause of bringing the plot to light, in the following manner. This Beltramo, who belonged to Ser Niccolo Lioni of Santo Stefano, had heard a word or two of what was to take place; and so, in the above-mentioned month of April, he went to the house of the aforesaid Ser Niccolo Lioni, and told him all the particulars of the plot. Ser Niccolo, when he heard all these things, was struck dead, as it were, with affright. He heard all the particulars; and Beltramo prayed him to keep it all secret; and if he told Ser Niccolo, it was in order that Ser Niccolo might stop at home on the 15th of April, and thus save his life. Beltramo was going, but Ser Niccolo ordered his ser-

## APPENDIX TO MARINO FALIERO

wants to lay hands upon him, and lock him up. Ser Niccolo then went to the house of Messer Giovanni Gradenigo Nasoni, who afterwards became Duke, and who also lived at Santo Stefano, and told him all. The matter seemed to him to be of the very greatest importance, as indeed it was; and they two went to the house of Ser Marco Cornaro, who lived at San Felice; and, having spoken with him, they all three then determined to go back to the house of Ser Niccolo Lioni, to examine the said Beltramo; and having questioned him, and heard all that he had to say, they left him in confinement. And then they all three went into the sacristy of San Salvatore, and sent their men to summon the Councillors, the Avogadori, the Capi de' Dieci, and those of the Great Council.

When all were assembled, the whole story was told to them. They were struck dead, as it were, with affright. They determined to send for Beltramo. He was brought in before them. They examined him, and ascertained that the matter was true; and, although they were exceedingly troubled, yet they determined upon their measures. And they sent for the Capi de' Quarante, the Signori di Notte, the Capi de' Sestieri, and the Cinque della Pace; and they were ordered to associate to their men other good men and true, who were to proceed to the houses of the ringleaders of the conspiracy, and secure them. And they secured the foreman of the arsenal, in order that the conspirators might not do mischief. Towards nightfall they assembled in the palace. When they were assembled in the palace, they caused the gates of the quadrangle of the palace to be shut. And they sent to the keeper of the Bell-tower, and forbade the tolling of the bells. All this was carried into effect. The before-mentioned conspirators were secured, and they were brought to the palace; and, as the Council of Ten saw that the Duke was in the plot, they resolved that twenty of the leading men of the state should be associated to them, for the purpose of consultation and deliberation, but that they should not be allowed to ballot.

The counsellors were the following:—Ser Giovanni Mocenigo, of the Sestiero of San Marco; Ser Almorò Veniero da Santa Marina, of the Sestiero of Castello; Ser Tomaso Viadro, of the Sestiero of Canaregio; Ser Giovanni Sanudo, of the Sestiero of Santa Croce; Ser Pietro Trivisano, of the Sestiero of San Paolo; Ser Pantalone Barbo il Grando, of the Sestiero of Ossoduro. The Avogadori of the Commonwealth were Zufredo Morosini, and Ser Orio Pasqualigo; and these did not ballot. Those of the Council of Ten were Ser Giovanni Marcello, Ser Tomaso Sanudo, and Ser Micheletto Dolfinio, the heads of the aforesaid Council of Ten. Ser Luca da Legge, and Ser Pietro da Mosto, inquisitors of the aforesaid Council. And Ser Marco Polani, Ser Marino Veniero, Ser Lando Lombardo, and Ser Nicoletto Trivisano, of Sant' Angelo.

Late in the night, just before the dawning, they chose a junta of twenty noblemen of Venice from amongst the wisest, and the worthiest, and the oldest. They were to give counsel, but not to ballot. And they would not admit any one of Cà Faliero. And Niccolo Faliero, and another Niccolo Faliero, of San Tomaso, were expelled from the Council, because they belonged to the family of the Doge. And this resolution of creating the junta of twenty was much praised throughout the state. The following were the members of the junta of twenty:—Ser Marco Giustiniani, Procuratore, Ser Andrea Erizzo, Procuratore, Ser Lionardo Giustiniani, Procuratore, Ser Andrea Contarini,

Ser Simone Dandolo, Ser Niccolo Volpe, Ser Giovanni Loredano, Ser Marco Diedo, Ser Giovanni Gradenigo, Ser Andrea Cornaro, Cavaliere, Ser Marco Soranzo, Ser Rinieri du Mosto, Ser Gazano Marcello, Ser Marino Morosini, Ser Stefano Beglegno, Ser Niccolo Lioni, Ser Filippo Orio, Ser Marco Trivisano, Ser Jacopo Bragadino, Ser Giovanni Foscarini.

These twenty were accordingly called in to the Council of Ten; and they sent for my Lord Marino Faliero, the Duke; and my Lord Marino was then consorting in the palace with people of great estate, gentlemen, and other good men, none of whom knew yet how the fact stood.

At the same time Bertuccio Israello, who, as one of the ringleaders, was to head the conspirators in Santa Croce, was arrested and bound, and brought before the Council. Zanello del Brin, Nicoletto di Rosa, Nicoletto Alberto, and the Guardiola, were also taken, together with several seamen, and people of various ranks. These were examined, and the truth of the plot was ascertained.

On the 16th of April judgment was given in the Council of Ten, that Filippo Calendaro and Bertuccio Israello should be hanged upon the red pillars of the balcony of the palace, from which the Duke is wont to look at the bull hunt; and they were hanged with gags in their mouths.

The next day the following were condemned:—Niccolo Zuccullo, Niccolo Biondo, Nicoletto Doro, Marco Giuda, Jacomello Dagolino, Nicoletto Fidele, the son of Filippo Calendaro, Marco Torello, called Israello, Stefano Trivisano, the money-changer of Santa Margherita, and Antonio dalle Bende. These were all taken at Chiozza, for they were endeavouring to escape. Afterwards, by virtue of the sentence which was passed upon them in the Council of Ten, they were hanged on successive days; some singly and some in couples, upon the columns of the palace, beginning from the red columns, and so going onwards towards the canal. And other prisoners were discharged, because, although they had been involved in the conspiracy, yet they had not assisted in it: for they were given to understand by some of the heads of the plot, that they were to come armed and prepared for the service of the state, and in order to secure certain criminals; and they knew nothing else. Nicoletto Alberto, the Guardiola, and Bartolommeo Ciriolo and his son, and several others, who were not guilty, were discharged.

On Friday, the 16th day of April, judgment was also given in the aforesaid Council of Ten, that my Lord Marino Faliero, the Duke, should have his head cut off; and that the execution should be done on the landing-place of the stone staircase, where the Dukes take their oath when they first enter the palace. On the following day, the 17th of April, the doors of the palace being shut, the Duke had his head cut off, about the hour of noon. And the cap of estate was taken from the Duke's head before he came down-stairs. When the execution was over, it is said that one of the Council of Ten went to the columns of the palace over against the place of St. Mark, and that he showed the bloody sword unto the people, crying out with a loud voice:—'The terrible doom hath fallen upon the traitor!'—and the doors were opened, and the people all rushed in, to see the corpse of the Duke, who had been beheaded.

It must be known that Ser Giovanni Sanudo, the counsellor, was not present when the aforesaid sentence was pronounced; because he was unwell and remained at home. So that only fourteen

## APPENDIX TO MARINO FALIERO

balloted; that is to say, five councillors, and nine of the Council of Ten. And it was adjudged, that all the lands and chattels of the Duke, as well as of the other traitors, should be forfeited to the state. And as a grace to the Duke, it was resolved in the Council of Ten, that he should be allowed to dispose of two thousand ducats out of his own property. And it was resolved, that all the councillors, and all the Avogadori of the Commonwealth, those of the Council of Ten, and the members of the junta, who had assisted in passing sentence on the Duke and the other traitors, should have the privilege of carrying arms both by day and by night in Venice, and from Grado to Cavazere. And they were also to be allowed two footmen carrying arms, the aforesaid footmen living and boarding with them in their own houses. And he who did not keep two footmen might transfer the privilege to his sons or his brothers; but only to two. Permission of carrying arms was also granted to the four Notaries of the Chancery, that is to say, of the Supreme Court, who took the depositions; and they were, Amedeo, Nicoletto di Lorino, Steffanello, and Pietro de Compostelli, the secretaries of the Signori di Notte.

After the traitors had been hanged, and the Duke had had his head cut off, the state remained in great tranquillity and peace. And, as I have read in a Chronicle, the corpse of the Duke was removed in a barge, with eight torches, to his tomb in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo, where it was buried. The tomb is now in that aisle in the middle of the little church of Santa Maria della Pace which was built by Bishop Gabriel of Bergamo. It is a coffin of stone, with these words engraven thereon: *Heic jacet Dominus Marinus Faletro Dux.*—And they did not paint his portrait in the hall of the Great Council:—but in the place where it ought to have been, you see these words:—*‘Hic est locus Marini Faletro, decapitati pro criminibus.’*—And it is thought that his house was granted to the church of Sant’ Apostoli; it was that great one near the bridge. Yet this could not be the case, or else the family bought it back from the church; for it still belongs to Cà Faliero. I must not refrain from noting, that some wished to write the following words in the place where his portrait ought to have been, as aforesaid:—*‘Marinus Faletro Dux, temeritas me cepit. Pænas lui, decapitatus pro criminibus.’*—Others, also, indited a couplet, worthy of being inscribed upon his tomb.

*‘Dux Venetum jacet heic, patriam qui prodere tentans,  
Sceptra, decus, census perdidit, atque caput.’*

### NOTE B

#### PETRARCH ON THE CONSPIRACY OF MARINO FALIERO

<sup>1</sup>Al giovane Doge Andrea Dandolo succedette un vecchio, il quale tardi si pose al timone della repubblica, ma sempre prima di quel, che faceva d’uopo a lui, ed alla patria: egli è Marino Faliero, personaggio a me noto per antica dimestichezza. Falsa era l’opinione intorno a lui, giacchè egli si mostrò fornito più di corraggio, che di senno. Non pago della prima dignità, entro con sinistro piede nel pubblico Palazzo: imperciocchè questo Doge dei Veneti, magistrato sacro in tutti i secoli, che dagli antichi fu sempre venerato qual nume in quella città, l’altro jeri fu decollato nel vestibolo dell’istesso Palazzo. Discorrerei fin dal principio

le cause di un tale evento, e così vario, ed ambiguo non ne fosse il grido. Nessuno però lo scusa, tutti affermano, che egli abbia voluto cangiar qualche cosa nell’ordine della repubblica a lui tramandato dai maggiori. Che desiderava egli di più? Io son d’avviso, che egli abbia ottenuto ciò, che non si concedette a nessun altro: mentre adempiva gli uffici di legato presso il Pontefice, e sulle rive del Rodano trattava la pace, che io prima di lui avevo indarno tentato di conchiudere, gli fu conferito l’onore del Ducato, che ne chiedeva, ne s’aspettava. Tornato in patria, pensò a quello, cui nessuno non pose mente giammai, e soffrì quello che a niuno accadde mai di soffrire: giacchè in quel luogo celceberrimo, e chiarissimo, e bellissimo infra tutti quelli, che io vidi, ove i suoi antenati avevano ricevuti grandissimi onori in mezzo alle pompe trionfali, ivi egli fu trascinato in modo servile, e spogliato delle insegne ducali, perdette la testa, e macchiò col proprio sangue le soglie del tempio, l’atrio del Palazzo, e le scale marmoree rendute spesso volte illustri o dalle solenni festività, o dalle ostili spoglie. Ho notato il luogo, ora noto il tempo: è l’anno del Natale di Cristo, 1355, fu il giorno 18 d’Aprile. Si alto è il grido sparso, che se alcuno esaminerà la disciplina, e le costumanze di quella città, e quanto mutamento di cose venga minacciato dalla morte di un sol uomo (quantunque molti altri, come narrano, essendo complici, o subirono l’istesso supplicio, o lo aspettarono) si accorgerà, che nulla di più grande avvenne ai nostri tempi nella Italia. Tu forse qui attendi il mio giudizio: assolvo il popolo, se credere alla fama, benchè abbia potuto e castigare più mitemente, e con maggior dolcezza vendicare il suo dolore: ma non così facilmente, si modera un’ira giusta insieme, e grande in un numeroso popolo principalmente, nel quale il precipitoso, ed instabile volgo aguzza gli stimoli dell’irracondia con rapidi, e sconsigliati clamori. Compatisco, e nell’istesso tempo mi adiro con quell’infelice uomo, il quale adorno di un’insolito onore, non so, che cosa si volesse negli estremi anni della sua vita: la calamità di lui diviene sempre più grave, perchè dalla sentenza contra di esso promulgata aprirà, che egli fu non solo misero, ma insano, e demente, e che con vane arti si usurpò per tanti anni una falsa fama di sapienza. Ammonisco i Dogi, i quali gli succedevano, che questo e un’ esempio posto innanzi ai loro occhi, quale specchio, nel quale veggano d’essere non Signori, ma Duci, anzi nemmeno Duci, ma onorati servi della Repubblica. Tu sta sano; e giacchè fluttuano le pubbliche cose, sorsiamoci di governar modestissimamente i privati nostri affari.”—LEVATI, *Viaggi di Petrarca*, vol. iv. p. 323.

The above Italian translation from the Latin epistles of Petrarch proves—1stly, That Marino Faliero was a personal friend of Petrarch’s; ‘antica dimestichezza,’ old intimacy, is the phrase of the poet. 2ndly, That Petrarch thought that he had more courage than conduct, ‘più di corraggio che di senno.’ 3rdly, That there was some jealousy on the part of Petrarch; for he says that Marino Faliero was treating of the peace which he himself had ‘vainly attempted to conclude.’ 4thly, That the honour of the Dukedom was conferred upon him, which he neither sought nor expected, ‘che nè chiedeva nè aspettava,’ and which had never been granted to any other in like circumstances, ‘ciò che non si concedette a nessun altro,’ a proof of the high esteem in which he must have been held. 5thly, That he had a reputation for wisdom, only forfeited by the last enterprise of his life, ‘si usurpò per tanti anni una falsa fama di sapienza.’—‘He

## NOTES TO MARINO FALIERO

had usurped for so many years a false fame of wisdom,' rather a difficult task, I should think. People are generally found out before eighty years of age, at least in a republic.—From these, and the other historical notes which I have collected, it may be inferred, that Marino Faliero possessed many of the qualities, but not the success of a hero; and that his passions were too violent. The paltry and ignorant account of Dr. Moore falls to the ground. Petrarch says, 'that there had been no greater event in his times' (*our times* literally), 'nostri tempi,' in Italy. He also differs from the historian in saying that Faliero was 'on the banks of the *Rhone*,' instead of at Rome, when elected; the other accounts say, that the deputation of the Venetian senate met him at Ravenna. How this may have been, it is not for me to decide, and is of no great importance. Had the man succeeded, he would have changed the face of Venice, and perhaps of Italy. As it is, what *are* they both?

### NOTE C

#### VENETIAN SOCIETY AND MANNERS

'Vice without splendour, sin without relief  
Even from the gloss of love to smooth it o'er;  
But, in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude,' &c.  
[See p. 452.]

'To these attacks so frequently pointed by the government against the clergy,—to the continual struggles between the different constituted bodies,—to these enterprises carried on by the mass of the nobles against the depositaries of power,—to all those projects of innovation, which always ended by a stroke of state policy, we must add a cause not less fitted to spread contempt for ancient doctrines; *this was the excess of corruption.*

'That freedom of manners, which had been long boasted of as the principal charm of Venetian society, had degenerated into scandalous licentiousness: the tie of marriage was less sacred in that Catholic country, than among those nations where the laws and religion admit of its being dissolved. Because they could not break the contract, they feigned that it had not existed; and the ground of nullity, immodestly alleged by the married pair, was admitted with equal facility by priests and magistrates, alike corrupt. These divorces, veiled under another name, became so frequent that the most important act of civil society was discovered to be amenable to a tribunal of exceptions; and to restrain the open scandal of such proceedings became the office of the police. In 1782 the Council of Ten decreed, that every woman who should sue for a dissolution of her marriage should be compelled to await the decision of the judges in some convent, to be named by the court.\* Soon afterwards the same council summoned all causes of that nature before itself.† This infringement on ecclesiastical jurisdiction having occasioned some remonstrance from Rome, the council retained only the right of rejecting the petition of the married persons, and consented to refer such causes to the holy office as it should not previously have rejected.‡

'There was a moment in which, doubtless, the destruction of private fortunes, the ruin of youth, the domestic discord occasioned by these abuses,

determined the government to depart from its established maxims concerning the freedom of manners allowed the subject. All the courtesans were banished from Venice; but their absence was not enough to reclaim and bring back good morals to a whole people brought up in the most scandalous licentiousness. Depravity reached the very bosom of private families, and even into the cloister; and they found themselves obliged to recall, and even to indemnify,‡ women who sometimes gained possession of important secrets, and who might be usefully employed in the ruin of men whose fortunes might have rendered them dangerous. Since that time licentiousness has gone on increasing; and we have seen mothers, not only selling the innocence of their daughters, but selling it by a contract, authenticated by the signature of a public officer, and the performance of which was secured by the protection of the laws.||

'The parlours of the convents of noble ladies and the houses of the courtesans, though the police carefully kept up a number of spies about them, were the only assemblies for society in Venice; and in these two places, so different from each other, there was equal freedom. Music, collations, galantry, were not more forbidden in the parlours than at the casinos. There were a number of casinos for the purpose of public assemblies, where gaming was the principal pursuit of the company. It was a strange sight to see persons of either sex masked, or grave in their magisterial robes, round a table, invoking chance, and giving way at one instant to the agonies of despair, at the next to the illusions of hope, and that without uttering a single word.

'The rich had private casinos, but they lived *incognito* in them; and the wives whom they abandoned found compensation in the liberty they enjoyed. The corruption of morals had deprived them of their empire. We have just reviewed the whole history of Venice, and we have not once seen them exercise the slightest influence.'—DARU: *Hist. de la Repub. de Venise*, vol. v. p. 95.

### NOTES

Page 413, col. 2.

'I smote the tardy bishop at Treviso.'] An historical fact. See Marin Sanuto's 'Lives of the Doges.'

Page 415, col. 2.

'*Doge (aside).* Saint Mark's shall strike that hour!'] The bells of San Marco were never rung but by order of the Doge. One of the pretexts for ringing this alarm was to have been an announcement of the appearance of a Genoese fleet off the Lagoon.

Page 416, col. 2.

'A gondola, with one oar only, will.'] A gondola is not like a common boat, but is as easily rowed with one oar as with two (though, of course, not so swiftly), and often is so from motives of privacy; and, since the decay of Venice, of economy.

Page 427, col. 2.

'Engaged in secret to the Signory.'] An historical fact. See APPENDIX, Note A.

§ The decree for their recall designates them as *nostre benemerite meretrici*; a fund and some houses, called *Casa rampane*, were assigned to them; hence the opprobrious appellation of *Carampane*.

|| Mayer, Description of Venice, vol. ii.; and M. Archenholz, Picture of Italy, vol. i. ch. 2.

\* Correspondence of M. Schlick, French chargé d'affaires. Despatch of 24th August, 1782.

† *Ibid.* Despatch 31st August.

‡ *Ibid.* Despatch of 3rd September, 1785.

## NOTES TO MARINO FALIERO

Page 438, col. 2.

'Within our palace precincts at San Polo.'] The Doge's family palace.

Page 443, col. 2.

'Of the red columns, where, on festal Thursday.'] 'Giovvedì grasso.'—fat or greasy Thursday, —which I cannot literally translate in the text, was the day.

Page 443, col. 2.

'Guards! let their mouths be gagged even in the act.'] Historical fact. See SANUTO, APPENDIX, Note A.

Page 446, col. 1.

'Ben. Say, conscript fathers, shall she be admitted?'] The Venetian senate took the same title as the Roman, of 'conscript fathers.'

Page 451, col. 1.

'Doge. 'Tis with age, then.'] This was the actual reply of Bailli, maire of Paris, to a Frenchman who made him the same reproach on his way to execution, in the earliest part of their revolution. I find in reading over (since the completion of this tragedy), for the first time these six years, 'Venice Preserved,' a similar reply on a different occasion by Renault, and other coincidences arising from the subject. I need hardly remind the gentlest reader, that such coincidences must be accidental, from the very facility of their detection by reference to so popular a play on the stage and in the closet as Otway's *chef-d'œuvre*.

Page 451, col. 2.

'Who shall despise her!—She shall stoop to be.'] Should the dramatic picture seem harsh, let the reader look to the historical, of the period prophesied, or rather of the few years preceding that period. Voltaire calculated their 'nostre bene merite Meretrici' at 12,000 of regulars, without including volunteers and local militia, on what authority I know not; but it is, perhaps, the only part of the population not decreased. Venice once contained two hundred thousand inhabitants: there are now about ninety thousand; and THESE!! few individuals can conceive, and none could describe, the actual state into which the more than infernal tyranny of Austria has plunged this unhappy city. From the present decay and degeneracy of Venice under the Barbarians, there are some honourable individual exceptions. There is Pasqualigo, the last, and, alas! *posthumous* son of the marriage of the Doges with the Adriatic, who fought his frigate with far greater gallantry than any of his French coadjutors in the memorable action off Lissa. I came home in the squadron with the prizes in 1811, and recollect to have heard Sir William Hoste, and the other officers engaged in that glorious conflict, speak in the highest terms of Pasqualigo's behaviour. There is the Abbate Morelli. There is Alvise Querini, who, after a long and honourable diplomatic career, finds some consolation for the wrongs of his country, in the pursuits of literature with his nephew, Vittor Benzon, the son of the celebrated beauty, the heroine of 'La Biondina in Gondolletta.' There are the patrician poet Morosini, and the poet Lamberti, the author of the 'Biondina,' &c., and many other estimable productions; and, not least in an Englishman's estimation, Madame Michelli, the translator of Shakespeare. There are the young Dandolo and the improvisatore Carrer, and Giuseppe Albrizzi, the accomplished son of an accomplished mother. There is Aglietti, and, were

there nothing else, there is the immortality of Canova. Cicognara, Mustoxithi, Bucati, &c. &c., I do not reckon, because the one is a Greek, and the others were born at least a hundred miles off, which, throughout Italy, constitutes, if not a *for-eigner*, at least a *stranger* (*forestière*).

Page 452, col. 1.

'Then when the Hebrew's in thy palaces.'] The chief palaces on the Brenta now belong to the Jews; who in the earlier times of the republic were only allowed to inhabit Mestri, and not to enter the city of Venice. The whole commerce is in the hands of the Jews and Greeks, and the Huns form the garrison.

Page 452, col. 1.

'But in its stead, coarse lusts of habitude.'] [See APPENDIX, Note C.]

Page 452, col. 1.

'Gainst which thou wilt not strive, and dar'st not murmur.'] If the Doge's prophecy seem remarkable, look to the following, made by Alamanni two hundred and seventy years ago:—'There is one very singular prophecy concerning Venice: "If thou dost not change," it says to that proud republic, "thy liberty, which is already on the wing, will not reckon a century more than the thousandth year." If we carry back the epocha of Venetian freedom to the establishment of the government under which the republic flourished, we shall find that the date of the election of the first Doge is 697; and if we add one century to a thousand, that is, eleven hundred years, we shall find the sense of the prediction to be literally this: "Thy liberty will not last till 1797." Recollect that Venice ceased to be free in the year 1796, the fifth year of the French republic; and you will perceive that there never was prediction more pointed, or more exactly followed by the event. You will, therefore, note as very remarkable the three lines of Alamanni addressed to Venice; which, however, no one has pointed out:—

"Se non cangi pensier, un secol solo  
Non conterà sopra 'l millesimo anno.  
Tua libertà, che va fuggendo a volo."

Many prophecies have passed for such, and many men have been called prophets for much less.—  
GINGUENÉ, *Hist. Lit. de l'Italie*, t. ix. p. 144.

Page 452, col. 2.

'Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!'] Of the first fifty Doges, five abdicated—five were banished with their eyes put out—five were MASSACRED—and nine deposed—so that nineteen out of fifty lost the throne by violence, besides two who fell in battle: this occurred long previous to the reign of Marino Faliero. One of his more immediate predecessors, Andrea Dandolo, died of vexation. Marino Faliero himself perished as related. Amongst his successors, *Foscari*, after seeing his son repeatedly tortured and banished, was deposed, and died of breaking a blood-vessel, on hearing the bell of Saint Mark's toll for the election of his successor. Morosini was impeached for the loss of Candia; but this was previous to his dukedom, during which he conquered the Morea, and was styled the Peloponnesian. Faliero might truly say,—

'Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes!'

Page 453, col. 1.

'Chief of the Ten.'] 'Un Capo de' Diece' are the words of Sanuto's Chronicle.

## NOTES TO SARDANAPALUS, ETC.

### SARDANAPALUS

Page 454, col. 2.

'And thou, my own Ionian Myrrha, choose!'  
'The Ionian name had been still more comprehensive, having included the Achæians and the Bæotians, who, together with those to whom it was afterwards confined, would make nearly the whole of the Greek nation; and among the Orientals it was always the general name for the Greeks.'—MITFORD'S *Greece*, vol. i. p. 199.

Page 457, col. 2.

'Eat, drink, and love; the rest's not worth a fillip.' 'For this expedition he took only a small chosen body of the phalanx, but all his light troops. In the first day's march he reached Anchialus, a town said to have been founded by the king of Assyria, Sardanapalus. The fortifications, in their magnitude and extent, still in Arrian's time, bore the character of greatness, which the Assyrians appear singularly to have affected in works of the kind. A monument representing Sardanapalus was found there, warranted by an inscription in Assyrian characters, of course in the old Assyrian language, which the Greeks, whether well or ill, interpreted thus: 'Sardanapalus, son of Anacyndaraxes, in one day founded Anchialus and Tarsus. Eat, drink, play; all other human joys are not worth a fillip.' Supposing this version nearly exact (for Arrian says it was not quite so), whether the purpose has not been to invite to civil order a people disposed to turbulence, rather than to recommend immoderate luxury, may perhaps reasonably be questioned. What, indeed, could be the object of a king of Assyria in founding such towns in a country so distant from his capital, and so divided from it by an immense extent of sandy deserts and lofty mountains, and, still more, how the inhabitants could be at once in circumstances to abandon themselves to the intemperate joys which their prince has been supposed to have recommended, is not obvious; but it may deserve observation that, in that line of coast, the southern of Lesser Asia, ruins of cities, evidently of an age after Alexander, yet barely named in history, at this day astonish the adventurous traveller by their magnificence and elegance. Amid the desolation which, under a singularly barbarian government, has for so many centuries been daily spreading in the finest countries of the globe, whether more from soil and climate, or from opportunities for commerce, extraordinary means must have been found for communities to flourish there; whence it may seem that the measures of Sardanapalus were directed by juster views than have been commonly ascribed to him; but that monarch having been the last of a dynasty ended by a revolution, obloquy on his memory would follow of course from the policy of his successors and their partisans. The inconsistency of traditions concerning Sardanapalus is striking in Diodorus's account of him.'—MITFORD'S *Greece*, vol. ix. p. 311.

Page 488, col. 1.

'Some twenty stadia.' About two miles and a half.

### THE TWO FOSCARI

Page 506, col. 1.

'Created by degrees an ocean Rome.' In Lady Morgan's fearless and excellent work upon Italy,

I perceive the expression of 'Rome of the Ocean' applied to Venice. The same phrase occurs in the 'Two Foscari.' My publisher can vouch for me, that the tragedy was written and sent to England some time before I had seen Lady Morgan's work, which I only received on the 16th of August. I hasten, however, to notice the coincidence, and to yield the originality of the phrase to her who first placed it before the public.

Page 506, col. 2.

'That melody, which out of tones and tunes,' Alluding to the Swiss air and its effects.

Page 514, col. 1.

'There often has been question about you.' An historical fact. See DARU, tom. ii.

Page 520, col. 1.

'O'er those they slew, I've heard of widows' tears.'—The Venetians appear to have had a particular turn for breaking the hearts of their Doges. The following is another instance of the kind in the Doge Marco Barbarigo: he was succeeded by his brother Agostino Barbarigo, whose chief merit is here mentioned.—'Le doge, blesé de trouver constamment un contradicteur et un censeur si amer dans son frère, lui dit un jour en plein conseil; "Messire Augustin, vous faites tout votre possible pour hâter ma mort; vous vous flattez de me succéder; mais, si les autres vous connaissent aussi bien que je vous connais, ils n'auront garde de vous élire." Là-dessus il se leva, ému de colère, rentra dans son appartement, et mourut quelques jours après. Ce frère, contre lequel il s'était emporté, fut précisément le successeur qu'on lui donna. C'était un mérite dont on aimait à tenir compte; surtout à un parent, de s'être mis en opposition avec le chef de la république.'—DARU, *Hist. de Venise*, t. ii. p. 533.

Page 520, col. 2.

'Lor. (pointing to the Doge's body). That he has paid me!' 'L'ha pagata.' An historical fact. See *Hist. de Venise*, par P. DARU, t. ii. p. 411.

### CAIN

Page 544, col. 2.

'But the four rivers would not cleanse my soul.' The 'four rivers' which flowed round Eden, and consequently the only waters with which Cain was acquainted upon earth.

### HEAVEN AND EARTH

Page 546, col. 1.

'Albeit thou watchest with "the seven."' The archangels, said to be seven in number, and to occupy the eighth rank in the celestial hierarchy.

Page 551, col. 2.

'In a few hours the glorious giants' graves.' 'And there were giants in the earth in those days, and after, mighty men, which were of old, men of renown.'—*Genesis*.

Page 551, col. 2.

'And heaven set wide her windows; while mankind.' The same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.'—*Ibid*.

## NOTES TO WERNER, ETC.

Page 552, col. 1.

'The scroll of Enoch prophesied it long.'] The book of Enoch, preserved by the Ethiopians, is said by them to be anterior to the flood.

### WERNER

Page 578, col. 1.

'From the Ravenstone by choking you myself.'] The Ravenstone, 'Rabenstein,' is the *stone gibbet* of Germany, and so called from the ravens perching on it.

### DEFORMED TRANSFORMED

Page 608, col. 1.

'Bestrides the Hartz Mountain.'] This is a well-known German superstition—a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on the Brocken.

Page 610, col. 2.

'From the red earth, like Adam.'] Adam means '*red earth*,' from which the first man was formed.

Page 617, col. 2.

'Weep not—*strike!* for Rome is mourning!'] Scipio, the second Africanus, is said to have repeated a verse of Homer, and wept over the burning of Carthage. He had better have granted it a capitulation.

### BEPPO

Page 628, col. 1.

'The Spaniards call the person a "*Cortejo*."'] *Cortejo* is pronounced *Cortejo*, with an aspirate, according to the Arabesque guttural. It means what there is as yet no precise name for in England, though the practice is as common as in any tramontane country whatever.

Page 629, col. 1.

'Raphael, who died in thy embrace, and vies.'] For the received accounts of the cause of Raphael's death, see his Lives.

Page 629, col. 1.

'While yet Canova can create below?']

(In talking thus, the writer, more especially

Of women, would be understood to say,

He speaks as a spectator, not officially,

And always, reader, in a modest way;

Perhaps, too, in no very great degree shall he

Appear to have offended in this lay,

Since, as all know, without the sex, our sonnets

Would seem unfinish'd, like their untrimm'd

bonnets.)

(Signed) PRINTER'S DEVIL.

### DON JUAN

Page 636, col. 1.

'And Wordsworth has his place in the Excise.'] Wordsworth's place may be in the Customs—it is, I think, in that or the Excise—besides another at Lord Lonsdale's table, where this poetical charlatan and political parasite licks up the crumbs with a hardened alacrity; the converted Jacobin having long subsided into the clownish sycophant of the worst prejudices of the aristocracy.

Page 636, col. 2.

'And heartless daughters—worn—and pale—and poor.'] 'Pale, but not cadaverous:—Milton's

two elder daughters are said to have robbed him of his books, besides cheating and plaguing him in the economy of his house, &c. &c. His feelings on such an outrage, both as a parent and a scholar, must have been singularly painful. Hayley compares him to Lear. See part third, *Life of Milton*, by W. Hayley (or Hailey, as spelt in the edition before me).

Page 636, col. 2.

'The intellectual eunuch Castlereagh?'] Or,—

'Would *he* subside into a hackney Laureate—

A scribbling, self-sold, soul-hired, scorn'd Iscariot?'

I doubt if 'Laureate' and 'Iscariot' be good rhymes, but must say, as Ben Jonson did to Sylvester, who challenged him to rhyme with—

'I, John Sylvester,  
Lay with your sister.'

Jonson answered,—'I, Ben Jonson, lay with your wife.' Sylvester answered,—'That is not rhyme.'—'No,' said Ben Jonson; 'but it is *true*.'

Page 637, col. 1.

'Eutropius of its many masters,—blind.'] For the character of Eutropius, the eunuch and minister at the court of Arcadius, see Gibbon.

Page 637, col. 1.

'Is it not so, my Tory, Ultra-Julian?'] I allude not to our friend Landon's hero, the traitor Count Julian, but to Gibbon's hero, vulgarly uclept 'The Apostate.'

Page 639, col. 1.

'Save thine "incomparable oil," Macassar!'] Description des *vertus incomparables* de l'Huile de Macassar.—See the Advertisement.

Page 641, col. 1.

'As Numa's (who was also named Pompilius).']

—'primus qui legibus urbem

Fundabit, curibus parvis et paupere terrâ

Missus in imperium magnum.'—VIRG.

Page 641, col. 2.

'Although Longinus tells us there is no hymn.'] See Longinus, Section 10, 'ὅσα μὴ ἐν τι περὶ αὐτῆς πάθος φαίνεται, παθὼν δὲ σὺνδοχος.'

Page 642, col. 1.

'They only add them all in an appendix.'] Fact! There is, or was, such an edition, with all the obnoxious epigrams of Martial placed by themselves at the end.

Page 642, col. 2.

'Which make the reader envy his transgressions.'] See his Confessions, l. i. c. ix. By the representation which Saint Augustine gives of himself in his youth, it is easy to see that he was what we should call a rake. He avoided the school as the plague; he loved nothing but gaming and public shows; he robbed his father of everything he could find; he invented a thousand lies to escape the rod, which they were obliged to make use of to punish his irregularities.

Page 644, col. 1.

'('Twas snow that brought St. Anthony to reason.')] For the particulars of St. Anthony's

## NOTES TO DON JUAN

recipe for hot blood in cold weather, see Mr. Alban Butler's 'Lives of the Saints.'

Page 646, col. 2.

'In feelings quick as Ovid's Miss Medea.'] See Ovid. de Art. Amand. l. ii.

Page 646, col. 2.

'The bard I quote from does not sing amiss.'] Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming—(I think)—the opening of Canto Second—but quote from memory.

Page 653, col. 1.

'Was it for this that no Cortejo c'er.'] The Spanish 'Cortejo' is much the same as the Italian 'Cavalier Servente.'

Page 653, col. 1.

'Who took Algiers, declares I used him vilely?'] Donna Julia here made a mistake. Count O'Reilly did not take Algiers—but Algiers very nearly took him: he and his army and fleet retreated with great loss, and not much credit, from before that city, in the year 1775.

Page 660, col. 2.

'My days of love are over; me no more.']

'Me nec femina, nec puer  
Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,  
Nec certare juvat mero;  
Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.'—HOR.

Page 662, col. 1.

'Excepting the Venetian Fazzioli.'] Fazzioli—literally, the little handkerchiefs—the veils most availing of St. Mark.

Page 670, col. 1.

'Remember Ugolino condescends.']

'Quando ebbe detto ciò, con gli occhi torti  
Riprese il teschio misero co' denti,  
Che furo all' osso, come d'un can forti.'

Page 686, col. 2.

'Dante.'] Dante calls his wife, in the 'Inferno,' 'la fiera moglie.'

Page 686, col. 2.

'Milton.'] Milton's first wife ran away from him within the first month. If she had not, what would John Milton have done?

Page 690, col. 2.

'For none likes more to hear himself converse.']

'Risponde allor' Margutte, a dir tel tosto,  
Io non credo piu al nero ch' all' azzurro:  
Ma nel cappone, o lesso, o vuogli arrosto,  
E credo alcuna volta anco nel burro;  
Nella cervigia, e quando io n' ho nel mosto,  
E molto più nell' espro che il mangurro;  
Ma sopra tutto nel buon vino ho fede,  
E credo che sia salvo chi gli crede.'—  
PULCI, *Morgante Maggiore*, ca. 18, st. 151.

Page 693, col. 2.

'That c'er by precious metal was held in.'] The dress is Moorish, and the bracelets and bar are worn in the manner described. The reader will perceive hereafter, that as the mother of Haidée was of Fez, her daughter wore the garb of the country.

Page 693, col. 2.

'A like gold bar above her instep roll'd.'] The bar of gold above the instep is a mark of sovereign rank in the women of the families of the deys, and is worn as such by their female relatives.

Page 693, col. 2.

'Her person if allow'd at large to run.'] This is no exaggeration: there were four women whom I remember to have seen, who possessed their hair in this profusion; of these, three were English, the other was a Levantine. Their hair was of that length and quantity, that, when let down, it almost entirely shaded the person, so as nearly to render dress a superfluity. Of these, only one had dark hair; the Oriental had, perhaps, the lightest colour of the four.

Page 695, col. 1.

'Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."'] The *νῆσοι μακάριον* of the Greek poets were supposed to have been the Cape de Verd islands or the Canaries.

Page 695, col. 2.

'And when the sun set where were they?']

'Deep were the groans of Xerxes, when he saw  
This havoc; for his seat, a lofty mound  
Commanding the wide sea, o'erlook'd the hosts.  
With rueful cries he rent his royal robes,  
And through his troops embattled on the shore  
Gave signal of retreat; then started wild  
And fled disorder'd.'—ÆSCHYLUS.

Page 696, col. 1.

'There, swan-like, let me sing and die.']

Ἦν ὄλῳεν ἔπεστι πόντου  
πρόβατη' δ' ἄλκιςτον, ἀκραν  
ὑπὸ πλάκα ζώντων.' κ.τ.λ.—SOPH. *Ajax*, v. 1217.

Page 696, col. 2.

'For the first Mrs. Milton left his house.'] See Johnson's Life of Milton.

Page 697, col. 2.

'Can sneer at him who drew "Achitophel!"']  
'The verses of Dryden, once highly celebrated, are forgotten.'—MR. W. WORDSWORTH'S *Preface*.

Page 698, col. 2.

'Oh, Hesperus! thou bringest all good things.']

Ἔσπερε πάντα φέρεις,  
Φέρεις ὄνον—φέρεις αἶνα,  
Φέρεις μητέρι παῖδα.'—*Fragment of Sappho*.

Page 698, col. 2.

'Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns!']

'Era già l' ora che volge 'l disio,  
A' naviganti, e 'ntenerisce il cuore,  
Lo di ch' han detto a' dolci amici a dio;  
E che lo nuovo peregrin d' amore  
Punge, se ode Squilla di lontano,  
Che paia 'l giorno pianger che si muore.'—  
DANTE'S *Purgatory*, canto viii.

This last line is the first of Gray's *Elegy*, taken by him [not] without acknowledgement.

Page 698, col. 2.

'Some hands unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb.'] See Suetonius for this fact.



## NOTES TO DON JUAN

Page 700, col. 1.

"Whom the gods love die young," was said of yore.] See Herodotus (Cleobis and Biton). The sentiment is in a fragment of Menander.

Page 705, col. 2.

'A vein had burst, and her sweet lips' pure dyes.'] This is no very uncommon effect of the violence of conflicting and different passions. The Doge Francis Foscari, on his deposition in 1457, hearing the bells of St. Mark announce the election of his successor, 'mourut subitement d'une hémorragie causée par une veine qui s'éclata dans sa poitrine,' (see Sismondi and Daru, vols. i. and ii.) at the age of eighty years, when 'Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him?' Before I was sixteen years of age, I was witness to a melancholy instance of the same effect of mixed passions upon a young person, who, however, did not die in consequence, at that time, but fell a victim some years afterwards to a seizure of the same kind, arising from causes intimately connected with agitation of mind.

Page 708, col. 1.

'But sold by the impresario at no high rate.'] This is a fact. A few years ago a man engaged a company for some foreign theatre, embarked them at an Italian port, and carrying them to Algiers, sold them all. One of the women, returned from her captivity, I heard sing, by a strange coincidence, in Rossini's opera of 'L'Italiana in Algieri,' at Venice, in the beginning of 1817.

Page 708, col. 2.

'From all the Pope makes yearly 'twould perplex.'] It is strange that it should be the Pope and the Sultan who are the chief encouragers of this branch of trade—women being prohibited as singers at St. Peter's, and not deemed trustworthy as guardians of the harem.

Page 712, col. 1.

'Sprinkled with palaces; the Ocean stream.'] Ὠκεανοῖς πέλοις. This expression of Homer has been much criticised. It hardly answers to our Atlantic ideas of the ocean, but is sufficiently applicable to the Hellespont, and the Bosphorus, with the Ægean intersected with islands.

Page 712, col. 2.

'Tis a grand sight from off "the Giant's Grave."'] The 'Giant's Grave' is a height on the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, much frequented by holiday parties; like Harrow and Highgate.

Page 715, col. 2.

'Of food I think with Philip's son, or rather.'] See Plutarch in Alex., Q. Curt. Hist. Alex., and Sir Richard Clayton's 'Critical Inquiry into the Life of Alexander the Great.'

Page 715, col. 2.

'Stretch'd in the street, and able scarce to pant.'] The assassination alluded to took place on the 8th of December, 1820, in the streets of Ravenna, not a hundred paces from the residence of the writer. The circumstances were as described.

Page 716, col. 2.

'Wond'ring what next, till the catque was brought.'] The light and elegant wherries plying about the quays of Constantinople are so called.

Page 717, col. 1.

'From Saint Bartholomew we have saved our skin.'] St. Bartholomew is said to have been flayed alive.

Page 718, col. 1.

'Prepared for supper with a glass of rum.'] In Turkey nothing is more common than for the Mussulmans to take several glasses of strong spirits by way of appetizer. I have seen them take as many as six of raki before dinner, and swear that they dined the better for it: I tried the experiment, but fared like the Scotchman, who having heard that the birds called kittiwakes were admirable whets, ate six of them, and complained that 'he was no hungrier than when he began.'

Page 718, col. 1.

'Splendid but silent, save in one, where a dropping.'] A common furniture. I recollect being received by Ali Pacha, in a large room, paved with marble, containing a marble basin, and fountain playing in the centre, &c. &c.

Page 718, col. 2.

'And the calumniated queen Semiramis.'] Babylon was enlarged by Nimrod, strengthened and beautified by Nabuchodonosor, and rebuilt by Semiramis.

Page 721, col. 2.

'The gate so splendid was in all its features.'] Features of a gate—a ministerial metaphor: 'the feature upon which this question hinges.' See the 'Fudge Family,' or hear Castlereagh.

Page 722, col. 1.

'A good deal practised here upon occasion.'] A few years ago the wife of Muchtar Pacha complained to his father of his son's supposed infidelity: he asked with whom, and she had the barbarity to give in a list of the twelve handiest women in Yanina. They were seized, fastened up in sacks, and drowned in the lake the same night. One of the guards who was present informed me, that not one of the victims uttered a cry, or showed a symptom of terror at so sudden a 'wrench from all we know, from all we love.'

Page 723, col. 2.

'Though on more thorough-bred or fairer fingers.'] There is nothing, perhaps, more distinctive of birth than the hand. It is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate.

Page 728, col. 2.

'Save Solymán, the glory of their line.'] It may not be unworthy of remark, that Bacon, in his essay on 'Empire,' hints that Solymán was the last of his line; on what authority, I know not. These are his words:—"The destruction of Mustapha was so fatal to Solymán's line, as the succession of the Turks from Solymán until this day is suspected to be untrue, and of strange blood; for that Selymus the second was thought to be supposititious." But Bacon, in his historical authorities, is often inaccurate. I could give half-a-dozen instances from his Apophthegms only.

BACON'S APOPTHEGMS.

OBSERVATIONS.

91.

Michael Angelo, the famous painter, painting in the Pope's chapel the portraiture of hell This was *not* the portrait of a cardinal, but of the

## NOTES TO DON JUAN

and damned souls, made one of the damned souls so like a cardinal that was his enemy, as everybody at first sight knew it: whereupon the cardinal complained to Pope Clement, humbly praying it might be defaced. The Pope said to him, Why, you know very well I have power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, but not out of hell.

Pope's master of the ceremonies.

will kill you if they wax mad. Demosthenes replied, And they will kill you if they be in good sense.

but to Demosthenes by Phocion.

155.

Alexander, after the battle of Granicum, had very great offers made him by Darius. Consulting with his captains concerning them, Parmenio said, Sure, I would accept of these offers, if I were as Alexander. Alexander answered, So would I, if I were as Parmenio.

It was after the battle of Issus and during the siege of Tyre, and *not* immediately after the passage of the Granicus, that this is said to have occurred.

97.

There was a king of Hungary took a bishop in battle, and kept him prisoner: whereupon the Pope writ a monitory to him, for that he had broken the privilege of holy church, and taken his son: the king sent an embassy to him, and sent withal the armour wherein the bishop was taken, and this only in writing—*Vide num hac sit vestis filii tui?* Know now whether this be thy son's coat?

This was not said of Caius (Caligula, I presume, is intended by Caius), but of Tiberius himself.

This reply was *not* made by a king of Hungary, but sent by Richard the First, Cœur de Lion, of England, to the Pope with the breast-plate of the bishop of Beauvais.

158.

Antigonus, when it was told him that the enemy had such volleys of arrows that they did hide the sun, said, That falls out well, for it is hot weather, and so we shall fight in the shade.

This was *not* said by Antigonus, but by a Spartan, previously to the battle of Thermopylæ.

267.

Demetrius, king of Macedon, had a petition offered him divers times by an old woman, and answered he had no leisure; whereupon the woman said aloud, Why then give over to be king.

This did *not* happen to Demetrius, but to Philip, King of Macedon.

162.

There was a philosopher that disputed with Adrian the Emperor, and did it but weakly. One of his friends that stood by afterwards said unto him, Methinks you were not like yourself last day, in argument with the Emperor: I could have answered better myself. Why, said the philosopher, would you have me contend with him that commands thirty legions?

This happened under Augustus Cæsar, and *not* during the reign of Adrian.

VOLTAIRE

Having stated that Bacon was frequently incorrect in his citations from history, I have thought it necessary in what regards so great a name (however trifling), to support the assertion by such facts as more immediately occur to me. They are but trifles, and yet for such trifles a school-boy would be whipped (if still in the fourth form); and Voltaire for half-a-dozen similar errors has been treated as a superficial writer, notwithstanding the testimony of the learned Warton:—'Voltaire, a writer of *much deeper research* than is imagined, and the *first* who has displayed the literature and customs of the dark ages with *any degree of penetration and comprehension*.'\* For another distinguished testimony to Voltaire's merits in literary research, see also Lord Holland's excellent Account of the Life and Writings of Lope de Vega, vol. i. p. 215, edition of 1817.

Voltaire has even been termed a 'shallow fellow,' by some of the same school who called Dryden's Ode 'a drunken song';—a *school* (as it is called, I presume, from their education being still incomplete) the whole of whose filthy trash of Epics, Excursions, &c. &c. &c., is not worth the two words in Zafre, '*Vous pleurez*,'† or a single speech of Tancred:—a *school*, the apostate lives of whose renegadoes, with their tea-drinking neutrality of morals, and their convenient treachery in politics—in the record of their accumulated pretences to virtue can produce *no actions* (were all their good

164.

There was one that found a great mass of money, digging underground in his grandfather's house, and being somewhat doubtful of the case signified it to the emperor that he had found such treasure. The emperor made a rescript thus: Use it. He writ back again, that the sum was greater than his state or condition could use. The emperor writ a new rescript thus: Abuse it.

This happened to the father of Herodes Atticus, and the answer was made by the Emperor Nerva, who deserved that his name should have been stated by the 'greatest—wisest—meanest of mankind.'

178.

One of the seven was wont to say, that laws were like cobwebs; where the small flies were caught, and the great break through.

This was said by Anacharsis the Scythian, and *not* by a Greek.

209.

An orator of Athens said to Demosthenes, The Athenians

This was *not* said by Demosthenes,

\* Dissertation I.

† —'Il est trop vrai que l'honneur me l'ordonne, Que je vous adorai, que je vous abandonne, Que je renonce à vous, que vous le désirez, Que sous une autre loi . . . Zafre, VOUS PLEUREZ?' —Zafre, acte iv, sc. ii.

## NOTES TO DON JUAN

deeds drawn up in array) to equal or approach the sole defence of the family of Calas, by that great and unequalled genius—the universal Voltaire.

I have ventured to remark on these little inaccuracies of 'the greatest genius that England, or perhaps any other country, ever produced,\*' merely to show our national injustice in condemning generally the greatest genius of France for such inadvertencies as these, of which the highest of England has been no less guilty. Query, was Bacon a greater intellect than Newton?

### CAMPBELL

Being in the humour of criticism, I shall proceed, after having ventured upon the slips of Bacon, to touch upon one or two as trifling in the edition of the *British Poets*, by the justly celebrated Campbell. But I do this in good will, and trust it will be so taken. If anything could add to my opinion of the talents and true feeling of that gentleman, it would be his classical, honest, and triumphant defence of Pope, against the vulgar cant of the day, and its existing Grub Street.

The inadvertencies to which I allude are—

Firstly, in speaking of *Anstey*, whom he accuses of having taken 'his leading characters from *Smollett*.' *Anstey's Bath Guide* was published in 1766. *Smollett's Humphrey Clinker* (the only work of *Smollett's* from which *Tabitha, &c. &c.* could have been taken) was written during *Smollett's last residence* at Leghorn in 1770—'Argal,' if there has been any borrowing, *Anstey* must be the creditor, and not the debtor. I refer Mr. Campbell to his own data in his *Lives of Smollett and Anstey*.

Secondly, Mr. Campbell says in the *Life of Cowper* (note to page 358, vol. vii.) that he knows not to whom *Cowper* alludes in these lines,—

'Nor he who, for the bane of thousands born,  
Built God a church, and laugh'd his word to scorn.'

The Calvinist meant Voltaire, and the church of Ferney, with its inscription 'Deo erexit Voltaire.'

Thirdly, in the *Life of Burns*, Mr. Campbell quotes *Shakspeare* thus,—

'To gild refined gold, to paint the rose,  
Or add fresh perfume to the violet.'

This version by no means improves the original, which is as follows—

'To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,  
To throw a perfume on the violet,' &c.—*King John*.

A great poet quoting another should be correct; he should also be accurate, when he accuses a Parnassian brother of that dangerous charge 'borrowing': a poet had better borrow anything (excepting money) than the thoughts of another—they are always sure to be reclaimed; but it is very hard, having been the lender, to be denounced as the debtor, as is the case of *Anstey versus Smollett*.

As there is 'honour amongst thieves,' let there be some amongst poets, and give each his due,—none can afford to give it more than Mr. Campbell himself, who, with a high reputation for originality, and a fame which cannot be shaken, is the only poet of the times (except *Rogers*) who can be reproached (and in *him* it is indeed a reproach) with having written too little.

Ravenna, Jan. 5, 1821.

\* Pope, in *Spencer's Anecdotes*, p. 158. Malone's edition.

Page 730, col. 2.

"Which, taken at the flood,"—you know the rest.'] See *Shakspeare, Julius Cæsar*, act iv. sc. iii.

Page 731, col. 2.

'Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.'] *Cato* gave up his wife, *Martia*, to his friend *Hortensius*; but, on the death of the latter, took her back again. This conduct was ridiculed by the Romans, who observed, that *Martia* entered the house of *Hortensius* very poor, but returned to the bed of *Cato* loaded with treasures.—*PLUTARCH*.

Page 732, col. 1.

'(A "Highland welcome" all the wide world over.')] See *Waverley*.

Page 732, col. 2.

'In his monastic concubine of snow.'] 'The blessed Francis, being strongly solicited one day by the emotions of the flesh, pulled off his clothes and scourged himself soundly: being after this inflamed with a wonderful fervour of mind, he plunged his naked body into a great heap of snow. The devil, being overcome, retired immediately, and the holy man returned victorious into his cell.'—See *BUTLER'S Lives of the Saints*.

Page 733, col. 2.

'The tyrant's "wish, that mankind only had.]"'] *Caligula*—See *Suetonius*. 'Being in a rage at the people, for favouring a party in the Circensian games in opposition to him, he cried out, "I wish the Roman people had but one neck."'

Page 733, col. 2.

'He went forth with the lovely Odalisesq[ue].'] The ladies of the seraglio.

Page 734, col. 2.

'Who with the brightest Georgians might compare.'] 'It is in the adjacent climates of Georgia, Mingrelia, and Circassia, that nature has placed, at least to our eyes, the model of beauty, in the shape of the limbs, the colour of the skin, the symmetry of the features, and the expression of the countenance; the men are formed for action, the women for love.'—*GIBBON*.

Page 735, col. 1.

'They would prefer to Padisha or Pacha.'] *Padisha* is the Turkish title of the Grand Signior.

Page 739, col. 1.

'A "wood obscure," like that where Dante found.']

'Nell' mezzo del cammin' di nostra vita  
Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura,' &c.—*Inferno*.

Page 749, col. 2.

'Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.'] Fact: *Souwarrow* did this in person.

Page 754, col. 2.

'All sounds it pierceeth, "Allah! Allah! Hu!"]' Allah Hu! is properly the war-cry of the Mussulmans, and they dwell on the last syllable, which gives it a wild and peculiar effect.

## NOTES TO DON JUAN

Page 754, col. 2.

'Carnage, (so Wordsworth tells you) is God's daughter.']

'But *Thy*\* most dreaded instrument  
In working out a pure intent,  
Is man array'd for mutual slaughter;  
Yea, *Carnage* is *thy* daughter!'

WORDSWORTH'S *Thanksgiving Ode*.

Page 755, col. 2.

'Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose.'] A fact: see the *Waterloo Gazette*. I recollect remarking at the time to a friend:—*There is fame!* a man is killed, his name is Grose, and they print it *Grove*. I was at college with the deceased, who was a very amiable and clever man, and his society in great request for his wit, gaiety, and '*Chansons à boire*.'

Page 756, col. 1.

'(The antiquarians who can settle time.) See General Valancey and Sir Lawrence Parsons.

Page 756, col. 2.

'Tis pity "that such meaning should pave hell."'] The Portuguese proverb says, that 'hell is paved with good intentions.'

Page 757, col. 2.

'By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon!'] Gunpowder is said to have been discovered by this friar.

Page 764, col. 2.

'That you and I will win St. George's collar.'] A Russian military order.

Page 769, col. 2.

'Humanity would rise, and thunder "Nay!"'] Query, *Ney?*—Printer's Devil.

Page 770, col. 1.

'And "Europe's Liberator"—still enslaved.'] Vide Speeches in Parliament, after the battle of Waterloo.

Page 771, col. 2.

'"But heaven," as Cassio says, "is above all."'] See Othello.

Page 772, col. 2.

'I've heard them in the Ephesian ruins howl.'] In Greece I never saw or heard these animals; but among the ruins of Ephesus I have heard them by hundreds.

Page 773, col. 1.

'Because he could no more digest his dinner.'] He was killed in a conspiracy, after his temper had been exasperated by his extreme costivity to a degree of insanity.

Page 774, col. 2.

'And had just buried the fair-faced Lanskoï.'] He was the grande passion of the grande Catherine. See her Lives under the head of 'Lanskoï.'

Page 775, col. 1.

'Bid Ireland's Londonderry's Marquess show.'] This was written long before the suicide of that person.

Page 775, col. 2.

'Oh thou "tetterima causa" of all "belli."'] Hor. Sat. lib. i. sat. iii.

\* To wit, the Deity's; this is perhaps as pretty a pedigree for murder as ever was found out by Garter King at Arms.—What would have been said, had any free-spoken people discovered such a lineage?

Page 776, col. 2.

"A man" (as Giles says): for though she would widow all.'] 'His fortune swells him, it is rank, he's married.'—*Sir Giles Overreach*; MASSINGER'S *New Way to Pay Old Debts*.

Page 778, col. 2.

'Of several ribands, and some thousand peasants.'] A Russian estate is always valued by the number of the slaves upon it.

Page 780, col. 2.

'Would scarcely join again the "reformadoes."'] 'Reformers,' or rather 'Reformed.' The Baron Bradwardine, in *Waverley*, is authority for the word.

Page 780, col. 2.

'The endless soot bestows a tint far deeper.'] Query, *suit?*—Printer's Devil.

Page 781, col. 1.

'The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's *black wall*.'] The brig of Don, near the 'auld toun' of Aberdeen, with its one arch, and its black deep salmon-stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote, the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:—

'Brig of Balgounie, *black's* your wa',  
Wi' a wife's *ae son*, and a mear's *ae foal*,  
Doun ye shall fa'!

Page 781, col. 2.

'With his *Agrarian* laws, the high estate.'] Tiberius Gracchus, being tribune of the people, demanded in their name the execution of the *Agrarian* law; by which all persons possessing above a certain number of acres were to be deprived of the surplus for the benefit of the poor citizens.

Page 782, col. 1.

'But getting nigh grim Dante's "obscure wood."'] 'Mi ritroval per un selva oscura.'—*Inferno*, *Canto I*.

Page 782, col. 2.

'Oh for a *forty-parson* power to chant.'] A metaphor taken from the 'forty-horse power' of a steam-engine. That mad wag the Reverend Sydney Smith, sitting by a brother clergyman at dinner, observed afterwards, that his dull neighbour had a '*twelve-parson power*' of conversation.

Page 783, col. 1.

'To strip the Saxons of their *hydcs*, like tanners.'] 'Hyde.'—I believe a hyde of land to be a legitimate word, and, as such, subject to the tax of a quibble.

Page 784, col. 2.

'Was given to her favourite, and now *bore* his.'] The empress went to the Crimea, accompanied by the emperor Joseph, in the year—I forget which.

Page 785, col. 2.

'Which gave her dukes the graceless name of "Biron."'] In the Empress Anne's time, Biren, her favourite, assumed the name and arms of the 'Birons' of France, which families are yet extant

## NOTES TO DON JUAN

with that of England. There are still the daughters of Courland of that name; one of them I remember seeing in England in the blessed year of the Allies (1814)—the Duchess of S.—to whom the English Duchess of Somerset presented me as a namesake.

Page 786, col. 1.

'The greatest number flesh hath ever known.'] St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins were still extant in 1816, and may be so yet, as much as ever.

Page 791, col. 1.

'And so knowing?'] The advance of science and of language has rendered it unnecessary to translate the above true and good English, spoken in its original purity by the select mobility and their patrons. The following is a stanza of a song which was very popular, at least in my early days:—

'On the high toby-spice flash the muzzle,  
In spite of each gallows old scute;  
If you at the spellken can't hustle,  
You'll be hobbled in making a Clout.

Then your Blowing will wax gallows haughty,  
When she hears of your scaly mistake,  
She'll surely turn snitch for the forty—  
That her Jack may be regular weight.'

If there be any gemman so ignorant as to require a traduction, I refer him to my old friend and corporeal pastor and master, John Jackson, Esq., Professor of Pugilism; who, I trust, still retains the strength and symmetry of his model of a form, together with his good-humour and athletic as well as mental accomplishments.

Page 792, col. 1.

'St. James's Palace and St. James's "Hells.]" 'Hells,' gaming-houses. What their number may now be, in this life, I know not. Before I was of age I knew them pretty accurately, both 'gold' and 'silver.' I was once nearly called out by an acquaintance, because when he asked me where I thought that his soul would be found hereafter, I answered, 'In Silver Hell.'

Page 793, col. 2.

'Spirit would name, and therefore even I won't anent.]" 'Anent' was a Scotch phrase meaning 'concerning'—'with regard to:' it has been made English by the Scotch novels; and, as the Frenchman said, 'If it be *not*, ought to be English.'

Page 794, col. 1.

'The milliners who furnish "drapery Misses.]" 'Drapery Misses.'—This term is probably anything now but a *mystery*. It was, however, almost so to me when I first returned from the East in 1811–1812. It means a pretty, a high-born, a fashionable young female, well instructed by her friends, and furnished by her milliner with a wardrobe upon credit, to be repaid, when married, by the *husband*. The riddle was first read to me by a young and pretty heiress, on my praising the 'drapery' of the *untochered* but 'pretty virginities' (like Mrs. Anne Page) of the *then* day, which has now been some years yesterday; she assured me that the thing was common in London; and as her own thousands, and blooming looks, and rich simplicity of array, put any suspicion in her own case out of the question, I confess I gave some credit to the allegation. If necessary, authorities might be cited; in which case I could quote both 'drapery

and the wearers. Let us hope, however, that it is now obsolete.

Page 795, col. 2.

'Tis strange the mind, that fiery particle.]" 'Divinæ particulum auræ.'

Page 796, col. 1.

'And Centaur Nessus garb of mortal clothing.]" 'Illiti Nessæo tibi texta veneno.'—OVID, Epist. ix.

Page 797, col. 1.

'In mind, a sort of sentimental bogle.]" Scotch for goblin.

Page 799, col. 2.

'Who rouse the shirtless patriots of Spain?]" The Descamisados.

Page 801, col. 1.

'And Mitford in the nineteenth century.]" See Mitford's Greece. '*Græcia Verax*.' His great pleasure consists in praising tyrants, abusing Plutarch, spelling oddly, and writing quaintly; and what is strange, after all *his* is the best modern history of Greece in any language, and he is perhaps the best of all modern historians whatsoever. Having named his sins, it is but fair to state his virtues—learning, labour, research, wrath, and partiality. I call the latter virtues in a writer, because they make him write in earnest.

Page 803, col. 1.

'A hazy widower turn'd of forty's sure.]" This line may puzzle the commentators more than the present generation.

Page 807, col. 2.

'Like Russians rushing from hot baths to snows.]" The Russians, as is well known, run out from their hot baths to plunge into the Neva; a pleasant practical antithesis, which it seems does them no harm.

Page 808, col. 2.

'Which flash'd as far as where the musk-bull browses.]" For a description and print of this inhabitant of the polar region and native country of the Auroræ Boreales, see Parry's Voyage in search of a North-west Passage.

Page 808, col. 2.

'As Philip's son proposed to do with Athos.]" A sculptor projected to hew Mount Athos into a statue of Alexander, with a city in one hand, and, I believe, a river in his pocket, with various other similar devices. But Alexander's gone, and Athos remains, I trust ere long to look over a nation of freemen.

Page 812, col. 1.

'Also there bin another pious reason.]"

'With everything that pretty *bin*,  
My lady sweet, arise.'—SHAKESPEARE.

Page 814, col. 1.

'They and their bills, "Arcadians both," are left.]" 'Arcades ambo.'

Page 817, col. 1.

'Or wilder group of savage Salvatore's.]" Salvator Rosa.

Page 817, col. 1.

'His bell-mouth'd goblet makes me feel quite Danish.]" If I err not, 'your Dane' is one of Iago's catalogue of nations 'exquisite in their drinking.'

## NOTES TO DON JUAN

Page 817, col. 2.  
 'Even Nimrod's self might leave the plains of Dura.'] In Assyria.

Page 818, col. 1.  
 'And shine the very *Siria* of the spheres.'] *Siria*, i.e., bitch-star.

Page 819, col. 2.  
 'That Scriptures out of church are blasphemies.'] 'Mrs. Adams answered Mr. Adams, that it was blasphemous to talk of Scripture out of church.' This dogma was broached to her husband—the best Christian in any book.—See *Joseph Andrews*.

Page 821, col. 1.  
 'Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.'] It would have taught him humanity at least. This sentimental savage, whom it is a mode to quote (amongst the novelists) to show their sympathy for innocent sports and old songs, teaches how to sew up frogs, and break their legs by way of experiment, in addition to the art of angling, the cruellest, the coldest, and the stupidest of pretended sports. They may talk about the beauties of nature, but the angler merely thinks of his dish of fish; he has no leisure to take his eyes from off the streams, and a single *bite* is worth to him more than all the scenery around. Besides, some fish bite best on a rainy day. The whale, the shark, and the tunny fishery have somewhat of noble and perilous in them; even net fishing, trawling, &c., are more humane and useful. But angling!—No angler can be a good man.

'One of the best men I ever knew,—as humane, delicate-minded, generous, and excellent a creature as any in the world,—was an angler: true, he angled with painted flies, and would have been incapable of the extravagances of I. Walton.'

The above addition was made by a friend in reading over the MS.:—"Audi alteram partem."—I leave it to counterbalance my own observation.

Page 825, col. 1.  
 'And never *craned*, and made but few "*faux pas*."'] *Craning*.—"To crane" is, or was, an expression used to denote a gentleman's stretching out his neck over a hedge, to look before he leaped:—a pause in his 'vaulting ambition,' which in the field doth occasion some delay and execration in those who may be immediately behind the equestrian sceptic. 'Sir, if you don't choose to take the leap, let me!—was a phrase which generally sent the aspirant on again; and to good purpose: for though 'the horse and rider' might fall, they made a gap through which, and over him and his steed, the field might follow.

Page 825, col. 2.  
 'Ask'd next day, "If men ever hunted *twice*?"'] See his Letters to his Son.

Page 827, col. 1.  
 'Go to the coffee-house, and take another.'] In Swift's or Horace Walpole's letters I think it is mentioned that somebody, regretting the loss of a friend, was answered by an universal Pyldas: 'When I lose one, I go to the Saint James's Coffee-house, and take another.' I recollect having heard an anecdote of the same kind. Sir W. D. was a great gamester. Coming in one day to the club of which he was a member, he was observed to look melancholy. 'What is the matter, Sir William?' cried Hare, of facetious memory. 'Ah!' replied

Sir W., 'I have just *lost* poor Lady D.'—'*Lost!* What at? *Quinze* or *Hazard*?' was the consolatory rejoinder of the querist.

Page 828, col. 1.  
 'And I refer you to wise Oxenstiern.'] The famous Chancellor Oxenstiern said to his son, on the latter expressing his surprise upon the great effects arising from petty causes in the presumed mystery of politics: 'You see by this, my son, with how little wisdom the kingdoms of the world are governed.'

Page 829, col. 2.  
 'Or Swiss Rousseau, cry "*Voilà la Pervenche!*"'] See 'La Nouvelle Héloïse.'

Page 830, col. 1.  
 "'*Beatus ille procul!*" from "*negotii*."'] Hor. Epod. Od. ii.

Page 834, col. 2.  
 'Great Socrates? And thou, Diviner still.'] As it is necessary in these times to avoid ambiguity, I say that I mean, by 'Diviner still,' CHRIST. If ever God was man—or man God—he was *both*. I never arraigned his creed, but the use, or abuse—made of it. Mr. Canning one day quoted Christianity to sanction negro slavery, and Mr. Wilberforce had little to say in reply. And was Christ crucified that black men might be scourged? If so, he had better been born a Mulatto, to give both colours an equal chance of freedom, or at least salvation.

Page 836, col. 1.  
 'When Rapp the Harmonist embargo'd marriage.'] This extraordinary and flourishing German colony in America does not entirely exclude matrimony, as the 'Shakers' do; but lays such restrictions upon it as prevents more than a certain quantum of births within a certain number of years; which births (as Mr. Hulme observes) generally arrive 'in a little flock like those of a farmer's lambs, all within the same month perhaps.' These Harmonists (so called from the name of their settlement) are represented as a remarkably flourishing, pious, and quiet people. See the various recent writers on America.

Page 836, col. 2.  
 'Nor canvass what "so eminent a hand" meant.'] Jacob Tonson, according to Mr. Pope, was accustomed to call his writers 'able pens,' 'persons of honour,' and especially 'eminent hands.' Vide Correspondence, &c. &c.

Page 837, col. 2.  
 'Of Brutus at the pageant of Tiberius.'] See Tacitus, b. vi.

Page 839, col. 2.  
 '("*There's fame*)—young partridge filets, deck'd with truffles.'] A dish '*à la Lucullus*.' This hero, who conquered the East, has left his more extended celebrity to the transplantation of cherries (which he first brought into Europe), and the nomenclature of some very good dishes:—and I am not sure that (barring indigestion) he has not done more service to mankind by his cookery than by his conquests. A cherry-tree may weigh against a bloody laurel: besides, he has contrived to earn celebrity from both.

## NOTES TO DON JUAN

Page 839, col. 2.

'There's pretty picking in those "petits puits."' ]  
'Petits puits d'amour garnis des confitures,'—a  
classical and well-known dish for part of the flank  
of a second course.

Page 841, col. 2.

'Observe; for that with me's a "sine qua."' ]  
Subauditor 'non;' omitted for the sake of euphony.

Page 842, col. 1.

'It makes my blood boil like the springs of  
Hecla.' ] Hecla is a famous hot-spring in Iceland.

Page 842, col. 2.

'Shall "fool me to the top up of my bent."' ]  
Hamlet, Act iii. sc. 2.

Page 842, col. 2.

'Like those of the philosopher of Malmsbury.' ]  
Hobbes: who, doubting of his own soul, paid that  
compliment to the souls of other people as to  
decline their visits, of which he had some apprehension.

Page 843, col. 1.

'To draw the bow, to ride, and speak the truth.' ]  
Xenophon, Cyrop.

Page 843, col. 1.

'"For this effect defective comes by cause."' ]  
Hamlet, Act ii. sc. 2.

Page 844, col. 1.

'If from a shell-fish or from cochineal.' ] The  
composition of the old Tyrian purple, whether  
from a shell-fish, or from cochineal, or from  
kermes, is still an article of dispute: and even  
its colour—some say purple, others scarlet: I say  
nothing.

Page 848, col. 1.

'Was much consoled by his own repartee.' ] I  
think that it was a *carpet* on which Diogenes trod,  
with—'Thus I trample on the pride of Plato!'—  
'With greater pride,' as the other replied. But  
as *carpets* are meant to be trodden upon, my  
memory probably misgives me, and it might be  
a robe, or tapestry, or a tablecloth, or some other  
expensive and uncynical piece of furniture.

Page 848, col. 2.

'To soothe our ears, lest Italy should fail.' ] I  
remember that the mayoress of a provincial  
town, somewhat surfeited with a similar display  
from foreign parts, did rather indecorously  
break through the applauses of an intelligent  
audience—intelligent, I mean, as to music—  
for the words, besides being in recondite languages  
(it was some years before the peace, ere  
all the world had travelled, and while I was a  
collegian), were sorely disguised by the performers:—this mayoress, I say, broke out with, 'Rot  
your Italianos! for my part, I loves a simple  
ballad!' Rossini will go a good way to bring most  
people to the same opinion, some day. Who would  
imagine that he was to be the successor of Mozart?  
However, I state this with diffidence, as a liege

and loyal admirer of Italian music in general,  
and of much of Rossini's; but we may say, as the  
connoisseur did of painting, in 'The Vicar of  
Wakefield,' that the picture would be better  
painted if the painter had taken more pains.'

Page 850, col. 1.

'For Gothic daring shown in English money.' ]  
'Asu Romano are Veneto' is the inscription (and  
well inscribed in this instance) on the sea walls  
between the Adriatic and Venice. The walls were  
a republican work of the Venetians; the inscription,  
I believe, imperial; and inscribed by Napoleon the  
First. It is time to continue to him that  
title—there will be a second by and by, 'Spes altera  
mundi,' if he live; let him not defeat it like his  
father. But, in any case, he will be preferable to  
Imbeciles. There is a glorious field for him, if he  
know how to cultivate it.—[Napoleon, Duke of  
Reichstadt, died at Vienna, July 22, 1832—to the  
disappointment of many prophets. He had just  
completed his twenty-first year.]

Page 850, col. 1.

'"Untying" squires "to fight against the  
churches."' ]

'I conjure you, by that which you profess  
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:  
Though ye untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches.'—*Macbeth*.

Page 851, col. 2.

'"And champion him to the utmost—" he  
would keep it.' ]

'Rather than so, come, fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance.'—*Macbeth*.

Page 854, col. 1.

'They err—'tis merely what is call'd mobility.' ]  
In French '*mobilité*.' I am not sure that mobility  
is English; but it is expressive of a quality which  
rather belongs to other climates, though it is some-  
times seen to a great extent in our own. It may  
be defined as an excessive susceptibility of im-  
mediate impressions—at the same time without  
losing the past; and is, though sometimes ap-  
parently useful to the possessor, a most painful  
and unhappy attribute.

Page 854, col. 2.

'Drapiered her form with curious felicity!']

'Curiosa felicitas.'—PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Page 856, col. 1.

'A noise like to wet fingers drawn on glass.' ]  
See the account of the ghost of the uncle of Prince  
Charles of Saxony, raised by Schroeffer—'Karl—  
Karl—was willst du mit mir?'

Page 856, col. 2.

'Should cause more fear than a whole host's  
identity!']

'Shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than oan the substance of ten thousand sol-  
diers,' &c. *Richard III.*

# INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES

(The titles are printed in italics)

- A crown, why twist it how ye will, 70.  
 A spirit pass'd before me, 83.  
 A year ago, you swore, fond she, 88.  
 Absent or present, still to thee, 66.  
*Adams (John), Epitaph on*, 52.  
 Adieu, adieu! my native shore, 182.  
 Adieu, thou Hill! where early joy, 48.  
 Adieu, ye joys of La Valette, 61.  
*Adrian's address to his soul*, 4.  
 Ægle, beauty and poet, has two little crimes, 65.  
*Aeschylus, Translation from*, 6.  
*Age of Bronze, The*, 169.  
 Ah, gentle, fleeting, wav'ring sprite, 4.  
 Ah! heedless girl! why thus disclose, 49.  
 Ah! Love was never yet without, 69.  
 Ah! What should follow slips from my reflection,  
     832.  
*Althaea, Ballad on the conquest of*, 99.  
*All is vanity*, 80.  
 Ambracian gulf, Stanzas written in passing the,  
     59.  
*Amitié : l'amour sans ailes*, 41.  
*Anacreon, From*, 5.  
 And thou art dead, as young and fair, 64.  
 And thou wert sad—yet I was not with thee, 94.  
 And wilt thou weep when I am low, 55.  
*Anne, To*, 49.  
*Answer to a beautiful poem*, 38.  
*Answer to some elegant verses*, 30.  
 As o'er the cold sepulchral stone, 58.  
 As the Liberty lads o'er the sea, 101.  
*Augusta, Epistle to*, 90; *Stanzas to*, 88-9.  
 Away, away, ye notes of woe, 63.  
 Away, away, your flattering arts, 4.  
 Away with your fictions of flimsy romance, 8.  
 Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses, 29.  
  
*Babylon, By the rivers of*, 83.  
*Becher (Rev. J. T.), Addressed to the*, 30, 39.  
 Belshazzar! from the banquet turn, 77.  
*Belshazzar, Vision of*, 81.  
 Beneath Blessington's eyes, 112.  
*Beppo*, 624.  
 Beware! beware! of the Black Friar, 847.  
*Birthday, On my thirty-third*, 108.  
*Blackett (Joseph), Epitaph for*, 61.  
*Blessington, To the Countess of*, 112.  
*Blues, The*, 150.  
 Bob Southey! You're a poet—Poet Laureate, 635.  
 Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred, 87.  
*Bowles and Campbell*, 108.  
*Braziers' Company, On the intended address of the*,  
     108.  
*Bride of Abydos, The*, 264.  
 Bright be the place of thy soul, 52, 99.  
*Bronze, Age of*, 169.  
*By the rivers of Babylon*, 83.  
*Byron (Lady) : Lines on hearing that she was ill*, 94.  
     *Lines on her patronage of a charity ball*, 108.  
  
 Cain, 520.  
*Caledonian Meeting, Address intended for*, 75.  
*Calmar and Orla*, 40.  
*Camoëns, Stanzas to a lady with the poems of*, 8.  
 Candour compels me, Becher! to commend, 30.  
*Canova, On a bust by*, 101.  
  
*Caroline, To*, 7.  
*Caroline (Queen), On the Braziers' proposed address to*, 108.  
*Castlereagh (Viscount), Epigrams and epitaph upon*,  
     108.  
*Catullus : translations and imitation*, 4, 5.  
*Chain I gave, The*, 66.  
*Change of masters at a great public school, On a*, 9.  
*Charity Ball, The*, 108.  
*Chaworth (Mary) : Fragment written shortly after the marriage of*, 10.  
     *Stanzas to*, 44, 54, 55, 56.  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, 179.  
*Childish Recollections*, 33.  
 Chill and mirk is the nightly blast, 58.  
*Chillon, Prisoner of*, 336.  
     *Sonnet on*, 336.  
*Churchill's Grave*, 97.  
*Clare, To the Earl of*, 46.  
*Cobbett, Epigram on*, 107.  
*College Examination, A*, 24.  
 Come, blue-eyed maid of heaven! but thou, alas,  
     195.  
*Common Lot, The*, 38.  
*Conquest, The*, 108.  
*Consolatory Address*, 76.  
*Cornelian, The*, 26.  
*Cornelian Heart that was broken, On a*, 66.  
*Corsair, The*, 277.  
 Could I remount the river of my years, 98.  
 Could Love for ever, 106.  
 Cruel Cerinthus, does the fell disease, 4.  
*Cup formed from a skull, A*, 54.  
*Curse of Minerva, The*, 142.  
  
*D—, To*, 2.  
*Damaetas*, 14.  
*Dante, From*, 389.  
*Dante, The Prophecy of*, 370.  
*Darkness*, 95.  
 Dear are the days of youth, 40.  
 Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind, 39.  
 Dear Doctor, I have read your play, 102.  
 Dear Long, in this sequester'd scene, 43.  
 Dear object of defeated care, 60.  
 Dear simple girl, those flattering arts, 4.  
*Death of Calmar and Orla*, 40.  
*Death of a young lady, On the*, 2.  
 Deep in my soul that tender secret dwells, 282.  
*Deformed Transformed, The*, 605.  
*Delawarr, To George, Earl of*, 45.  
*Destruction of Jerusalem, On the*, 82.  
*Destruction of Sennacherib, The*, 83.  
*Devil's Drive, The*, 71.  
*Dives, To*, 62.  
*Dog, A Newfoundland*, 54.  
*Domitius Marsus, From*, 4.  
*Don Juan*, 635.  
*Dorset, To the Duke of*, 9.  
 Doubtless, sweet girl! the hissing lead, 13.  
*Dream, The*, 91.  
*Drury Lane Theatre : Address*, 66.  
  
*E—, To*, 2.  
 Eliza, what fools are the Mussulman sect, 29.  
*Ellen, To*, 5.



## INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES

- Emma, To, 6.*  
*Endorsement to the Deed of Separation, 88.*  
*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, 113.*  
*Epigrams, 62, 106-7.*  
*Epistles, 62, 76, 103.*  
*Epitaph, Substitute for an, 60.*  
*Epitaphs, 31, 52, 60-1, 107-8.*  
*Equal to Jove that youth must be, 4.*  
*Ere the daughter of Brunswick is cold in her grave, 109.*  
*Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind, 336.*  
*Euripides, Translations from, 24, 60.*  
*Euthanasia, 64.*
- Fair Albion, smiling, sees her son depart, 59.*  
*Fame, wisdom, love, and power were mine, 80.*  
*Famed for contemptuous breach of sacred ties, 73.*  
*Fan, On finding a, 50.*  
*Fare thee well! and if for ever, 86.*  
*Farewell! if ever fondest prayer, 52.*  
*Farewell to Malta, 61.*  
*Farewell to the Land where the gloom of my Glory, 86.*  
*Farewell to the Muse, 50.*  
*Father of Light! great God of Heaven, 42.*  
*Few years have pass'd since thou and I, 53.*  
*Fill the goblet again! for I never before, 56.*  
*First Kiss of Love, The, 8.*  
*Fitzgerald (Lord Edward), Sonnet on, 106.*  
*Florence and Pisa, written between, 111.*  
*Florence, To, 58.*  
*For Orford and for Waldegrave, 109.*  
*Fox (C. J.), On the death of, 27.*  
*Fragments, 3, 10, 98.*  
*Francesca of Rimini, 389.*  
*French, From the, 65, 84-6, 106.*  
*Friend, Epistle to a, 62.*  
*Friend, Epitaph on a, 3.*  
*Friend of my youth! when young we roved, 46.*  
*Friend, To a youthful, 53.*  
*From out the mass of never-dying ill, 374.*  
*From the last hill that looks on thy once holy dome, 82.*
- G. (M. S.), To, 6, 12.*  
*Geneva, Sonnets to, 71.*  
*George IV, Sonnet to, 106.*  
*Giaour, The, 252.*  
*Good plays are scarce, 62.*  
*Granta, a Medley, 10.*  
*Great Jove, to whose almighty throne, 6.*  
*Greek War Song: a translation, 60.*
- Hail Muse! et caetera.—We left Juan sleeping, 685.*  
*Hales-Owen, Verses found at, 68.*  
*Harrow, On a distant view of, 11.*  
*Lines written in the churchyard, 47.*  
*On revisiting, 51.*  
*He unto whom thou art so partial, 108.*  
*He who sublime in epic numbers roll'd, 4.*  
*Heaven and Earth, 545.*  
*Hebrew Melodies, 77.*  
*Helen, On a bust of, 101.*  
*Here once engaged the stranger's view, 51.*  
*Here's a happy new year! but with reason, 107.*  
*Herod's Lament for Mariamne, 82.*  
*High in the midst, surrounded by his peers, 24.*  
*Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren, 10.*  
*Hindoo air, To a, 111.*  
*Hints from Horace, 128.*  
*His father's sense, his mother's grace, 103.*  
*Hodgson (Rev. Francis), Epistle to, 62.*  
*Lines to, 57.*
- Hoppner (John William Rizzo), On the birth of, 103.*  
*Horace, Hints from, 128.*  
*Translation from, 5.*  
*Hours of Idleness, 1.*  
*How pleasant were the songs of Toobonai, 352.*  
*How sweetly shines through azure skies, 16.*  
*Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom, 2.*  
*Huzza! Hodgson, we are going, 57.*
- I enter thy garden of roses, 61.*  
*I had a dream, which was not all a dream, 95.*  
*I now mean to be serious!—it is time, 809.*  
*I read the 'Christabel', 101.*  
*I saw thee weep—the big bright tear, 79.*  
*I speak not, I trace not, 75.*  
*I stood beside the grave of him who blazed, 97.*  
*I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs, 227.*  
*I want a hero: an uncommon want, 637.*  
*I wish to tune my quivering lyre, 5.*  
*I would I were a careless child, 44.*  
*I would to heaven that I were so much clay, 635.*  
*Ianthe, To, 180.*  
*If, for silver or for gold, 106.*  
*If from great nature's or our own abyss, 821.*  
*If, in the month of dark December, 59.*  
*If sometimes in the haunts of men, 65.*  
*If that high world, which lies beyond, 78.*  
*Ill-fated Heart! and can it be, 66.*  
*Impromptu, 71, 112.*  
*In Coron's bay floats many a galley light, 286.*  
*In digging up your bones, Tom Paine, 107.*  
*In law an infant, and in years a boy, 14.*  
*In moments to delight devoted, 71.*  
*In one dread night our city saw, and sigh'd, 66.*  
*In one who felt as once he felt, 50.*  
*In the beginning was the Word next God, 379.*  
*In the year since Jesus died for men, 320.*  
*In thee I fondly hoped to clasp, 2.*  
*In this beloved marble view, 101.*  
*Inez, To, 193.*  
*Inscription on a Newfoundland dog, 54.*  
*Irish Avatar, The, 109.*  
*Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child, 209.*  
*Island, The, 349.*  
*Isles of Greece, The, 695.*  
*It is the hour when from the boughs, 331.*
- Jephthah's Daughter, 79.*  
*Jersey (Sarah, Countess of), To, 76.*  
*Jerusalem, On the day of the destruction of, 82.*  
*John Adams lies here, of the parish of Southwell, 52.*
- Keats, John, 108.*  
*Kind Reader! take your choice to cry or laugh, 60.*  
*Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle, 264.*
- Lachin y Gair, 29.*  
*Lady! if for the cold and cloudy clime, 370.*  
*Lady, On the death of a young, 2.*  
*Lady, To a, 15, 39, 44, 55-6.*  
*with the poems of Camoëns, 8.*  
*weeping, 66.*  
*To a vain, 49.*  
*young Lady, 13.*  
*Lake Leman, Sonnet to, 99.*  
*Lament of Tasso, 367.*  
*L'Amitié est l'amour sans ailes, 41.*  
*Lara, 303.*  
*Legion of Honour, On the Star of the, 85.*  
*Leman (Lake), Sonnet to, 99.*

## INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES

- Lesbia! since far from you I've ranged, 13.  
*Lesbia, To, 4, 13.*  
 Let Folly smile, to view the names, 2.  
*Lisbon Packet, Lines written on board the, 57.*  
*Long (Edward Noel), To, 43.*  
 Long years!—It tries the thrilling frame to bear,  
 367.  
*Love's last adieu, 14.*  
*Luddites, Song for the, 101.*  
  
*M—, To, 12.*  
*M. S. G., To, 6, 12.*  
 Maid of Athens, ere we part, 60.  
*Malta, Farewell to, 61.*  
*Lines written at, 58.*  
*Manfred, 390.*  
 Many are poets who have never penn'd, 377.  
*Marino Faliero, 407.*  
*Marion, To, 15.*  
 Marion! why that pensive brow, 15.  
*Marsus (Domitius), Epigram from, 4.*  
*Martial, Epigram from, 108.*  
*Mary, To, 12, 13.*  
*Mazeppa, 341.*  
*Monody on the Death of Sheridan, 96.*  
 Montgomery! true, the common lot, 38.  
*Moore (T.), 70, 76, 101–2, 277.*  
*Moore's last operatic farce, On, 62.*  
*Morgante Maggiore, The, 379.*  
*Murray (John), Epistle from, 102.*  
*To, 102–3, 109.*  
*Muse, Farewell to the, 50.*  
 Muse of the many-twinkling feet, 146.  
*Music, Stanzas for, 75, 83–4, 99, 100.*  
 Must thou go, my glorious Chief, 85.  
 My boat is on the shore, 102.  
 My dear Mr. Murray, 103.  
*My Epitaph, 60.*  
 My hair is grey, but not with years, 337.  
 My sister, my sweet sister! if a name, 90.  
 My soul is dark—Oh! quickly string, 79.  
  
*Napoleon, Ode to, 73.*  
*Napoleon's Escape from Elba, 84.*  
*Farewell, 86.*  
 Nay, smile not at my sullen brow, 193.  
*Newfoundland dog: Inscription on the monument of, 54.*  
*Newstead, To an oak at, 51.*  
*Newstead Abbey, Elegy on, 31.*  
*On leaving, 3.*  
 Newstead, fast-falling, once-resplendent dome, 31.  
 Night wan— the vapours round the mountains  
 curl'd, 311.  
*Nisus and Euryalus, 19.*  
 No breath of air to break the wave, 252.  
 No specious splendour of this stone, 26.  
 Not in those climes where I have late been stray-  
 ing, 180.  
 Nothing so difficult as a beginning, 699.  
*Nun, On a, 101.*  
  
 O Love! O Glory! what are you who fly, 744.  
*Ode from the French, 84.*  
*Ode on Venice, 103.*  
*Ode to Napoleon, 73.*  
 O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea, 278.  
 Of all the barbarous middle ages, that, 799.  
 Of two fair virgins, modest, though admired, 101.  
 Oh! Anne, your offences to me have been grievous,  
 49.  
 'Oh! banish care'—such ever be, 62.  
 Oh, blood and thunder! and oh, blood and wounds!  
 753.  
  
 Oh, Castlereagh! thou art a patriot now, 108.  
 Oh! could Le Sage's demon's gift, 10.  
 Oh! did those eyes, instead of fire, 12.  
 Oh factious viper! whose venom'd tooth, 27.  
 Oh, Friend! for ever loved, 3.  
 Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine, 44.  
 Oh! how I wish that an embargo, 60.  
 Oh Lady! when I left the shore, 58.  
 Oh, Mariamne! now for thee, 82.  
 Oh! might I kiss those eyes of fire, 5.  
 Oh, my lonely—lonely—lonely Pillow, 111.  
 Oh, say not, sweet Anne, that the Fates have  
 decreed, 49.  
 Oh! snatch'd away in beauty's bloom, 79.  
 Oh, talk not to me of a name great in story, 111.  
 Oh, thou! in Hellas deem'd of heavenly birth, 180.  
 Oh, Venice! Venice! when thy marble walls, 103.  
 Oh! weep for those that wept by Babel's stream,  
 78.  
 Oh, Wellington! (or 'Villainton!')—for fame, 769.  
 Oh! when shall the grave hide for ever my sorrow,  
 7.  
 Oh ye! who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,  
 661.  
 Oh! yes, I will own we were dear to each other,  
 45.  
 Oh you, who in all names can tickle the town, 70.  
 On Jordan's banks the Arab's camels stray, 79.  
*On this day I complete my thirty-sixth year, 112.*  
 Once fairly set out on his party of pleasure, 84.  
 Once more in man's frail world! which I had left,  
 370.  
 One struggle more, and I am free, 64.  
*Orchomenus, Lines written in the Travellers' Book at, 59.*  
 'Origin of Love,' *On the, 69.*  
*Oscar of Alva, A Tale, 16.*  
 Our life is two-fold: Sleep hath its own world, 91.  
 Our nation's foes lament on Fox's death, 27.  
  
*Paine (Tom), Epigram on, 107.*  
 Parent of golden dreams, Romance, 30.  
*Parentetical Address, 67.*  
*Parisina, 330.*  
*Parker (Sir P.): Elegiac Stanzas, 77.*  
*Parting, On, 61.*  
*Penelope, To, 108.*  
*Picture, Lines written beneath a, 60.*  
*Pigot (J. M. B.), Reply to some verses of, 28.*  
*Pitt (William), Epitaph for, 107.*  
*Plagiary (Dr.), Parentetical address by, 67.*  
*'Pleasures of Memory', Lines written on a blank leaf of, 66.*  
*Po, Stanzas to the, 105.*  
*Polidori (Dr.): Epistle from Mr. Murray, 102.*  
*Portuguese, From the, 71.*  
 Posterity will ne'er survey, 108.  
*Prayer of Nature, The, 42.*  
*Prisoner of Chillon, The, 336.*  
*Prologue for a private theatrical performance, 26.*  
*Prometheus, 98.*  
*Prophecy of Dante, The, 370.*  
*Public School, Change of masters at a great, 9.*  
  
*Quaker, To a beautiful, 25.*  
  
 Remember him whom passion's power, 69.  
 Remember thee! remember thee, 68.  
*Remembrance, 39.*  
 Remind me not, remind me not, 55.  
*Reply to some verses, 28.*  
 River, that rollst by the ancient walls, 105.  
*Romaic Songs, translations of, 61, 69.*  
*Romance, To, 30*

## INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES

Rousseau : *Lines written in his 'Letters of an Italian Nun'*, 4.

Rousseau—Voltaire—our Gibbon—and De Staël, 99.

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate, 157.

*Sardanapalus*, 453.

*Saul*, 80.

*Sennacherib, The Destruction of*, 83.

*Sestos to Abydos, Written after swimming from*, 59.

She walks in beauty, like the night, 77.

*Sheridan, Monody on*, 96.

*Siege of Corinth, The*, 320.

Since now the hour is come at last, 6.

Since our country, our God—Oh my sire, 79.

Since the refinement of this polish'd age, 26.

*Sketch, A*, 87.

*Skull, Lines inscribed on a cup formed from a*, 54.

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run, 142, 293.

So Castlereagh has cut his throat, 108.

So He has cut his throat at last, 108.

So we'll go no more a-roving, 101.

*Son, To my*, 52.

*Song for the Luddites*, 101.

*Song of Saul before his last battle*, 80.

*Sonnet, To the author of a*, 50.

*Sonnets*, 71, 99, 101, 106, 336, 370.

Sons of the Greeks, arise, 60.

Spot of my youth! whose hoary branches sigh, 47.

*Stanzas*, 105-7.

*Stanzas for Music*, 75, 83-4, 99, 100.

Star of the brave!—whose beam hath shed, 85.

*Star of the Legion of Honour*, 85.

Start not—not deem my spirit fled, 54.

Still must I hear?—shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl, 113.

Strahan, Tonson, Lintot of the times, 103.

Stranger! behold, interr'd together, 61.

*Strephon, To the singing*, 28.

Sun of the sleepless! melancholy star, 81.

Sweet girl! though only once we met, 25.

Tambourgi! Tambourgi! thy 'larum afar, 205.

*Tasso, Lament of*, 367.

*Tear, The*, 27.

The antique Persians taught three useful things, 843.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, 83.

The braziers, it seems, are preparing to pass, 108.

The castled crag of Drachenfels, 217.

The chain I gave was fair to view, 66.

The Devil returned to hell by two, 71.

The fight was o'er; the flashing through the gloom, 358.

The 'good old times'—all times when old are good, 169.

The harp the monarch minstrel swept, 78.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece, 695.

The King was on his throne, 81.

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left, 61.

The land where I was born sits by the seas, 389.

The man of firm and noble soul, 5.

The modest bard, like many a bard unknown, 60.

The Moorish King rides up and down, 99.

The morning watch was come; the vessel lay, 349.

The 'Origin of Love'!—Ah, why, 69.

The roses of love glad the garden of life, 14.

The Serfs are glad through Lara's wide domain, 303.

The Son of Love and Lord of War I sing, 108.

The spell is broke, the charm is flown! 59.

The Spirit of the fervent days of Old, 373.

The wild gazelle on Judah's hills, 78.

The winds are high on Helle's wave, 269.

The world is a bundle of hay, 108.

There be none of Beauty's daughters, 83.

There is a tear for all that die, 77.

There is a tide in the affairs of men, 730.

There's not a joy the world can give, 84.

There was a time, I need not name, 55.

These locks, which fondly thus entwine, 15.

They say that Hope is happiness, 100.

Thine eyes' blue tenderness, thy long fair hair, 71.

Think'st thou I saw thy beauteous eyes, 7.

This Band, which bound thy yellow hair, 39.

This day, of all our days, has done, 108.

This faint resemblance of thy charms, 13.

This votive pledge of fond esteem, 8.

Those flaxen locks, those eyes of blue, 52.

Thou art not false, but thou art fickle, 69.

Thou 'lay thy branch of laurel down,' 70.

Thou Power! who hast ruled me through infancy's days, 50.

Thou whose spell can raise the dead, 80.

Though the day of my destiny's over, 89.

*Thoughts suggested by a College Examination*, 24.

Through cloudless skies, in silvery sheen, 59.

Through life's dull road so dim and dirty, 108.

Through thy battlements, Newcastle, the hollow winds whistle, 3.

*Thunderstorm, Stanzas composed during a*, 58.

*Thurlow (Lord), On the poems of*, 70.

*To*, 70.

Thy cheek is pale with thought, but not from woe, 71.

Thy days are done, thy fame begun, 80.

Thy verse is 'sad' enough, no doubt, 50.

*Thyrza, To*, 63.

*Tibullus, Epigram on*, 4.

*Imitation of*, 4.

Time, on whose arbitrary wing, 68.

'Tis done—and shivering in the gale, 56.

'Tis done—but yesterday a King! 73.

'Tis done!—I saw it in my dreams, 39.

'Tis known, at least it should be, that throughout, 624.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved, 112.

Titan! to whose immortal eyes, 98.

To be the father of the fatherless, 106.

To hook the reader, you, John Murray, 102.

*Translations and Imitations*, 4, 5, 6, 19, 24, 60-1, 65-6, 69, 71, 84-6, 101, 106, 108, 379, 389.

*Tu mi chamas*, 71.

*Turkish, From the*, 66.

'Twas after dread Pultowas day, 341.

'Twas now the hour when Night had driven, 5.

*Two Foscaris, The*, 492.

Unhappy Dives! in an evil hour, 62.

*Velvet band, A*, 39.

*Venice, Ode on*, 103.

*Versicles*, 101.

*Virgil, Epitaph on*, 4.

*Paraphrase from*, 19.

*Vision of Belshazzar*, 81.

*Vision of Judgement*, 156.

*Vittorelli, Translation from*, 101.

*Waltz, The*, 146.

Warriors and chiefs! should the shaft or the sword, 80.

We do not curse thee, Waterloo, 84.

We sat down and wept by the waters, 83.

*Wedding-Day, On my*, 107-8.

Weep, daughter of a royal line, 66.

## INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES

- 'ell! thou art happy, and I feel, 54.  
ere my bosom as false as thou deem'st it to be, 82.  
*Erner*, 560.  
What are you doing now, 101.  
What matter the pangs of a husband and father, 108.  
'What say I?' not a syllable further in prose, 76.  
When a man hath no freedom to fight for at home, 107.  
When all around grew drear and dark, 88.  
When amatory poets sing their loves, 712.  
When Bishop Berkeley said there was no matter, 789.  
When coals to Newcastle are carried, 70.  
When coldness wraps this suffering clay, 81.  
When Dryden's fool, 'unknowing what he sought,' 68.  
Whene'er I view those lips of thine, 6.  
When energising objects men pursue, 67.  
When fierce conflicting passions urge, 24.  
When Friendship or Love our sympathies move, 27.  
When, from the heart where Sorrow sits, 71.  
When I dream that you love me, you'll surely forgive, 12.  
When I hear you express an affection so warm, 7.  
When I roved a young Highlander o'er the dark heath, 45.  
When Man, expell'd from Eden's bowers, 55.  
When Newton saw an apple fall, he found, 779.  
When slow Disease, with all her host of pains, 33.  
When some proud son of man returns to earth, 54.  
When the last sunshine of expiring day, 96.  
When the moon is on the wane, 392.  
When the vain triumph of the imperial lord, 76.  
When Thurlow this damn'd nonsense sent, 70.  
When Time, or soon or late, shall bring, 64.  
When, to their airy hall, my father's voice, 3.  
When we two parted, 53.  
Where are those honours, Ida! once your own, 9.  
White as a white sail on a dusky sea, 361.  
Who hath not glow'd above the page where fame, 75.  
Who kill'd John Keats? 108.  
Who would not laugh, if Lawrence, hired to grace, 128.  
Why, how now, Billy Bowles? 108.  
Why, how now, saucy Tom? 108.  
Why, Pigot, complain of this damsel's disdain, 28.  
Why should my anxious breast repine, 41.  
*Windsor Poetics*, 73.  
With death doom'd to grapple, 107.  
Without a stone to mark the spot, 63.  
Woman! experience might have told me, 12.  
Ye Cupids, droop each little head, 4.  
Ye scenes of my childhood, whose loved recollection, 11.  
You call me still your life.—Oh! change the word, 71.  
You have ask'd for a verse, 112.  
Young Oak! when I planted thee deep in the ground, 51.  
Your pardon, my friend, if my rhymes did offend, 28.  
Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove, 60.  
*Youthful friend, To a*, 53.

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